

## L. Wyatt 681

Chapter 681: Wyatt Barnes's 'Inside Story

A third-level Artifact Refiner had appeared in the history of the Great Turdo Dynasty, albeit fleetingly.

And that was centuries ago.

Today, in the Great Turdo Dynasty, and even in the other great dynasties, there has never been a mention of a 'third-level Artifact Refiner'.

As such, the 'third-level Artifact Refiner' is considered a legendary figure in the eyes of people from all major dynasties.

One can only imagine the sensation that would be caused if a 'third-level Artifact Refiner' appeared in a dynasty.

Even more, just the promise of a 'third-tier spiritual artifact' as a reward would have the powers and strongmen of the major dynasties scrambling to serve him.

The allure of a 'third-tier spiritual artifact' is too great.

As the emperor of the Great Turdo Dynasty.

A fourth-tier Artifact Refiner, while rare, is not unheard of in the Great Turdo Dynasty, and he could choose to ignore their existence.

But with a 'third-tier Artifact Refiner', he can't afford not to be wary.

"If your majesty thinks I am intentionally exaggerating... feel free to ignore me!"

Valiant Charlesworth looked calmly at the emperor and said in an Origin Force condensed voice.

The Emperor's face darkened, uncertain about what decision to make.

At this moment, he was seemingly caught in a bind.

If he doesn't act against Wyatt Barnes, where does his dignity as Emperor of the Great Turdo Dynasty stand?

But if he does act against Wyatt Barnes, wouldn't he risk offending that 'third-tier Artifact Refiner' mentioned by Valiant Charlesworth?

Offending a third-tier Artifact Refiner is no joke.

A third-tier Artifact Refiner can command the powers of entire dynasties to trouble the imperial family of the Great Turdo Dynasty by simply offering a few 'third-tier spiritual artifacts'.

The foundation of the imperial family of the Great Turdo Dynasty may be strong, with many powerful figures among them, but they can't possibly protect their younger generation all the time.

Who knows if that third-tier Artifact Refiner would take out his frustration on the direct descendants of the imperial family?

At that time, the exchange of one third-tier spiritual artifact for ten direct descendants of the imperial family could lead to countless strongmen recklessly risking their lives.

This was not something he wanted to see.

"Hmm? Why hasn't his majesty punished Wyatt Barnes yet?"

At the spectators' area for the Great Turdo Dynasty Imperial Family, Marshall Tyler sat there, his eyebrows slightly furrowed.

He was initially excited about the unfolding drama, but then the atmosphere suddenly went cold.

Just as the atmosphere in the combat arena started to become strangely tense.

Whoosh!

A streak of white lightning flew across the sky of the combat arena, instantly arriving next to the emperor, greeting respectfully, "Uncle Emperor."

The one who appeared next to the emperor was the 'young man in white'.

The host of the first stage of yesterday's 'Dynasty Martial Competition'.

At this moment, although his voice was not loud, it was exceptionally clear in the silent combat arena.

"Uncle Emperor?"

Many people were taken aback for a moment.

"Didn't expect him to be a direct descendant of the imperial family! Wonder which prince's son he is."

"I only know that the young man in black is his majesty's second son 'Second Prince'...As for him, I've never heard of him."

"The Second Prince is one of the three most talented young fighters in our Great Turdo Dynasty, on par with the Graham Clan's Young Master, Brian Graham, and the Nicholson Clan's Eldest Young Master, Serenade Nicholson! Who doesn't know of him?"

...

Within the combat arena, voices of discussion continued to buzz in the air.

Many were curious about the identity of this young man in white.

"Hmm?"

The Emperor turned to the young man in white, his nephew, and asked in an Origin Force condensed voice: "Hal, do you need something?"

The young man in white raised his eyebrows and spoke a sentence in Origin Force.

Just a short sentence caused the Emperor's expression to change before finally heaving a sigh of relief, as if a difficult problem had been solved.

The Emperor then looked up at one of the superior spectator seats.

Wyatt frowned, unsure of what the Emperor of the Great Turdo Dynasty was up to. He followed the Emperor's gaze and noticed two familiar figures sitting in that direction - the Nicholson Clan Chief and the Nicholson's Second Young Master, Adrian Nicholson.

However, a new person was sat between those two now.

This was a calm, young man with similar features to the Nicholson Clan Chief and Adrian, which made Wyatt wonder, "Could he be...the Nicholson Clan's Eldest Young Master, Serenade Nicholson?"

The Wyatt of today was no longer the 'greenhorn' who first arrived in the Capital city of the Great Turdo Dynasty.

He was familiar with some of the widely-discussed matters in the Capital city of the Great Turdo Dynasty.

In the Great Turdo Dynasty, there are three exceptionally brilliant youth figures, acknowledged as the top-generation martial artists' geniuses among the youth in the Great Turdo Dynasty.

These three, respectively, are the Second Prince of the Great Turdo Dynasty's royal family, Matteo Buckingham, the eldest young master of the Graham Clan, Brian Graham, and the eldest young master of the Nicholson Clan, Serenade Nicholson.

Among the three, Wyatt only knows about Brian Graham.

He was well aware of Brian's Martial Dao talent. Even in the whole Great Turdo Dynasty, Brian was an exceptional and top-tier presence.

Serenade Nicholson's reputation is stellar, and he is unlikely to be weak.

Before Wyatt Barnes could even collect his thoughts, he heard the Emperor speak again, his tone shifting dramatically.

"So, you are the son-in-law of 'Brother Taoi.' Indeed, a case of near ones not knowing each other... I was in the wrong today as an elder."

The Emperor's demeanor shifted instantly from gloomy to warm, and he transformed into a gentle elder in the blink of an eye.

It was as if showing the magnanimity of an elder not holding grudges against youngsters.

Wyatt Barnes was momentarily taken aback.

Upon regaining his composure, Wyatt Barnes stared intently at the Emperor.

Brother Taoi?

Naturally, he guessed the 'Brother Taoi' mentioned by the Emperor was none other than the Romero Clan's 'Taoi Romero.'

As to why the Emperor suddenly learned about his 'relationship' with Taoi Romero, Wyatt Barnes guessed it was directly related to the young man in white and the Nicholson Clan Chief.

Just earlier, the young man in white was probably reminding the Emperor.

Afterward, the Emperor looked at the Nicholson Clan Chief and likely inquired about his relationship with Taoi Romero through Origin Force.

Once the Emperor fully confirmed this, he promptly changed his demeanor.

"It seems that the youth in white is really attentive to me... He even mentioned the Nicholson Clan Chief who knows my 'background.'"

Wyatt Barnes gazes intensely at the young man in white standing next to the Emperor.

"The son-in-law of Lord Taoi?"

"Who would have thought that this young man from the Emperor Stone Kingdom has such a background! It's surprising."

"It's a shame that Lord Taoi's exceptional daughter is already taken."

"A shame? Even if Lord Taoi's daughter was single, do you think you would stand a chance? Ridiculous!"

...

Upon finding out about Wyatt Barnes' 'relationship' with Taoi Romero, the entire Prison Duelling Field started buzzing again.

"What?! He's Taoi Romero's son-in-law?"

On the exclusive upper-class seats for the Imperial Family, the elderly man in black robes paled slightly.

"No...it can't be...how is this possible?!"

Sitting next to the old man, Marshall Tyler looked extremely distressed. He had never anticipated Wyatt Barnes to have such a background.

Having been in the Great Turdo Dynasty for some time now, he was well-versed with its affairs, including those of the 'granduncle' of the Romero Clan.

He knew that Taoi Romero, the 'granduncle' of the Romero Clan, was one of the top powerhouses within the Great Turdo Dynasty, reputedly on par with the strongest member of the Imperial Family.

As such, Taoi Romero held a rather unique position within the Great Turdo Dynasty, and not even the Emperor dared to offend him lightly.

This was evident to all discerning individuals from the shift in attitude towards Wyatt Barnes immediately after the Emperor discovered his identity.

"Never thought this Wyatt Barnes could stoop so low as to be a 'kept man.'"

Sophie Tyler frowned slightly and spat disdainfully, filled with contempt in her voice.

"Marshall."

The elderly man looked at Marshall Tyler and said cautiously: "Your conflict with Wyatt Barnes was initially none of my concern...but now that he is the son-in-law of Taoi Romero, you mustn't attempt to kill him capriciously!"

"Otherwise, even I can't protect you."

When the old man finished speaking, his voice was filled with trepidation, reflecting his fear of Taoi Romero.

Looking frustrated, Marshall Tyler mutters, "Should I let go of my grudge against Wyatt Barnes just like this?"

"Of course not!"

The old man shook his head, slowly saying, "You just need to refrain from deliberately killing him or intentionally crippling his cultivation...everything else is fair game. Sometimes, humiliating someone is even more painful than killing them."

Following the old man's reminder, a glint sparks in Marshall Tyler's eyes.

Indeed.

If he could trample on Wyatt Barnes's dignity after defeating him, wouldn't that be more satisfying?

With Wyatt Barnes's self-esteem, he would definitely find such humiliation unbearable.

One could imagine...

At that time, life would be worse than death for Wyatt Barnes!

"Master, I've taken your advice."

Taking a deep breath, a cold gleam flashes in Marshall Tyler's eyes.

At this moment, facing the Emperor of the Great Turdo Dynasty who had abruptly altered his demeanor, Wyatt Barnes merely gave him a glance, then turned to Valiant Charlesworth who had been standing stupefied at the side, "Pavilion Master Charlesworth, thank you for your assistance earlier."

Upon hearing Wyatt Barnes's voice, Valiant Charlesworth came to his senses and chuckled at himself, "I was just being overzealous... had I known about your connection to Lord Taoi, I wouldn't have embarrassed myself earlier."

He had never imagined Wyatt Barnes to have such a relationship with Lord Taoi Romero.

"No matter what, Pavilion Master Charlesworth, I am grateful for your kindness."



Wyatt Barnes shook his head and spoke earnestly.

Then, Wyatt Barnes invited Valiant Charlesworth to take a seat in the stands where the Emperor Stone Kingdom's people were sitting.

Normally, given Valiant Charlesworth's status and standing in the Great Turdo Dynasty, he would disdain such 'middle-class' seating...

If he wanted to sit in the 'upper-class seats,' even the higher-ups of the Great Turdo Dynasty's Imperial Family would warmly welcome him to sit in the exclusive upper-class stands for the Imperial Family.

#### Chapter 682: Brutal Selection

Now, under the watchful eyes of the crowd, Valiant Charlesworth had agreed to Wyatt Barnes, condescending to stand beside him.

"Prince Yakim, this is the 'Vice Chairman Charlesworth' of the Great Turdo Dynasty Artifact Refiners' Association."

At this time, Wyatt Barnes introduced Valiant Charlesworth to Prince Yakim, and also introduced Prince Yakim to Valiant Charlesworth.

"The Vice Chairman of the Great Turdo Dynasty Artifact Refiners' Association?"

Just now, when Valiant Charlesworth stood up for Wyatt Barnes, Prince Yakim realized that he was no ordinary man.

After all, not everyone dares to stand against the imperial family in front of the emperor of the Great Turdo Dynasty, especially since the old man just now acted with his silent approval.

Now, knowing Valiant Charlesworth's identity, Prince Yakim couldn't help but be taken aback, and hurriedly welcomed him to the seat next to him. "Vice Chairman Charlesworth, please sit."

At the same time, he began to rummage through his memories of the Great Turdo Dynasty.

He quickly remembered.

He seemed to have heard people say that, the Artifact Refiners' Association of the Great Turdo Dynasty had three 'Fourth Rank Artifact Refiners,' one of whom was the chairman, and the other two were vice chairmen.

And among the two vice chairmen, one seemed to have the surname 'Charlesworth'.

"Fourth Rank Artifact Refiner?"

For a moment, Prince Yakim's feelings surged again.

It has to be known that even in his Black Stone Empire, there is only one 'Fourth Rank Spiritual Device,' and it is in his hands.

A Fourth rank spiritual device, to the Black Stone Empire, and to him, can be regarded as a 'rare treasure'.

And now, a Fourth Rank Artifact Refiner who can easily refine a 'Fourth Rank Spiritual Device' just appeared in front of him, which made him unable to resist the shock, and his mood was incredibly stirred.

As for Wyatt Barnes, witnessing Valiant Charlesworth and Prince Yakim sitting down one after the other, he returned to Walter Simmons's side and calmly sat down.

"Wyatt Barnes."

Walter Simmons, who had just been sweating for Wyatt Barnes, showed respect to Wyatt Barnes by raising his thumb, and a look of admiration appeared in his eyebrows.

He never thought that Wyatt Barnes, on his trip to the Great Turdo Dynasty, managed to win the heart of Taoi Romero's daughter of the Romero Clan, and became Taoi Romero's son-in-law.

Yesterday, he noticed that the gaze of Taoi's daughter at Wyatt Barnes was somewhat different, but he didn't think much about it at the time.

Now, looking back, it appears that she was interested in Wyatt Barnes.

Wyatt Barnes naturally saw the 'ambiguity' in Walter Simmons's eyes and knew what he was thinking, and couldn't help but give him a displeased look.

"Wyatt Barnes, are you just going to disregard the emperor of the Great Turdo Dynasty like this? That doesn't seem right."

At this time, Walter Simmons glanced distantly.

Now, Wyatt Barnes seemed to have completely forgotten about the emperor of the Great Turdo Dynasty who was still standing in the air.

"If he likes to stand there like a fool, then let him stand there."

Wyatt Barnes shrugged his shoulders and said nonchalantly.

Upon hearing these words, Walter Simmons's mouth twitched.

This was the revered Emperor of the Great Turdo Dynasty, not some random Tom, Dick, or Harry!

At this moment, the emperor looked slightly embarrassed, his pupils brimming over with residual anger, but he did not fly off the handle any further.

Next, flanked by two old men and two young men, the emperor ascended the 'premium seats' exclusively for the royal family of the Great Turdo Dynasty and looked at the elder man in black, greeting respectfully, "Uncle Emperor."

"Hmm."

The elder man in black nodded his head, "Sit."

After the emperor sat down, the siblings Marshall and Sophie Tyler got up from the elder man in black's other side and saluted the emperor, "Your Majesty."

"Marshall Tyler, I've told you before...since you are Uncle's direct disciple, you are equivalent to my peer, so you can just call me 'big brother' or 'elder brother'."

"Marshall, I dare not."

Marshall Tyler said, looking somewhat scared.

"Sophie."

At this time, the black-clothed youth who followed the Emperor looked at Sophie Tyler beside Marshall, his eyes filled with enthusiasm and joy.

"Second Prince."

Sophie Tyler nodded at the black-clothed youth, seemingly unwilling to give further attention, completely ignoring the Second Prince's scorching gaze, which appeared ready to devour her on the spot.

"Prince Hal."

At this point, Marshall and Sophie turned to the white-clad youth next to the black-clothed youth and greeted him.

The white-clad youth was Hal Buckingham, the son of one of the deceased brothers of the imperial family— named 'Hal Buckingham', a gifted youngster whose martial Dao talent was not inferior to the Second Prince, Matteo Buckingham.

In the past, Hal spent very little time in the Great Turdo Dynasty, preferring to roam around major dynasties for experience, which gave him a wealth of experience.

It was precisely because of this that few people in the Great Turdo Dynasty knew about his existence.

He returned solely for this 'ten dynasties martial meet'.

Hal Buckingham nodded and smiled at the siblings Marshall Tyler and Sophie Tyler, and promptly took a seat at one side, showcasing distinct individualism.

As for the Second Prince 'Matteo Buckingham', he made a move and sat next to Sophie Tyler.

"Sophie, I hope you don't mind me sitting here."

After sitting down, Matteo laughed and asked, clearly acting before informing.

Sophie slightly furrowed her brows, a trace of disgust flashed deep in her eyes, but thinking of his status, she eventually did not lose control.

"Your Highness jests, of course there is no problem."

Perceiving his sister's mood, Marshall Tyler, fearing her outburst, took the initiative to address Matteo Buckingham.

"Hmm."

Matteo Buckingham nodded lightly.

Although enthusiastic towards Sophie, he was dismissive of Marshall Tyler, and there was even a trace of disdain hidden deep within his gaze.

He, from the depth of his heart, despised Marshall Tyler.

In his eyes, Marshall was nothing more than a lowly man from the small Royal Country, only lucky enough to be accepted as his 'Imperial Uncle's' personal disciple.

Otherwise, he would not even be worthy to carry his shoes!

Seeing the disdain and contempt in Matteo Buckingham's eyes, Marshall Tyler naturally detected it and understood what was going on in his mind.

He took a deep breath, his eyes flickering with a trace of cold light.

"Matteo Buckingham... Today, I will make you and Wyatt Barnes stepping stones for my success!"

Marshall Tyler hardened his heart, then slowly sat down.

Meanwhile, around the fighting arena, calm was restored, and no one else came for a while.

"Let's begin."

At this moment, the emperor of the Great Turdo Dynasty spoke, announcing the start of the second stage of the 'Imperial Martial Tournament'.

This second stage of the 'Imperial Martial Tournament' is the real 'Imperial Martial Tournament'.

The Imperial Martial Tournament between the young talents of the great empires yesterday. Among the important figures in the Great Turdo Dynasty, only Taoi Romero came to the scene because of Wyatt Barnes, could only be considered a small 'warm-up'.

Now, the exciting part officially begins.

In the fighting arena, there was complete silence as soon as the emperor spoke.

"Yes."

At this moment, the old man who had previously taken action against Wyatt Barnes, along with another old man, responded in unison. They immediately rushed into the air, reaching the space above the fighting arena.

Two old men, standing in mid-air, on either side, looking like two statues in the sky.

"Please, the thirty young talents who advanced yesterday from the great empires, come onstage."

One of the old men opened his mouth slowly, his voice not loud, but clearly heard by everyone present.

"It's time to go."

Wyatt Barnes said to Walter Simmons with a smile.

Walter Simmons nodded.

Then, the two of them rose from their seats and took to the sky.

Kase Dragonsmith followed closely behind them.

At this moment, looking at the back of Wyatt Barnes, Kase Dragonsmith's gaze was extremely complex, the things he just learned left him somewhat shocked.

"Hmph! So what if your father-in-law is Taoi Romero, the 'grand lord' of the Romero Clan? Taoi Romero is indeed one of the top powerful figures in the Great Turdo Dynasty, but in the 'outside territory', he is nothing compared to my master."

Thinking of this, Kase Dragonsmith felt a little comforted in his heart.

Soon, the thirty young talents of the empires, including Wyatt Barnes, Walter Simmons, and Kase Dragonsmith, gathered together and stood in mid-air above the fighting arena.

"Now, please have our young talents nominated by the Great Turdo Dynasty join the young talents from the empires... The first round of eliminations in today's 'Imperial Martial Tournament' is about to begin!"

The other old man said loudly.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

...

Suddenly, many young talents rushed out from the middle and high-level audience seats of the fighting arena, even from the high-level audience seats, many young talents rushed out.

Among the young talents who came out from the high-level audience seats, the ones Wyatt Barnes recognized were only Winnie Romero, Kayden Romero, Brian Graham, Henni Graham, Marshall Tyler, Serenade Nicholson, and the white-clothed youth from the Imperial Family.

"So many people?"

Seeing all the young talents of the Great Turdo Dynasty come on stage in droves, Wyatt Barnes couldn't help but be surprised.

The young talents of the empires, including him, totaled only thirty people.

Yet the total number of young talents from the Great Turdo Dynasty was nearly a hundred, appearing in groups in the sky above the fighting arena, the scene was magnificent.

"Why did they let all of us come up?"

"I don't know."

"We'll find out soon."



...

For a while, the noise in the sky above the fighting arena was overwhelming.

"Everyone, the first round of selection will start as soon as I explain it to you..."

At this moment, one of the old men suddenly stepped into the air and stood atop all the young talents, his voice rang out, overriding all the noise.

Immediately, the sky above the fighting arena gradually quieted down.

Including Wyatt Barnes, all the young talents' eyes fell on the speaking old man, wanting to know what he was going to say next.

"Today, the first round of selection in the 'Imperial Martial Tournament' is to eliminate from you down to only twenty people...So, prepare yourselves."

The old man slowly opened his mouth.

"Only twenty people left?"

The old man's words caused most of the young talents present to change their expressions, showing a certain amount of fear.

"Just the first round of the selection process eliminates all down to twenty people?"

"Isn't that a bit too brutal? I wanted to show off a bit and pass more selection rounds."

"I'm self-aware, I definitely have no hope for the 'Decennial Martial Conference' spot, but if I can't fight a few more times, how can I justify the only one nominated spot from my Sect?"

...

Many young talents couldn't help but shake their heads, quite annoyed.

"What kind of selection is this? It's so brutal, they're going to eliminate over a hundred people at once?"

Unlike these young talents' worries, Wyatt Barnes was full of curiosity about this, his gaze then converged on the old man.

Chapter 683: The Clear Distinction between the Strong and the Weak

"The first round of selection in today's 'Dynastic Martial Competition' involves both of us exerting our strength simultaneously, gradually increasing our power to envelope and suppress you... anyone who is crushed and falls will be eliminated!"

"The last twenty standing will pass the first round of selection and will be granted the opportunity to participate in the second round."

The elder slowly finished speaking.

Suddenly, the young talents in the field understood the content of the first round of selection, their faces showing apprehension.

Both elders will suppress them?

One could imagine that these two elders must exist beyond the 'Void Realm'.

"Begin."

At this moment, another elder also rose into the air, standing side by side with the previous elder in the blink of an eye.

Upon seeing this, Wyatt Barnes' face hardened.

Similarly, the expressions of others turned solemn.

Whoo! Whoo!

In a split second, the Origin Force within the two elders surged like two rampaging fires.

The two fires wrapped around the two elders, seemingly transforming them into two titanic figures erupting with white flames.

At the same time, above the void over the heads of the two elders, the force of the world began to congeal into the phantom images of ancient Horned Dragons.

Finally, twenty phantoms of ancient Horned Dragons appeared above each of the two elders' heads.

"Two 'First Level Void Realm' elders!"

Wyatt Barnes raised his eyebrow, discerning their cultivation levels from the extraordinary celestial phenomena caused by the two elders' moves.

Suddenly, the two elders shouted in unison.

Immediately, the white flames formed by their Origin Force skyrocketed, dramatically colliding with each other and covering the entire area.

Instantly, two immensely powerful forces blasted open.

For a moment, shockwaves crossed and sound of explosions echoed incessantly in the void above.

The force, which whistled after the explosion, transformed into giant nets, enveloping a group of young talents.

Whoo! Whoo! Whoo! Whoo! Whoo!

...

The terrifying Origin Force rushed down, making faces of most young talents turn red under the pressure.

Suddenly, most of these young talents began to stimulate their 'Origin Force' and 'Realm' to resist this tremendous pressure, with some even taking out their spiritual weapons.

Of course, many people were still calm and composed.

Such as Wyatt Barnes, Brian Graham, Serenade Nicholson, Matteo Buckingham, Hal Buckingham... and Marshall Tyler.

"This Marshall Tyler."

Wyatt Barnes looked at Marshall, unable to resist frowning.

Honestly, he was quite shocked to see Marshall here today.

Now, seeing that Marshall still remained calm under such pressure, he had to reassess his opinion of the man.

"At this moment, even a martial artist at the 'Level Eight of the Void Realm' would have to release their Origin Force externally to resist the pressure from those two old fellows. This Marshall, who can stay so calm at this time, leaves only one possibility..."

Wyatt glanced at Walter Simmons. At this moment, even Walter had to release his Origin Force to resist the pressure. In contrast, Marshall seemed even more enigmatic, "This Marshall, is likely to have already broken through to the 'Ninth Level of the Void Realm'!"

Ninth Level of the Void Realm!

Without a doubt, Marshall's strength shocked Wyatt.

"Walter and Kase Dragonsmith, have already had good encounters... But even so, they are still far inferior to this Marshall! It seems that this Marshall, has not only a Grand Turdo Dynasty Master, but also possibly another amazing encounter."

Wyatt speculated in his heart.

"Even more so, his encounter may not be inferior to my encounter in 'Sword Emperor's Vault'!"

Having thought of this, Wyatt couldn't help but inhale a cold breath.

He never thought that this Marshall would have such a great opportunity.

Now, Wyatt looked at Marshall's composure in surprise, and Marshall was equally astonished, "This Wyatt, seems to have also broken through to the 'Ninth Level of the Void Realm'... what kind of encounter has he had?"

After his surprise, Marshall's face looked extremely gloomy.

He had thought that he could completely crush Wyatt this time, but now seeing Wyatt demonstrate such extraordinary cultivation, his heart couldn't help but waver a little.

However, soon, Marshall swept away the gloom from his face, "His cultivation is strong, perhaps because he was lucky and obtained many rare spirit fruits... His comprehension of the 'realm' definitely cannot keep up with his cultivation."

Thinking of this, Marshall felt much better.

While Wyatt and Marshall were in a standoff, stunned by each other's cultivation levels.

Those like Brian Graham, Serenade Nicholson, Matteo Buckingham and Hal Buckingham, also had shocked expressions on their faces.

They never thought that in the Great Turdo Dynasty, there would be so many people at the same cultivation level as themselves.

"This Marshall... he's also an expert at the Ninth Level of the Void Realm?"

Matteo looked at Marshall, his eyebrow furrowed in apparent displeasure.

It's important to know that he had never really thought much of Marshall.

Especially when Marshall first came to the Imperial Family of the Great Turdo Dynasty, he had privately proposed a competition, and Marshall was immediately crushed, and could only surrender humbly and respectfully to him.

He never thought that the Marshall he had once regarded as an 'ant' had reached the same level of cultivation as him.

"This Marshall, definitely had some sort of encounter!"

Matteo's eyes were flashing with a cold, sharp light. Invisibly, he guessed something.

"Brother Ling Tian... also reached the 'Ninth Level of Void Realm'?"

Brian Graham's gaze fell on Wyatt Barnes, and his face was filled with shock.

It can be said that Wyatt Barnes was someone he watched grow.

From their initial encounter to their current participation in the 'Royal Martial Tournament' of the Great Turdo Dynasty... all along this journey, Wyatt Barnes, whose strength was far inferior to his, had somehow managed to catch up with him in cultivation practice.

"I'm afraid it won't be long before Elder Brother Ling Tian will surpass me in all aspects."

Brian Graham sighed secretly.

This point, he did not doubt at all.

"These two..."

Quickly, Brian Graham's gaze shifted toward Hal Buckingham and Marshall Tyler, "In the past, I've never seen them... it seems that the Great Turdo Dynasty truly hides dragons and crouching tigers! Besides Matteo Buckingham, Serenade Nicholson, and Elder Brother Ling Tian, there are actually two other individuals who can match up to me in cultivation."

At this moment, Brian Graham felt a certain pressure.

But soon, a smile appeared on his face again.

"It seems to be getting more interesting..."

Brian Graham murmured to himself.

Seeing that there were so many young talents in the 'Royal Martial Tournament' whose cultivation levels were not inferior to his, he only felt boiling blood flowing through his body, full of a desire to fight.

"Matteo, who is this?"

Serenade Nicholson's gaze landed on Hal Buckingham, curiously asking Matteo Buckingham who was not far away.

"He's my royal uncle's son, Hal. Serenade, if you face him, you must take care... Hal's strength is not weaker than mine."

Matteo Buckingham said to Serenade Nicholson.

"Oh?"

Serenade Nicholson was somewhat surprised upon hearing this.

Matteo, as the Second Prince of the Great Turdo Dynasty, was known for his arrogance, and Serenade Nicholson was aware of this.

What surprised Serenade Nicholson was.

Matteo, a man of such arrogance, actually acknowledged that his cousin's abilities were no weaker than his own.

At this moment, he couldn't help but look at Hal Buckingham with a new level of respect.

"Is he the Second Prince?"

Wyatt Barnes, overhearing the conversation of Serenade Nicholson and Matteo, raised an eyebrow and looked at Matteo.

He did not expect that this young man dressed in black was the second son of the Emperor of the Great Turdo Dynasty, who is also the 'Second Prince' Matteo, a famous young powerhouse in the Great Turdo Dynasty along with Brian Graham and Serenade Nicholson.

"Hmph!"

As soon as Wyatt looked at Matteo, he was noticed by Matteo. Matteo gave Wyatt a cold glance and snorted, saying: "I hope you don't run into me too soon... Otherwise, even if I can't kill you, I'll definitely teach you a good lesson! Let you know that in the Great Turdo Dynasty, a brat like you, is not qualified to be arrogant in front of my royal father."

Upon hearing Matteo's words, Wyatt had no interest, shrugged, and said: "Second Prince, is it? In that case, I shall wait and see, I hope you don't disappoint me by then."

Towards the end, Wyatt Barnes' words were full of provocation.

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

Matteo, who was provoked so openly, immediately turned pale, his eyes shone coldly, like a venomous snake, ready to bite Wyatt Barnes at any time.



Wyatt Barnes stopped paying attention to Matteo, and instead began to observe the surroundings.

Now, in addition to the few calm 'Nine Level Void Realm' individuals, Walter Simmons, Kase Dragonsmith, Winnie Romero, and ten other people also seemed quite relaxed.

The rest of the people were scrambling to use the Origin Force and realm to resist the strong pressure coming from the two old men.

The current situation in the sky above the fighting arena was clearly visible to all the spectators present.

"Two Cave Void Realm fighters suppressing... without even using their 'realm', they've already caused most of the young talents to scramble."

"That's natural! You think the power of the 'Cave Void Realm' is a joke?"

"Look, a few young talents can't hold on anymore."

...

With the crowd in the lower spectator seats discussing animatedly.

In the sky above the fighting arena, one after another, about a dozen people's faces turned red, bodies uncontrollably falling down.

At this moment, although they had left the range of pressure, and their faces had recovered a bit, their eyes were full of helplessness and shame.

They knew very clearly that they had been eliminated.

"Wyatt Barnes... he's become so powerful?"

Prince Yakim watched Wyatt Barnes from a distance, his face full of amazement.

"Little monster!"

While sitting nearby, Valiant Charlesworth, after holding for a long time, only spit out these three words.

In the upper spectator stand.

On the Imperial Family's side.

"This Wyatt Barnes, although arrogant, his strength is indeed good... Judging by his cultivation, he seems to be able to compare with Matteo and Hal."

The Emperor of the Great Turdo Dynasty frowned slightly and said in a deep voice.

Seeing such a young kid with such profound cultivation, he felt unpleasant in his heart.

The old man in black next to him also looked somewhat grave.

He was astonished not only by Wyatt Barnes' cultivation but also by that of his direct disciple 'Marshall Tyler'... Since when had Marshall Tyler broken through to the 'Nine Level Void Realm'?

"Uncle Emperor, Marshall Tyler, he..."

The Emperor finally noticed Marshall Tyler, who seemed just as calm as Wyatt Barnes, Matteo Buckingham, and Hal Buckingham.

Chapter 684: Is There a Need to Determine the Actual Ranking?

The emperor had a certain understanding of Marshall Tyler.

He knew that this was the principal disciple of his imperial uncle, could be considered talented, but that was all.

In the realm of the Great Turdo Dynasty, there were many young talents who were no less skillful than Marshall Tyler.

Sometimes, even the emperor could not understand why his uncle ignored the group of outstanding young talents in the Great Turdo Dynasty and chose Marshall Tyler, a young talent from a remote and small royal country, as his primary disciple.

But now, he suddenly realized that his previous thoughts had undoubtedly been wrong.

At this moment, the capabilities that Marshall Tyler demonstrated were no less than those of his son, and his nephew. "He reached the ninth level of the Void Realm... Marshall Tyler, he's also managed to reach the 'ninth level of the Void Realm'!"

"Royal Uncle, what's going on? How has Marshall's prowess increased so dramatically in such a short amount of time to catch up with Mateo and Hal?"

The emperor looked at the old man in black clothes, took a deep breath, and asked with curiosity.

"I don't know either."

The old man shook his head, yet in the depths of his eyes, there seemed to be an air of excitement.

To be honest, the strong abilities that Marshall Tyler had shown were beyond his expectations and he was genuinely and pleasantly surprised at this from the heart.

"It seems that the prophecy of the 'priest' all those years ago was not wrong... My foremost disciple indeed comes from the distant Green Forest royal country! Marshall Tyler, he is the destined disciple for me."

The old man in black clothes was elated.

Back then, the 'priest' of the Romero Clan, who was also the grandmother of the Clan Chief and the patriarch of the Romero Clan, had once calculated his fate for him.

In the process of calculating fate, the priest had given him a 'prophecy'

According to the indications of that prophecy, he went to the Green Forest royal country at a specific time and just happened to meet 'Marshall Tyler'... Hence, he took Tyler as his principal disciple prematurely.

Even if Marshall Tyler's subsequent performance was not exceptional, whenever he remembered the prophecy of the priest, he would once again carry on instructing Marshall Tyler wholeheartedly.

He believed that the priest's prophecy would not be aimless.

And now it seemed that the prophecy had come true, the disciple he had taken into his own hands from the Green Forest royal country was excellent, "The priest was really divine! Perhaps, she had already known Marshall Tyler would have this day."

To be honest, when he first took Marshall Tyler as his chief disciple, he was a bit apprehensive.

Especially given the doubting eyes around him, which made him question the correctness of his decision several times.

However, in the end, he persisted.

The facts proved that his persistence was not wrong.

"Even you, Royal Uncle, you don't know either?"

The emperor was somewhat surprised, then speculated, "It seems that Marshall Tyler must have encountered some sort of fortune recently... otherwise, he could not have caught up with Matteo and Hal in such a short time."

"Perhaps."

The old man in black clothes nodded without confirming or denying.

His gaze eventually landed on a young man in purple, "This Wyatt Barnes, is the youngest among the young talents here... and he, seems to have also reached the 'ninth level of the Void Realm'."

Towards the end, the old man's brows furrowed slightly, showing a faint sign of apprehension.

"Reached the ninth level of the Void Realm? This kid, he's kept a low profile!"

On the Romero Clan's exclusive high-end viewing platform, Taoi Romero shook his head, his eyes mixed with various emotions.

Elder Kane, seated to one side, also seemed somewhat stunned at this moment.

As for the Clan Chief of the Romero Clan, he was completely flabbergasted, "This... this Wyatt Barnes, does he really hold the skills of the ninth level Martial Dao Warrior? Stronger than Max Cloud? How old is he...how old is he?"

Unconsciously, the gazes of most people in the fighting ring fell upon the purple figure in the sky above the ring.

This was a young man in purple clothing, with handsome eyebrows and star-like eyes.

Of course, if it were just his good looks, it would not have been enough to make him the focal point of attention...

After all there was not only one handsome young man in the sky above the fighting arena.

What captivated people was his calm demeanor and his disconcertingly young face in such a situation.

"This young man from the Black Stone Empire...in terms of age, out of the hundreds of talents in the sky above the fighting arena, only Mr. Taoi's daughter seems to be younger than him."

Someone couldn't help but exclaim.

"Now, including him, there're less than ten people who still remain calm, with not even their Origin Force leaking out... Among these people, he is undoubtedly the youngest."

"His natural martial arts talent is just too terrifying!"

"At first, I thought that among the younger generation in our Great Turdo Dynasty, the likes of the second prince, the eldest young master of the Graham Family, and the eldest young master of the Nicholson Family, were already the most outstanding characters... Now it seems that I was looking at the sky from the bottom of the well."

"Yes, this time, in addition to these three, there were quite a few dark horses... The first being this young man from the Black Stone Empire, followed by the young figure in white who presided over the first Chapter of the 'Dynasty's Martial Arts Tournament' yesterday, probably some 'young prince'... The last one, also in white, seems to be a member of the royal family."

"The second prince, along with two white-dressed young men... They are all members recommended by the Royal Family this time!"

"This time, the Royal Family is sure to gain great honor."

...

The fighting arena was bustling with excitement, like a marketplace.

At this moment, the two old men floating above all the young talents exchanged a glance and exerted their power once again.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

Suddenly, two extreme forces of Origin Force flame surged from the two old men, transforming into circles of white ripples. With the two elders at the center, the ripples swept out in all directions.

For a moment, a violent wind blew through the duel arena, forcing some lower-level martial artists to close their eyes.

Boom!

The ripples of Origin Force spreading out from the two old men inevitably collided, creating an incredibly intense pressure that fell and enveloped all the young talents.

The pressure on the young talents in the arena had increased significantly.

"Ah!"

"No!"

...

Screams rang out as more than ten young talents were suppressed and knocked into the void, cruelly eliminated from the competition.

At this point, even Wyatt Barnes's expression tightened slightly.

The same was true for Brian Graham and others.

Even now, all the young talents who had entered the ninth level of the Void Realm, including Wyatt Barnes, had not yet used their Origin Force to resist the pressure from the two old men.

However, everyone was tense and serious, no longer as carefree as before.

It was quite clear they were also feeling a certain amount of pressure.

In contrast, Walter Simmons, Max Cloud, and several other talents in the eighth level of the Void Realm, as well as the cream of the crop in the seventh level, such as Winnie Romero and Kase Dragonsmith, had already increased the mobilization of their Origin Force to resist the descending pressure.

They all seemed quite at ease, without much sense of pressure.

"In the final top twenty...In addition to those in the ninth and eighth levels of the Void Realm, there should still be a few from the seventh level."

Wyatt's eyes flashed as he looked where Winnie was standing and encouraged her with Origin Force voice projection, "Winnie, keep going!"

Winnie Romero looked at Wyatt Barnes and nodded slightly. Her bright autumn eyes were filled with an unparalleled determination.

Wyatt Barnes smiled.

He had great confidence in Winnie.

Although Winnie's cultivation was only in the 'Seventh-Order Void Realm', the 'realm' she had comprehended was far beyond that of ordinary 'Seventh-Order Void Realm' practitioners.

As the owner of the 'Fire Spirit Body', Winnie had an innate connection with the 'fire realm', which she could comprehend very quickly.

Boom!

Another loud noise echoed as the second ripple of Origin Force erupted from the two old men collided violently.

Instantly, the air wave above the void spread out again, covering the sky and earth. A second wave of extreme pressure was fiercely imposed on all the young talents.

Following that, quite a few people were eliminated.



At that moment, Origin Force emanated from Wyatt Barnes, forming a protective aura around him.

Despite the increasing pressure from the two old men, Wyatt Barnes remained unmoved, as stable as a mountain.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

...

At the same time, Brian Graham, Marshall Tyler, Serenade Nicholson, Hal Buckingham, and Matteo Buckingham also put on their Origin Force protective aura to withstand the huge pressure descending from the sky.

In an instant, above the heads of the six people, including Wyatt Barnes, in the void, twelve ancient Horned Dragon illusions appeared...

Seventy-two ancient Horned Dragon illusions appearing at the same time created a spectacular scene.

"Six in the Ninth-Order Void Realm!"

Some people in the audience had guessed the level of Wyatt Barnes and others, but many were still surprised at the strength they showed.

"The 'Dynasty Martial Contest' today is sure to be exciting... I heard that in today's 'Dynasty Martial Contest', our Great Turdo Dynasty's young talents are not only competing for the qualification to participate in the 'Decastrial Martial Meet', but also for specific rankings and many rewards granted by the Imperial Family."

Some well-informed people couldn't help but leak the news.

In an instant, the entire arena was once again filled with excitement, with the excited screams rising and falling.

It meant that every person in the audience had the opportunity to watch the battles between the most talented martial artists of the Great Turdo Dynasty!

How could they not be excited?

"They are also deciding on specific rankings?"

Wyatt Barnes could clearly hear the discussions in the audience stands, which took him by surprise.

He had assumed that the 'Dynasty Martial Contest' of the Great Turdo Dynasty was similar to the 'Youth Genius Clash' of the Black Stone Empire and the 'Genius Clash' of the Green Forest Imperial Country. They would only decide who were the strongest young talents, without needing to decide specific rankings.

It seemed he was wrong.

Today's 'Dynasty Martial Contest' of the Great Turdo Dynasty would not only decide the qualifications to participate in the 'Decastrial Martial Meet' but also lead to further competition to determine the rankings of the dynasty's young talents.

Chapter 685: Twenty People

"Hmm?"

Soon, Wyatt Barnes made another observation.

Up in the sky of the prison fight arena, apart from his and a group of young talents from various empires appearing somewhat surprised, others

The local forces of the Great Turdo Dynasty, such as Winnie Romero and Brian Graham, didn't seem surprised, as if they had already known about it.

"Wyatt Barnes, do you have the confidence to compete for the 'first place' in this dynasty martial competition?"

Suddenly, a familiar voice reached Wyatt Barnes' ear. It was the voice of Walter Simmons' Origin Force convergence.

Wyatt Barnes looked at Walter Simmons, shrugged his shoulders, and replied via his cohesive Origin Force. "I don't know."

"I believe in you."

In Walter Simmons' words, he expressed complete confidence in Wyatt Barnes.

Originally, Walter Simmons, who had broken through to the 'Enter Void Realm Level Eight', thought he had surpassed Wyatt Barnes.

Not until Wyatt Barnes stepped on stage, demonstrated the attainment of 'Enter Void Realm Level Nine', did he realize that he was still left behind by Wyatt Barnes as always.

This made him feel a little bitter. However, after the bitterness, he couldn't help but feel happy for Wyatt Barnes.

Wyatt Barnes was his good friend, and he hoped that Wyatt Barnes could walk higher and further on the path of Martial Dao.

Hearing Walter Simmons' almost blind trust, Wyatt Barnes just shook his head and laughed.

His gaze quickly drifted over Brian Graham, Marshall Tyler, and other 'Void Realm Ninth-order young talents'...

He knew that these would be his final opponents.

If he wanted to achieve good ranking in the Great Turdo Dynasty's 'Dynasty Martial Competition', he would have to compete with these individuals.

At the moment, he did not yet know the specific strengths of these people, only that they were all martialists of the Enter Void Realm Level Nine.

Boom!

Another loud noise was heard, where the third circle of ripples formed by the Origin Force of the two old men continued to collide with each other.

A more formidable pressure rolled down immediately.

Suddenly, more individuals were eliminated.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

...

An endless succession of booming sounds lingered.

After each boom, the pressure enveloping the group of young talents in the sky above the prison fight arena increased further, causing many young talents to awkwardly use Origin Force, concepts, and spiritual devices to resist.

Every time, a considerable number of young talents would be eliminated.

Boom!

Another loud noise sounded, and five young talents were eliminated.

Among them, Wyatt Barnes was familiar with two of them, specifically the two 'Enter Void Realm Level Six' young talents from the Fletcher Empire.

"I hope all of you can make it to the end."

Although the two young talents from the Fletcher Empire were only acquainted with Wyatt Barnes, Walter Simmons, and Kase Dragonsmith by chance, and they were not very familiar with each other, they still sent their blessings before leaving.

"Thank you."

Wyatt Barnes nodded in gratitude.

After the two young talents of the Fletcher Empire returned, the representative of the Fletcher Empire, an elderly man of the Liu surname, then sighed, and then looked at Prince Yakim not far away, "Prince Yakim, judging from the current situation, unsurprisingly, at least two of the three representatives from your Black Stone Empire can pass this first round of selection."

The old man's voice was filled with a hint of envy.

"Mm."

Prince Yakim nodded.

Unknownst to all, his gaze had already fallen upon Kase Dragonsmith.

He could see that with the strengths of Wyatt Barnes and Walter Simmons, it would not be difficult for them to pass this first round of selection, but Kase Dragonsmith seemed to be struggling a bit.

After all, Kase Dragonsmith was only a Seventh-Order Martial Daoist in the Void Realm.

Normally, Kase Dragonsmith's attainment of 'Void Realm Level Seven' at his age was already considered extremely excellent.

However, all the young talents present today were the top young powerhouses in the Great Turdo Dynasty. Among these young powerhouses, Kase Dragonsmith seemed quite ordinary.

At this moment, the young talents who were still in the sky above the prison fight arena were almost all Void Realm Level Seven or above.

And combined, these young talents amounted to more than thirty people.

"The Great Turdo Dynasty truly does possess a plethora of powerhouses."

Wyatt Barnes couldn't help expressing his surprise at this sight.

You have to bear in mind that all of the Void Realm Level Seven or above individuals from the various empires, including him, Walter Simmons, and Kase Dragonsmith, didn't amount to more than ten people.

In other words, there were around twenty young talents among the thirty plus Void Realm Level Seven or above who were part of the local forces of the Great Turdo Dynasty.

Boom!

The ripples of the Origin Force originating from the two old men were still colliding.

Every collision brought a powerful pressure that swept down, heavily pressing on the more than thirty young talents present, trying to eliminate another dozen or so.

However, this time, not a single person was eliminated.

'Void Realm Level Eight' and 'Void Realm Level Nine' martial artists were fine, but those at Void Realm Level Seven were nearly exerting themselves to the utmost. Only then were they able to avoid being knocked down by the power of the two old men.

Among the Void Realm Level Seven martial artists, the ones who seemed more at ease now were probably only Winnie Romero and Kase Dragonsmith.

"That spirit sword in Dragonsmith's hands ... is a 'third-grade spirit sword'!"

Wyatt Barnes' eyebrows raised.

He could see that Dragonsmith was able to remain as relaxed as Winnie due to the presence of a 'third-grade spiritual instrument' in his hand just like Winnie.

Now, in Winnie's hand, she also wielded the 'third-grade Spiritual Whip' that Wyatt Barnes had fabricated for her, doing her utmost to resist the pressure descending from the sky.

As there were many people present, all the ancient horned dragon illusions were crowded together, making it impossible to tell which belonged to whom. Therefore, only a few people could see the anomalies in the spiritual instruments in the hands of Winnie Romero and Kase Dragonsmith.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Again, three thunderous roars erupted intermittently following a period of silence.

At the same moment, only twenty young talents remained in the sky above the prison battlefield...

The final result had finally come in.

"Phew!"

As soon as the results came out, Winnie Romero put away the third-ranked spiritual whip in her hand, breathed a sigh of relief, and her gaze unconsciously fell on Wyatt Barnes who was not too far away.

Her autumn eyes were tender and affectionate.

Compared to Kase Dragonsmith, Winnie seemed better off.

After all, the 'realm of fire' she had realized was stronger than Kase's 'realm of blades'.

Kase's face was somewhat pale, and his body was still slightly trembling.

Of course, Kase wasn't the worst off.

The most embarrassed ones were the other seven 'Seventh-Order Void Realm' prodigies. They had managed to advance, mainly because their foundations were slightly stronger than other Seventh-Order prodigies.

These seven prodigies were sweating profusely at this moment, panting heavily, as if they had just engaged in a fierce battle of three thousand rounds.

"You twenty, advance...rest for half an hour. After half an hour, the second round of selection will continue! The second round will directly select those who will participate in the 'Ten Dynasty Martial Meeting'."

An old man spoke slowly.

For a time, the group of young talents in the sky above the prison battlefield dispersed one after another.

"Wyatt Barnes, I will definitely trample you underfoot and trample your dignity at will..."

Before Marshall Tyler left, he gave Wyatt Barnes a venomous look and made a firm resolution in his heart.

"Huh?"

Wyatt Barnes frowned. He sensed a gaze as sinister as a venomous snake fixed on him. When he turned his head, he noticed a figure heading towards the exclusive high-level spectator seats of the Imperial family.

"Marshall Tyler!"

At just one glance, Wyatt Barnes recognized this figure. It was the silhouette of Mr. Zither, one of the five sons of the former Royal Country of the Green Forest.

"This Marshall Tyler has matured a lot compared to before... If it was the him from before, he would definitely, like Matteo Buckingham just now, spout a load of nonsense in front of me! But now, he didn't utter a word and hid his hatred deep in his heart."



"One could say... over these years, he has evolved from a reckless beast into a snake that is good at lurking in the dark."

As he thought about this, Wyatt Barnes felt a slight wariness in his heart.

If Marshall Tyler roared at him like a madman, saying he wanted to kill him, Wyatt wouldn't think much of it.

But Marshall's calmness now alerted him to a hint of danger.

For some reason, he had a strong intuition subconsciously that Marshall Tyler was much more terrifying than the Second Prince 'Matteo Buckingham'.

"Let's go back."

Walter Simmons waved at Wyatt Barnes.

Wyatt Barnes nodded, then turned to Winnie Romero and said with a smile via Origin Force, "Winnie, when it's my turn to go up, don't forget to place bets for me."

"Don't worry, Brother Barnes."

Winnie Romero replied with a smile as bright as a flower.

Then, Wyatt Barnes and Walter Simmons walked shoulder to shoulder towards the 'medium-level spectators' seats where the Blackstone Empire's group was.

During this, Wyatt Barnes could feel two sharp gazes fixed on him.

He turned his head slightly and spotted the owners of the two gazes.

Matteo Buckingham, Serenade Nicholson.

"This Serenade Nicholson, probably, wants to settle scores for his younger brother."

Wyatt Barnes wasn't surprised by Matteo Buckingham's antagonism. His gaze fell on Serenade Nicholson, guessing secretly.

"Wyatt Barnes, Walter Simmons, Kase Dragonsmith... Congratulations."

Upon Wyatt Barnes and his companions' return, from Prince Yakim down, the group of Blackstone Empire's prodigies congratulated them in unison.

"Congratulations."

The representative of Fletcher Empire sitting aside, the old man named Liu, along with a group of young talents from the Fletcher Empire also congratulated Wyatt Barnes and his company.

"Thank you."

Wyatt Barnes and Walter Simmons responded with a smile.

Only Walter returned to his seat with a gloomy face and a pair of flashing eyes. It was not known what he was thinking about.

"Elder brother Wyatt, although I knew that you are strong, I never thought that you'd be a 'Ninth-Order Void Realm martial artist'."

Valiant Charlesworth, who was sitting next to Prince Yakim, looked at Wyatt Barnes and sighed.

Valiant Charlesworth's words resonated with the group of young talents from the Blackstone Empire, "Yes, Wyatt Barnes... we really didn't expect that you are the strongest among us."

"It seems that you were hiding your cultivation level a year ago."

"Exactly! You hid it too deeply, right?"

"If you had taken action a year ago, Kabir Inky would probably not have been a match for you."

...

After witnessing Wyatt Barnes' current strength, the group of young talents from the Blackstone Empire naturally assumed that he held back a year ago.

Exactly because of this, Kabir Inky had acquired the honor of 'Blackstone Empire's No.1 Young Talent'.

"Hiding my cultivation?"

Hearing everyone's words, Wyatt Barnes twitched at the corner of his mouth.

A year ago, he had paid a fourth-ranked spirit sword as a price to get a spirit fruit specific to Void Realm martial artists from Kabir Inky.

If he could have defeated Kabir back then, would he have gone to such lengths?

Chapter 686: I Have An Objection!

Although a lowly fourth-order Spirit Sword meant little to him, he wouldn't casually gift it to a stranger, would he?

However, Wyatt Barnes didn't bother to further explain.

This scene, viewed by a group of young elites from the Blackstone Empire, led them to believe that Wyatt Barnes tacitly agreed.

"Among the twenty young elites who were promoted today..."

Wyatt Barnes sitting next to Walter Simmons, closing his eyes to meditate, a thought flashed, "Including me, there are a total of six 'ninth-ranked Enter Void Realm martial artists'... Besides, there are also five 'eighth-ranked Enter Void Realm martial artists' including Walter Simmons and Kayden Romero."

"The last nine, including Winnie Romero and Kase Dragonsmith, are 'seventh-ranked Enter Void Realm martial artists'... I wonder how many spots for participation in the 'DecemDynasty Martial Meeting' there are?"

At this moment, Wyatt Barnes couldn't help worrying for Winnie Romero.

He had heard about the quotas for the young elites of the Great Turdo Dynasty to participate in the 'DecemDynasty Martial Meeting', but those were mostly rumors, not reliable.

Some said that there were five slots, some said fifteen, others mentioned seven or eight slots...

In short, before the formal announcement by the Great Turdo Dynasty Imperial Family, anything was possible.

"That 'DecemDynasty Martial Meeting'...is a contest among young elites from ten dynasties including the Great Turdo Dynasty! Logically, neither too many nor too few people from each dynasty should attend."

"According to my personal guess, it shouldn't exceed ten people."

Wyatt Barnes speculated silently in his heart.

While Wyatt Barnes was meditating, the Fighting Prison was abuzz with lively conversations. Besides discussing the twenty who advanced, most of the chatter revolved around specific individuals.

The six ninth-ranked Enter Void Realm young powerhouses, including Wyatt Barnes, are the most discussed.

Then, everyone's attention turned to the spots for the 'DecemDynasty Martial Meeting'.

"How many spots are there for the 'DecemDynasty Martial Meeting'?"

Many people were curious about it.

In the prime spectator seats, Winnie Romero sat quietly, closing her eyes.

If observed carefully, one could see she was cultivating, seemingly making a desperate last-minute effort.

Half an hour later.

The two old men who presided over the first round of selection appeared successively, once again arriving above the Fighting Prison, standing in mid-air.

One of them slowly said, "Next, we begin the second round of selection... This round will pick the top ten young elites! These ten young elites will also earn the qualification to participate in the 'DecemDynasty Martial Meeting' a year from now."

"Ten spots?"

Wyatt Barnes heard the voice and opened his eyes, a glint flashed in his eyes.

"Ten spots."

Sitting next to him, Walter Simmons' eyes brightened involuntarily.

If there were ten spots, he was confident.

"Ten spots..."

Not far away, Kase Dragonsmith slightly furrowed his brows and seemed a bit diffident.

At some point, Kase Dragonsmith's gaze fell on Wyatt Barnes. In his eyes, there was a hint of resentment and helplessness...

After a year, full of confidence, he thought he could surpass Wyatt Barnes in the 'Dynasty Martial Competition'.

Unfortunately, the dream was sweet, but reality was harsh.

The 'ninth-order enter void realm' cultivation level Wyatt Barnes demonstrated, shocked Kase Dragonsmith and also sparked a hint of despair deep in his heart.

As it turned out, while he thought that with the help of his mentor, he had become stronger than Wyatt Barnes, Wyatt Barnes had already left him far behind.

At this time, Kase Dragonsmith even had a sense of 'Why should the brilliant sun exist when I am here'.

Quickly, Kase Dragonsmith took a deep breath, slowly recovering, "Ten spots... including Wyatt Barnes, there are six 'Ninth-Order Enter Void Realm martial artists'. These six people are currently insurmountable for me."

"So it seems, I can only strive for one of the remaining four spots... otherwise, I will be out of the DecemDynasty Martial Meeting?"

Originally confident Kase Dragonsmith felt immense pressure, feeling somewhat breathless.

At this moment, upon hearing 'ten slots', other young elites who passed the first round of selection had mixed reactions.

Twenty people, ten spots.

A fifty percent chance.

Among the nine seventh-ranked Enter Void Realm young elites who advanced, except Winnie Romero, who was still cultivating, and Kase Dragonsmith, all the others displayed resigned smiles on their faces.

Clearly, they didn't hold much hope.

"To save time... In the second round of selection, the six 'ninth-level Enter Void Realm' young powerhouses will be promoted directly!"

Soon, the elder in the air above the Fighting Prison spoke again:

"This is done to expedite the second round of selection... Once the ten spots for the 'DecemDynasty Martial Meeting' are confirmed, the strongest ten young elites will be ranked! The higher the rank, the more generous our reward from the Great Turdo Dynasty Imperial Family."

"Any objections from the remaining fourteen?"

The elder asked towards the end.

"Direct promotion?"

Hearing the words of the elder, Wyatt Barnes perked up.

That meant, he doesn't have to participate in the second round of selection. It was indeed a very humane rule.

Sitting next to him, Walter Simmons couldn't help but cast an envious glance at Wyatt Barnes.

Any objections?

Hearing the old man's words, the 'Seventh-Order youthful talents who entered the Void Realm' who advanced from the first round of selection all wore bitter smiles.

What objections could they possibly have?

Being at the Void Ninth-Order Realm is enough to completely overpower them.

As for the five 'Eighth-Order of the Void Realm youthful talents', including Walter Simmons, all four of them, including Max Cloud, had flickering expressions except for Walter Simmons.

The four pairs of eyes almost simultaneously landed on the spectator seats where a group of people from the Blackstone Empire was sitting.

More precisely, they were focused on Wyatt Barnes.

"Wyatt Barnes... it seems like someone is not convinced by you," Walter Simmons couldn't help but tease after noticing their gaze.

"If they're unconvinced, then they must do battle!"

Wyatt Barnes shrugged his shoulders. A hint of coldness flashed in his eyes, "But, I'm afraid they won't be able to bear the consequences of fighting me!"

At the same time, a spur of killing intent surged from Wyatt Barnes and disappeared instantly.

It didn't seem to affect the others much.

However, Walter Simmons, who was sitting next to Wyatt Barnes, clearly felt the terrifying killing intent, which induced a chilling fear from the bottom of his heart.

"Such terrifying killing intent!"

Walter glanced suspiciously at Wyatt Barnes. His 'good buddy' whom he had known since his youth seemed to become increasingly inscrutable.

"It seems even with a master's help... surpassing Wyatt Barnes is no easy task."



Walter couldn't help but sigh quietly.

"What? Max Cloud... Do you want to challenge Wyatt Barnes?"

In the exclusive high-grade spectator seats of the Romero Clan, Sebastian Romero, the Clan Chief of the Romero Clan, looked at Max Cloud beside him and asked curiously.

Max Cloud nodded subtly.

In his opinion,

although Wyatt Barnes was a 'ninth-order warrior of the Void Realm', he was too young and his cultivation level was probably backed up by a large amount of spirit fruits.

He guessed Wyatt Barnes' comprehension of the 'realm' probably wasn't very strong.

A 'ninth-order of the Void Realm' may sound intimidating, but if it's all about Origin Force, then it only surpasses an 'eighth-order of the Void Realm' by the power of a Horned Dragon.

Which means, as long as Wyatt Barnes' comprehension of the 'realm' is inferior to an eighth-order Void Realm practitioner's 'realm', an eighth-order practitioner may stand a chance to defeat Wyatt Barnes.

And now, based on his personal calculation, Wyatt Barnes' comprehension of the 'realm' was less than his own.

So, he wanted to challenge Wyatt Barnes.

However, recalling that Wyatt Barnes was his uncle Taoi Romero's son-in-law, made him a bit hesitant. His gaze subconsciously moved towards Taoi Romero.

"Big brother, Elder Kane, do you support Max Cloud in challenging Brother Barnes?"

Sebastian Romero picked up on Max Cloud's contradiction, shifted his gaze to Taoi Romero and Elder Kane, and asked with a smile.

"If he is confident, then he should go for it."

Taoi Romero's reply was very straightforward.

"I agree with Young Master Taoi."

Elder Kane nodded.

Hearing Taoi Romero and Elder Kane, Max Cloud's eyes lit up. He immediately rose to challenge Wyatt Barnes.

Unfortunately, he was too late.

"I have an objection!"

A somewhat hoarse and grating voice suddenly came from a high-grade spectator seat.

Immediately afterward, everyone in the battle arena saw a figure appearing from the Nicholson Clan Chief's side, swooping down into the arena.

He was a youth in his mid-to-late thirties, wearing simple green clothes, with an average appearance.

"Nick Nicholson!"

Immediately, many recognized this young man in green.

Nick Nicholson, the strongest in the Nicholson Clan's youth generation besides their eldest son, 'Adrian Nicholson', who was also an eighth-order Void Realm practitioner that had advanced from the first round of selection.

"This Nick Nicholson... does he also want to challenge Wyatt Barnes?"

Max Cloud wrinkled his eyebrows. Eventually, he sat back down and quietly observed the situation.

Back in the high grade spectator seats where the Nicholson Clan was seated, the second Young Master of the Nicholson Clan, Serenade Nicholson's mouth twisted into a cold smile. His venomous gaze landed on Wyatt Barnes in the middle tier spectator seats beneath him.

"Wyatt Barnes, even if you're at the 'ninth-order of the Void Realm', can your 'realm' keep up with your cultivation level? Although Nick Nicholson is weaker compared to you in terms of cultivation, his 'Water Realm' has reached the eighth level and is definitely stronger compared to yours!"

"Wait to be defeated by Nick Nicholson!"

Serenade Nicholson was extremely satisfied with himself.

It was clear that he didn't believe Wyatt Barnes had comprehended the eighth level 'realm' or even the seventh-level.

In his eyes, before the second strongest in Nicholson Clan's young generation, 'Nick Nicholson,' Wyatt Barnes was like fish on the chopping block, waiting to be slaughtered!

"If you have any objections, feel free to voice them... If you don't accept a certain ninth-order Void Realm young practitioner, you may challenge him. As long as you defeat him, he will have to join the fourteen of you to participate in the second round."

The old man slowly said these words as he looked at Nick Nicholson.

#### Chapter 687: Water Dragon Break

With the appearance of Nick Nicholson and the old man's remarks, there was complete silence around the Prison Battle Arena.

Many gazes instinctively fell on Nick Nicholson.

"This Nick Nicholson is probably thinking about challenging that young man from the Black Stone Empire."

"I think so too... after all, that young man is quite young. Even though his cultivation is impressive, the 'realm' he has comprehended is likely not that strong yet."

"One's cultivation can be bolstered by spiritual fruits... but one's 'realm' must be self-acquired."

...

Conversations rumbled around the Prison Battle Arena.

Hearing these discussions, except for the noncommittal responses from Wyatt Barnes, Walter Simmons and Kase Dragonsmith, most people displayed similar thoughts.

Unsurprisingly, these people were unaware of the existence of 'realm fragments'.

If spiritual fruits can enhance a person's cultivation,

Then, realm fragments can similarly pile up a person's comprehension of 'realms'.

"This young genius from the Void Realm Ninth-Order... I can excuse...but, I won't yield to the man from Black Stone Empire! I want to challenge him!"

As everyone guessed, Nick Nicholson's gaze swept through the young talent from Black Stone Empire, finally setting on Wyatt Barnes.

In his eyes, there's a dense, fighting spirit!

Nick Nicholson's decision, because many had speculated beforehand, was met with no surprise by the gathering.

At that moment, the old man's gaze fell on Wyatt Barnes. He spoke slowly, "The one from the Black Stone Empire, please step forward, and compete with this young talent from the Nicholson Clan. Life or death, it doesn't matter!"

Whoosh!

Wyatt Barnes didn't waste time in words, he simply rose from his seat and ascended into the sky. In the blink of an eye, he was floating above the Prison Battle Arena, standing in front of Nick Nicholson.

"Are you sure you want to challenge me?"

Wyatt Barnes calmly looked at Nick Nicholson, asking casually.

"Why, are you scared?"

Nick Nicholson laughed.

"Scared?"

Nick Nicholson's remark made Wyatt Barnes pause, only to burst into laughter shortly after. "Perhaps, there are plenty of people in this world who can intimidate me in my current state... but, you are not one of them."

"You would soon change your opinion."

Nick Nicholson's tone was resolute, brimming with confidence.

"Really?"

Wyatt Barnes' smile didn't falter. His beaming expression faded abruptly, replaced by a stern countenance. "I give you an opportunity... if you forfeit now, you might still have a chance."

"What? You think you're arrogant enough that you can kill me?"

Nick Nicholson laughed out loud, like he had heard a hilarious joke.

"Apparently, you've made your decision."

Wyatt Barnes slightly curved his lips, revealing a sinister smile.

The moment the old man declared the rules of second round, he had made his decision.

Whoever dared to challenge him, he would kill!

In doing so, he could secure a spot for Winnie, giving her a greater chance at acquiring the qualifications for the 'Ten Kingdoms Martial Meeting', and also show the others not to underestimate him.

"Don't be pretentious! Today, in consideration of you being Taoi Romero's son-in-law, I won't kill you...but I will defeat you and curb your arrogance!"

Nick Nicholson cried out. His robe was fluttering in the wind, making a rustling sound.

At the same time, magnificent Origin Force spread from Nick Nicholson, enveloping him, casting him in an aura like white fire.

Whoosh!

Simultaneously, above Nick Nicholson's head in the void, the energy of heaven and earth stirred, coalescing into the illusion of eleven ancient horned dragons, creating a spectacular scene.

Not only that, as pieces of blue energy pulsed from Nick Nicholson's Origin Force, eight more ancient horned dragon illusions appeared in the void.

"Level Eight Water Realm!"

Immediately, several people couldn't help exclaiming around the Prison Battle Arena.

Achieving the Level Eight Void Realm and comprehending the 'Level Eight Water Realm' not only tests one's Martial Dao talent but also their insights into Martial Dao...

That Nick Nicholson could achieve this was considered extremely rare by many.

"No wonder he dared to challenge that youth from the Black Stone Empire, he came prepared."

"This young man, even though he is a ninth-order Void Realm martial artist, the 'realm' he comprehends might not even be at the seventh order... He will likely lose."

"If this 'Nick Nicholson' of the Nicholson Clan can defeat him, it would truly bestow great honor upon their clan."

"It seems like the Nicholson Clan is set to earn some prestige today!"

...

Many whispers could be heard around the Prison Battle Arena.

The majority seemed confident in Nick Nicholson and did not believe Wyatt Barnes' comprehension of the 'realm' could surpass those of Nick Nicholson's.

After all, Wyatt Barnes was just too young.

Ordinary thinking led people not to expect Wyatt Barnes' comprehension of the 'realm' to be very profound.

As Nick Nicholson simultaneously activated his 'Origin Force' and 'Level Eight Water Realm', a spear materialized in his hand out of thin air.

Whoosh!

With a quiver of the spear, Origin Force quickly fused into it, disappearing like a stone sinking into the sea.

In an instant, above Nick Nicholson's head in the void, six more ancient horned dragon illusions and three thousand eight hundred ancient giant elephant illusions appeared next to the cluster of nineteen horned dragon illusions...

"Four-product spiritual weapon!"

Instantly, numerous spectators couldn't help but exclaim in surprise.

Of course, many people were not surprised.

Perhaps, with Nick Nicholson's status in the Nicholson Clan, he is not qualified to possess a 'Four-product spiritual weapon', but today, it's the 'Royal martial arts competition', which concerns the face and honor of the Nicholson Clan. Even if they have to borrow, they will borrow a Four-product spiritual weapon for Nick Nicholson.

The performance of Nick Nicholson today, win or lose, is related to the face and honor of the Nicholson Clan, so the family will not be lax in any way.

"The strength of twenty-five ancient horned dragons, plus the force of three thousand eight hundred ancient mammoths...."

Looking at the celestial spectacle triggered by Nick Nicholson's full effort, Wyatt Barnes calmly stood in place, unmoved, like a mountain that doesn't waver even in the face of its collapse.

"Nick Nicholson made a full effort from the start... it seems, he does not dare to underestimate this young man from the Black Stone Empire."

"On a stage like the 'Royal martial arts competition', no one dares to be negligent! One moment of negligence could mean defeat."



"Indeed."

...

Under the watchful eyes of the audience in the battle arena, Nick Nicholson made his move.

They saw Nick Nicholson rush out with his spear, like a bolt of lightning. His speed was so fast that some lower-level spectators couldn't even see his shadow.

But in the eyes of those with stronger cultivation, Nick Nicholson instantly approached Wyatt Barnes from the Black Stone Empire.

"Water Dragon Break!"

Suddenly, a fierce shout echoed through the quiet battle arena.

Under all eyes, Nick Nicholson stopped abruptly, the long spear in his hand trembled, and the rolling Origin Force roared out, with 'Level Eight Water realm' following like a shadow.

Whoosh!

Nick Nicholson flicked his wrist, the Four-product spiritual weapon in his hand, wrapped in the Origin Force filled with the realm of water, transformed into a water dragon and stabbed towards Wyatt Barnes.

Instantly, the terrifying power at the spearhead caused the air to ripple, emitting a low explosion sound, as if the water dragon was issuing roars.

"Good martial arts technique... it's just a pity, you're too weak."

As many people were sweating for Wyatt Barnes, his indifferent voice slowly rang out, echoing throughout the battle arena.

Many were taken aback at that moment.

Everyone saw Wyatt Barnes make his move. Instead of dodging, he moved towards the spear thrust by Nick Nicholson, which looked like a water dragon emerging from its lair.

"Is Wyatt Barnes seeking death?"

Seeing this, many felt chills down their spine, thinking Wyatt Barnes' actions were suicidal.

Someone rushed towards you with all their might and you are going to meet them head-on?

Isn't this seeking death?

Of course, the eyes of many shone, as if they have understood Wyatt Barnes' intention.

"Since you're courting death, I can't be blamed!"

Seeing Wyatt Barnes not retreating or dodging, but instead advancing, craziness flashed across Nick Nicholson's face. The spiritual spear in his hand trembled and the condensed power at the tip exploded instantly.

This is the trump card of his high-level attack martial arts technique "Water Dragon Break". Creating a water dragon with condensed power and at the moment it is close to the opponent's body, it bursts.

With its powerful impact and explosive power, it can severely injure or even kill the opponent at once!

Whooo! Whooo! Whooo! Whooo! Whooo!

...

The moment the power at the spearhead of the 'Four-product spiritual weapon' in Nick Nicholson's hand exploded, many spectators around the battle arena subconsciously stood up.

"Wyatt Barnes..."

Among them, there were people who knew Wyatt Barnes.

Such as Prince Yakim, Valiant Charlesworth, Walter Simmons.

Of course, there were people who knew Wyatt Barnes and still remained calm, as if they were fully confident in him.

Such as Taoi Romero, Elder Kane, Brian Graham.

"If he can't even beat this Nick Nicholson... Wyatt Barnes. There is no qualification to be my opponent."

A sneer appeared at the corner of the Second Prince 'Matteo Buckingham's' mouth.

"Wyatt Barnes!"

Marshall Tyler watched the scene intently, not wanting to miss any detail.

He wanted to see how his former rival had grown to this point today.

Under the gaze of all eyes.

The moment the power on the spear tip of Nick Nicholson's Four-product spiritual weapon exploded, Wyatt Barnes made his move.

The people with profound cultivation could see a flash of purple sword light as Wyatt Barnes raised his hand.

The next moment.

clang!

A harsh sound of metal colliding abruptly resounded through the battle arena, causing many lower-level spectators' faces to turn red. Some even started bleeding from all orifices, crying out.

Then, many people saw Wyatt Barnes seemingly appearing out of thin air behind Nick Nicholson.

Just when they were bewildered.

Whoosh!

The Four-product spiritual weapon in Nick Nicholson's hand instantly slipped from his grasp and fell into the battle arena.

Meanwhile, anyone with sharp eyes could see fresh blood continuously dripping from Nick Nicholson's spear-holding hand. The falling blood was eye-catching, like numerous strange red roses.

Chapter 688: A Sword Seals the Throat

Whoosh!

The moment the Grade Four Spirit Spear fell, the 'Origin Force' and 'Realm of Water' around Nick Nicholson also extinguished, falling straight down.

Boom!

Under the horrified eyes of everyone, Nick Nicholson crashed hard onto the iron cage of the duelling arena, hanging in midair.

For a moment, the entire place fell completely silent.

Drip! Drip!

....

Blood was still oozing from Nick Nicholson's body, dripping onto the duelling ground, blooming into dazzlingly enchanting 'roses'.

Soon, everyone could see that Nick Nicholson was now devoid of all movement and breath.

Due to their viewing angle, a group of spectators on the eastern stands could clearly see that the blood was flowing down from Nick's throat, a slender gash remained on it.

"It's a sword mark! One shot...a throat silencing shot! This Nick Nicholson was killed by a throat silencing sword strike."

Suddenly, a spectator on the eastern stands involuntarily screamed in shock.

Very soon, the shock spread from the eastern stands, sweeping over the entire duelling arena.

In no time, almost everyone knew that the second strongest youth in the Nicholson Clan, 'Nick Nicholson,' was killed with a throat silencing shot from the sword of 'Wyatt Barnes' from the Black Stone Empire.

"What a fast sword! Despite being an eight-level Void Realm Martial artist, I still couldn't see the trace left by his sword."

"If you could see it, Nick would probably have seen them too... then he wouldn't have died."

"His sword seemed to have been wielded only after making Nick drop his Grade Four Spirit Spear... This is even more terrifying!"

"His speed was too fast! The vision of the ancient horned dragon in the heavenly spectacle hadn't had time to fully coalesce yet."

...

In the entire duelling arena, the discussion was filled with admiration for the speed of Wyatt Barnes.

Wyatt Barnes may have made a move, but no one knew exactly how strong he was.

That was because, from his move to the killing of his adversary, he had only used one sword, one that was incredibly fast.

As the illusionary figure of the ancient horned dragon in the Heavenly Spectacle was unable to entirely form due to its divine speed, even the crowd of keen-eyed Cave Void Realm powerhouses at the scene was left in the dark about the actual extent of Wyatt Barnes' strength.

They could only guess for themselves.

"The strength of this Wyatt Barnes is much stronger than Nick Nicholson...When he made that move, there seemed to be more than one 'realm' at play! I faintly heard a wind thunder sound. It should be the 'Realm of Wind' and 'Realm of Thunder' combined."

The slightly solemn old man in the royal box seat remarked.

"I heard it too."

The emperor of the Great Durdo Dynasty sitting next to him nodded, his eyes fell on the youth in purple standing high above the duelling ground, "He really lives up to being Taoi Romero's son-in-law! He is truly exceptional!"

Now, the Emperor could understand why Wyatt Barnes was so proud when he faced him.

Wyatt Barnes was intrinsically an unworldly talent, proud and unbending, refusing to bend before anyone.

"Two realms?"

The old man's words changed Matteo Buckingham's expression slightly.

It should be known that he himself only understood one 'realm' and the 'approach to the details'...

Understanding two 'realms' would need a lot more time and energy - this was beyond his comprehension.

"Is Wyatt Barnes' comprehension ability this strong?"

Matteo Buckingham stared at Wyatt Barnes, his eyes filled with both jealousy and coldness, as he guessed in his heart, "But, since he has demonstrated two 'realms,' it seems that neither of his comprehensions have reached the 'ninth level'..... Otherwise, he would not need to use the second realm to kill Nick Nicholson."

"Wyatt Barnes... I will definitely defeat you!"

Even after finding out that Wyatt Barnes had understood two realms, Marshall Tyler did not feel any fear whatsoever. The twin flames burning fiercely in his eyes made him seem like a predator ready to prey on others.

Among the royal family, only 'Hal Buckingham' was considerably calm.

After seeing Wyatt Barnes' performance, a hint of surprise flashed through Hal Buckingham's eyes, before regaining his stoic demeanor.

Meanwhile, in the premium viewing area reserved for the Romero Clan.

"This..."

The Clan Chief of Romero clan, Sebastian Romero, was entirely dumbfounded, looking at the youth in purple in the distance incredulously.

He never in his wildest dreams expected this youth in purple to be this formidable.

Killing an eight grade Void Realm martial artist who had comprehended the 'eight-level realm' seemed as easy as killing a chicken or cutting grass from start to end.

"Young Master, look, the face of the Clan Chief of Nicholson clan has turned black! Hahaha... It's just a shame that Miss Winnie is practicing and can't witness this battle. Otherwise, she would be happy for Wyatt as well."

Elder Kane by his side was laughing heartily while speaking to Taoi Romero.

"He killed Nick Nicholson, probably to pave the way for Winnie."

Taoi Romero ignored the Nicholson Clan chief's expression and muttered to himself as he watched Wyatt Barnes in the distance.

"It seems that Brother Wyatt cares a lot about Miss Winnie."

Elder Kane joked.

At this moment, Kayden Romero, sitting next to clan chief Sebastian Romero, looked a bit stiff, with eyes reflecting a lingering fear as if he had just narrowly escaped from death.

He could imagine that if Nick Nicholson hadn't challenged Wyatt Barnes before he did,

The person who would've died would not have been Nick Nicholson, but him, Kayden Romero!

In this moment, Kayden Romero felt his back drenched in cold sweat.

This was his first brush with death.

"He truly deserves to be the son-in-law of the elder...his level of cultivation is much beyond my reach."

Kayden Romero took a deep breath, looking at Wyatt Barnes again, a touch of fear apparent in his gaze.



Meanwhile, the grim expression on the face of the Nicholson Clan Chief on the other high rank spectator stand was indeed difficult to ignore.

Nick Nicholson was the second strongest among the younger generation of the Nicholson Clan. His death meant that the Nicholson Clan had lost a future warrior of the 'Cave Void Realm'.

A warrior of the Cave Void Realm held a significant position to any power in the Great Turdo Dynasty.

"Wyatt Barnes!"

With vengeful eyes, the Clan Chief of the Nicholson Clan glared at Wyatt Barnes, desperately wishing he could turn into a beast and devour him.

"Impossible... Impossible! How could this Wyatt Barnes be so strong... How could he be!!"

Adrian Nicholson, the second young master of the Nicholson Clan, kept shaking his head, unwilling to believe the reality before him, "I must be dreaming, I must be dreaming!"

"Enough!"

Sitting nearby, Serenade Nicholson seemed to find Adrian too noisy, furrowing his brows and issuing a low shout.

Immediately, Adrian was frightened into silence, stopping his murmuring.

"Bro... Nick is dead!"

After a while, Adrian regained his composure, looked at Serenade Nicholson with an extremely difficult look on his face.

"Nick's vengeance, I will avenge."

With a composed face, Serenade said in a light tone as if he was talking about something negligible.

From the moment Nick was killed until now, Serenade had not shown any emotional fluctuations, as if he was an outsider.

Hearing this, a glimmer of hope arose in the grieving eyes of Adrian Nicholson.

"Wyatt Barnes!"

"Wyatt Barnes!"

"Wyatt Barnes!"

...

The crowd in the lower ranking spectator stands of the Prisoner Dueling Arena erupted, shouting Wyatt Barnes's name.

Wyatt Barnes hovered in the sky above the Prisoner Dueling Arena, after listening to the shouts for a while, he looked down and gently shook his head, "I guess there's no difference between me now and those 'celebrities' pursued in my previous life on Earth."

"If there's still anyone who's not convinced of my abilities, you're welcome to keep challenging me."

Before leaving, Wyatt Barnes grinned, looked around, and then generously declared.

Arrogant!

It has to be said that Wyatt Barnes is currently quite arrogant.

However, the people at the scene did not think so because he had proven with his strength that he deserved to be 'arrogant'.

For a moment, the remaining thirteen talents, except Walter Simmons and Winnie Romero who was still practicing, all wore bitter expressions on their faces.

Challenge Wyatt Barnes?

Wasn't that just asking for death?

The previous example was still hanging on the cage of the Prison Dueling Arena.

The corpse of Nick Nicholson seemed to be constantly warning them not to easily challenge Wyatt Barnes.

"Wyatt Barnes, I didn't expect you not only to advance in cultivation, but also to comprehend the 'realm' to such an extent...you are indeed our Black Stone Empire's greatest genius in history!"

When Wyatt Barnes returned to where the people of the Black Stone Empire were sitting, Prince Yakim lost his composure with excitement.

"The day I met Elder Brother Ling Tian, I could tell that Elder Brother Ling Tian was exceptional... Today, your outstanding performance has won me over."

Prince Yakim's adjacent Valiant Charlesworth also said.

The young talent who had received such high praise from Valiant Charlesworth, deputy head of the Turdo Dynasty's Artifact Refiners Association, was thus far only Wyatt Barnes.

"Prince Yakim, Pavilion Master Charlesworth, you flatter me."

Wyatt Barnes modestly replied.

"Wyatt Barnes, impressive."

Once Wyatt Barnes sat back down in his seat, he saw Walter Simmons giving him a thumbs up.

"Just a Level Eight Enter Void Realm martial warrior."

Wyatt Barnes laughed and shook his head, not feeling proud about killing a Level Eight Enter Void Realm martial warrior.

Just a Level Eight Enter Void Realm martial warrior?

Hearing Wyatt Barnes's casual words, Walter Simmons twitched his mouth corner and then gave a bitter smile.

That Nick Nicholson who just made a move against Wyatt Barnes was equal to him in terms of cultivation and 'realm'... Perhaps, with the powerful attack of 'Realm of Sword', he could overpower Nick Nicholson, but it would be extremely difficult to truly defeat Nick Nicholson.

Of course, this doesn't mean he couldn't defeat Nick Nicholson.

As long as he used the 'Triple Spirit Sword' given to him by his master, killing Nick Nicholson would not be difficult.

"Brother Barnes, impressive!"

The representative of Fletcher Empire, an elder with the surname Liu, complemented Wyatt Barnes without hesitating to praise him.

"Yeah, impressive!"

"Really impressive!"

"Elder Brother Ling Tian, with your strength, in one more year, you will definitely shine in the 'Decade Martial Meeting.'"

...

The group of young talents in the Fletcher Empire all took turns flattering Wyatt Barnes, without a stingy word of admiration.

Whilst Wyatt Barnes' strength had stunned them, it had also induced their heartfelt respect.

#### Chapter 689: The Realm of the Ninefold Sword

At the same time, representatives of many empires came one after another to greet Prince Yakim enthusiastically...

Of course, Prince Yakim knew better. He knew that their true intention wasn't about being nice to him. Their ultimate goal was to get acquainted with Wyatt Barnes.

Wyatt Barnes was no longer just the son-in-law of the head of the Romero Clan, but also a martial talent with terrifying abilities that was enough to make representatives of all major empires respect him and go to great lengths to curry favor with him.

Faced with representatives of the major empires, Wyatt actually didn't want to bother.

However, in order not to embarrass Prince Yakim, Wyatt responded to these representatives one by one with a smile. In the end, he felt his cheeks were getting stiff from so much smiling.

"Whew!"

After the representatives of the major empires left, Wyatt breathed a sigh of relief.

Whether it was in his past life or this one, he was most troubled by this sort of flattery. "It's true what they say... 'Man fears fame as pigs fear becoming fat.'"

"You're actually looking pleased about this?"

Noticing that Walter Simmons sitting next to him was secretly laughing, Wyatt glared at him discontentedly.

Only then did Walter stop smiling and immediately changed the subject, "Wyatt, do you think the other three Level Eight Void Realm warriors will challenge the additional five 'Level Nine Void Realm young talents' again?"

There were a total of six 'Level Nine void realm young talents' appearing in this martial arts competition. Walter was referring to the other five because Wyatt had just demonstrated his strength and proved himself."

So, in Walter's opinion, the other three Level Eight Void Realm warriors couldn't possibly challenge Wyatt again.

Unless they had a death wish.

Thus, they only had the other five people to choose from.

"How should I know?"

Wyatt shook his head, "Aren't you also a Level Eight Void Realm warrior? How about it, aren't you planning to challenge a Level Nine Void Realm warrior?"

"There's no need."

Walter shrugged and grinned, "There are ten slots anyway... Now that Nick Nicholson of the Nicholson Clan is dead, there's less competition and I am confident that I can grab one. Why should I bother exerting extra effort?"

"When did you become so lazy?"

Upon hearing this, Wyatt was speechless.

Of course, he believed that with Walter's strength, and the rank-three spirit sword from his master, even if Nick Nicholson hadn't died, it wouldn't be difficult for him to get a spot in the 'Ten Dynasty Martial Arts'.

"It seems like someone really wants to issue a challenge... I wonder who his target will be."

Walter's eyes suddenly lit up as he gazed into the distance.

Upon hearing this, Wyatt looked in the direction Walter was gazing.

In the distance, a thin figure instantly descended from the sky to appear over the prison arena, attracting the attention of everyone around.

This was a young man around thirty-five years old. He looked malnourished and gloomy, but his eyes were as bright as stars.

"It's Ulysses Fenning, the top disciple of Nether Mystery Sect's Inner Sect!"

"It's Ulysses Fenning, the chief disciple of Nether Mystery Sect?"

"Ulysses Fenning is a sword cultivator... His sword is rumored to be faster than lightning. So fast that he can kill without a single drop of bloodshed."

...

Many people around the prison arena were able to recognize the skinny young man.

Ulysses Fenning.

The number one disciple of the Inner Sect of the Nether Mystery Sect of the Great Turdo Dynasty, and also the 'chief disciple' of the Sect.

Inside the Nether Mystery Sect, Ulysses Fenning, who has gathered many accolades, is seen as a martial arts genius, he is also a direct disciple of the Sect Leader and has been handpicked as the future Sect Leader.

"Kill without a single drop of blood?"

On hearing some of the comments, Wyatt and Walter exchanged a smile.

Killing without a single drop of blood, they could also do that.

Of course, achieving that required more effort compared to the usual way of handling things, and it was both time-consuming and not necessarily rewarding.

Which was why they didn't bother to act that way normally.

To them, it was just a show-off technique.

Presently, none of those with significant strength at the scene were impressed by Ulysses Fenning's technique, as they could do it too.

As long as one's skill level was high enough and the speed was fast enough, killing without shedding blood was not a difficult task.

"I wonder who Ulysses Fenning is going to challenge."

Walter said.

"It's probably Marshall Tyler."

Even though Ulysses Fenning didn't look towards any of the Level Nine Void Realm young talents after he appeared in the prison arena, Wyatt still made a guess.

"Marshall Tyler? The one from the royal family of the Great Turdo Dynasty? Kase Dragonsmith seems to know him..."

Walter looked puzzled, "And I feel like I've heard this name somewhere before. It seems familiar."

"Do you know about the Five Young Masters of the Green Forest Imperial Country?"



Wyatt asked with a smile.

"Of course."

Walter nodded, "Kase Dragonsmith is ranked last among the Five Young Masters... but with his current strength, he should be the strongest among them."

Of the Five Young Masters, Walter had met four, including Kase Dragonsmith. They were the first-ranked 'Young Master Mad', second-ranked 'Young Master Flame', and the fourth-ranked 'Young Master Sword'.

Suddenly, as if something dawned on him, Walter's eyes lit up, "I remember now! Mr. Zither... among the Five Young Masters of the Green Forest Imperial Country, the one ranked third, Mr. Zither, is called 'Marshall Tyler'."

"Correct, it's him."

Wyatt Barnes nodded.

"I had just mentioned that Kase Dragonsmith was probably the strongest among the five young masters... but I didn't expect to be proven wrong so quickly. It's surprising that among the five young masters, there's another whose fortune is superior to Kase's."

By the end, Walter Simmons couldn't help but sigh with emotion.

'Marshall Tyler', known as Mr. Zither, he had heard of him before. It was rumored that his talent was not much different from Kase's.

Today, for Marshall to attain 'Enter Void Realm Level Nine', Walter reckoned that he must have had some great encounters.

Otherwise, it wouldn't be possible for him to advance so quickly.

Walter felt that Kase's luck was already quite good.

However, compared to Wyatt and Marshall's, it seemed somewhat inferior.

"Ulysses Fenning, who are you challenging?"

The old man questioned Ulysses in the sky above the Duel Prison.

At the same time, Ulysses slowly raised his head, his gaze directly fell on the exclusive audience seats of the Imperial Family, and passed over the three young figures one by one.

These three young men were all young talents who had reached 'Enter Void Realm Level Nine'.

The three youths from the Imperial Family occupied half the number of young talents of 'Enter Void Realm Level Nine' at today's Dynasty Martial Competition, which was quite a spectacle.

"Is Ulysses going to challenge the youth talents recommended by the Imperial Family?"

Suddenly, many people gasped.

"The strength of the second prince among the Imperial Family's three young talents is known to nearly everyone in the Great Turdo Dynasty... Therefore, Ulysses would not likely challenge the second prince. But the other two are unfamiliar faces."

"Among the other two, both are dressed in white... One of the young men in white was the one who hosted the first stage of the 'Dynasty Martial Competition' yesterday! His cultivation is certainly not weak."

"That's natural! Otherwise, the Imperial Family wouldn't have let him host yesterday's 'Dynasty Martial Competition'."

...

The audience surrounding the Duel Prison was full of speculation, all trying to guess who Ulysses's target was.

In the end, the gaze of most people fell upon the most unfamiliar white figure for them...

This person was sitting on either side of the breath-takingly beautiful woman along with the 'Second Prince, Matteo Buckingham'.

"Hmph!"

Noticing the gazes falling upon him, Marshall's face darkened slightly. He hated being underestimated.

"I challenge him!"

Finally, Ulysses made his choice.

Just as most people in the venue had guessed, Ulysses's target was indeed 'Marshall'.

"Marshall, you must give it your all... If you are defeated by a Level Eight Enter Void Realm martial artist, you'll not only lose face, but also the face of the Royal Uncle, and our Great Turdo Dynasty's royal family."

Matteo Buckingham looked at Marshall, sneering with Origin Force voice transmission.

Because the Sophie Tyler he admires was sitting next to him, he didn't dare to say these words directly, so he could only use the Origin Force voice transmission to ridicule Marshall.

He liked Sophie, but was not fond of Sophie's brother.

No!

To be precise, he looked down on him from the bottom of his heart.

"Your Highness, rest assured, I will definitely not tarnish the reputation of my master and the royal family."

Upon hearing Matteo's Origin Force voice transmission, Marshall took a deep breath and after suppressing the anger in his heart, he retorted similarly using the Origin Force transmission.

"Then, I will wait and see."

Matteo nodded, a sarcastic smile appearing at the corner of his mouth.

"Brother, do your best!"

Sophie Tyler's face turned slightly red as she cheered Marshall.

Marshall gave a loving nod to Sophie, then, he greeted his master and the Emperor of the Great Turdo Dynasty before stepping into the air and reached the sky above the Duel Prison to face off against Ulysses.

"Nether Mystery Sect, Ulysses Fenning."

Ulysses, with his bright eyes, focused on Marshall, who was confronting him, and slowly opened his mouth.

"Marshall."

Marshall spoke in a calm tone.

"It seems that you are from the royal family? Perhaps because of my ignorance, I had never heard of or seen you before."

Ulysses said, "In the past, I only knew that the Imperial Family had 'Second Prince' who was one of the three strongest young warriors of our Great Turdo Dynasty."

"As you said, it was in the past."

Marshall's tone was still calm, but anyone attentive enough could clearly hear the haughty arrogance permeating his indifferent words.

"It seems that you're confident in your abilities! However, I am not a weak 'Enter Void Realm Level Eight martial artist' like the previous Nick Nicholson..."

Ulysses' words stirred up the Origin Force within his body, while simultaneously, an incomparably sharp aura extended from within his Origin Force.

The realm of the sword!

In an instant, the Origin Force within Ulysses perfectly fused with the 'realm of the sword', transforming into a sword-shaped flame that enveloped his entire body, making him appear as though he had transformed into a sword.

Whoosh!

Above Ulysses's head in the void, eleven ancient horned dragon phantoms appeared first, followed by nine ancient horned dragon phantoms.

"Level Nine Realm of the Sword!"

Seeing this scene, Wyatt Barnes couldn't help but shrink his pupils.

Chapter 690: Marshall Tyler Takes Action

"Ulysses Fenning has comprehended the 'Realm of the Nine-Fold Sword'!"

"That is just as expected of the number one sword cultivator among the young generation of our Great Turdo Dynasty, truly remarkable. Despite only being in the eighth level of the Void Realm, he has already understood the 'Realm of the Nine-Fold Sword'!"

"Ulysses Fenning's strength is even stronger than that of Nick Nicholson of the Nicholson Clan who was just killed!"

...

As Wyatt Barnes is surprised, the entire pit fight arena begins to boil over, all astonished by the 'Realm of the Nine-Fold Sword' displayed by Ulysses Fenning.

The Realm of the Nine-Fold Sword!

That's not unusual.

But to comprehend such a realm at the eighth level of the Void Realm is indeed shockingly impressive.

Such understanding is truly monstrous!

'The Realm of the Nine-Fold Sword...'

Wyatt Barnes notices that Walter Simmons, who is sitting next to him, is staring intently at Ulysses Fenning, his eyes filled with burning fighting spirit.

Clearly, being a sword cultivator himself, Walter Simmons is now excited for a fight against Ulysses Fenning.

"This Ulysses Fenning is indeed strong...but, he is seven or eight years older than Walter Simmons. So, in terms of talent and understanding, he is currently not as good as Walter Simmons."

Wyatt Barnes thought to himself.

Of course, Wyatt Barnes also knows that the reason Walter Simmons was able to improve so much in such a short time was due to the help from his mysterious mentor.

Perhaps in Walter Simmons' cultivation process, he is never short of spirit fruits.

Even the 'Sword Intent Fragments' are plentiful.

"Walter, do you think you can beat him?"

Wyatt Barnes asked with a smile using the Origin Force.

"If I don't use the third-grade spirit sword, I'm no match for him... but if I use it, he is undoubtedly doomed!"

Walter Simmons replied via the Origin Force.

At this moment, Wyatt Barnes could see.

That Ulysses Fenning had a spirit sword wrapped in Origin Force on his hand when he used Origin Force and the 'Realm of the Nine-Fold Sword'.

Meanwhile, above Ulysses Fenning's head in the void, another six ancient horned dragon illusions appeared, along with three thousand eight hundred ancient giant elephant illusions...

"Fourth-grade spirit sword!"

Wyatt Barnes raised an eyebrow, guessing where Walter Simmons' confidence came from.

In terms of cultivation.

Walter Simmons is on par with Ulysses Fenning.

In terms of Sword Intent.

Walter Simmons is one level behind, lacking the power of a whole ancient horned dragon.

As for the spirit sword.

The spirit sword in Walter Simmons' hand is one level higher than the one in Ulysses Fenning's hand, with more than the power of an ancient horned dragon.



In terms of overall strength, Walter Simmons has a slight edge.

Of course, the edge is slight.

Generally speaking, if these two truly clashed in a bloody battle, they would be evenly matched, making it hard to determine the winner.

However, recalling the strong confidence displayed by Walter Simmons just now, Wyatt Barnes believes that Walter Simmons certainly has a surefire way of winning, or rather, an assured method of winning.

Wyatt Barnes is not surprised by this.

The master of Walter Simmons is a sword cultivator from the 'outside territory' who has spent many years in the field of sword cultivation. He probably has taught Walter some powerful techniques of the sword cultivators.

These techniques are mostly derived from sword skills, yet they surpass the skills themselves.

Like a set of high-level earth-grade sword skills, if further studied by a master proficient in the way of sword cultivation, many things could be derived from it.

Even the sword skill itself could potentially be perfected to the point of being comparable with heaven-grade sword skills.

"Wyatt Barnes, do you think this Ulysses Fenning can defeat Marshall Tyler?"

Walter Simmons suddenly asked.

Wyatt Barnes' gaze locked on the two in the pit fight arena.

At this moment, Ulysses Fenning with a sword in one hand, had twenty-six ancient horned dragon illusions above his head in the void, surrounded by three thousand eight hundred ancient giant elephant illusions like stars around the moon.

Not only that, on Ulysses Fenning's body, rampant Origin Force weaved into a vast flame in the shape of a sword, enveloping him, making him look like he had turned into a sharp sword.

Compared to Ulysses Fenning now, Marshall Tyler, standing there, looked just like an ordinary man.

There was no trace of Origin Force on him.

With a calm gaze on Ulysses Fenning, Marshall Tyler finally spoke up, answering Ulysses Fenning's earlier question, "Even if you are stronger than Nick Nicholson, so what? In my eyes, whether it's him or you, you are all just ants! I don't care about the strength of ants."

Marshall Tyler's tone was very calm, but the contempt contained within it made many people stunned.

"Now, what do you think?"

Wyatt Barnes looked at Walter Simmons, not directly answering Walter Simmons' earlier question, but instead asked.

"It seems he is another monster like you!"

Feeling the confidence in Marshall Tyler's words, Walter Simmons shook his head and laughed bitterly.

"This Marshall Tyler is really confident."

"He actually regards Ulysses Fenning as an ant... I don't know whether he has real strength or is just bluffing."

"He is obviously several years younger than Ulysses Fenning... could it be that he has also comprehended the 'Nine-Fold Realm'?"

"As long as he is not bluffing, there is a ninety percent chance he has comprehended the 'Nine-Fold Realm.'"

.....

The initially calm pit fight arena began to boil again due to Marshall Tyler's words.

Some thought Marshall Tyler was bluffing.

Others believed Marshall Tyler genuinely had the strength.

"Ant?"

Ulysses Fenning's face changed drastically, the flame of sword shape on his body surged up a few points, his eyes focused, glaring at Marshall Tyler like swords, "You, regard me as an ant?"

As the chief disciple of the Nether Mystery Sect, the foremost sect of the Great Turdo Dynasty, Ulysses Fenning had his own pride and dignity.

Today, he was being disregarded by someone who used to be a complete unknown in the Great Turdo Dynasty. The killing intent in his heart was brewing incessantly until he could no longer contain it and it popped out.

Stunning killing intent was constantly flitting past Ulysses Fenning's eyes.

"Give you a chance...kneel down, kowtow three times, and I will spare your life."

Marshall Tyler ignored Ulysses Fenning's words, standing aloof in the sky, his white clothing fluttering without wind, he calmly gazed at Ulysses Fenning and said slowly.

Kneel and kowtow three times?

Marshall Tyler's words caused another uproar among the crowd in the gladiator arena.

"This Marshall Tyler is too arrogant, isn't he?"

"He actually wants Ulysses Fenning, the chief disciple of the Nether Mystery Sect, to beg for mercy in front of him? He's dreaming!"

"I'm getting more and more confused...is Marshall Tyler really strong, or is he pretending to have mystifying abilities?"

...

The crowd around the gladiator arena was growing more and more mystified.

Meanwhile, many others were anticipating the development of the situation.

"Uncle Emperor, it seems that your disciple is very confident in his own strength."

In the exclusive superior spectator seats of the Imperial Family, the Emperor of the Great Turdo Dynasty glanced at the elder man in black robes next to him and chuckled.

"Confidence is a good thing."

When the elder man in black robes spoke, he appeared peaceful and unshaken.

"Hmph! Marshall Tyler, I hope you won't disgrace yourself."

Mateo Buckingham smirked contemptuously at the corners of his lips.

Meanwhile, the faces of the high-ranking members of the Nether Mystery Sect who were present turned extremely ugly.

Marshall Tyler's contempt and humiliation of their Nether Mystery Sect's chief disciple was no different from humiliating the Nether Mystery Sect itself.

"Want to take my life? Let's see if you have the ability to do so."

Amidst the gladiator arena, Ulysses Fenning was completely enraged. He could no longer suppress his rage, and with a flicker of his body, he turned into a sharp sword, setting off a terrifying airwave and stabbing towards Marshall Tyler.

As Ulysses Fenning's figure dashed out, in front of him, the Grade Four spirit sword vibrated, eventually transforming into nine greyish sword lights that followed his figure and stabbed directly at Marshall Tyler's vital spots.

He was so infuriated that he didn't hold back and made a lethal move!

"It's the Nether Mystery Sect's high-ranking sword technique 'Nine Child Magic Sword'!"

Instantly, someone recognized the sword technique Ulysses Fenning was using.

'Nine Child Magic Sword', a sword technique with an astonishingly powerful attack. Once it was used, not only would the user transform into a sword, but the spirit sword in their hands would transform into nine sharp sword lights, propelled by the user's speed.

It was powerful, and its speed was not weak either.

Among many high-ranking sword techniques, 'Nine Child Magic Sword' was considered superior.

Shz! Shz! Shz! Shz! Shz!

...

Nine greyish sword lights, following like a shadow, stirred up waves of piercing sword howls as they swept towards Marshall Tyler.

For a moment, everyone watching couldn't help but hold their breaths, with all eyes glued to the unfolding situation.

They were very much looking forward to the following scene.

"This Mr. Zither...seems to be a lot stronger."

Wyatt Barnes' attention was always on Marshall Tyler.

He noticed that from start to finish, Marshall Tyler was calm and composed, as if he wasn't taking Ulysses Fenning seriously at all.

"Now, he should be making his move."

Seeing the nine sword lights about to pierce through Marshall Tyler's body, Wyatt Barnes was shocked.

And almost the moment after Wyatt Barnes' thoughts landed.

Marshall Tyler moved.

Whoosh!



Wyatt Barnes only saw a streak of white lightning flash past, and in the next moment, Marshall Tyler had risen into the sky.

Simultaneously, a seemingly antique zither appeared in Marshall Tyler's hand.

"It's not the same zither he used before!"

With just one look, Wyatt Barnes recognized that this zither was not the one Marshall Tyler had used previously, "This zither is a Grade Four Spirit Tool."

Shz! Shz! Shz! Shz! Shz!

...

Almost at the same time that Marshall Tyler rose into the sky, those nine sword lights urged by Ulysses Fenning followed suit, rising into the sky and attacking Marshall Tyler once again.

Those nine sword lights, as if they had eyes of their own, continued to aim for Marshall Tyler's vital spots.

It was as if they wouldn't stop until they had killed Marshall Tyler.

"It's over."

Amidst the piercing howls of the swords, Marshall Tyler's calm voice followed.

Next moment, those with a high level of cultivation could clearly see Marshall Tyler's hand plucking a string on the zither, which then trembled violently.

At that instant, a strand of solidified Origin Force erupted from his plucking finger. Along with it, there was a strand of green energy and a strand of fiery red energy.

Zing!

Suddenly, an unpleasant-sounding zither sound immediately resonated, overpowering the continuous sword howls.

"So fast!"

Seeing how the 'energy inch thorn' gushed out instantaneously after the zither string was plucked by Marshall Tyler, Wyatt Barnes was deeply shaken.

It was too fast!

Humm!

Immediately afterwards, Wyatt Barnes only felt a flash before his eyes.

In the next moment, the figure that had risen into the sky, charging towards Marshall Tyler with an impressively imposing momentum, paused for a while before continuing to charge into the sky.