

## **L. Wyatt 661**

Chapter 661: Finn Romero

Faced with so many stares, Winnie Romero remained unruffled, still chatting and laughing with Wyatt Barnes.

"Who is that guy in the purple robe?"

"I've seen him... Nine days ago, right here, he successively beat 'Beckett Romero' and 'Adrian Nicholson' into pulp! It was after that when Beckett was killed by Miss Winnie."

"Seems like he's pretty strong."

...

Many of the Romero Clan siblings, engaged in discussion, looked at Wyatt Barnes with envy.

They all wished they could be the ones having a laugh with Miss Winnie.

At this moment, they wanted nothing more than to replace Wyatt Barnes.

"Winnie, you seem to be quite popular."

Wyatt Barnes laughed.

"Brother Barnes, stop teasing me."

Winnie Romero blushed slightly, rebuking him.

This scene left many Romero men in awe, feeling like the red-dressed woman in front of them resembled a celestial goddess descended from heaven.

"Are you Winnie Romero?"

Suddenly, a slightly neutral voice echoed from afar.

Both Wyatt Barnes and Winnie Romero stopped in their tracks, looking in the direction of the voice.

In the distance, a young man in a green robe was approaching them.

"Hm?"

Wyatt Barnes frowned.

He could sense the hostility from the young man towards Winnie.

The young man leisurely walked up to Winnie, standing in front of her and calmly appraising her. His face was as tranquil as an ancient well, like a log oblivious to the wind.

"Who are you?"

Winnie Romero asked calmly.

"Finn Romero."

The young man answered directly.

And at this moment, whispers started gathering around Wyatt Barnes:

"It's young Master Finn!"

"What is he here for?"

...

From the discussion among the Romero siblings, Wyatt realized that this young man held an exceptional status within the Romero Clan.

Otherwise, why would so many people call him 'young Master'?

"What do you want?"

Noticing Finn wasn't looking at her with a loathsome gaze, Winnie's tone softened a bit.

"Winnie Romero, I challenge you! Do you dare to fight me?"

Finn Romero asked in a deep voice.

Challenge?

The crowd, including Wyatt Barnes and Winnie Romero, was stunned at Finn's words.

"Why?"

Winnie Romero frowned and asked.

Finn took a deep breath, "Tomorrow's 'Duchy Martial Contest', the Romero Clan can nominate two participants... One spot belongs to Kayden Romero, which I admit I am not as good as, so I let it go."

"But why do you deserve the other spot? Just because you're our grandpa's only daughter?"

When he finished, Finn's voice was filled with resentment.

Whoosh!

Finn's words like a stone tossed into a pond, caused ripples among the spectators, making many family members surprised and then enlightened.

"No wonder I heard before that young Master Finn won't have a chance for a nomination in our 'Duchy Martial Contest'. I was wondering, other than young Master Max, our young master Finn is the strongest among us. Who could take his place? Turns out, it's Miss Winnie."

"Miss Winnie is pretty strong, but she's still not a match for young Master Finn, right? I heard that young Master Finn just recently entered the 'Seventh-Order Void Realm'."

"Is young Master Finn challenging Miss Winnie, trying to win back his rightful place?"

...

Many Romero Clan members were speculating.

"Two spots?"

Listening to the discussion among the Romero Clan members, Wyatt Barnes was taken aback.

The Romero Clan, as a powerful noble family in the Great Turdo Dynasty, second only to the Imperial Family, only has two nominations in the 'Duchy Martial Contest'?

Bear in mind, every Empire has ten nominations.

"Miss Winnie, do you dare to fight me? If you win, any requirement you have, I will comply! If I win, would you be willing to give your spot to me?"

Finn Romero looked at Winnie Romero, his eyes filled with an intense desire to battle.

In his eyes, Winnie Romero was not a breathtaking beauty but an ordinary opponent. He wouldn't hold back because of her beauty.

'Seventh-Order Void Realm.'

Wyatt Barnes's consciousness extended towards Finn Romero, revealing his cultivation level.

As the Romero Clan members had said, Finn was indeed a 'Seventh-Order Void Realm martial artist'.

"I wonder if Miss Winnie will accept."

"Even if she doesn't agree, young Master Finn wouldn't have a choice... After all, she's the only daughter of the clan's Patriarch."

"If it were up to me, I wouldn't bother acknowledging young Master Finn."

...

While the Romero Clan siblings were in discussion, they cast curious glances at Winnie Romero.

Many of them believed that Winnie wouldn't accept.

In their eyes,

Even if Winnie was the only daughter of the patriarch of the Romero Clan, who they admired, Winnie was still young, a woman no less.

Meanwhile, Finn was at least ten years older than Winnie.

They didn't believe Winnie could be Finn's match.

"I can agree... but no demands. I don't dislike you, so if I win, you leave. Simple as that."

Winnie Romero's decision caught all except Wyatt Barnes by surprise.

No one, even Finn Romero, expected Winnie to actually agree.

Especially Finn.

Today, he had hoped to persuade Winnie on the basis of 'if there is life, there is hope', but he had not expected Winnie to accept his challenge.

Now, with the opportunity close at hand, he was thrilled.

Although defeating Winnie might upset the 'big guy' of their Romero Clan, he could not care less.

He wanted to participate in the 'Dynasty Martial Competition', to contend against the young prodigies of the Great Turdo Dynasty and various major empires.

He also wanted to strive for the opportunity to participate in the 'Ten Dynasties Martial Meeting'.

Though the chances were slim, it was his pursuit.

"Thank you, Miss Winnie."

Finn Romero took a deep breath, retreated a few steps, and stood off against Winnie.

"Brother Barnes, please wait for me on the side."

Winnie glanced at the man by her side, Wyatt Barnes, and slightly smiled.

"Okay."

Wyatt nodded his head and stood aside, his gaze calmly taking in the scene before him.

This Finn Romero was a seventh-order martial artist from the Void Realm.

As was Winnie.

The gap between them could only be made apparent through their mastery of the 'realm'.

"Miss Winnie, how about we both avoid using spirit tools for this practice match?"

This proposal of Finn seemed like a probing.

His reason for such a suggestion was his own insecurity.

Because the only spirit tool he had was a fifth-order one, and he did not have a fourth-order one.

However, the girl before him, being the only daughter of the 'big guy' from the Romero Clan, would definitely have a fourth-order spirit tool.

This was something he did not doubt.

Although he did not believe that a woman could surpass him in cultivation and comprehension of the realm, he had decided to be cautious.

After all, it was related to whether he could obtain the quota to participate in the 'Dynasty Martial Competition'.

"Let's do it."

Winnie gently nodded, her delicate face showing no change, and had no objection to Finn's proposal.

"This Finn is quite cautious."

Wyatt thought to himself.

"Miss Winnie, be careful!"

Seeing Winnie agree, Finn's eyes flashed, he dashed out like a grey eagle and attacked with both hands, resembling a pair of razor-sharp talons, his Origin Force wildly surging.

Whoosh!

Immediately, above Finn's head in the void, the shadows of ten ancient horned dragons appeared and began to attack Winnie, full of momentum.

Beyond that, between the Origin Force in Finn's talons, a weird-colored energy suddenly spread.

Realm!

The realm of wind!

At this moment, Finn arrived close to Winnie, suddenly lashed out with his talons, sending out two condensed clawprints accompanied by a myriad of 'wind blades'.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

In an instant, the wind blades around the clawprints dispersed, raining towards Winnie like a sky full of blossoms.

Each wind blade ripped through the air, stirring a sharp noise.

Swish! Swish!

The most crucial point was, among those scattered wind blades, there were two condensed clawprints rushing forward, putting Winnie in a dangerous situation.



At this moment, another six ancient horned dragon shadows appeared above Finn's head in the void...

It seemed obvious; he had comprehended the 'Sixth-Level Wind Realm'.

Seeing his all-encompassing attack rushing towards Winnie, a smile emerged on Finn's face as if he had seen the scene of defeating Winnie.

The onlooking youths of the Romero Clan could not help but break into a cold sweat for Winnie.

The current atmosphere was terribly silent.

"Six-Level Wind Realm?"

The corner of Wyatt Barnes' mouth twitched slightly.

Initially, he was concerned that Finn's comprehension of the 'Wind Realm' would be strong...

But when he found out that Finn had only attained the 'Six-Level Wind Realm', he completely eased up.

Despite not knowing which level Winnie's 'Fire Realm' had reached,

Winnie was, after all, the owner of a 'Fire Spirit Body' and her comprehension speed of the 'Fire Realm' was something ordinary people could not match.

Through the memory of the Reincarnation Martial Emperor, he had confirmed this.

Facing the all-out attack from Finn, Winnie's expression remained unchanged, and her red dress gently fluttered.

Whoosh!

The next moment, everyone could see that the Origin Force within Winnie was fluctuating, enveloping her like a flame.

Following that, streams of a deep and piercing red energy flowed from within the white flame, half-dyeing the flame red, creating a bizarre sight.

"Extinguish!"

Under the public gaze, Winnie's cherry lips slightly opened, and she calmly uttered a word.

Immediately after, everyone saw Winnie make her move.

They saw Winnie's hands raise and the half-red half-white flame sweeping out, exploding in mid-air, and turning into meteors that swiftly shot out.

In an instant, half the sky was covered by the red and white meteors.

Whiz! Whiz! Whiz! Whiz! Whiz!

The meteors broke through the sky, hissing as they launched.

Chapter 662: The Realm of Level Eight Wind

One after the other, meteors streaked across the sky, as if they had eyes. They directly collided with the incoming wind blades that covered the sky.

Not only that, but two other massive meteors shot straight out towards the claw marks that Finn Romero launched.

The two claw marks from Finn were among his strongest attacks.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

...

In the void, the meteors formed from the intermingling red and white Origin Force and the Fire realm kept on colliding with the wind blades, exploding with a loud bang.

After each explosion, they transformed into spectacular fireworks, drawing everyone's attention.

Very soon, those on the scene saw it.

Winnie Romero's attack, after effortlessly crushing Finn's attack, continued its path unabated.

In no time at all, the numerous meteors converged into a sword, positioned in front of Finn's throat.

The sword was suspended there...

With one simple movement, Finn would be killed on the spot.

"I...I've lost."

Feeling the chill by his throat, Finn's face turned pale. He was rooted to the ground as if heavy lead filled his legs.

Above the distant crimson-clothed lady, the force of eighteen ancient Horned Dragons was revolving there, their movements appearing lifelike.

Seventh-Order Enter Void Realm!

Level Eight Fire Realm!

This was the strength of the opponent he was currently facing.

He had thought about dodging, but her overwhelming strength left him no room for escape.

For the first time in his life, a strong sense of defeat welled up deep within him.

Even when he faced Kayden Romero, the strongest of the Romero Clan's younger generation, he'd never felt this way.

He didn't deny that Kayden Romero was stronger than him.

But their ages were similar, and the difference in their strength was not immense.

But this young woman in the red dress, who seemed to be ten years his junior...

Such a young woman possessing strength like this made him feel as if he had wasted all his years.

Shush~~

Meanwhile, the watching young members of the Romero Clan, were completely astounded.

What!

Were they seeing things?

With just one move!

Just one move and Winnie Romero defeated Finn?

The scene before them was so unbelievable that some felt they must be dreaming...

However, when they pinched their thigh mercilessly, the pain from their leg registered firmly:

They weren't dreaming!

What they saw was real.

A young woman who looked to be younger than twenty-five had defeated the second strongest of their Romero Clan's younger generation - Finn!

"Miss Winnie is truly the daughter of our great master, inheriting his talents."

"That's terrifying! Even at this age, our great master wasn't as talented as Miss Winnie, right?"

"I assumed Miss Winnie would be defeated by young master Finn...who would've thought Miss Winnie used just one move to defeat him."

"Miss Winnie is not just a Seventh-Order warrior, she has also grasped the 'Level Eight Fire Realm'...Her perceptive insight is even more extraordinary than her inheritance!"

...

Members of the Romero Clan who were spectating ceaselessly discussed, unable to stop.

In their eyes were passionate admiration.

Winnie Romero's strength had impressed them all.

Annnd exhale!

The sword composed of Winnie Romero's Origin Force wrapped in the fire realm, which was placed on Finn's throat, gradually disappeared and faded away into the void.

As if it had never appeared.

Immediately after, she glanced at Finn, paying him no more mind.

"Wyatt, let's go home."

A sincere smile bloomed on Winnie's face when she turned to Wyatt Barnes, stunning several young men of the Romero Clan.

"Huh?"

Wyatt Barnes came out of his thoughts only at her words.

Winnie's method was beyond his expectation as well.

Although he was prepared, thinking that Winnie, being the one with the 'Body of Fire Spirit', would have a high level of comprehension in the 'realm of fire'.

He never thought...

Winnie's 'realm of fire' would reach the 'Level Eight'.

"The owner of the 'Body of Fire Spirit' is indeed called 'Favored Child of Fire'... Who but the Favored Child of Fire could comprehend the 'Level Eight Fire Realm' at such a young age without the aid of 'Realm Fragments'?"

Wyatt Barnes sighed in his heart.

As they watched Wyatt Barnes and Winnie Romero's receding figures, the members of the Romero Clan, including Finn, returned to their senses.

"No wonder besides young master Max Cloud, the other available spot was given to Miss Winnie... Miss Winnie's strength is indeed greater than young master Finn, and by a large margin."

"Yeah, with Miss Winnie's strength, even a comparison with young master Max Cloud might not reveal a clear winner."

"If they don't use spiritual artifacts, it indeed might be a draw... But if they do use spiritual artifacts, young master Max Cloud should have an advantage. After all, young master Max Cloud is an Eighth-Order Enter Void Realm warrior, his origin force is strong. Also, young master Max Cloud has grasped the 'Seventh-Order Sword Realm'."

"That's true... However, in terms of age, Miss Winnie can't even compare to young master Max Cloud. When Miss Winnie reaches the same age as young master Max Cloud, today's young master Max Cloud might not even be worthy to serve as her shoe bearer."

"Yeah, Miss Winnie is still young; her undiscovered potential is great."

"She is truly the exceptional daughter of our great master of the Romero Clan!"

...

With a group of the Romero Clan's disciples scattering.

Before long, everyone in the Romero Clan was aware of Winnie Romero's strength.

Winnie Romero was quickly recognized as the latest 'once-in-a-century genius' after Taoi Romero of the Romero Clan!

What was most shocking, of course, was Winnie Romero's gender.

Such talent and insight in a woman had left people astounded.

While the Romero Clan was causing a stir, Wyatt Barnes and Winnie Romero had already returned to the private residence of Taoi Romero, standing in the courtyard.

The two stood in opposition to each other.

In a pavilion not far away, Taoi Romero and Elder Kane sat facing each other, watching Wyatt Barnes and Winnie Romero standing off with interest.

At this moment, Winnie Romero, facing Wyatt Barnes, didn't seem as dismissive as she had been in the face of Finn Romero.

Finn Romero, she didn't care about.

But Wyatt Barnes from a distance, in her eyes, seemed unfathomable.

Especially the confident smile on Wyatt Barnes' face, which unconsciously infected her, making her subconsciously feel how invincible Wyatt Barnes was.

Taking a deep breath, Winnie Romero shifted her gaze.

She knew that if she continued in this state, she would lose without a fight.

"Brother Barnes, be careful!"

With a light shout from Winnie Romero, choosing to act first, she darted out like a raging fire, rushing towards Wyatt Barnes.

As if she was trying to engulf Wyatt Barnes.

Whoosh!

Above the void, eighteen ancient Horned Dragon phantoms rushed out, looking majestic.

As soon as Winnie Romero made her move, she released all her 'Origin Force' and 'realm' without any restraint.

Wyatt Barnes stood in place, as stable as a mountain.

Seeing the flame that Winnie Romero had transformed into about to engulf him, wisps of milky white flame finally emerged from him... these were his burning Origin Force.



Not only that, there were threads of cyan energy among the Origin Force, permeating an odd breath.

The realm of wind!

"Winnie, catch my finger!"

Just as Wyatt Barnes's voice fell, his right hand streaked out as if it had divine assistance.

Wind Thunder Finger!

With a finger pointing out, a piercing sound arose.

The amassed energy from his finger swifted out, entwined with deep cyan energy, confronting the onrushing Winnie Romero.

Snap!

As the energy of his finger hit Winnie Romero, a faint sound suddenly rang.

Winnie Romero's figure paused and the flame imprint accompanying her was instantly shattered.

However, the energy from his finger was also consumed a part because of this.

"Level Eight realm of wind!"

Winnie Romero exclaimed as her figure moved again, rolling like fire toward one side, just avoiding Wyatt Barnes's unstoppable energy finger.

The energy from his finger flew out and finally smothered into the ground, disappearing without a trace.

Whew!

Wyatt Barnes stood in place, calmly withdrawing his hand, unmoving.

The flick of his fingers didn't even disturb the robes on Wyatt Barnes's body...

"Entering the Void Realm Level Eight?"

Looking at the nineteen archaic Horned Dragon phantoms above Wyatt Barnes's head, a look of surprise appeared on Winnie Romero's face.

These years, her progress, in her opinion, has been 'abnormal'.

The reason for such progress is largely because she is the host of the 'Fire Spirit Body'.

But what about Wyatt Barnes?

Wyatt Barnes is not a congenital spirit body but an ordinary martial artist.

"Brother Barnes, you are really powerful."

Winnie Romero couldn't help but exclaim.

"Winnie, do you want to continue?"

Wyatt Barnes asked with a smile.

"No need."

Winnie Romero shook her head with a wry smile, "Brother Barnes, if you had said earlier that you had broken through to 'Enter Void Realm Level Eight' and comprehended the 'Eight Level of Wind Realm', I wouldn't have sparred with you."

If she had known about Wyatt Barnes's cultivation, why would she have willingly made herself available for such suffering?

Enter Void Realm Level Eight?

Wyatt Barnes couldn't help but laugh to himself.

It seemed that his intentional concealment of his cultivation had not been seen through by this little girl, Winnie.

If she knew, now he is not an 'Enter Void Realm Level Eight martial artist', but an 'Enter Void Realm Level Nine martial artist'.

As for the Wind realm, it had just broken through to the 'Eighth Level' yesterday.

"Kid Wyatt, you're indeed a very hidden one."

At this point, Taoi Romero, who was sitting in the pavilion, stood up, slowly stepped out of the pavilion, scrutinized Wyatt Barnes up and down, with an expression of admiration on his face.

The young man in purple clothes in front of him, the first time he met him, he felt that the young man was extraordinary.

"Perhaps, that prophecy is indeed true... otherwise, how could Winnie have met him in a world full of uncertainties?"

A thought struck Taoi Romero.

At this moment, he was even more convinced.

Wyatt Barnes was the man in the prophecy, the man who could save his daughter.

Chapter 663: Agitation of the Demon Sealing Monument

"A man from a small royal domain, remarkably cultivated beyond how I was at his age...in the Great Turdo Dynasty, he could be hailed as 'one of a kind'!"

Taoi Romero lamented silently.

After a while, the sky gradually darkened and night fell.

That evening, Wyatt Barnes, Winnie Romero, Taoi Romero, Elder Kane, and Mrs. Adams sat in a circle, with a table full of fine wines and cuisines prepared by Mrs. Adams.

The group enjoyed their meal and engaged in idle conversation from time to time.

"Tomorrow is the 'Dynastic Martial Competition'. Given your strength, Wyatt, it shouldn't be difficult for you to stand out and acquire the privilege to participate in the 'Decadynastic Martial Assembly'... However, to distinguish yourself in this assembly requires another step up in your cultivation."

Taoi Romero looked at Wyatt Barnes and spoke slowly.

Wyatt Barnes nodded, he had been mentally prepared for this.

Soon, Wyatt Barnes remembered something and couldn't help but ask, "Uncle Romero, I heard today that the 'Dynastic Martial Competition' grants only two nomination slots to the Romero Clan?"

"Yes."

Taoi Romero nodded.

"Why is that so?"

Wyatt Barnes asked, baffled. "Even the great empires each have ten slots... Is the Romero Clan inferior to a mere regional empire?"

An empire was, undeniably, a colossal entity.

However, an influential force such as the Romero Clan, if it sought to sweep away an empire and the empire did not obtain the protection of the imperial family of the Great Turdo Dynasty, it would simply be unable to resist.

Each empire under the Great Turdo Dynasty could, at most, have one 'Cave Void Realm Expert'.

But the Romero Clan had numerous 'Cave Void Realm Experts'.

"Can't compare like that?"

Taoi Romero shook his head, indicating he knew something.

"Hmm?"

Wyatt Barnes, puzzled, asked, "Why can't we compare like that?"

Taoi Romero smiled, "Do you know that this 'Dynastic Martial Competition' is divided into 'two stages'?"

"Two stages?"

Wyatt Barnes was taken aback.

"Yes, two stages."

Taoi Romero nodded and continued, "Tomorrow is the first stage of the Dynastic Martial Competition... Tomorrow, the young elites of the Great Turdo Dynasty will not take action."

Hearing Taoi Romero's words, Wyatt Barnes pondered for a while before asking curiously, "Does that mean tomorrow is only about the competition between the young talents from various empires?"

"Yes."

Taoi Romero nodded again, "Tomorrow, each empire will decide on their strongest thirty young talents... These thirty young talents will earn the qualification to participate in the second stage of the Dynastic Martial Competition."

"In the second stage of the Dynastic Martial Competition, these thirty young talents will compete with the young talents of our Great Turdo Dynasty for the qualifications of the 'Decadynastic Martial Assembly'."

"Now, do you understand why our Romero Clan only has two nomination slots?"

Faced with Taoi Romero's final inquiry,

Wyatt Barnes nodded.

"Actually, it's not just our Romero Clan."

Taoi Romero continued, "In this 'Dynastic Martial Competition', except for the imperial family which has three nominations, the prominent forces within the Great Turdo Dynasty, like our Romero Clan, all have just two nomination slots... As for the ordinary forces, they only have one nomination slot."

Wyatt Barnes finally understood.

"So, the Graham Clan and the Nicholson Clan only have two slots as well?"

Winnie Romero looked at Taoi Romero.

"Yes."

Taoi Romero nodded.

Wyatt Barnes' eyes flickered, his excitement about tomorrow's 'Dynastic Martial Competition' abating somewhat.

Tomorrow was the contest among the young talents from various empires.

He wasn't particularly interested in it.

It's not that he looked down upon the young talents of the various empires, but simply, on account of being a young talent from a minor empire, their strength when compared to the top-notch young talents of the Great Turdo Dynasty, was indeed limited.

"Let alone others, just consider Kabir Inky who came from the Blackstone Empire with me...he was the top young talent in the Blackstone Empire a year ago, but unless he has had an extraordinary encounter in the past year, his level would only be at most 'Entering the Void Realm Level Five'."

Wyatt Barnes thought to himself.

They dispersed after they had feasted.

"See you tomorrow, Brother Barnes."

Outside a delicately furnished courtyard, Winnie Romero greeted Wyatt Barnes before turning to go back into the courtyard.

Only then did Wyatt Barnes leave for his courtyard.

That night, Wyatt Barnes held the 'Wind Realm Fragment', continuing his understanding of it.

Of course, he was clear that just after understanding the 'Level Eight Wind Realm', he could not possibly grasp the 'Ninth Wind Realm' over a short period.

"I won't be greedy...let me grasp the 'Ninth Wind Realm' in three or four months; and the 'First Middle-Grade Wind Realm' in seven or eight months, that's it..."

Wyatt Barnes raised his eyebrows and told himself.

If someone knew what Wyatt Barnes was thinking now, they would be speechless.

Is he not being greedy?

As the night deepened, Wyatt Barnes finally put away the 'Wind Realm Fragment' and lay on his bed, quickly falling asleep.

He hadn't had a good night's sleep for a long time.

Once Wyatt Barnes fell asleep, streaks of moonlight from the opened window slanted in, sparsely falling on Wyatt Barnes' body.

If Wyatt Barnes were outside at the moment, he would have noticed.

The moon was very full tonight, it was a full moon.

Suddenly, a streak of moonlight fell on the 'Storage Ring' on Wyatt Barnes' hand.

From the outside, nothing seemed amiss.

Yet inside the Storage Ring, something strange was occurring.

The usually tranquil Storage Ring space was neatly filled with all kinds of objects, orderly and in their designated places.

Wyatt Barnes had arranged all these things using his mind.

At this very moment, in an inconspicuous corner of the Storage Ring space, faint sounds could suddenly be heard.

If one looked closely, they would see a broken stele in that corner, trembling ever so slightly...



Simultaneously, a stream of moonlight, the route of which was unknown, was being transmitted from outside the Storage Ring, pouring into the stele unceasingly.

The stele's trembling became faster and faster.

Who knows how long it took.

Perhaps it was dawn, and the moonlight gradually faded.

On the surface of the stele, however, a wisp of faint moonlit glow emerged, gradually merging into the odd names etched on the stele, and subsequently disappearing.

Only when the last ray of moonlight vanished, did the stele finally stir.

Whoosh!

The stele suddenly levitated and then fiercely flew out, hitting a pile of original stones on one side of the Storage Ring's space, scattering all the stones.

Immediately afterwards, the stele continued to fly out, scattering some medicinal herbs that were laying idle on the other side.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

.....

The stele was flying out again and again, wreaking chaos in the Storage Ring space with each flight.

Gradually, the stele seemed to lose its energy and sank into silence.

One could only imagine.

If Wyatt Barnes saw everything that had happened inside his Storage Ring space, he most certainly would be shocked.

However, at present, Wyatt Barnes knew nothing about what was happening inside his Storage Ring.

Outside the Storage Ring, there was another world.

The sky was gradually brightening, and Wyatt Barnes, lying in his bed, was coming to.

"The Martial Emperor's tournament... is about to start."

Wyatt Barnes casually freshened himself up and, after a thought, picked out a new set of clothes from his Storage Ring space and changed into them.

However, when he was about to throw his pyjamas into the Storage Ring, he froze completely.

What on earth had happened?

With a thought, the 'internal space' of the Storage Ring appeared before Wyatt Barnes' eyes in its entirety.

But the current state of his Storage Ring space left him dumbfounded.

Messy!

So messy!

"What happened? If it weren't for the fact that living things cannot enter the Storage Ring... I would have thought it had been robbed."

Wyatt Barnes' mouth twitched at one corner.

If he were not totally sure about what was inside his Storage Ring space, he would have thought it was always this messy.

After a long thought, Wyatt Barnes could not figure out why this had happened.

"Never mind, first I need to tidy up everything."

Although the Storage Ring space was in shambles, luckily none of the items Wyatt Barnes stored within it were damaged. Soon, everything was put back to where it belonged.

"Even this 'Demon Sealing Monument' has come out..."

After putting most of the things back, Wyatt Barnes found that the broken stele he had originally obtained from the 'Death Swamp' in the Crimson Heaven Kingdom, was no longer in its corner.

"What on earth happened in the Storage Ring space? Even the 'Demon Sealing Monument', which is so heavy, has moved from there to here."

Now, Wyatt Barnes felt a chill running down his spine, with a sense of eeriness looming.

The Demon Sealing Monument was what Wyatt Barnes found when he ventured deep into the 'Death Swamp', trying to solve the mystery of his father Lanni Barnes' life or death. He found it inside an ancient underground palace.

At that time, a formidable soul was sealed inside the Demon Sealing Monument. It broke out, attempting to seize his body.

It was then that Wyatt Barnes discovered that the soul was even stronger than Martial Emperor's soul.

Perhaps, the master of that soul was once even more powerful than the Martial Emperor.

After the potent soul had disappeared, this stele that had housed it, the Demon Sealing Monument, ended up in Wyatt Barnes' hands and has stayed in the corner of his Storage Ring ever since.

If it were not for today's incident, Wyatt Barnes would have almost forgotten about it.

Whoosh!

With a thought, a broken stele appeared in Wyatt Barnes' hand.

It was the 'Demon Sealing Monument'.

"I wonder what kind of texts these are on the 'Demon Sealing Monument'... The Martial Emperor, with two cycles of life and death, did not recognize this type of text."

Shaking his head, Wyatt Barnes returned the Demon Sealing Monument back into his Storage Ring.

"No, I must switch to another Storage Ring... this one is too strange."

Wyatt Barnes, recalling the events inside the Storage Ring, felt his hair stand on end. He quickly took out another Storage Ring and transferred everything from the current one.

As for his current Storage Ring.

Hisss!

With Wyatt Barnes' gesture, a third-grade flame emerged, and the Storage Ring quickly melted into a puddle of liquid under his heat.

With a thought from Wyatt Barnes, the liquid gradually shaped into a candle holder.

Leaving the candle holder on the table, Wyatt Barnes finally left his room.

## Chapter 664: Audience Seating Levels

Because today's 'Dynasty Martial Competition' was only a struggle between the young talents of various empires, the Romero Clan did not make a big fuss about it.

When Wyatt Barnes left the Romero mansion, Taoi Romero, Winnie Romero, and Elder Kane were the only ones with him.

As for Mrs. Adams, she stayed in the mansion and did not leave.

Having resided at Taoi Romero's place for about ten days, Wyatt had a fair idea about the mansion. He knew that Mrs. Adams was somewhat of a 'housekeeper'.

She was responsible for daily meals and other trivial matters.

"Uncle Romero, where is the 'Dynasty Martial Competition' of the Great Turdo Dynasty held?"

Wyatt Barnes, traveling through the air, looked at Taoi Romero, who was also traveling the same way, and asked.

"Prisoner Battle Arena!"

Taoi Romero slowly said.

"Prisoner Battle Arena?"

Wyatt Barnes raised an eyebrow, somewhat surprised, "Does the Great Turdo Dynasty also have a 'Prisoner Battle Arena'?"

"Also?"

Hearing Wyatt Barnes's words, Taoi Romero shook his head, "The Prisoner Battle Arena of the Great Turdo Dynasty existed since the Dynasty itself... The history of the Prisoner Battle Arena can be said to be the history of the dynasty."

"Nowadays, some of the empires, royal countries, and kingdoms under the dynasty have 'Prisoner Battle Arenas' in some of their imperial cities, but they are all imitations of the one in the dynasty."

Taoi Romero finished saying in one breath.

Wyatt Barnes finally understood.

He was just wondering that the Royal Country of Green Forest has a Prisoner Battle Arena, and so does the Great Turdo Dynasty.

It turns out that even the Prisoner Battle Arena of the Royal Country of Green Forest is just a copy.

"So... the 'Prisoner Battle Arena' in the royal capital of the Great Turdo Dynasty should be backed by the Imperial Family, right?"

Wyatt Barnes asked.

From his perspective.

Since the Prisoner Battle Arena was able to last for such a long time, it must rely on a steadfast 'backer', and that 'backer' could only be the Imperial Family.

"Correct."

Taoi Romero's response confirmed Wyatt Barnes' guess.

"The 'Prisoner Battle Arena' in the royal capital of the Great Turdo Dynasty..."

Now, Wyatt Barnes was somewhat expectant.

You see, the 'Prisoner Battle Arena' in the imperial city of the Royal Country of Green Forest, which on its scale shocked Wyatt Barnes to some extent...

This 'Prisoner Battle Arena' in the royal capital of the Great Turdo Dynasty would undoubtedly be even more shocking.

Wyatt Barnes and the three others were flying towards the north.

Along the way, they saw many people also flying in that direction.

These people were obviously going to watch the excitement.

"Weren't you saying yesterday that you were not interested in coming today because it's only the first stage of the 'Dynasty Martial Competition'?"

A middle-aged man who flew past Wyatt Barnes and the others looked at his companion with a smile.

"Anyway, I have nothing to do. It's not bad to come and see the demeanor of the young talents from various empires."

The latter said.

"Today will certainly be less exciting than tomorrow... In fact, I'm afraid there won't even be many youth talents above the 'Enter Void Realm Seventh-Order' today," the former said, shaking his head.

"That is natural... this 'Dynasty Martial Competition' first stage is just a warm-up, the excitement is till tomorrow."

The latter then said.

Similiar discussions, Wyatt Barnes heard quite a few along the way.

"Brother Barnes."

Elder Kane looked at Wyatt Barnes with a smile and slowly said, "If you weren't participating in the 'Dynasty Martial Competition' today, I, the young master, and the miss, might not go to the 'Prisoner Battle Arena' to join in the excitement."

Wyatt Barnes nodded.

This was not surprising to him.

What kind of people were Taoi Romero and Elder Kane?

A mere 'Dynasty Martial Competition' among empire's youth talents couldn't attract them.

As for Winnie Romero, with her level of cultivation, there are few among the young talents of the various empires who could match her, so she naturally had no interest in today's Dynasty Martial Competition.

"We're here, "

After a while, Elder Kane's voice reached Wyatt Barnes's ears.

By then, Wyatt Barnes saw it.

A wide-open space appeared in the distance, more than twice the size of the 'Prisoner Battle Arena' in the imperial city of the Royal Country of Green Forest.

Above this field, once again, a huge prison cage enveloped, making people look afraid.

"Is this the 'Prisoner Battle Arena' of the Great Turdo Dynasty?"

Something moved in Wyatt Barnes's heart, and his gaze shifted from the field of the Prisoner Battle Arena to its surroundings.



Only then did Wyatt Barnes realize it.

In the 'Prisoner Battle Arena' of the royal capital of the Great Turdo Dynasty, the most distinctive feature was not the spacious field, but the surrounding stands.

The surrounding stands, as far as the eye could see, were divided into three classes.

The lowest class was like the stands around the 'Prisoner Battle Arena' in the Royal Country of Green Forest, just like the seats in a movie theater in his past life on Earth.

Of course, the seats in the cinema only face one direction, whereas the stands here are all around the entire Prisoner Battle Arena.

By now, the stands around the Prisoner Battle Arena were almost full.

From a distance, it looked densely packed with people.

"So many people!"

Wyatt Barnes was surprised that the first stage of the 'Dynasty Martial Competition' attracted so many people.

On the edge of the Prisoner Battle Arena, there were many huge stone pillars standing tall.

These stone pillars supported nine stands that were suspended in mid-air... The seats in these stands were relatively fewer, and many of them were still vacant.

These seats are quite elite, upholstered with premium beast skins.

Furthermore, several armored soldiers stood at various points on the audience stands, like a gallery of guardian deities.

"Huh?"

Soon, Wyatt Barnes saw several groups of people from afar, soaring across the sky only to land on the floating platforms of the audience seats.

"Prince Yakim!"

With his keen eyes, Wyatt immediately recognized the leader of one of these groups.

It was indeed the 'Prince Yakim' from the Black Stone Kingdom.

Behind Prince Yakim were two elderly men, who followed like shadows. Also accompanying him were nine young men...

Wyatt was not unfamiliar with this group of people.

They had made the journey from the Black Stone Kingdom to the Great Turdo Dynasty with him.

Following this, Wyatt saw-

After Prince Yakim identified himself to the soldiers, he led his entourage of eleven people to occupy a corner of the spectator stand, claiming that entire area for themselves.

"These are the 'middle-class spectators' stands."

Elder Kane, standing at his side, explained to Wyatt. "In this 'Dynasty Martial Competition,' representatives from the major empires, as well as the young talents they bring along, sit in these middle-class viewer stands. Besides, representatives from ordinary forces in the Great Turdo Dynasty and the young talents they bring along also sit here."

Middle-class spectator stand?

Wyatt nodded significantly.

In this world, everything really is divided into ranks.

And the strong always occupied the best of everything.

"So, that's the 'Upper-class viewing area'?"

Wyatt's eyes moved upward, following the soaring stone pillars until they reach the higher class auditoriums.

The audience seat here was also divided into nine areas.

However, each area had only a few seats, just a small row.

The seating in this spectator zone was certainly more luxurious. Compared to the seating in the middle-class area, these seats seemed to belong to beggars.

"Yes, this is indeed the upper-class spectator section."

Elder Kane nodded, "Generally speaking, only members of the Imperial Family, our Romero Clan, the Graham Clan, and the Nicholson Clan, and the other such major 'powers' can bring people here."

"Of course, the Great Turdo Dynasty is teeming with the strong. Some powerful Loose Cultivators, as well as those in unique positions... such as some fourth-grade Artifact Refiners, fourth-grade alchemists and advanced Inscription masters, can also bring people there."

Elder Kane slowly explained.

Wyatt nodded.

"Let's go!"

Taoi Romero waved at Wyatt and the others and then floated into the air, heading straight to the upper-class spectator area.

At the same time, the sight of their departure attracted quite a bit of attention.

"Who are those people? They actually ascended to the 'Upper spectator area'!"

Some martial artists seated in the lower guest stand couldn't help but gasp.

"They seem to be new faces... I can't recognize them."

Someone else added.

"Wyatt Barnes?"

And in the middle-class spectator area, the twelve people from the Black Stone Kingdom, including Prince Yakim, finally noticed Wyatt.

"I never imagined that Wyatt would have acquaintances in the Great Turdo Dynasty. And they are clearly people with extraordinary identities, especially that middle-aged man in the red robe..."

While Walter Simmons was surprised, he couldn't help but take a sharp intake of breath.

The moment he saw the man in the red robe, his heart trembled as if he was facing a massive beast.

"This sensation... I've only felt it when facing my master and 'Uncle Master Blade'."

Walter was silently shocked.

He hadn't expected that within the Great Turdo Dynasty, there would be someone on par with his master and uncle.

"It's no wonder Wyatt has made such rapid progress... it turns out he knows such a strong individual."

At this point, Walter simply assumed that Wyatt had received help from this strong individual over the years, which was why his cultivation level was so shocking.

If Wyatt knew what Walter was thinking at the moment, he would undoubtedly be speechless.

At most, Taoi Romero had only helped him comprehend the 'Realm of Wind' a few days ago. Apart from that, he hadn't assisted him in his cultivation process.

Kabir Inky and the other youths were equally amazed.

Wyatt followed Taoi Romero and sat down on the Upper-class spectator stand.

Soon thereafter, a soldier standing in the area respectfully bowed to Taoi Romero and Elder Kane: "Respected Taoi and Elder Kane."

Wyatt noticed the soldiers' reactions very clearly.

When the soldier saw Taoi Romero, his eyes clearly showed a moment of uncertainty.

However, when he saw Elder Kane, a flash of enlightenment seemed to strike him. He not only recognized Elder Kane but also guessed Taoi Romero's identity.

Taoi Romero nodded indifferently and then sat down with Wyatt and the others.

At the moment, of the nine viewing platforms, only theirs was occupied.

"Uncle Romero, I'll head there first."

Wyatt called out to Taoi Romero, preparing to join Prince Yakim and the others.

After all, he still had to participate in the first phase of today's Dynasty Martial Competition and couldn't simply play the part of a spectator like Taoi Romero and the others.

"Go ahead. I'll have Elder Kane place a few more original stones on you."

Taoi Romero said with a laugh.

"Original stone?"

Wyatt was puzzled.

Then, with Elder Kane's explanation, Wyatt discovered-

It turned out that the 'Prison Duel Arena' didn't place cash bets for the upper-class viewing area. Instead, they used 'Original Stones.'

Of course, it was 'lower grade Original Stone.'

Chapter 665: Five Thousand Lower Grade Original Stones

"Uncle Romero, are there any restrictions on betting in this 'Prisoner's Duel Arena'?"

Wyatt asked curiously.

"There are none."

Taoi Romero shook his head, then curiously asked, "You're asking about this because you want to place a bet, aren't you? However, to place a gold or silver bet, you have to go to one of the two spectators' seats below."

"No! The bets I'm placing are not with gold or silver."

Wyatt shook his head, and after some thought, he brought out a heap of 'inferior original stones' from his hand.

There were thousands of inferior original stones, and Wyatt raised them visibly using Origin Force.

It's not that he wanted to do it this way.

It's just that there were so many original stones that even if he spread out both hands, he wouldn't be able to hold all of them.

For a moment, Taoi Romero, Elder Kane, and Winnie Romero were stunned as they stared at the original stones he held.

"Winnie, here are five thousand 'inferior original stones'... Please help me place them all on me later."

Wyatt gave a slight smile, lifted his hand, and the five thousand inferior original stones flew towards Winnie, hovering in front of her.

"Yes, Brother Barnes."

Winnie came to her senses and received all these original stones into her Storage Ring.

She was not unfamiliar with inferior original stones.

Yet even for her, she typically only had a few dozen at most in hand.

She believes that even her father cannot take out this many inferior original stones at once.

"We'll split the winnings evenly."

Wyatt said with a smile.

"Brother Barnes, I can't accept... No matter how much we win, I'll give it all to you."

Winnie shook her head, unwilling to take advantage of Wyatt.

Seeing Winnie insist, Wyatt didn't persuade her further, as he figured with Taoi Romero supporting her from behind, she wouldn't be short of 'inferior original stones'.

In the Great Turdo Dynasty, although middle-grade and top-grade original stones are rare, there are quite a lot of 'inferior original stones'.

After all, the Imperial Family of the Great Turdo Dynasty controls an 'inferior original stone vein'.

Of course, in order to hold onto this vein, the Imperial Family would need to rely on powerful forces such as the Romero Clan, Graham Clan, and the Nicholson Clan for support.

So, each time inferior original stones were mined, aside from the Imperial Family taking the majority, influential clans like the Romero Clan could also obtain a portion.

The Romeros could only get slightly less than the Imperial Family.

And as the master of the Romero Clan, with immense power, Taoi naturally would not lack inferior original stones.

"You're not planning to leak this to others, are you?"

Suddenly, Wyatt raised his eyebrows towards the soldier in armor not far away and said in a deep voice.

Now, this soldier was planning to leave.

Clearly, he intended to secretly pass the information and have people lower the 'odds' for winning bets on Wyatt.

At this moment, Elder Kane came back to his senses, coldly glanced at the soldier and scoffed, "If you dare to move again, I'll make your blood splatter across three feet!"

Elder Kane's words made the soldier stiffen, his face pale.



But he didn't dare to make any more movements.

He clearly understood that for the Elder in the Great Turdo Dynasty, killing him would be as easy as crushing an ant.

"Wyatt, even I don't carry that many original stones around with me... Where did you get those from?"

Taoi Romero looked at Wyatt, asking in surprise.

Wyatt taking out five thousand inferior original stones all at once startled him.

A lot?

Hearing Taoi Romero's words, the corner of Wyatt's mouth twitched slightly.

Little did he know, if Taoi Romero knew that besides having several thousand inferior original stones in his Storage Ring, Wyatt also had dozens of middle-grade original stones and even a top-grade original stone, what would be his reaction.

Of course, Wyatt had no intention of telling him.

"Uncle Romero, when I first arrived at the Great Turdo Dynasty, I explored the surroundings... Afterwards, in a secluded mountain range, I discovered a hidden cave."

Wyatt began to fabricate an extraordinary tale, "At that time, inside the cave, I found a skeleton and a storage ring. Those original stones were inside the ring."

"Brother Barnes, you're so lucky."

Winnie exclaimed in surprise.

"Yes, not everyone would encounter such fortune... Brother Barnes truly is a man of great luck. Back then, he found that undersea cave; today, he stumbled upon the remains and relics of a person with an extraordinary background."

Elder Kane sighed as well.

With five thousand inferior original stones in the Storage Ring, in his view, the background of the skeleton must be significant.

"Indeed, you are quite lucky."

Taoi Romero looked at Wyatt deeply, making Wyatt feel a bit guilty.

He could tell that Taoi Romero didn't entirely believe his story.

"Winnie, I'm going to join up with Prince Yakim and the others."

After saying goodbye to Winnie, Wyatt flew off towards the intermediate spectators' seats and landed steadily on the seats with Prince Yakim and others.

He landed perfectly right in front of where Prince Yakim and others were sitting.

At that moment, many gazes fell on Wyatt again...

This young man, clearly just left the superior spectators' seats.

"Who the hell is this guy?"

"He seems to be someone under our Great Turdo Dynasty's jurisdiction... But he just went up to the 'superior spectators' seats' earlier, so it looks like he knows some people of importance in our Great Turdo Dynasty."

"That seems likely."

...

A bunch of spectators in the lower spectator seats were engaged in heated discussion.

Meanwhile, the representatives and young talents from various empires who were already present in the intermediate spectators' seats all turned their surprised gazes to Wyatt.

"When did the Blackstone Empire have such a character who has connections with the important figures of the Great Turdo Dynasty?"

"Wouldn't it give us great prestige if we defeated him?"

"I must make him my stepping stone!"

...

At this moment, the youth of the great empires stared at Wyatt Barnes just like hunters staring at their prey.

It was as if they couldn't wait to step directly onto the field and defeat Wyatt Barnes.

"Prince Yakim!"

After landing, Wyatt Barnes greeted Prince Yakim with a smile.

"Wyatt Barnes, come, sit here."

Prince Yakim gestured for Wyatt Barnes to sit by his side.

Now, a group of people from the Blackstone Empire, Prince Yakim sat alone in the front row.

Behind him were two old men.

Further back were Walter Simmons and a group of the Blackstone Empire's youthful talents...

"I'm fine sitting next to Walter Simmons."

Wyatt Barnes smiled at Prince Yakim, moved, and took his seat next to Walter Simmons that was left vacant.

Prince Yakim saw this and didn't insist any further.

Once he sat beside Walter Simmons, Wyatt Barnes couldn't help but extend his spiritual power, covering Walter Simmons. Very quickly, he was able to discern Walter Simmons' level of cultivation.

"Enter Void Realm Level Eight! As expected."

Wyatt Barnes sighed in his heart, but didn't find it surprising.

Last time, when he found out that Kase Dragonsmith had broken through to 'Enter Void Realm Seventh-Order', he guessed that Walter Simmons' cultivation should have improved.

Now it seemed that his conjecture was entirely correct.

"Walter Simmons, how is your comprehension of the 'Sword Realm'?"

After discerning Walter Simmons' cultivation, Wyatt Barnes couldn't help but ask.

"When it's time for me to make a move, won't you know then?"

Walter Simmons responded with a mysterious smile.

Wyatt Barnes shook his head and laughed.

Was Walter Simmons actually playing coy?

However, recalling that he himself also liked playing coy, he couldn't help but shake his head:

Could this be karma?

Following this, Wyatt Barnes' gaze began to sweep over each and every 'medium-level grandstand', "Including our Blackstone Empire, seventeen empires have come. However, it seems not everyone has arrived yet."

Very soon, Wyatt Barnes saw that many more people were arriving at the medium-level grandstands.

With the passage of time, people from thirty-one empires quickly gathered.

By then, fewer and fewer people were arriving.

"I wonder how many empires there are in the Great Turdo Dynasty."

Wyatt Barnes muttered to himself.

"The Great Turdo Dynasty consists of thirty-six empires."

Hearing Wyatt Barnes' mutterings, Walter Simmons replied with a smile.

"Walter Simmons, you even know this?"

Wyatt Barnes asked curiously.

Walter Simmons laughed, "Not only do I know, I have been to almost all of them."

Wyatt Barnes was surprised. He hadn't expected Walter Simmons to have travelled to so many places, "No doubt it was Walter's Master who took him there."

Now, Wyatt Barnes became more and more interested in Walter Simmons' Master.

"Walter Simmons, is your Master here today?"

Wyatt Barnes asked curiously.

Today, the 'Dynasty Martial Competition' is taking place, and Walter Simmons is also participating, striving to qualify for the second stage 'Dynasty Martial Competition'.

"No."

Walter Simmons shook his head.

"I see."

Wyatt Barnes laughed, "'Today's 'Dynasty Martial Competition' is just the first stage, where the thirty most powerful youngsters from all the empires will be finalized... given your current strength, the odds are in your favor. It's not surprising your Master won't show up since they already know the outcome."

Walter Simmons looked at Wyatt Barnes in surprise.

He hadn't expected Wyatt Barnes to have so much confidence in him.

To know that his current cultivation level had never been displayed in front of others. The only ones who know are him and his Master.

"No."

Walter Simmons shook his head, "It's not just my Master won't show up today. Even if I pass the first stage of the 'Dynasty Martial Competition' tomorrow and qualify for the second stage 'Dynasty Martial Competition', my Master won't bother showing up."

"Not even tomorrow?"

This time, Wyatt Barnes was completely stunned.

Could it be that Walter Simmons' Master has no interest in the 'Dynasty Martial Competition', or even the 'Ten Dynasty Martial Meeting'?

Or does he feel that Walter Simmons is certain to qualify for the 'Ten Dynasty Martial Meeting'?

So, he doesn't think it's necessary to come?

The more he thought about it, the more Wyatt Barnes felt certain of it.

"Wyatt Barnes, let's not talk about my Master... that man who took you to the superior grandstand just now, he seems to be quite remarkable."

Looking at Wyatt Barnes, Walter Simmons asked meaningfully.

"He is impressive."

Wyatt Barnes nodded, then said: "However, no matter how remarkable he is, I'm afraid he can't compete with your Master... after all, your Master is an Entity from the 'outside territory'."

The phrase 'outside territory' held a great deterrent power within the empires.

Walter Simmons hadn't expected Wyatt Barnes to change the subject so quickly. He shook his head helplessly, choosing not to ask any further questions.

Otherwise, who knows where Wyatt Barnes would steer the conversation next.

Chapter 666: The Strength of Kase Dragonsmith

As time passed, representatives and young prodigies from thirty-six empires, including the Dark Horse Empire, made their successive entrances.

For a while, the 'middle-tier spectator seats' in the prisoner fight arena was brimming and completely filled with people.

Even on the audience's side where Wyatt Barnes and the others of the Black Stone Empire were seated, there were representatives and rising talents from three more empires.

"Prince Yakim! It's been a long time... How have you been lately?"

A representative of an empire, who had just arrived with his entourage, sat not far from Prince Yakim and took the initiative to greet him.

This was an elder clad in grey. An aura of unfathomable depth radiated from his cloudy eyes, his aging and frail figure showing neither joy nor anger.

"Senior Willow."

Prince Yakim looked at the man in the grey robe and cracked a slight smile. "I'm doing well. I didn't expect that this time the Fletcher Empire would be led by you."

"As one grows old, one should venture out more often."

The elder named Willow responded with a grin.

Following this, the old man's gaze swept over the ten rising talents of the Black Stone Empire one by one. With each person he observed, a glint shone brightly in the depths of his turbid eyes.

This was crystal clear to Wyatt Barnes.

"Prince Yakim, I heard the Black Stone Empire's number one talent is Kabir Inky... May I ask, which one is he?"

The old man asked Prince Yakim out of curiosity.



"Kabir Inky, this is the chief Sacrificial Officer of the Fletcher Empire Royal Family, Senior Willow."

Upon hearing these words, Prince Yakim turned and pointed at Kabir Inky who was seated in the third row.

"Senior Willow."

Kabir Inky nodded gently towards the old man in way of greetings.

"Impressive, indeed a talent."

The old man praised.

"Hmph! 'Black Stone Empire's number one talent'... From my point of view, such reputation is already a thing of the past."

A derogatory snort disrupted the harmonious atmosphere of the scene.

Immediately, everyone who heard this comment, including Wyatt Barnes, had their gazes fall on the source of the voice.

There sat a stern-faced young man.

"Kase Dragonsmith!"

With just one glance, Wyatt Barnes recognized this young man to be the repeatedly crossed paths with, Kase Dragonsmith.

Kase Dragonsmith, from the same country as him, Royal Green Forest.

He still remembered the first time he met Kase Dragonsmith. It was during the 'Martial Meeting' held by the 'Five Great Sects' of the Royal Green Forest...

During that time, Kase Dragonsmith was indeed bestowed with countless honors.

Among the Five Great Princes of the Royal Green Forest, 'Young Master Blade' Kase Dragonsmith was the only one who participated.

At that time, almost everyone believed that Kase Dragonsmith could secure the 'Martial Meeting Champion' honor.

Unfortunately, the result was startling.

With the momentum of a dark horse, Wyatt Barnes delivered a resounding defeat to Kase Dragonsmith, and snatched the 'Martial Meeting Champion' title. This greatly dwarfed Kase Dragonsmith's reputation.

It could be said that back then, Wyatt Barnes got famous throughout the Royal Green Forest by stepping on Kase Dragonsmith.

"Kase Dragonsmith, a year ago, you didn't have the guts to fight me... Now, do you think you can beat me?"

Kabir Inky's face darkened, his eyes, gleaming dangerously, cast a piercing gaze slowly onto Kase Dragonsmith.

"You now... are not worthy to fight me."

Kase Dragonsmith shook his head at Kabir Inky, "Currently, among the rising stars of the Black Stone Empire, only Wyatt Barnes and Walter Simmons are worthy of being my opponents... You are not qualified!"

His words brazenly trampled on Kabir Inky's dignity.

"You're courting death!"

Kabir Inky suddenly stood up, his face filled with rage. His reddened eyes stared at Kase Dragonsmith and resonated an extreme fridity.

"As I said... You, are not qualified."

Kase Dragonsmith shook his head. From beginning to end, he had not taken Kabir Inky seriously, and he never did take Kabir Inky seriously.

Perhaps, a year ago, he was not Kabir's match.

But, with the guidance of his powerful Master, his abilities had completely transformed in comparison to a year ago.

Just as he had said earlier.

Now, among the group of young talents from the Black Stone Empire, he only considered Wyatt Barnes and Walter Simmons as threats.

"Die!"

Finally, seemingly unable to suppress himself any longer, Kabir let out a thunderous roar, springing towards Kase Dragonsmith like a beast with jaws wide open, ready to devour Kase whole.

Simultaneously, as Kabir's Origin Force surged, seven ancient horned dragon apparitions began to condense above his head...

When streaks of purple energy appeared among Monster Kabir's Origin Force, accompanied by flashes of thunder and lightning, five more apparitions of ancient horned dragons appeared above his avatar.

Enter Fifth Order Void Realm!

Fifth-order Realm of Lightning!

This was Kabir Inky's current strength.

Whoosh!

With one punch, Kabir's Origin Force and the 'realm of lightning' followed in tow, stirring up a rolling wave of air that set Wyatt Barnes and others' robes flapping.

This punch, carrying the might of thunder, whistled through the air. Its force was akin to a shooting star streaking across the sky, aiming fiercely at Kase Dragonsmith.

"Nonsense!"

Faced with Kabir Inky's rampant punch, Kase Dragonsmith still expressed contempt.

Suddenly, Kase Dragonsmith made his move.

Whoosh!

He raised his hands, which radiated powerful origin energy, forming a blade with his palm.

At this moment, the spectators, except for Wyatt Barnes and Walter Simmons who maintained their composure, had their eyes bulging in disbelief at the unfolding scene.

Heavens!

What did they just witness?

At this moment, above Kase Dragonsmith's head in the void, ten ethereal auras of ancient Horned Dragons unexpectedly appeared...

By merely utilizing Origin Force, he was able to command the power of the heavens and earth, and thus materialize images of ten ancient Horned Dragons?

"Entering the Seventh-Order of the Void Realm!"

Prince Yakim couldn't help but exclaim.

He never imagined that among the young talents he brought, 'Kase Dragonsmith,' who was initially expected to be only average, had undergone such a tremendous transformation within a year.

The others were similarly shocked.

As soon as one wave settled, another rose!

Hum!

With a move of Kase's hand, the blade slams down to meet Kabir Inky's fierce punch.

The blade wasn't even halfway there when it already radiated a fierce and dominant aura.

In the void above, seven more images of ancient Horned Dragons were added...

"The realm of the Seven Blades!"

Prince Yakim's eyebrows twitched, his eyes filled with disbelief.

What had Kase encountered in the pass year?

Now, Prince Yakim was almost certain.

In the past year, Kase must have had a fateful encounter, a 'startling one' that was seldom available even if sought.

What a joke!

Without a significant encounter, how could an ordinary person display strength that leaves everyone in awe within just one year?

Hum!

The blade descended, carrying the power of seventeen ancient Horned Dragons.

Compared to Kabir Inky's power of twelve ancient colossal elephants, the power was stronger by a whole five Horned Dragons...

The strength between the two was not on the same level.

When Kabir Inky saw the seventeen images of ancient Horned Dragons above Kase's head, his expression had already changed.

Now, even though he is full of regret, he is stuck between a rock and a hard place.

It's just like the saying, 'what's done is done'!

At this moment, he didn't even have time to bring out his Lingqi. He could only blindly fight against Kase.

He could almost predict his own outcome.

"Enough!"

Just as Kabir Inky was losing all hope, Prince Yakim shouted.

The next moment, the Prince made a move, easily dissolving the two's fierce momentum, pushing them back into their seats.

Unlike Kase's graceful landing.

Boom!

Kabir Inky plopped heavily back into his original position, beads of cold sweat dripping down his forehead.

At that instant, he only felt how close he was to death. It was the first time he had ever felt so threatened.

"A mantis trying to stop a cart!"

Just then, Kase's voice of disdain entered Kabir's ears. His face turned red as if he had been struck by lightning.

But he couldn't retort.

After all, he was indeed inferior to Kase!

For a while, he felt humiliated.

The gazes falling on him, although he did not go to see, he could guess that they were all mocking looks...

"Prince Yakim!"

Finally, Kabir lowered his head, took a deep breath, and said to Prince Yakim, "I give up in this 'Dynasties Martial Contest'."

I give up!

Kabir's words, although brief, were resonant.

"This Kabir can't even take this minor setback?"

Wyatt Barnes was taken aback.

At this moment, Kabir moved his body and turned into a quick stream of light. He left the audience stand, rose into the sky, disappeared into the horizon.

With Kabir leaving, those in the hall shook their heads.

No one expected Kabir to be such a sore loser.

"Prince Yakim, it appears that the first young powerhouse of the Black Stone Empire widely rumoured in your country is not the strongest young talent..."

Senior Willow looked at Prince Yakim and sighed.

Kabir's exit left Prince Yakim stunned; hearing the elder's words, he regained his senses. "I didn't expect, within a year, Kase Dragonsmith would attain such high cultivation!"

The change in Kase took Prince Yakim by surprise.

"Just now...he said...only 'Wyatt Barnes' and 'Walter Simmons' in your Black Stone Empire are capable of being his opponent?"

The old man was surprised, "Prince Yakim, you've kept a deep secret... It seems, besides this one, there are two other young talents in your Empire, even stronger than your so-called strongest young powerhouse 'Kabir Inky'."

"Who could those two persons be?"

As the old man finished speaking, he was visibly interested.

The group of talented youngsters from the Fletcher Empire behind the old man, having recovered from the shock, were also curiously eyeing the remaining eight talented youngsters from the Black Stone Empire.



Clearly, they were curious as to who 'Wyatt Barnes' and 'Walter Simmons' were.

Quickly, their gaze followed the remaining six talented youths from the Black Stone Empire and found the answer.

"So young?!"

When their gaze fell upon the young man in purple and the one in red sitting together, they were astounded.

They were too young, weren't they?

The young man in red appeared to be close to thirty.

And the one in purple, no matter how you look at it, was only around twenty-five.</p>

Chapter 667: Token No.32

Is it these two young men, considered as true opponents by that youth from the Blackstone Empire who had entered the Seventh-Order Void Realm comprehension of the 'Seventh Overlay Blade Realm'? They found it somewhat unbelievable.

After all, if this is true, wouldn't it mean that these two youths were above the 'Seventh-Order Void Realm'?

In fact, not only did the group of young talents from the Fletcher Empire find it unbelievable, even the other six young talents from the Blackstone Empire were unwilling to believe it.

A year had passed since Kase Dragonsmith, with his overwhelming strength over Kabir Inky, had already astonished them.

If Kase Dragonsmith's words are true.

Does this mean that Wyatt Barnes and Walter Simmons have enough strength to overwhelm Kabir Inky now?

Thus, isn't their Blackstone Empire's top young warrior too cheap?

For they had been outstripped in all respects by three people who were inferior to him just a year ago?

"Wyatt Barnes...Walter Simmons..."

In fact, even Prince Yakim was somewhat hesitant to believe it now.

If it were only Wyatt Barnes, he would not have doubted much.

However, Walter Simmons made him unsure.

Whiz!

Suddenly, a sharp wind howling sound came sweeping over from a distance.

At the same time, a figure suspended in mid-air above the battle ring.

Immediately, a crowd from the Blackstone Empire and the Fletcher Empire, all had their attention diverted.

Normally, the airspace above the battle ring is forbidden for warriors to hover.

The only ones allowed to hover there are those from the battle ring, which is the Imperial Family of the Great Turdo Dynasty.

Now, the person hovering above the battle ring was a young man in white, around thirty-five years old, with a stern look, raised eyebrows, and graceful poise.

"Is he the one hosting today's 'Dynasty Martial Contest'?"

Wyatt Barnes was somewhat surprised.

"So young!"

In fact, not only was Wyatt Barnes surprised, but representatives and young talents from major empires and those in the lower spectator stands were all stunned by the young man in white's age.

They all knew that the one who usually hosted the battle ring was at least a middle-aged man.

Only a powerful master could deter the slaves and demon beasts engaged in the battle...

And 'strength' equates to 'advanced age' to a certain extent.

"Welcome representatives and young talents from thirty-six empires to our Great Turdo Dynasty's 'Dynasty Martial Contest'. I am the host for the first round of selection for today's 'Dynasty Martial Contest'."

The young man in white spoke coolly, his face stern.

Then, the young man in white got straight to the point and revealed the purpose of today's 'Dynasty Martial Contest'.

In summary, the ultimate 'goal' of today's 'Dynasty Martial Contest' is to select the 30 most outstanding young talents from among 360 young talents representing thirty-six empires.

These thirty young talents will gather with their peers from the Great Turdo Dynasty tomorrow to vie for the qualification to participate in the 'Ten Dynasty Martial Meet'.

"Shouldn't everybody already know of these rules?"

Wyatt Barnes noticed that the representatives and young talents from the various empires on the upper spectator stands were not too surprised when they heard the white-clad young man's speech.

Soon, the young man in white began to introduce the specific rules of today's 'Dynasty Martial Contest'.

Wyatt Barnes listened attentively.

"The rules of today's Dynasty Martial Contest are simple... each of the 360 young talents will draw a 'contestant number token' belonging to themselves for their respective advancement selection."

"Given the large number of participants, we will start with ten selection matches at a time! There will also be a dedicated person recording each match."

As soon as the young man in white finished his sentence, ten figures rose from below and stood behind him.

They were ten middle-aged men with a blank expression on their face, standing like ten statues.

Obviously, these were the ones who were responsible for the record keeping.

"The first round of selection will eliminate half of the participants; the second round will eliminate another half... by then, only ninety people will remain."

"After deciding the ninety participants, the rules will once again change. And if any good young talents were eliminated due to bad luck in the earlier rounds, as long as you aren't satisfied... at the end, you still stand a chance – you can still get one of the final thirty places."

The young man in white finished his sentence in one breath.

The next thing was to draw the 'contestant number token'.

Whiz! Whiz! Whiz! Whiz! Whiz!

...

Nine swift figures rose into the air and landed on a mid-level spectator stand each.

They were nine young men, each holding a large wooden tray, on each of which, forty metal 'tokens' were placed.

The forty tokens were placed face down, with their backs facing up.

From the surface, they appeared identical.

"It seems that for this distribution of tokens, we will each need to select a token from them... And these tokens, once turned over, the numbers on them vary."

Walter Simmon's voice reached Wyatt Barnes's ears.

"Hm."

Wyatt Barnes nodded.

As soon as the young man with the wooden tray landed on their mid-level spectator stand, Wyatt Barnes's spiritual energy had quietly extended out, covering the tokens on the tray.

Even though Wyatt Barnes's spiritual force couldn't be used as 'eyes'.

But he could still use his spiritual force to probe the grooves carved on the front side of the tokens, and therefore determine the numbers...

"Eh! The numbers on these forty tokens are shuffled up. There's a 'Number Three Token', and a 'Number Fifty-two Token', and even a 'Number Three Hundred and Twenty-seven Token'... they are completely random."

Now, Wyatt Barnes could almost confirm.

The nine young men who each ascended to nine medium spectator seats, the tokens on the wooden trays in their hands were all shuffled with no pattern to follow.

For example, the young man who now approached Wyatt Barnes and others, out of the forty tokens on the wooden tray in his hand, only one token was before number 10 – and it was '3'.

Token no. 1, 2, as well as 4 to 9, were not on the tray.

It so happened that there were four young talents from the four major empires on the spectator seats where Wyatt Barnes was, corresponding exactly to the forty tokens.

The young man first moved towards Wyatt Barnes and his fellows. The nine young talents of the Black Stone Empire claimed the tokens first.

"If you are short of one person here, please have this 'representative' draw for you... When it comes to the token held by the 'representative', the other challenger who owns this token will be given a bye and automatically advanced," the young man holding the jade tray said to Prince Yakim once he reached his side.

Apparently, he knew about the departure of one representative from the Black Stone Empire.

"Okay."

Prince Yakim nodded and raised his hand, preparing to draw a token randomly.

"Wait."

Wyatt Barnes stopped Prince Yakim in time.

"Yes?"

Prince Yakim looked at Wyatt Barnes with a puzzled face, "Wyatt Barnes, you..."

"Big brother."

Wyatt Barnes looked at the young man holding the wooden tray and asked with a smile, "May I ask how we proceed with the selection after we draw our tokens?"

"Token no. 1 will duel with no. 2, token no. 3 with no. 4... and so on, finally no. 359 will duel with no. 360," the young man explained patiently.

"I see."

Wyatt Barnes nodded, then looked at Prince Yakim and said in a condensed voice of Origin Force, "Prince Yakim, please select the fifth token from the left of the row close to you."

Prince Yakim was taken aback at his words.

He didn't know why Wyatt Barnes insisted him to choose that token.

However, it didn't matter to him as whichever token he chose, it would allow another token's holder to advance by default.

For example, if he chose token no. 1, the holder of token no. 2 would win without a fight, advancing by default.

And if he drew token no. 28, the holder of token no. 27 would advance by default.

Whoosh!

Prince Yakim raised his hand, flipped over the token Wyatt Barnes had mentioned, and held it in his hand.

At this moment, the group of young talents from the Black Stone Empire could see it very clearly.

The token in Prince Yakim's hand was '31'.

Then it was the turn of a group of young talents from the Black Stone Empire to draw their tokens.

As soon as a few people started choosing, Wyatt Barnes and Walter Simmons also joined the selection.

However, Wyatt Barnes' eyes were firmly locked on one token at this moment.

That token was in a corner, disregarded.

It wasn't until the other eight young talents from the Black Stone Empire each got their own tokens that Wyatt Barnes slowly revealed the number on his token.

The young man holding the tray of tokens was dumbfounded when Wyatt Barnes revealed the number on his token.

Prince Yakim was also stunned.

The remaining eight young talents were all stunned as well.

Oh my!

What did they see?

"3...32?"

Walter Simmons glanced at the token in Wyatt Barnes' hand, then at Prince Yakim's token, and couldn't help shaking his head, "Wyatt Barnes, you really are lucky. You get to advance without fighting in the first round."

The token in Prince Yakim's hands belonged to 'Kabir Inky' who had walked away.

Whoever faced this token belonging to Kabir Inky would have the advantage of advancing by default.



And now, Wyatt Barnes had snatched this privilege.

No. 32!

And the token in Prince Yakim's hands was precisely no. 31.

Under the envious gazes of the others, Wyatt Barnes put away the no. 32 token.

Just then, a surprised voice formed by condensed Origin Force timely transmitted into Wyatt Barnes' ears, "Wyatt Barnes...how did you know?"

This concentrated voice of Origin Force belonged to 'Prince Yakim'.

Earlier, when Wyatt had directed Prince Yakim to chose a specific token, Prince Yakim found it strange but didn't understand why Wyatt had made that specific request.

Only after seeing Wyatt draw the '32' token did Prince Yakim realize that everything had been calculated by Wyatt beforehand.

Or rather, Wyatt might have known the numbers behind these tokens all along.

"Intuition."

Wyatt replied with condensed Origin Force.

"Intuition?"

Prince Yakim twitched the corner of his mouth, clearly not believing Wyatt's excuse.

Chapter 668: Dynastic Martial Competition' Begins

What a joke!

Could this actually be sensed intuitively?

At this very moment, Wyatt Barnes could naturally see Prince Yakim's disbelief, but he didn't bother to elaborate.

In fact, it wasn't his 'intuition' that told him that Prince Yakim received the 'number 32' token, and it wasn't his intuition that made him receive the 'number 31' token either.

As soon as the young man holding the wooden tray ascended their viewing platform, his Origin Force had already inspected the numbers on the forty tokens.

Among the numbers on the forty tokens, only two were consecutive and opposing.

They were '31' and '32'.

This led to the subsequent events.

He directed Prince Yakim to pick the 31st token.

And he took the 32nd token directly.

"Any Inscription Master adept at manipulating Origin Force could detect the numbers on these covered tokens by using their Origin Force..."

A thought crossed Wyatt Barnes' mind.

Therefore, he didn't think it was anything extraordinary.

"Wyatt Barnes, you... Are you an 'Inscription Master'?"

Soon, a surprising voice reached Wyatt Barnes' ears.

It was Prince Yakim's 'Origin Force Sound Channel'.

It's clear that Prince Yakim, having recovered from his all surprise, can now make an accurate judgment.

This time, Wyatt Barnes didn't play coy, he simply nodded.

Prince Yakim sighed helplessly and continued to communicate through his Origin Force:  
"Your ability to use your Origin Force to detect the numbers on these tokens proves that you're highly proficient in controlling Origin Force. Your skills in 'Inscription Arts' are considerable."

"In fact, your martial Dao talent is astonishing. Why should you waste time studying 'Inscription Arts'... If you didn't study 'Inscription Arts', your current strength would surely be greater."

By the end, Prince Yakim seemed a bit regretful.

As far as he was concerned.

Wyatt Barnes' proficiency in 'Inscription Arts' indirectly showed that he had put a lot of effort into this field, and thus wasted a lot of time.

If Wyatt Barnes used this wasted time for training, his strength would definitely be greater.

Wyatt Barnes naturally detected the 'regret' Prince Yakim showed.

As such, he simply shook his head and chuckled.

Only he knew that he inherited all of his skills in 'Inscription Arts' from the 'Reincarnated Martial Emperor', and he had never wasted any time on it.

"Wyatt Barnes, I was hoping to watch you fight first... but it seems that's not going to happen."

Walter Simmons who was sitting next to Wyatt Barnes, shook his head.

The token he drew was '237'.

"I got lucky, nothing I can do about it."

Wyatt Barnes shrugged, blatantly thick-faced and said.

His face wasn't flushed, and he wasn't out of breath.

It's as if he simply drew the '32nd token' out of pure luck.

However, Walter Simmons didn't doubt it.

After all, Walter Simmons didn't know that Wyatt Barnes had directed Prince Yakim to draw the '31st token' earlier.

Sometime later, the 360 young talents from the thirty-six empires seated in the nine medium-sized stands each selected their 'numbered tokens'.

These tokens were marked with unique numbers.

"Now, can those with tokens '1' to '20' please enter the field?"

In the sky above the Gladiator Pit, a young man in white stood, his face still stern, speaking in a low voice.

At this moment, the ten middle-aged men behind him instantly turned into a trail of light, and the next moment they were spread out in different areas in the sky above the Gladiator Pit.

The ten of them deliberately distanced themselves from each other.

"Well, I guess I'm up first."

Among the group of young talents from the Blackstone Empire, one who had drawn the 3rd token now bid Wyatt Barnes and the others good luck and ascended into the air.

This young genius, Wyatt Barnes remembered him.

It was Yorick Price, who had fought Kase Dragonsmith earlier. He wielded a Spirit Fan, was at the Level Eight of the Peep Naught Realm a year ago, and had understood the 'Micro Sword Intent'

"After a year, he's also broken through to the Enter Void Realm at the First Level."

Watching Yorick Price's departing figure, thoughts stirred in Wyatt Barnes' mind.

The moment Yorick Price spoke, Wyatt Barnes' Origin Force had enveloped him like a shadow, revealing his cultivation level.

Enter Void Realm at the First Level!

Among the young talents from various empires, while it wasn't at the bottom, it was still considered a bit below average.

Earlier, Wyatt Barnes had purposefully investigated the cultivation levels of many young geniuses.

Among them, the weakest were still some warriors at the Level Nine of Peep Naught Realm.

"Peep Naught Realm Level Nine... Participating in the 'Dynasty Martial Arts Contest' is just going through the motions..."

This thought ran through Wyatt Barnes' mind.

At this moment, nineteen other young talents appeared from various medium-sized viewing stands and gathered with Yorick Price.

"The holders of token '1' and '2', come to me."

Very soon, one of the middle-aged men in charge of recording battle achievements spoke. His voice was not loud, but it was transmitted clearly into the ears of the twenty talents who had stepped forward.

Immediately, two young talents swiftly joined the middle-aged man.

"Holders of token '3' and '4', come to me."

Following that, someone else spoke.

Very soon, Yorick Price and another young talent were by the side of another man in charge of recording battle achievements.

The remaining sixteen young talents also found their places.

The twenty young talents stood divided into pairs, each staring down their counterpart.

And not far away from each pair of staring young talents was a solemn-faced middle-aged man acting as the witness.

The great battle was about to begin!

"Originally, I was worried... 360 people, if we were to go one-on-one, a day's time would simply not be enough. Now, ten matches happening concurrently, that's much more efficient."

Wyatt Barnes stared at the twenty standoffish young talents, sighing inwardly.

"The Martial Contest begins!"

At this moment, a faint shout came from the white-clad youth standing in the middle of the battlefield above.

Immediately, the young talents from various empires who were separated into ten sections began to make their moves, each revealing their trump cards.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

...

Fast paced figures intertwining, crossing each other's paths.

Wherever they passed, Origin Force soared, the 'realm' shadows followed along, and spirit weapons fiercely attacked their opponents.

Just in the first encounter, six had already admitted defeat.

These six people were wholly inferior to their opponents, leaving them with no room for resistance.

If they didn't surrender, they would undoubtedly be severely injured, and might even killed.

You must know that on a stage such as 'Dynasty Martial Contest', even if you're killed, it's still rightfully death.

After these six people surrendered, six others advanced.

And the eight remaining were still fighting fervently...

Eight individuals, divided into four groups, fought together.

The two people fighting each other in every match were equally matched, making it difficult to determine the victor.

This included the participant from the Black Stone Empire, 'Yorick Price'.

Now, Yorick Price with the fifth rank Spirit Fan in his hand, exerted his Origin Force, along with the 'First Level Blade realm', to fight fiercely with his opponent.

His opponent was also a martial artist in the first level of the Enter Void Realm, also had a rank five spirit weapon, and a 'realm' similar to him, not inferior to him in strength.

However, although their strength was similar, at this point, it was all about combat experience and various techniques.

Hum! Hum! Hum! Hum! Hum!

...

Yorick Price merely lifted his hand, and the fifth rank Spirit Fan in his hand flew out, transforming into a sky-filled fan-shaped blade, enveloping his opponent.

Whoosh!

In the hands of Yorick Price's opponent, the rank five spirit spear trembled suddenly, a rapid spear shadow swept out, shadow following form, to confront the sky-filled fan-shaped blade.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

...

Each time the rank five spirit sword flew out, a fan-shaped blade would be destroyed.

Unfortunately, Yorick Price was clearly prepared. The moment when the fan-shaped blade was completely annihilated by his opponent, and a smug smile appeared on his opponent's face, he made his move like a thunderbolt.

Swoosh!

Hum!



As Yorick Price's figure shook, his whole person seemed to transform into a knife, directly striking his opponent.

His Spirit Fan in his hand also made a piercing sound of breaking the sky.

"What a pity... this man's strength is not inferior to Yorick Price."

Seeing that Yorick Price was about to defeat his opponent, Wyatt Barnes shook his head, feeling sorry for Yorick Price's opponent.

Yorick Price's opponent was taken advantage of due to a moment of negligence.

"Number 3 wins!"

At this time, the middle-aged man in charge of recording Yorick Price's and his opponent's battle results, spoken indifferently.

Simultaneously, a pen and paper appeared in his hand, recording the results.

"You were gracious."

Yorick Price, who had knocked his opponent away with the fan at the last moment, nodded to his defeated opponent with a smile.

"Thank you for sparing me."

Yorick Price's opponent responded sincerely.

It was clear that he understood, if Yorick Price had not turned his Spirit Fan into an attacking 'fan face' just in time, he would already be dead under Yorick Price's fan, and not just internally wounded.

In contrast to Yorick Price's mercy, the other six were completely different.

The six were evenly matched and fought fiercely.

In the end, two died, one was severely injured.

The remaining victorious three were more or less injured.

"Not bad."

Watching Yorick Price's victorious return, bringing glory to the Blackstone Empire, Prince Yakim nodded in satisfaction.

"This Yorick Price, he's a decent guy."

Wyatt Barnes watched Yorick Price take his seat, silently praising him.

"Young talents holding tokens 21 to 40, step forward."

At this point, the white-robed youth spoke again.

"It's my turn."

Wyatt Barnes smiled. Although he knew that he didn't need to make a move in this fight, he still stepped into the air and joined the other eighteen young talents.

Following that, ten middle-aged men started to call people towards them.

"Token holders number 31 and 32, come over to me."

When the voice of a middle-aged man came, Wyatt Barnes went straight over.

"Hmm?"

Watching only Wyatt Barnes arrive while the other young talents had all taken their positions, the middle-aged man frowned, "Where is the other one?"

"What's your number?"

Then, the middle-aged man looked at Wyatt Barnes and asked.

Chapter 669: The Young Man in White Takes Action

"Number 32."

Wyatt Barnes answered.

The middle-aged man nodded, quickly glanced around, and called out, "Where is the holder of the number 31 token?"

With the middle-aged man's words, there was a stir in the lower-seat audience.

"Is there someone who didn't show up?"

"Even if you lose, there's no harm in coming up."

"Right! And this number 32 is so young, maybe he's an 'easy target'."

...

Many in the audience discussed animatedly.

Whoosh!

At this moment, a young man dressed in a staff uniform from the prison arena flew by, and in a blink of an eye, he came to the side of the middle-aged man.

"Sir, a young talent from the Blackstone Empire left temporarily... a representative of the Blackstone Empire drew a number token on his behalf. It's 'number 31'."

The young man explained the situation.

The middle-aged man nodded in understanding and turned to Wyatt Barnes, "Number 32, since the holder of the number 31 token isn't present, you will advance by default."

Having prepared for this, Wyatt Barnes wasn't surprised and immediately took off.

Now, the audience in the lower seats finally understood what was going on.

"So, it's like this!"

"This young man is really lucky."

"Indeed...otherwise, with his age, he might have been eliminated in the first round. Now, he directly advances by default."

...

Many in the audience commented.

In their words, they didn't believe Wyatt Barnes was particularly strong. They just thought Wyatt Barnes was incredibly lucky.

As Wyatt Barnes left, the young man in white spoke again, "Let the martial contest begin!"

Immediately, the other eighteen young talents started their fierce battles.

Some conceded, while others fought fiercely:

"Brother Barnes has advanced by default? He's really lucky."

In the VIP seating area, Winnie Romero's lovely face was full of surprise.

"Miss, Brother Barnes was not necessarily just lucky."

Elder Kane shook his head.

As an inscriptionist himself, he naturally knew of Wyatt Barnes's impressive control over mental power and vaguely guessed that all of this was intentional on Wyatt Barnes's part.

"Huh?"

Winnie Romero looked at Elder Kane with confusion on her face.

"Miss, don't forget...Elder Brother Ling Tian is also an excellent 'inscriptionist'. As an outstanding inscriptionist, he can easily use his mental power to see through those number tokens 'secrets' and select the token he wants."

Elder Kane explained slowly.

"Grandpa Kane, you mean...Brother Barnes deliberately chose the token that would allow him to advance by default?"

Winnie Romero was no fool. With Elder Kane's hint, she quickly caught on.

Elder Kane nodded.

Wyatt Barnes, of course, didn't know that his little tactics had been seen through by Elder Kane.

Now, he had returned to sit next to Walter Simmons, quietly watching the contest in the sky above the prison arena.

There, six young talents in three groups were still fiercely battling.

These young talents, fighting with everything they had to win one of the last thirty spots in the first stage of today's 'Dynasty Martial Contest', were staging a desperate battle.

Boom!

Soon, one young talent was severely injured, and his opponent claimed the final victory.

Buzz!

Before long, another young talent was killed, becoming stepping-stones for his opponent.

For a time, only the last two were still fiercely battling.

The two were evenly matched and couldn't determine the victory.

However, by now, with only the two of them left in the sky above the prison arena in this silent surrounding, it gave them an unusual sensory experience.

Before long, one of them became somewhat distracted.

And the outcome of being distracted in battle was to be cleanly defeated by the other party.

At this point, ten more holders of tokens number 21 to 40 advanced.

The Dynasty Martial Contest... continued.

And the young talents of the Blackstone Empire were all taking turns in the arena.

Soon, it was Kase Dragonsmith's turn.

Kase's opponent was a young talent who wore a perpetual look of arrogance.

This young talent, upon seeing Kase for the first time, unabashedly stated, "Kid, you're just over thirty, right? Be sensible, quit now and go home to drink milk!"

The young talent's voice was loud, echoing through the quiet entire prison arena.

Instantly, the eyes of the crowd fell on Kase Dragonsmith.

"It looks like this guy's opponent is pretty strong..."

"You can tell from his arrogant words. If he doesn't have real skills, would he dare to humiliate someone like this?"

"But, he is indeed a few years younger than his opponent."

"I must say, his composure is commendable. His face remains calm until now."

...

The audience in the lower seats was all abuzz.

Many were impressed by Kase's calmness.

Only in the medium seating area, where Wyatt Barnes and the others were sitting, was the atmosphere slightly different.

Almost everyone in this section had witnessed Kase's power firsthand.

Enter Void Realm Seventh Order!

A Seventh-Order Sword Realm!

Up to this point, none of the young talents from the grand empires who entered the competition have broken through to the seventh degree of the Void Realm, nor have they grasped the 'Seventh-order Realm'.

We could say that Kase Dragonsmith was currently the most powerful fighter amongst the young talents participating.

However, only the people seated in the spectator stand where Wyatt Barnes was located knew this reality.

Kase's opponent, clearly a spectator from a different stand, had failed to notice earlier Kase's display of power, reaching 'Enter Void Realm Seventh-Order'. He had crushed Kabir Inky, who was at 'Enter Void Realm Fifth-Order', even forcing Kabir to forfeit his participation in the 'Dynasty Martial Competition'.

For a moment, everybody in these stands looked at Kase's opponent with pity.

Although Kase seemed very calm at the moment, as if he hadn't heard the insults from his opponent.

They could all sense it.

In Kase's heart, his anger must have been simmering for a long time...

Just waiting for the right moment to erupt!

"I hope you are as strong as your mouth...Don't tell me you can't even handle one of my attacks."

Kase looked at his opponent and said calmly.

"Ridiculous!"

Kase's opponent snorted in disdain, and immediately, a majestic Origin Force began to envelop him.



Shhh!

In the void above, eight mighty illusions of the ancient horned dragon formed, displaying his cultivation level.

"Enter Void Realm Sixth-Order!"

Immediately, spectators from both the lower and middle stands, many representatives from various empires and young talents alike, all exclaimed in surprise.

Before this, there had only been one young talent who had reached the Void Realm Sixth-Order.

That particular young talent had defeated his opponent in just one move and advanced effortlessly.

"No wonder he was being so haughty earlier, even going so far as to humiliate his opponent... turns out, he's an 'Enter Void Realm Sixth-Order Martial Artist'."

"An Enter 'Void Realm Sixth-Order Martial Artist' is certainly one of the formidable warriors in today's 'Dynasty Martial Competition'... Perhaps even being guaranteed one of the last thirty spots."

"If his opponent doesn't concede soon, he'll be in for some bad luck."

"I think, his opponent will forfeit any second now."

...

Many people in the lower and middle spectator stands murmured in hushed voices, unable to resist making predictions.

Unfortunately, they soon realized that they had guessed wrong.

In the face of his opponent's displayed cultivation, the expression on Kase's face remained unchanged, he stood firm in the air, unyielding as a mountain, without any intention of admitting defeat.

"Let the fight begin!"

At this point, the youth in white spoke up.

However, at this moment, the other eighteen young talents unusually did not make a move.

Their gaze landed on Kase Dragonsmith and his opponent.

"Little brat, since you didn't back down... I will send you straight to Hell right now!"

Kase's adversary bloomed with an arrogant smile, his figure moved, turning into a gust of wind rushing towards Kase.

Up in the void, ten more ancient horned dragon illusions manifested...

Whoosh!

The fifth-grade spiritual weapon wielded by Kase's opponent was a rare giant hammer. The hammer shot out swiftly breaking through the air like a launched cannonball, seeming to carry divine might.

Boom!

The hammer fell towards Kase, as if intending to smash him into a meat pie.

"Kase is about to move."

Walter Simmons said to Wyatt Barnes.

Wyatt Barnes nodded - he too had noticed the slight movement in Kase's hands...

"They are simply not on the same level."

Wyatt Barnes shook his head.

In his view, the current battle had already been settled, there was no suspense whatsoever.

However, not everyone shared Wyatt Barnes' opinion, many believed Kase was doomed.

"Now, even if he wants to surrender, he wouldn't make it in time."

"Sometimes, pride can be lethal!"

...

Many people shook their heads, some even closed their eyes, unable to watch.

"Who's going to hell is still uncertain."

All of a sudden, Kase's frosty voice came forth.

When most were still startled.

Kase made his move.

Om!

Kase's body swelled with Origin Force in an instant. Then at the next moment, he shot into the air like a colossal blade, lightly deflecting his opponent's incoming hammer.

"Die!"

Following Kase's light shout, he was already above his opponent's head.

Om!

The spiritual sword that had appeared in Kase's hand without anyone noticing, instantly shone with an extremely sharp sword light, striking down heavily at his opponent.

Crack!

Kase's adversary was cleaved in half from top to bottom. Blood gushed out, spraying in all directions.

"Humph!"

At this moment, the youth in the white, who was in charge of hosting the 'Dynasty Martial Competition', snorted softly. With a wave of his hand, the wind began to howl, and a surprising wave of heat emanated from his palm.

He was manipulating the Origin Force throughout the void, carrying the scene of a fierce fire, sweeping out, turning Kase's opponent's remnants and the blood spraying everywhere into ashes.

The white-clothed youth's move was as fast as lightning, the ancient horned dragon shadow above the void had yet begun to form when it dispersed.

"Enter Void Realm Ninth-Order? Ninth-Order Fire Realm?"

Seeing the youth clad in white, Wyatt Barnes couldn't help but gasp.

"Unless something unexpected happens, he is probably one of the talented youths in tomorrow's 'Dynasty Martial Competition'."

Wyatt Barnes conjectured secretly.

## Chapter 670: Second Round of Selection

"The most important point... he is a member of the Great Turdo Dynasty's Imperial Family. This time, among the three people recommended by the Imperial Family, he is definitely on the list."

The more Wyatt Barnes thought about it, the more certain he felt.

However, what the people present were paying attention to was different from what Wyatt was focusing on.

One by one, their gaze fell on Kase Dragonsmith, from the initial astonishment to later dumbfoundment, revealing their surprise towards Kase.

Or it could be said that just a moment ago, they had begun to see Kase in a new light.

"He... He has actually reached the Seventh-Order of the Void Realm! He's a Seventh-Order warrior!"

"I can't believe it... I really can't believe it! He is actually so powerful. I initially thought he would be killed by his opponent's attack."

"This is completely unexpected! Who could have imagined that he's actually a Seventh-Order Void Realm martial artist."

"His opponent was also unlucky... Perhaps, he thought that because he was a Sixth-Order Void Realm martial artist, he could look down on others. Who knew that he would come up against such formidable competition."

"You have to admit... sometimes, certain things are simply a matter of 'fate'."

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No matter whether they were the lower- or middle-tier audience members, many shook their heads with sighs.

"Contestant number 73 wins."

At this moment, the middle-aged man responsible for recording Kase's achievements recovered from the shock and announced the results.

Kase Dragonsmith advances!

When Kase returned to the middle-tier seats, many spectators watched him with respect and awe.

Of course, there were also those who harbored resentments against him.

In another middle-tier audience section, a representative from a certain empire stared at Kase with eyes that were filled with fury.

His hands clenched into fists, shaking violently with rage.

The person who was killed by Kase was his nephew!

Even though his nephew's death in such a contest could be considered insignificant, he still detested Kase, wishing he could tear him to shreds.

Simultaneously, as Kase slaughtered his opponent, the other eighteen young elites took their turns.

The first phase of the Dynasty Martial Competition proceeded in full swing.

Before Walter Simmons stepped onto the stage after Kase, three more warriors who had reached the Seventh-Order of the Void Realm appeared. As for warriors of the Sixth-Order, there were about twenty.

Very soon, it was Walter Simmons' turn.

Walter held token number 237.

Whoosh!

A piercing sword cry echoed.

Walter's opponent, a young prodigy of the Fifth-Order Void Realm, instantly had his belt cut apart by Walter. He embarrassingly conceded defeat and left the stage while holding up his pants.

"Hahaha..."

The venue unexpectedly burst into raucous laughter.

The originally serious atmosphere of the "Dynasty Martial Competition" was completely shattered.

Meanwhile, Walter Simmons advanced.

"This young sword cultivator is remarkably strong... just one stroke of his sword and the opponent's belt was cut off. From beginning to end, the image of the archaic Horned Dragon, formed from the energy of heaven and earth in mid-air, hadn't even properly taken shape before it faded again."

"Although you cannot judge his cultivation level from the number of Horned Dragon images... but I guess that his cultivation level is at least Seventh-Order Void Realm or above!"

"That can be confirmed! If he weren't at the Seventh-Order Void Realm, he couldn't have drawn his sword so rapidly."

"Another Seventh-Order Void Realm martial artist... So far, five 'Seventh-Order Void Realm Martial Artists' have emerged among the youthful talents of various empires."

"There is still one-third of the youthful talents who haven't had their turn... it seems that another two or three 'Seventh-Order Void Realm Martial Artists' could appear."

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Among the bustling discussions, Walter came back to Wyatt's side.

"Walter."

Wyatt's eyes flickered slightly, a hint of confusion appearing on his face.

Just now, even though Walter had taken action, he hadn't used a single hint of the 'realm of the sword,' which piqued Wyatt's curiosity.

As a warrior of the Eighth-Order Void Realm, to what stage had Walter comprehended the 'realm of the sword'?

"The progress of Kase's 'realm of the blade' is astonishing... or perhaps, Kase too possesses an 'insight fragment', and furthermore, it's an 'insight fragment of the blade'!"

Thinking about Kase's comprehension of the 'realm of the blade' at this point, Wyatt couldn't help but make this speculation.

Other than this, he couldn't figure out how Kase's 'realm of the blade' could advance so rapidly.

"If Kase has an 'insight fragment of the blade', then Walter surely has an 'insight fragment of the sword'... In this case, Walter's accomplishment in the 'realm of the sword' should surpass Kase's comprehension of the 'realm of the blade'!"

With this thought, Wyatt took a deep breath.

If this was indeed the case, Walter's and Kase's encounters were truly astonishing.



These encounters, although not as extraordinary as his, were very close behind.

At this moment, besides Wyatt and Kase, the people on the same viewing stand had completely different gazes when they again looked at Walter.

"Prince Yakim, I now understand... why your Blackstone Empire's 'Kase' highly regarded him from the start. It seems his abilities really aren't inferior to Kase's."

The representative from the Fletcher Empire, an old man named Willow, glanced at Walter, then at Prince Yakim, and sighed: "Your Blackstone Empire certainly has some hidden talents!"

A corner of Prince Yakim's mouth twitched at the words.

From the current point of view, Walter's abilities indeed weren't inferior to Kase's.

"Senior Willow, you flatter."

Kase and Walter both glorified the Blackstone Empire, which brought great honor to Prince Yakim as the representative. Now, in front of the representative of the Fletcher Empire, he seemed a cut above the rest.

"Now, I am looking forward to... the performance of the other young talent from your Blackstone Empire that Kase had set his eyes on."

The old man's gaze landed on Wyatt as his words came out.

Prince Yakim watched alongside him.

"Wyatt Barnes..."

Even now, he couldn't help trembling inside.

Undeniably, the strength of Kase Dragonsmith and Walter Simmons had staggered him.

However, in his eyes, Wyatt Barnes had always been superior to Kase Dragonsmith and Walter Simmons in every aspect.

Even now, seeing Kase Dragonsmith and Walter Simmons rise in strength due to their own unique experiences over the past year,

Even so, he was more optimistic about Wyatt Barnes.

Thus, he was likewise looking forward to Wyatt's performance.

Wyatt noticed the gazes of the old man and Prince Yakim, but didn't worry about it.

His eyes were transfixed on the air above the arena, watching the duels of the youthful talents.

Time quietly passed.

Soon, the first round of today's 'Turdo Dynasty martial arts tournament' was coming to an end.

Later, two young talents at the 'Enter Void Realm Seventh-Order' appeared again.

Boom!

With a young talent at the Sixth Order of the Void Realm defeating another, the first round officially ended.

Just this first round of selection eliminated exactly one hundred and eighty people.

Of course, many of them were not convinced of their defeat.

Like the last defeated Sixth Order martial artist of the Void Realm assignment...

If it was not for his bad luck to meet another Void Realm Sixth-Order martial artist stronger than him, he surely would have advanced.

Nevertheless, he was not anxious as he still had a chance.

"The first round of selection is over... after a quarter of an hour, the second round of selection continues, with ninety more people to be eliminated."

The youth in white stood in the air above the arena, his voice resounded clearly, echoing in all directions.

A quarter of an hour's time.

Ten middle-aged men responsible for recording the battle records, gathered and began to consolidate the results and decide the order of combat.

And the group of advancing young talents finally had the opportunity to catch their breath.

"Prince Yakim, I originally thought that our Fletcher Empire could compete with your Blackrock Empire to see who had more young talents standing in the end... Now it seems pointless."

The old man looked at Prince Yakim and shook his head with a sigh.

The situation was clear now.

The young talents of their Fletcher Empire were far less compared to those of the Blackrock Empire.

Blackrock Empire had two young talents 'Seventh Order or above of the Void Realm', and another suspected 'Seventh Order or above of the Void Realm'.

While their Fletcher Empire only had two young talents 'Sixth Order of the Void Realm'.

They were nowhere comparable to them.

Upon hearing this, the group of young talents from the Fletcher Empire bowed their heads in shame, all feeling that they had lost face for the Fletcher Empire.

On the other hand, whether it was the eliminated young talents or not from the Blackrock Empire, they all held their heads high, with bright smiles on their faces.

"Blackrock Empire, nine young talents, three were eliminated... Fletcher Empire, ten young talents, five were eliminated."

The performance of the Blackrock Empire was somewhat surprising to Wyatt.

"The second round of selection begins!"

Soon, a quarter of an hour passed, and the youth in white's voice echoed again, giving everyone a startle, bringing them back to reality.

As for the ten middle-aged men in charge of recording the battle records, they were now each at their posts.

"Owners of tokens number 1 to 40 who have advanced in the first round of selection, come up here."

The youth in white announced loudly.

After the first round of the selection process, owners of tokens number 1 to 40 were eliminated by half, leaving only twenty people.

Exactly enough for ten duels.

And this time, two people from the Blackrock Empire were to go on stage.

The first was Yorick Price.

The second...

"Number 32."

Looking at the number on the token in his hand, Wyatt's eyes flashed, and he followed Yorick Price from the audience seat to the air above the arena, joining the other eighteen young talents.

"The owners of tokens number 2 and 3, come over."

A middle-aged man spoke up directly.

Suddenly, Yorick Price, who had previously drawn the number 3 token, and another young talent left.

It was clear.

In the previous first round, tokens number 1 and 2 matched, and number 2 won and advanced.

Tokens number 3 and 4 matched, and number 3 won.

Now, it was the turn of tokens number 2 and 3 to face off.

Subsequently, the other nine middle-aged men also spoke up one after another.

"Owners of tokens number 30 and 32, come over."

Following the speech of a middle-aged man on the eastern side, Wyatt flew over.

After Wyatt, another young talent followed like a shadow, clearly the 'owner of the 30th token', and also Wyatt's opponent in this round.