

## **L. Wyatt 691**

### Chapter 691: Self-destruction

At that time, Ulysses Fenning's eyes were wide open as he was propelled into the sky due to inertia.

The Origin Force in his body was instantly annihilated, with the 'Realm of Nine Swords' disappearing without a trace. The nine-rays of swordlight produced using the sword technique 'Nine Sons Magic Sword' also disappeared.

Complete silence enveloped Ulysses Fenning.

Whoosh!

Facing the Ulysses Fenning who was propelled into the air, Marshall Tyler put away his ancient zither, and calmly stepped aside.

Fenning shot up a bit more, his speed gradually slowing, and lastly, he was still.

After staying still, Fenning's body fell, hitting the cage of the arena with a 'thud.' Like Nick Nicholson of the Nicholson Clan, he was hanging by the cage.

Unlike Nick, although Fenning was dead, there was not even a hint of blood on his body. It was as if he had died suddenly.

"What just happened?"

All at once, the entire arena was in an uproar.

Of course, the ones causing the uproar were some relatively weaker individuals.

"Can anyone tell me, is this a fucking stage play? Marshall Tyler just plucked a zither, and Ulysses Fenning is dead? Now no blood?"

"Killing without shedding blood... isn't that Ulysses Fenning's technique? Now that he's been killed, there's still no blood. Is this retribution?"

"Is Ulysses Fenning really dead? Why does this feel so fake? Have any of you seen someone die from zither plucking?"

...

Many spectators could not help but doubtfully looked at Ulysses Fenning's corpse hanging in the cage.

"Ulysses Fenning is indeed dead."

At that moment, one of the elders in charge of the second round selection above the arena announced.

No one among the crowd would question the elder's words.

"He's really dead?"

"This Marshall Tyler is too terrifying, right? Just plucked a zither, and Ulysses Fenning was killed?"

"Not only does Tyler kill without shedding blood, but he kills invisibly!"

"Exactly! Even if Fenning kills a man, he uses a sword... But this Tyler, it seems like he doesn't need any weapons at all and can kill people invisibly."

...

Many spectators whisper to each other, their faces again showing a hint of fear when they looked at Marshall Tyler in the arena's sky.

Of course, not everyone thought the same as these spectators.

The reason these spectators considered Tyler to 'kill invisibly' was ultimately because their cultivation level was low, resulting in poor vision and their incapability to catch any trace of Tyler's move.

Just now, any warrior above the Ninth Order of the Void Realm could see it clearly.

In the moment when Tyler plucked the zither strings, the Origin Force at his fingertips, combined with the two 'realms',-turned into an extremely fast 'One-inch Origin Force,' instantly killing Fenning.

The 'One-inch Origin Force' was tiny and thin and so fast that it left no marks on Fenning's body after penetrating, not to mention shedding blood.

This was akin to Fenning's past method of killing without shedding blood.

The Level Four spirit sword in Fenning's hand was that kind of amazingly thin sword.

"To kill invisibly? They really have a fertile imagination."

Hearing the whispers of the crowd, Wyatt Barnes shook his head, thinking that the spectators were too naive.

"Wyatt ... just now, did this Marshall Tyler kill Fenning by releasing his Origin Force?"

Walter Simmons took a deep breath and asked.

Although he was an Eighth-Order warrior in the Void Realm, he only saw the Origin Force appearing at Tyler's fingertips and the scene of the force merging into the zither strings...

After the zither strings were plucked by Tyler, that subtle Origin Force disappeared from his sight completely.

He speculated that it was projected to attack Fenning.

"Yes."

Wyatt Barnes nodded, "Just now, using Origin Force matched with the 'Realm of Wind' and 'Realm of Fire', supported by a level-four spiritual zither's enhanced power, forming a light and thin 'One-inch Origin Force' ejected by the zither's strings, he killed Fenning."

It was similar to 'Bow and Arrow'.

The One-inch Origin Force was the 'arrow'.

The spirit zither served as the 'bow' and the zither strings were the 'bowstrings'.

"Didn't expect that, this Marshall Tyler is so powerful, and, like you, has realized two 'realms'. Wyatt, can you see what order are the 'Realm of Wind' and 'Realm of Fire' he has understood?"

After hearing Wyatt's words, Walter took a sharp breath and finally asked curiously.

"I can't."

Wyatt Barnes shook his head slightly, "His move was instantaneous, and the 'Ancient Horned Dragon' in the spatial anomaly didn't have time to fully materialize before it dissipated."

Tyler's move just now was even faster than when he killed Nick.

"I never expected that Marshall Tyler's strength has improved to this extent today..."

Looking at Marshall Tyler, Wyatt Barnes's eyes were filled with complexity.

Although during the duel named 'Two Year Agreement', Tyler's cultivation was far superior to Wyatt's. However, because Wyatt's spiritual strength superseded Tyler's, coupled with the Soul Technique 'Thousand Illusions', Wyatt was able to toy with him.

Afterward, he encountered a lot and believed that he would be able to leave Tyler far behind.

Who would have thought that Tyler's journey in recent years was not weaker than his own?

The scene before him was unexpected.

"Ulysses Fenning!"

Upon a spectator stand to the west, the high-levels of the Nether Mystery Sect turned pale.

They never expected their chief disciple of the Nether Mystery Sect to be defeated here, and not even be able to retaliate before being struck dead.

One could imagine.

After today, their Nether Mystery Sect would become the laughingstock of the Great Turdo Dynasty.

The high-levels of the Nether Mystery Sect exchanged glances and finally came to a decision.

They took Ulysses Fenning's body and left the prison fight arena. Before leaving, the way they looked at Marshall Tyler was filled with extreme killing intent.

The Nether Mystery Sect was never a righteous and famous sect and always used unscrupulous methods to achieve its goals.

Today, after Marshall Tyler killed the Nether Mystery Sect's chief disciple, causing the sect embarrassment, he undoubtedly offended the Nether Mystery Sect, who would not let this go.

Although Marshall Tyler is part of the Great Turdo Dynasty's Imperial Family, he wouldn't be protected by the imperial powerhouses forever.

If they could find an opportunity, they would certainly kill Marshall Tyler!

"Nether Mystery Sect..."

Watching the backs of the high-levels of the Nether Mystery Sect as they receded into the distance, Marshall Tyler's eyes narrowed to slits, a cold light flashing past them.

Clearly, Marshall Tyler had heard of the notorious name of the Nether Mystery Sect.

"Wyatt Barnes, I'm looking forward to our battle."

Before he left the prison fight arena, Marshall Tyler locked eyes with Wyatt Barnes, and he sent his words through Origin Force manipulation.

This was also the first time Marshall Tyler had communicated with Wyatt Barnes after several years.

"I'm looking forward to it too. I hope you won't run away like a frightened dog, like last time."

Wyatt Barnes grinned, bluntly returning Marshall Tyler's words with Origin Force manipulation.

"You... Humph! I won't waste time arguing with you."

Wyatt Barnes's words made Marshall Tyler recall embarrassing past incidents unwillingly. He could not help but go slightly pale, but he quickly recovered his composure, appearing calm in just a blink of an eye.

Seeing Marshall Tyler's change in expression, a touch of wariness appeared in Wyatt Barnes's gaze.

If Marshall Tyler had continued being angry, Wyatt wouldn't have thought much of it.

But Marshall Tyler's rapid return to calmness made Wyatt realize that the Marshall Tyler of today was not the same Marshall Tyler from the past.

The current Marshall Tyler was more terrifying.

After a moment, Marshall Tyler withdrew his gaze from Wyatt Barnes and moved back to the superior spectator stand reserved for the Great Turdo Dynasty's Imperial Family.

"Marshall Tyler, I never expected that your strength had advanced to such an extent... even Matteo may not be your match today."

The emperor of the Great Turdo Dynasty praised Marshall Tyler with a smile, sparing no words of admiration.

"Your Majesty overpraises."

Marshall Tyler replied modestly.

The one seated on the side, Matteo Buckingham, looked sulkier than ever.

His father's words were like sharp needles piercing his heart, igniting his anger...

He was inferior to Marshall Tyler?

"Marshall Tyler, I will soon prove to the Emperor that... you are helpless in front of me!"

Matteo looked at Marshall Tyler, speaking sharply with Origin Force manipulation.

Marshall Tyler glanced at Matteo and replied with restrained fury, abandoning his previous modesty, "Matteo, though I don't know why you target me... I would like to let you know that if we ever fight, I won't hold back."

"Hmm? You think you can beat me if you don't hold back?"

Matteo mocked him through Origin Force manipulated speech.

However, this time, Marshall Tyler didn't respond to Matteo anymore but instead turned to an old man in a black robe, "Master, your humble disciple has not let you down."

"Good... good."

The old man was very satisfied with Marshall Tyler's performance and beckoned him to sit down.

"Brother, congratulations."

Sophie, filled with excitement, congratulated Marshall Tyler. Her beautiful face lit up, attracting everyone's attention.

Marshall Tyler nodded and smiled. The way he looked at Sophie was filled with affection.

"Now then, is there anyone else who still wants to challenge a young prodigy of the ninth order of Enter Void Realm?"

In the sky above the prison fight arena, one of the two old men hosting the Dynasty's martial competition announced, his voice spreading throughout the arena.

Instantly, aside from Winnie Romero who was still meditating, the remaining eleven young prodigies of the seventh and eighth orders of Enter Void Realm zipped their mouths shut.

Are you kidding me!

At this point, who would dare to challenge?

Nick Nicholson and Ulysses Fenning, arguably the most outstanding among them, were both killed because they did not accept defeat, and by the two seemingly weakest young prodigies of the ninth order of Enter Void Realm.

They did not doubt for a second that if any of them still dared to provoke those ninth-order young prodigies, they would undoubtedly meet the same fate as Nick Nicholson and Ulysses Fenning.



"What a pity... with Ulysses Fenning's strength, he was completely capable of being eligible to participate in the 'Decade's Martial Competition.'"

"Not just Ulysses Fenning, even if Nick Nicholson hadn't died, he could've gotten a place in the 'Decade's Martial Competition.'"

"They destroyed their own futures."

...

Chapter 692: The Strength of Winnie Romero

Eventually, the remaining twelve youthful talents all conceded.

"Since no one objects... then, I announce that the second round of selection will now begin!"

The old man in the sky above the Prison Battle Arena announced once again.

Instantly, the eyes of the other two young talents who had entered the Void Realm at the eighth level lit up, all but Walter Simmons.

In their view.

The other two Void Realm Eighth Order youths, who were stronger than them, were all dead. Now only three young talents, including themselves, remained in the Void Realm Eighth Order.

As for the spots in the 'Ten Dynasties Martial Meet,' apart from one each for the six who had entered the Void Realm Ninth Order, there were still four spots left.

They thought it would be no challenge to get a spot.

"Is Winnie still cultivating?"

With the second round of selection about to begin, Wyatt Barnes's gaze passed through the void and finally landed on the Romero clan's exclusive high-class spectator seat.

In fact, as early as when he made his move to kill Nick Nicholson, he had purposely glanced at Winnie Romero several times.

Of course, his main purpose was to know whether Winnie Romero had wagered a pile of inferior original stones on him.

When he saw that Winnie Romero was meditating, he knew she hadn't bet.

At this moment, just as Wyatt's gaze fell on Winnie, her eyes suddenly opened, a flash of brilliance crossing them.

"Winnie, she seems... different."

Just as Wyatt was about to withdraw his gaze, he noticed that Winnie had woken up, so he took a few more looks and saw some hints.

"Winnie, have you... broken through?"

Considering that there were many strong competitors among the high-class spectators and that there might be inscriptionists skilled in mental power, Wyatt Barnes decided not to probe Winnie's cultivation through spiritual power, but instead asked by using his Origin Force.

The just-awakened Winnie Romero hadn't yet suppressed her surprise when she heard Wyatt's question and answered thoughtlessly, "Hmm."

"As I thought!"

Wyatt Barnes gasped, once again shocked by the talent of the holder of the 'Fire Spirit Body'.

Winnie was different from him.

He had the memories of the Martial Emperor, as well as a series of experiences that brought him to where he was today.

But Winnie only had the 'Fire Spirit Body' to rely on.

Most importantly, Winnie was younger than him.

Soon, Winnie Romero became fully awake. After learning what had just happened from Elder Kane, her beautiful face changed slightly, and she hurriedly looked at Wyatt Barnes and used her origin force to say, "Brother Barnes, I'm sorry... I was cultivating and didn't bet for you."

"No rush."

Wyatt Barnes gently shook his head and said nonchalantly, "There will be plenty of chances later."

Before Winnie could respond, the old man in the sky above the Prison Battle Arena spoke again, "The purpose of the second round of selection is twofold - to choose the last four from the remaining twelve, who, alongside the six who have entered the Void Realm at the Ninth Order, will gain the qualification to participate in the 'Ten Dynasties Martial Meet.'"

Then the old man started explaining the rules for the second round of selection.

The second round would be free-style challenges.

The twelve young candidates, including Walter Simmons and Winnie Romero, rose into the air. They did not come together but instead stood suspended in the air in front of their respective spectator seats.

For a moment, the twelve young talents became the focus of all eyes.

"In the free-style challenge, any one of you can take the initiative to challenge anyone else... Regardless of the outcome, both can rest for one round. The second challenger cannot challenge those who just fought."

"The challenge will continue in this way until the strongest four are determined."

The old man slowly announced.

"This free-style challenge is not bad... Those without enough strength will find it hard to blend in," Wyatt Barnes thought to himself.

Almost as soon as the old man finished speaking, one of the Void Realm Eighth Order youths flew out and was the first to reach the middle of the Prison Battle Arena.

This youth was 'Kayden Romero'!

Kayden Romero was known as the first of the younger generation in the Romero Clan, and a Martial Dao prodigy before Winnie Romero's identity was revealed.

But compared to Winnie's talent and comprehension, Kayden seemed a bit outclassed.

"Now, please choose one from the remaining eleven to challenge."

The old man said to Kayden Romero.

"I challenge him!"

Kayden Romero pointed to a Seventh-Order young man and said.

Then they started fighting.

Both in terms of cultivation and comprehension of the 'realm,' Kayden Romero was superior. The outcome was clear.

Kayden Romero won!

After the battle, Kayden Romero left the field.

Then one by one, candidates flew out to challenge those they believed they could defeat, filling the Prison Battle Arena with a competitive atmosphere.

Whoosh!

Soon, Kayden Romero returned to the field.

This time, his sight fell on a fiery figure who hadn't yet appeared in the field, "Forgive me, Miss Winnie."

The one he called out to challenge was Winnie Romero.

"It's Miss Winnie!"

"How shameless of him to challenge Miss Winnie... Miss Winnie is more than ten years younger than him."

"He really doesn't hesitate to defeat a woman!"

"Maybe he felt upset because Miss Winnie's talent is stronger than his, and he feels she has overshadowed him in the Romero Clan."

...

For a time, the spectators around the Prison Battle Arena were filled with curses.

Anyone of sound mind would sympathize with the weak, especially an extraordinarily beautiful woman like Winnie Romero, which arouses pity from deep within one's heart.

At the same time, the identity of Kayden Romero was somewhat sensitive.

"Make your move."

When facing Kayden Romero, Winnie had an indifferent look and a calm tone, entirely different from when she faced Wyatt Barnes.

"Excuse me!"

Kayden took a deep breath, then sprang into action, revealing his fourth-rank Spiritual Knife. His Origin Force surged and the intent of the knife clung to him like a shadow as he headed straight for Winnie.

Above the void, first appeared the shadows of eleven ancient Horned Dragons, followed by eight more.

He had reached the Eighth Level of the Void Realm!

A Seventh-Level Intent of the knife!

The phenomena of Heaven and Earth continued to change, until Kayden slashed his knife like lightning, then appeared the shadows of six ancient Horned Dragons and over three thousand ancient Elephants.

Hum!

The knife in Kayden's hand transformed into a curtain of blade shadows raining down like a meteor shower, with Winnie directly in its path.

He attacked with his full strength, his knife containing the force of twenty-four ancient Horned Dragons and over three thousand ancient Elephants.

Facing the countless descending blade shadows from Kayden that spread out like a net, Winnie raised her hand leisurely and summoned a crimson long whip out of thin air.

This whip was the 'Third-Rank Spiritual Weapon' that Wyatt Barnes had crafted for her.

Suddenly, the wind rose.

Winnie's red dress fluttered slightly, like a flame burning.

Before anyone realized, Origin Force began to blossom in the hand Winnie used to hold her Spiritual Whip, followed by the 'Intent of Fire' which then merged into the Third-Rank Spiritual Whip.

Above the void, the power of Heaven and Earth stirred, firstly gathering the shadow of an ancient Horned Dragon, then another eight.

In the end, seven more ancient Horned Dragon shadows appeared along with seven thousand ancient Elephant shadows.

She had reached the Eighth Level of the Void Realm!

An Eighth-Level Intent of Fire!

An amplified 'Seventy Percent' Third-Rank Spiritual Weapon!

This was the true strength of Winnie Romero at this moment.

Whoosh!

Winnie's Spiritual Whip in her hand suddenly swayed, darting out like a poisonous snake. The force contained within - equivalent to that of twenty-six ancient Horned Dragons and seven thousand ancient Elephants-

Surpassed Kayden by more than a notch.

For a moment, including Kayden, most people in the battlefield were astonished by the phenomenon of Heaven and Earth caused by Winnie's full action.

They didn't even have time to react, when Winnie made her move.

Whoosh!

Winnie's figure moved as if she was a sweep of flames. Wherever she passed, there ensued a series of air bursts that sent shockwaves sweeping across the battlefield.

For a moment, a wild wind raged in the battlefield.

Whoosh!

Next, the Spiritual Whip in Winnie's hand moved and flew out of her hand, turning into a red lightning streak, and started revolving around her body.

Due to its speed, it seemed as though a red light-shield had formed around Winnie, like a huge fireball providing her with protection.

At that moment, the shadows of the descending blades arrived.

Hum! Hum! Hum! Hum! Hum!

...

The shadows of the blades fell like rain, hitting the red light-shield around Winnie's body and making a dull noise, but ultimately couldn't penetrate the shield.

"Is Winnie using a defensive Martial Technique combining her Origin Force with the Spiritual Whip and Intent of Fire? Is this a earth-level martial technique?"

Seeing this happen, Wyatt Barnes was slightly surprised.

At this moment, Kayden's attack couldn't even penetrate the red light shield on Winnie's body, let alone harm Winnie.

Soon, the forceful shadows of blades that filled the sky gradually scattered.



Whoosh!

The moment the red light-shield around Winnie's body vanished, the Third-Rank Spiritual Whip returned to her hand and, with a wave, effortlessly shattered the remaining shadows of the blades.

"I admit defeat!"

Just as Winnie was preparing to take action again, Kayden regained his senses and hastily admitted defeat.

He was thoroughly defeated in this battle.

"No wonder she's the heiress of the Romero Clan."

Kayden sighed secretly.

Those who were stunned by Winnie's strength at the battlefield also managed to snap back to reality.

"Miss Winnie is so strong!"

"Indeed! She's astonishingly powerful! Not only has she reached the 'Eighth Level of the Void Realm', but she has also realized the 'Intent of Fire' to the eighth level."

"What's even more astonishing is... The whip in her hand appears to be a third-rank Spiritual Weapon!"

"Miss Winnie is an Eighth Level Void Realm martial artist. Regardless of her 'Intent', she can exert a force equal to the power of eleven ancient Horned Dragons... The force amplified by the Spiritual Weapon is based on this. But just now, the force amplified by Miss Winnie's Spiritual Weapon reached the power of seven ancient Horned Dragons and seven thousand ancient Elephants."

"That is to say, the Third-Rank Spiritual Weapon in Miss Winnie's hand can amplify 'seventy percent' of her force!"

...

The whole battlefield was in uproar.

All the eager gazes converged on the crimson whip in Winnie's hand, as if the whip itself were more enticing than Winnie.

"A 'seventy percent' amplifying Third-Rank Spiritual Weapon? Even among the Third-Rank Spiritual Weapons, that's considered the cream of the crop."

Valiant Charlesworth stood up from his seat in the audience section of the Black Stone Empire, losing his composure a little.

Chapter 693: Defense Martial Art Chasing After Heavenly Level Martial Art

Being one of the few Four-Star Artifact Refiners in the Great Turdo Dynasty, Valiant Charlesworth had deep knowledge in 'artefact refining'.

This is precisely why he understood what it meant for a Third-Rank Artefact to amplify 'seven-tenths' of the power.

As the Vice-President of the Artifact Refiners Association of the Great Turdo Dynasty, Charlesworth's understanding of artifact refiners extended well beyond the Great Turdo Dynasty and neighboring dynasties.

After all, there was also an Artifact Refiners Association in the distant 'outside territory'.

Moreover, every few decades, the Artifact Refiners Association from the 'outside territory' would send special envoys to the headquarters of the Great Turdo Dynasty's Artifact Refiners Association to provide guidance in artefact refining.

These envoys were, at the very least, 'Three-Star Artifact Refiners'.

And before these envoys left the headquarter of the Great Turdo Dynasty's Artifact Refiners Association, they would always leave behind a piece of their work, either a Third-Rank or a Second-Rank Artefact.

The Great Turdo Dynasty's Artifact Refiners Association was the only place in the Great Turdo Dynasty that possessed 'Second-Rank Artefacts'.

However, the artefacts left behind by these envoys were not for personal use.

No matter whether it was the 'Second-Rank Artefacts' of the Artifact Refiners Association or the 'Third-Rank Artefacts', none of them were high-grade, not even the normal high-grade ones.

The Third-Rank Artefacts collected by the Artifact Refiners Association mostly amplify 'six-tenths or seven-tenths' of the power, with only a few capable of amplifying 'six-tenths or eight-tenths'.

And now, he witnessed a Third-Rank Artefact that can amplify 'seven-tenths' of the power, how could he not be shocked?

"The last time the special envoy came was about thirty years ago..."

At that time, Charlesworth was just a descendant belonging to an ordinary family power in the Great Turdo Dynasty, "It was said, that envoy self-proclaimed a prominent Three-Star Artifact Refiner... but the Third-Rank Artefact he refined could only amplify 'six-tenths or eight-tenths' at most."

"Moreover, this Third-Rank Artefact in Miss Winnie's possession... When did the Romero Clan acquire 'Third-Rank Artefacts'?"

As his emotions gradually settled down, Charlesworth frowned, slightly perplexed.

To his knowledge, even the head of the Romero Clan, Taoi Romero, only possessed a 'Four-Rank Artefact' capable of amplifying 'five-tenths or nine-tenths', which can be called a high-grade piece.

Now, the appearance of such a Third-Rank Artefact in the hands of Taoi Romero's daughter truly puzzled him.

Suddenly, a flash of understanding crossed his mind. He turned his head slightly and glanced at the youth in purple sitting quietly behind him, "Could it be because of Elder Brother Ling Tian?"

He knew that there was a 'Three-Star Artifact Refiner' backing Wyatt Barnes.

Thinking about the relationship between Wyatt and Winnie, he deduced that the Third-Rank Artefact in Winnie's possession was likely refined by the Three-Star Artifact Refiner behind Wyatt.

The more he thought, the more certain he felt.

However, he didn't voice it for the moment, wanting to confirm further, "If Miss Winnie's Third-Rank Artefact does come from Elder Brother Ling Tian... then, surely Elder Brother Ling Tian must possess a Third-Rank Artefact too!"

There were quite a few artifact refiners present, apart from Charlesworth.

Now, their eyes were fixed on the Third-Rank Spiritual Whip in Winnie's hand, as if they desired to snatch it straight away and claim it as their own.

However, when they thought of Taoi Romero backing Winnie, they all felt like they had been doused with cold water and their zeal quickly cooled.

No one in the Great Turdo Dynasty dared to question Taoi Romero's power.

The Third-Rank Artefact in Winnie Romero's hand created a sensation in the Dueling Arena. Most of the people present, including the two old men presiding over the selection, were left stunned.

If anyone was calm amidst the spectators, it would be Winnie herself, along with Wyatt Barnes, Taoi Romero, and Elder Kane.

As they were aware of this beforehand, they were not surprised.

"Big... Big Brother."

The Clan Chief of the Romero Clan, Sebastian Romero, looked at Taoi Romero with a trembling voice, somewhat losing his composure, "The Third-Rank Artefact in Winnie's hand..."

At that moment, he seemed to have completely forgotten 'Kayden Romero' who had just been defeated by Winnie.

"It's a gift that a Three-Star Artifact Refiner gave to Winnie, out of respect for my son-in-law."

Taoi Romero spoke unhurriedly.

Son-in-law?

Upon hearing these words from Taoi Romero, not only Sebastian Romero, but the other senior members of the Romero Clan were also startled.

Subsequently, their gazes fell unanimously upon the middle-level spectator seats where the people of the Black Stone Empire were located.

More accurately, their gazes fell upon the purple-clothed youth.

This Wyatt Barnes, had a 'Three-Star Artefact Refiner' backing him?

For a moment, the higher-ups of the Romero Clan were greatly shocked.

They had initially thought that Wyatt Barnes could become Taoi Romero's son-in-law due to his good fortune and considered the Romero Clan as being on a higher post... but now, they no longer held this viewpoint.

What a joke!

Even the Emperor of the Great Turdo Dynasty, would probably want to betrothe his princess to a person who has a Three-Rank Artifact Refiner supporting him.

"Huh?"

Wyatt Barnes quickly noticed the intense gazes from the members of the Romero Clan.

Soon, he guessed what happened and hastily sent voice transmission with his Origin Force to Taoi Romero and Elder Kane, "Uncle Romero, Elder Kane... did you just sell me out like that?"

"Haha... Brother Barnes, the Great Young Master didn't sell you out. He merely mentioned that you have the backing of an 'Three-Star Artefact Refiner'."

Elder Kane's voice transmission was filled with mirth.

Wyatt Barnes breathed a sigh of relief at the comments.

This is preferable.

If it were to spread that he personally was a 'third-rank Artifact Refiner', he could only imagine the scrutiny he would be under... he didn't like the feeling of being paraded around like a monkey.

"An amplification 'seventy percent' third-rank artifact... Where did this Miss of the Romero Clan get this artifact?"

The Emperor of the Great Turdo Dynasty's face darkened slightly.

A third-rank artifact was something even the Imperial Family of the Great Turdo Dynasty only had one of, which could only amplify 'sixty-seven percent' of the power. Compared to the one in Winnie Romero's hand, it's practically rubbish!

"In the Great Turdo Dynasty, the only known 'third-rank artifact' is the one we, the Imperial Family, possess... Of course, most insiders know that there are quite a few third-rank artifacts in the Refiners Guild, not to mention second-rank ones."

The old man in black muttered, "Could it be that Miss Romero's third-rank artifact comes from the Refiners Guild?"

"No."

The Emperor shook his head, stating firmly, "The maximum amplifying 'sixty-nine percent' third-rank artifact in the Refiners Guild has yet to reach the pinnacle of quality, let alone this one that can amplify 'seventy percent'. It's the cream of the crop."

"Moreover, the artifacts of the Refiners Guild are not for private use, even by the Romero Clan or the Guild President Himself."

"So, did Miss Romero obtain her third-rank artifact somewhere else?"

The old man in black couldn't help but suck in a sharp breath, "It seems that Taoi Romero may have gone 'outside the territory' and met a 'third-rate Artifact Refiner'."

"It's possible."

The Emperor nodded, then sighed, "Such an artifact in the hands of an eighth-level Void Realm Warrior... That's really a waste!"

Mateo Buckingham, Marshall Tyler, and Sophie Tyler sitting at the side all agreed deeply.

"Humph!"

The second prince, Matteo Buckingham, was visibly upset.

As the second prince of the Great Turdo Dynasty, he didn't own a third-rank artifact himself. The fact that a little girl had a third-rank artifact drove him crazy.

Phew!

Over the arena, Winnie Romero put away her attention-grabbing third-rank Spirit Whip and returned to her seat among the Romero Clan in the VIP stands, floating in mid-air.

"The other ten competitors may now initiate another round of challenges."

The elder in charge of the second round of selections finally regained his senses and reminded them loudly.

Perhaps still in shock from what they observed, the other ten young talents didn't react for a while.

Swoosh!

Eventually, Walter Simmons was the first to pull himself together, flying out and arriving in the sky over the arena.

His gaze moved over the nine remaining youngsters.

Finally, he locked onto the only eighth-level Void Realm young talent among the nine, "You're up."

At this moment, Walter Simmons was still feeling shocked.

The daughter of the head of the Romero Clan also had a third-rank artifact, an artifact that could amplify 'seventy percent'...The amplifying power was far more potent than the third-rank spirit sword he held!

Besides, the defensive Martial Art displayed by Miss Romero also shocked him.

It was a kind of defense art that could be used in combination with an artifact and the Origin Force, as well as realm skills. "I heard from my Master, isn't it only heaven-level defensive arts that can perfectly incorporate the power of artifacts?"



"But, aren't heaven-level arts only supposed to be activated by mid-level realm skills?"

This point left Walter Simmons puzzled.

In fact, not just Walter Simmons, Wyatt Barnes was puzzled as well.

Because what Walter's master had told him was also known to Wyatt Barnes through the memory of the previous Martial Emperor.

"Winnie."

Unable to help himself, Wyatt Barnes called out and asked directly, "The defensive art you just used..."

"Brother Barnes, the defensive art I just used was cool, huh?"

Before Wyatt Barnes could finish, Winnie Romero interrupted, brimming with pride in her voice.

"Cool."

Wyatt Barnes nodded, then continued, "Winnie, from my understanding, only heaven-level defensive arts can perfectly incorporate the power of artifacts. However, you shouldn't have reached the realm level necessary to activate a heaven-level defensive art, right?"

"Brother Barnes, what I used was not at the level of heaven... The defensive art I used was obtained by my father through a quirk of fate. It's a high-rank earth-level defensive art that is just shy of heaven-level."

"Its significant feature is that it can be used in combination with artifacts."

Winnie Romero explained slowly.

"I see."

Wyatt Barnes came to a realization, but inside, he was still quite amazed.

"Typically, even when earth-level defensive arts are used in combination with artifacts, they can't perfectly incorporate the amplifying power... Only heaven-level defensive arts can do that."

A high-rank earth-level defensive art that didn't require 'mid-level realm' understanding could perfectly incorporate the amplifying power of an artifact was something Wyatt Barnes had never seen or heard of, even in his previous life as the Martial Emperor.

#### Chapter 694: Beyond-Level Challenge

"Brother Barnes, if you're interested in this defensive martial arts technique, I can teach you... This technique can be executed with any spirit weapon, under any realm."

Winnie Romero used her Origin Force to convey these words to Wyatt.

Upon hearing this, Wyatt felt warmed but also conflicted at the same time.

While the defense technique Winnie had just demonstrated may not reach the level of a heavenly defense technique, it was an incredibly powerful technique for those, like Wyatt, who have not yet mastered the 'Intermediate Realm'.

Once this defense technique is executed, unless one faces an opponent who surpasses their own strength by a large extent, it can almost always defeat the opponent.

Moreover, even the Martial Emperor's memory does not contain this martial technique, implying its rarity and valuable nature.

Now, the fact that Winnie was so willing to teach him this technique underlined his importance in her eyes.

"Not necessary."

Nevertheless, Wyatt rejected Winnie's goodwill.

Not that he was being self-righteous, but he felt it wasn't required.

To train to the extent of mastery that Winnie had shown through such a defense technique would take no less than two to three years even with excellent comprehension, he thought.

Wyatt knew he did not have so much time to practice this defense technique.

Even if he had time, he wouldn't practice it.

Simply because his current biggest goal was to comprehend the 'Intermediate Wind Realm' before the start of 'Decade Martial Gathering' a year from now.

By then, he would have the opportunity to practice many of the heavenly martial techniques in the memory of the Martial Emperor, among which were defense techniques that could leverage the power of spirit weapons.

Therefore, he didn't consider it necessary to spend his time on this defense technique just yet.

"Walter Simmons."

Soon, Wyatt's attention was drawn back to the battleground above the prisoner's arena.

At this point, Walter was confronting another youth who had reached the Eighth Level of the Enter Void Realm.

This youth, who had previously fought once, had only mastered the 'Seventh-Order Realm' and posed no threat to Walter.

However, due to the fact that Walter had not fully displayed his true strength up until this point, the void realm youth, who was Walter's opponent, was unaware of Walter's true capability.

Suddenly, Walter's opponent made a move.

Swoosh!

The youth sprang out like an arrow leaving a strong bow, and in an instant, he was right in front of Walter.

Swish!

With a lift of his hand, a sword light formed by his Origin Force in collaboration with the 'Seventh-Order sword realm' made a startling appearance. Like a lethal green snake, it fiercely struck towards Walter.

"Die!"

The youth angrily shouted, pointing his sword towards Walter's throat, clearly intending to kill him with a single stroke.

"Hm!"

Realizing the murderous intent of his opponent, Walter grunted coldly, and then made his move.

Swish!

Similarly, a sword light was casually picked by Walter, but with a more powerful 'Sword Realm'. This stroke mirrored his opponent's sword light like a shadow.

At this instant, it looked as if two venomous snakes were about to bite each other.

Some of the lower practicing audience members, witnessing this scene, quickly covered their ears, fearing their eardrums would be ruptured by the collision of the spirit swords.

Soon, they realized that their worries were completely unnecessary.

Swish!

Another piercing sword sound rang out.

Immediately afterward, everyone on the field could see Walter fizz up into the air, resembling a sword piercing through the void.

He, along with his sword, swiftly moved to one side just before colliding with his opponent's spirit sword.

In the instant his opponent reacted, Walter made his move again.

Swish!

Walter's spirit sword, as if it had an eye, went straight for his opponent.

Pfft!

The next moment, a ferocious blood hole appeared in his opponent's throat, spurting out bright, dazzling fresh blood. After writhing a few times, his body eventually stiffened.

Following the momentum for a distance, his opponent's body stopped and then fell.

Another body was hung on the cage of the prisoner's arena.

"Such a fast sword!"

As soon as Walter killed his opponent, Wyatt's pupils contracted involuntarily, his face filled with astonishment.

At that moment, he clearly saw Walter displaying a highly pure and simple sword technique.

The sword technique didn't rely on fancy tricks but struck directly and decisively.

The sword was drawn, and blood was splattered.

This point matched the essence of his Sword Drawing Technique, but the swordsmanship Walter displayed was significantly stronger than Sword Drawing Technique.

"Perhaps... I can only keep up with the speed of Walter's swordsmanship just now if I use the 'Wind Thunder Finger'."

Wyatt thought to himself.

If Walter had used a 'Third-Class Spirit Sword' for killing his opponent, Wyatt would not be so astonished.

But the problem was, Walter was using just a 'Fourth-Class Spirit Sword'.

In terms of strength, he surpassed his opponent only by a hair, with an excess force of an ancient horned dragon.

The difference of an ancient horned dragon's force and killing an opponent in one face-off would be inconceivable in the eyes of any person entering the Void Realm.

However, Walter did it, with his straightforward and powerful sword technique.

"Another Eighth-Level Youth in the Void Realm is dead!"

After regaining their senses, the people in the prisoner's arena heaved a sigh.

"This young sword cultivator seems to also be from the Black Stone Empire... The people of the Black Stone Empire are really standing out this time!"

"Indeed. Up until now, not only has Wyatt Barnes from the Black Stone Empire made it to the second round, but two others have as well... In the second round, it's inevitable for Wyatt Barnes and this young sword cultivator to advance. It's just uncertain whether the other one can make it."

"That other person seems to be at the Seventh-Order of Enter Void Realm... It's a gamble. After all, aside from the six prodigies at the Ninth-Order and three additional prodigies at Level Eight, there is only one place left in the 'Ten Dynasty Martial Contest'."

"One spot with nine prodigies at the Seventh-Order vying...is indeed up in the sky."

...

Surrounding the Cell Duel Field, numerous discussions were fervent. A lot of people shook their heads as their gaze fell upon Kase Dragonsmith.

Upon hearing these discussions, Kase's gaze was as sharp as a knife, flashing with a chilling intensity.

The final spot was something he had set his heart on!

No...

What he intended to do today was more than that.

Whoo!

Under the eyes of the crowd, Walter Simmons returned to the floating spectator seats in front of the Black Stone Empire group, beside Kase.

"Walter, congratulations!"

At this time, the people of the Black Stone Empire, including Prince Yakim, congratulated Walter in unison.

"Next, who is going to challenge?"

Soon enough, the old man's voice came again. The nerves of the nine young prodigies, besides Walter Simmons and Winnie Romero, tightened.

Swoosh!

A gust of wind abruptly rang out. An additional young man appeared in the Cell Duel Field above.

"Kase Dragonsmith!"

Wyatt Barnes looked at Kase in the field above and initially didn't feel anything. However, he was taken aback when he noticed that Kase's gaze was fixed on Kayden Romero, who previously admitted defeat in front of Winnie.

Is Kase Dragonsmith, with his Seventh-Order cultivation, going to challenge Kayden, who is a rank above him?

In that instant, admiration was aroused in Wyatt's heart, admiring Kase's courage and audacity.

"With Kayden being a distinguished member among the young generation of the Romero Clan and possessing a similar 'saber realm' as Kase, his cultivation level is a step higher, possessing the power of an extra ancient Horned Dragon... Even if Kase uses his 'Third-Order Spirit Saber', his strength will at most equal Kayden."

"This battle is extremely treacherous for either one of them... If Kase dares to choose this path, either he's too proud to admit defeat or he truly believes he can beat his opponent."

Wyatt Barnes thought as much.

"I, challenge you!"

Finally, while looking at Kayden Romero, who had previously accepted defeat on Winnie's front, Kase spoke up.

For a moment, the originally chaotic battlefield fell silent.

"You, challenging me?"



Upon being challenged, Kayden Romero was momentarily surprised, and then followed with a somewhat uncertain question.

In that moment, he even thought Kase had mistaken him for someone else.

"I'm not just challenging you, I'm planning on killing you!"

Kase slowly curled his mouth, revealing a sinister smile on his face. His eyes were filled with murderous intent.

Wow!

Kase's reply was like a stone thrown into the sea, stirring up the silent battlefield into instant excitement.

Various pairs of eyes, from all sides, cut through the void, landing predictably on Kase's body.

In that moment, Kase became the focus of attention for the entire audience.

"A warrior at the Seventh-Order of Enter Void Realm daring to challenge a warrior at Level Eight, and furthermore claiming to kill his opponent... Regardless of how we look at it, such courage is remarkable!"

"Indeed! Given the failure of 'Nick Nicholson' of the Nicholson Clan and 'Ulysses Fenning' of the Nether Mystery Sect, this young saber cultivator from the Black Stone Empire still dares to challenge across cultivation-ranks. That indeed is commendable courage."

"No matter the outcome... I'm backing him!"

"I'm also supporting him!"

...

The atmosphere of the entire battlefield was ignited by Kase's declaration of challenging an 'Eighth-Order' youth powerhouse, 'Kayden Romero'.

"You, a Seventh-Order warrior, want to kill me?"

Kayden Romero laughed, until his face looked like it had been enveloped by frost, "In this battle, if you don't kill me... you, will die!"

"We'll have to see if you're up to the task."

Kase replied indifferently.

"Hmph!"

Kayden Romero snorted coldly, losing his patience, he struck first, trying to gain the upper hand.

Humm! Humm! Humm! Humm! Humm!

...

Just like when challenging Winnie, he unleashed dense saber shadows that covered the sky and earth, curtaining Kase like an impenetrable net.

Above Kayden's head, twenty-four ancient horned dragon's specters along with more than three thousand ancient giant elephant specters galloped into existence.

Eighth-order of Enter Void Realm!

Seventh-order of Saber Realm!

Third-Order Spirit Saber!

This was Kayden's strength.

"Wyatt Barnes, how long do you think Kase Dragonsmith can kill this Kayden Romero?"

As Wyatt was engrossed in watching the battle, a clear Origin Force voice transmission reached his ears.

Wyatt recognized that it was Walter Simmons's voice.

Wyatt Barnes was briefly taken aback, and then asked, "You're so certain that Kase can kill him?"

Chapter 695: Sword-Person Unity

"I bet that Dragon can kill him within ten breaths from the moment he makes his move... Do you want to wager with me?"

Walter's Origin Force Condensed Sound continued to ring out.

Ten breaths?

Upon hearing Walter's words, Wyatt realized Walter's confidence in Dragon.

He had a feeling that Walter was not making an uninformed guess.

After all, Walter's master and Dragon's master were fellow disciples, perhaps Walter knew something important.

Like what kind of stunning martial arts technique Dragon has mastered.

And that martial arts technique likely came from Dragon's master.

"For you to say that, it's obvious you have full confidence in Dragon... if I bet with you now, wouldn't I end up being the fool?"

Wyatt's Origin Force Condensed Sound responded with a laugh.

Upon hearing these words, Walter was taken aback, and then revealed a bitter smile.

He seemed to have been too eager, resulting in Wyatt not falling into his trap.

Listening to Walter's words just now, Wyatt became quite intrigued by the upcoming duel and began to watch attentively.

Now, Max Cloud unleashed the martial arts technique he had demonstrated before Winnie, generating a storm of sword shadows that swept towards Dragon.

Each sword shadow was filled with peerless killing intent.

On the other hand, Dragon, faced with the sky full of sword shadows, suddenly consolidated his gaze and once again drew the spiritual saber that Wyatt had seen once before.

During the first round of selection, Wyatt had personally witnessed Dragon using it to resist the pressure exerted by two elders.

At that time, Wyatt realized that it was a 'Third-Rank Spiritual Saber'.

Whoosh!

As Dragon injected his Origin Force into the spiritual saber in his hand, an unusual phenomenon abruptly appeared above his head.

Horned Dragon phantoms quickly took shape.

"This is..."

Soon, the bystanders realized an astonishing fact.

That was the number of the rapidly forming Horned Dragon phantoms above Dragon's head in the sky, which was not much different from the number of Horned Dragon phantoms above Max Cloud's head.

Above Dragon's head in the sky, there were 23 ancient Horned Dragon phantoms, and over eight thousand giant phantom elephants, which were only a few thousand less than what Max Cloud had.

"A Third-Rank Spiritual Tool!"

"This Saber Cultivator from the Black Stone Empire also has a Third-Rank Spiritual Tool in his hand?"

...

Suddenly, the whole fight arena boiled over once more.

Third-Rank Spiritual Tool!

Another Third-Rank Spiritual Tool!

The first one belonged to Winnie from the Romero Clan, and this one belonged to this young Saber Cultivator from the Black Stone Empire.

So far, two Third-Rank Spiritual Tools had appeared in the Dynasty Martial Competition.

"Third-Rank Spiritual Tool!"

Max Cloud's face couldn't help but change a little after knowing that the spiritual saber in Dragon's hand was a Third-Rank Spiritual Tool.

A martial artist with a 'Third-Rank Spiritual Tool', moreover, a young man in his thirties, he knew exactly what this meant.

"What is his background?"

For a moment, he couldn't help but feel a sense of dread, which caused a slight pause in his actions.

At this moment, he had deep dread for Dragon's mysterious background.

Hum! Hum! Hum! Hum! Hum!

...

Dragon made his move, tirelessly swinging his saber like lightning. In a short time, the saber glow containing the amplified power of the spiritual tool and the 'Realm of the Saber' swept across the sky.

In an instant, a series of condensed Origin Force saber glows were met with the barrage of sword shadows that had slowed down due to Max's distraction.

Originally, no matter how fast Dragon acted, he was still making a last-minute effort, and thus was unable to condense the amount of Origin Force saber glows needed to resist the sword shadows.

Just as most of the onlookers thought Dragon was going to be defeated.

Hum! Hum! Hum! Hum! Hum!

...

The Origin Force saber glows swept out from Dragon's spiritual saber, surprisingly divided into three when they flew into mid-air.

This enabled the scattered saber glows, still retaining their original momentum, to meet the sky full of sword shadows head-on.

For a time, neither side had an advantage in terms of quantity.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

...

The collision between the saber glow and the sword shadows caused a series of dull explosions and rolling airwaves swept out, turning into gales blowing in all directions.

For a time, the robes of most of the spectators around the fight arena were involuntarily blown up, rustling in the wind.

Under the watchful eyes of all, Dragon easily resolved the sky full of sword shadows, perfectly defending against Max's attack.

The next moment, Dragon's actions left many people puzzled.

Logically speaking, Dragon should seize the opportunity to press his advantage, but he didn't do that. Instead, he held his Third-Rank Spiritual Saber tightly in both hands and horizontally above his head.

Whoosh!

Dragon's body surged with Origin Force, imbued with the boundless 'Realm of the Seventh Saber'.

At this moment, everyone present felt an illusion that Dragon seemed to have become one with the Third-Rank Spiritual Saber in his hand, turning into a giant saber.

The reason for this illusion was that the surging Origin Force around Dragon had formed the shape of a giant saber, enveloping him fully.

"Sword-person Unity!"

All of a sudden, Dragon spoke out word by word, his voice was low and devoid of any emotion.

"Sword-person Unity?"

Kayden Romero had already recovered his senses, but the moment he heard Kase Dragonsmith's words, he couldn't help but change his color, his mind in shock.

As a saber cultivator himself, he naturally knew what these four words meant.

Sword-person Unity, represented the highest state of a saber cultivator.

Both human and saber, indistinguishable from each other, a person is the saber, and the saber is the person.

The sword exists with the person, dies with the person.

Hum!

The next moment, the giant saber-like Origin Force enveloping Kase Dragonsmith, trembled violently, propelling him into the sky like a rampaging blade, splitting the air into two.

Coming near Kayden Romero, the giant saber swiftly positioned itself vertically before launching towards Kayden, bringing with it a momentum that seemed to split everything.

Hum!

As it descended, a huge beam, like a screaming gust, erupted from its tip.

If you look closely, you could see that it was a saber light screaming from the spiritual saber grasped by both hands of Kase Dragonsmith, containing his entire Origin Force, saber realm, and the power of the spiritual tool.



As the giant saber made from Origin Force and enveloping Kase Dragonsmith descended, Kase's whole body inclined forward as the spiritual saber in his hand swung at Kayden Romero.

This scene happened in a blink, so quickly that people could scarcely react.

"No!!"

Kayden seemed to realize the horror of Kase's strike, he let out a sharp cry, moving his body, trying to dodge.

But, could he dodge it?

Hum!

The falling giant saber seemed to have locked onto Kayden, relentlessly pursuing him despite whichever direction he took.

Crack!

Before Kayden could get far, he was mercilessly sliced in two by the screaming light beaming from the saber tip.

The leader of the young generation in the Romero Clan had been cut down halfway through his journey.

The grisly scene of Kayden's body splitting in two was about to be unveiled.

The giant saber abruptly changed its course.

Whoosh!

A piercing gust followed the blade as it swung, striking the yet-to-separate body of Kayden.

Smack!

A loud sound filled the air as Kayden's body turned into a rain of blood scattering across the sky, no longer leaving a whole piece.

Silence.

The arena fell into deathly quiet.

Though this wasn't the first death in today's martial competition, such brutal way of death was a first.

At the same time, above the arena, the giant saber made from Origin Force gradually faded, leaving a youth standing there, his saber horizontally positioned.

Drip! Drip!

...

The tip of his spiritual saber was still dripping with eye-catching, brilliant blood. The blood drops, falling from the sky, formed a scattering of tiny roses.

Tiny roses were continuously falling to the arena.

"Max Cloud!"

In the reserved seats of the Romero Clan, Sebastian Romero and other higher-ups of the clan reacted first, their faces changing color.

Kayden Romero, the once most talented of their clan's younger generation, was killed just like this?

Right now, they wanted nothing more than to kill Kase Dragonsmith.

But the 'third-ranking spiritual saber' in Kase's hand and the potential mastermind behind him put out their anger.

"Walter Simmons, did you already know that Kase Dragonsmith had this up his sleeve?"

Wyatt Barnes retracted his astonished gaze, looking at Walter Simmons, curiously asking him through documents of Origin Force.

Admittedly, Kase's previous trick had surprised him.

Although, it was still way far from the real 'Sword-person Unity,' but for a Seventh-Order Enter Void Realm warrior to reach this level, was truly rare.

That strike, to some extent, seemed to have taken the form of a 'Heaven-level Martial Skill.'

"What do you think?"

Walter Simmons didn't answer directly, but it was not hard to guess his heart's answer from his omission.

Meanwhile, the once deathly silent arena started to buzz again.

Countless eyes, without any surprise, once again gathered on Kase Dragonsmith's body.

"It's hard to believe that the strike just now was executed by a Seventh-Order Enter Void Realm warrior... His body transforming into a giant saber, coupled with that third-ranking spiritual saber, I even felt that at that instant, he truly turned into a saber!"

"I had the same feeling... He said 'Sword-person Unity' just now, maybe, that's what the legendary 'Sword-person Unity' looks like!"

"'Sword-person Unity' might not be the case. However, the saber skill he demonstrated has already surpassed most of the high-ranking Earth-level attack martial skills."

"When he said he was going to kill Kayden earlier, I thought he was bragging... Now it seems, not only was he not bragging, he truly had the capability."

...

The crowd around the arena discussed, their gaze towards Kase Dragonsmith had completely changed.

"Wyatt Barnes, that sword cultivator youth, and this saber cultivator youth, both hail from 'Emperor Stone Empire'... So, does Emperor Stone Empire's land and water really foster such monstrous talents?"

Not knowing when, an audience blurted out this sentence.

And this sentence again stirred a commotion in the arena.

"My wife is about to give birth next month... I've decided. When my child is born, I will move my whole family to settle in Emperor Stone Empire."

"My wife is also pregnant for a few months, I plan to take her to Emperor Stone Empire to give birth; taking advantage of the luck of Emperor Stone Empire, perhaps my child could become as outstanding as the three of them someday."

...

## Chapter 696: Ranked Battle

No matter how you slice it, this time, the 'Blackstone Empire' has truly made a name for itself!

Wyatt Barnes, Walter Simmons, Kase Dragonsmith.

Any one of these three would stand out among their peers in the Great Turdo Dynasty.

And yet, all three of them come from a small empire under the Great Turdo Dynasty's sway.

To this, any sane person would indeed be shocked.

Some have even started to wonder:

Could it be that the Blackstone Empire has been blessed by a divine being?

Meanwhile, all the young talents of Blackstone Empire in the audience, their faces flushed with excitement beyond Wyatt, are all extremely worked up.

At this moment, they feel proud to be part of the Blackstone Empire.

They never imagined that their hometown, the Blackstone Empire, would earn such honor on the vast 'stage' of the Great Turdo Dynasty.

It was simply beyond their wildest dreams.

At this moment, they can't help but look at Wyatt Barnes, Walter Simmons, and Kase Dragonsmith with admiration in their eyes.

It is because of these three that their Blackstone Empire has gained such glory.

"Prince Yakim, your Blackstone Empire is going to shake the entire Great Turdo Dynasty this time...soon, the Blackstone Empire may become the most powerful empire under the Great Turdo Dynasty!"

Valiant Charlesworth laughed to Prince Yakim by his side.

Vice Chairman Charlesworth is too kind," Prince Yakim replied modestly.

However, in the depths of Prince Yakim's eyes, there was an unmistakable gleam of excitement.

As the prince of the Blackstone Empire, he was not the emperor himself, but his status surpassed that of an emperor.

In a sense, he could be considered the guardian deity of the Blackstone Empire.

"Another three-product spirit weapon! How could these people from the Blackstone Empire possess a three-product spirit weapon?"

In the exclusive viewing area of the Great Turdo Dynasty royal family, the emperor frowned, his eyes full of confusion.

Truth be told, even he himself did not possess a three-product spirit weapon.

Although the royal family of the Great Turdo Dynasty did possess a three-product spirit weapon, it was in the hands of his 'Great Imperial Uncle'.

"How could a mere warrior of the Seventh-order Enter Void Realm from a puny empire possess a three-product spirit weapon?"

'White He', the second prince, had a greedy look in his eyes.

If it weren't for the fact that there were so many people present, he might have rushed forward to snatch the three-product spirit blade from Kase Dragonsmith's hand and claim it as his own.

"Young Master Blade...a three-product spirit blade? It seems he has also had some extraordinary encounters."

Marshall Tyler revealed a hint of surprise in his eyes and murmured, "It makes sense. If he hadn't experienced anything extraordinary, he wouldn't be here today, let alone competing with many young talents of the Great Turdo Dynasty."

Marshall Tyler was sure of this.

As one of the erstwhile five great young masters, Marshall Tyler knew better than anyone else the true situation of 'Young Master Blade', who was also one of the five great young masters.

"Marshall Tyler, do you know him?"

Marshall Tyler's mumblings did not miss falling into the ears of an elderly man dressed in black sitting next to him.

"Yes, Master."

Marshall Tyler nodded reverently, and then began to explain Kase Dragonsmith's background in detail.

The man in the black robe nodded his head in understanding, his eyes sparkling with wisdom, "So it seems that the three-product spirit blade in his hand either was picked up in some relic, or was given to him by someone else... the latter is more likely."

"Exactly."

Marshall Tyler fully agreed with his master's guess.

If the three-product spirit blade was something Kase Dragonsmith picked up from some relic, it could only prove that Kase Dragonsmith was lucky. However, it couldn't possibly result in his current strong cultivation base and skills.

Having confirmed this, although the man in the black robe coveted the three-product spirit blade in Kase Dragonsmith's hand, he dare not harbor thoughts of taking it by force.

What a joke!

Behind Kase Dragonsmith, there was likely a powerful figure who could casually gift a three-product spirit weapon.

That such a figure was undeniably strong.

Would he risk provoking such a powerful figure to snatch the three-product spirit blade?

He knew he didn't have the courage to do so.

At this moment, just like Winnie Romero's appearance earlier, the 'Three-product Spirit Blade' in Kase Dragonsmith's hand, without a doubt, became the center of attention for all those present.

Only when Kase Dragonsmith put away his spirit blade did the surrounding fiery gazes shift elsewhere.

Phew!

Enjoying the surrounding gazes full of respect, Kase Dragonsmith flew back to the viewing area where the members of the Blackstone Empire were. He stood in mid-air, by Walter Simmons' side.

Following that, the second round of selection continued.

At this moment, since two warriors of the Eighth-order Enter Void Realm had died, the remaining Eighth-order warriors were only Winnie Romero and Walter Simmons.

The remaining nine, including Kase Dragonsmith, were all practitioners of the Seventh-order Enter Void Realm.

However, by now no one would dare to underestimate Kase Dragonsmith just because he was a warrior from the Seventh-order Enter Void Realm.

At the very least, the other eight talented young men of the Seventh-order Enter Void Realm, despite not daring to challenge Winnie Romero and Walter Simmons, did not dare to challenge Kase Dragonsmith either.

Kase Dragonsmith, although he was only at the Seventh-order Enter Void Realm level, his combat abilities were so extraordinary that he could even defeat a warrior from the Eighth-order Enter Void Realm, which made the remaining eight talented young men from the Seventh-order Enter Void Realm both respect and fear him.

"Out of the ten spots for participating in the 'Decadynastical Combat Meet', other than the ones occupied by six young warriors of the Ninth-order Enter Void Realm... The remaining



four spots, out of which three spots will be taken by Winnie Romero, Walter Simmons, and Kase Dragonsmith. Does anyone else have any objections?"

After the skirmishes between the warriors of the Seventh-order Enter Void Realm, the old man presiding over the 'Kingdom Martial Comparison' asked the question.

Of course, the question was meant for the other eight young masters from the Seventh-order Enter Void Realm excluding Kase Dragonsmith.

"No objections."

"No objections."

...

Immediately, the eight gifted youths all expressed that they had no objections.

They knew their own abilities.

Perhaps, among these eight, there could be some competition.

But if they brought Winnie Romero, Walter Simmons, and Kase Dragonsmith into the mix, it would be absolute foolishness. They'd be better off admitting defeat now to save some time.

Otherwise, once Winnie and the other two stepped into the ring and challenged them, they would have to admit defeat anyway.

It was clear that the veteran presiding over today's 'Dynasty Martial Competition' harbored the same thoughts.

"In that case, it will be up to you eight to decide who gets the final spot," the elder continued.

"You're really lucky... If it weren't for the sudden death of four gifted youths at Level Eight of the Void Realm today, you wouldn't have this opportunity."

The eight young men found themselves agreeing with the elder's words.

Indeed.

If it weren't for the death of those four skilled youths at Level Eight of the Void Realm, they wouldn't stand a chance at securing a spot in the 'Ten Kingdoms Martial Meet'.

Sometimes, luck really matters.

"Additionally," the elder continued, "whichever among you eight ends up clinching a spot does not simply earn an entry into the 'Ten Kingdoms Martial Meet'. No matter if he finishes last today in the 'Dynasty Martial Competition', he will also receive a reward from the Imperial Family of the Great Turdo Dynasty."

Rewards from the Imperial Family?

For a moment, the breaths of the eight talented Seventh Order Void Realm youthful experts grew rapid.

Next, the eight young experts began to contest fiercely.

Time quietly passed.

The final outcome was that a young man clad in blue, who had attained the 'Seventh Spear Realm', earned the chance to participate in the 'Ten Kingdoms Martial Meet'.

This blue-clad young man was no representative of any faction from the Great Turdo Dynasty. He came from another empire and his name was Nathan Clark.

"If you have no intention of competing in the ranking battle, you may resign now... In return, you will receive a reward from the Imperial Family of the Great Turdo Dynasty, a hundred low-grade original stones."

One of the elders took the lead in speaking to Nathan Clark.

A hundred low-grade original stones?

Upon hearing these words, Nathan Clark's breathing began to accelerate.

For a gifted and talented youth from an empire under the Great Turdo Dynasty, an original stone was something legendary, something beyond reach.

And he would be given one now?

"A hundred low-grade original stones!" Suddenly, many in the arena grew envious.

Especially those from various empires, notably the seven talented youths at Seventh-Order of the Void Realm who had just been eliminated. Their eyes reddened.

Just a bit more...

Just that little bit more and it could have been one of them who stayed in the contest.

A hundred low-grade original stones might not seem like much to the top echelons of the Great Turdo Dynasty. But to the people of the large empires, it was precious, essentially invaluable.

"I give up my chance to compete in the ranking battle."

Nathan Clark spoke to the elder without any hesitation.

He was aware of his own abilities.

Regardless of his choice, he was destined to come in last today.

Forget about the six talented youths at the Ninth-Order of the Void Realm, he was no match for the other three either.

"Hmm."

Another elder nodded. With a wave of his hand, a Storage Ring shot out, heading straight for Nathan Clark. "This is your reward."

"Thank you, elder."

Nathan Clark thanked the elder after receiving the Storage Ring. He then returned to the middle-tier spectator seating area where his group was located.

The audience area immediately became lively.

Today, his performance in the 'Dynasty Martial Competition' might not be on par with the Black Stone Empire's, but it was more than enough to make their mark and be proud among the thirty-six empires present.

"The three of you, do you wish to challenge the six gifted Ninth-Order Void Realm youths? If you don't, then you three will directly proceed to the ranking battles for the seventh, eighth, and ninth places, and receive different rewards from the Imperial Family of the Great Turdo Dynasty."

In the arena, the old man's gaze left Winnie Romero and fell on Walter Simmons and Kase Dragonsmith, who were standing together.

"No challenge."

Winnie Romero shook her head first.

"I won't challenge either."

Walter Simmons also shook his head.

"Same here."

Kase Dragonsmith said.

"Good."

The old man nodded, "Now, the ranking competition between the three of you- the seventh, eighth, and ninth places - will begin... Miss Winnie, why don't you go first?"

By the end, the old man looked at Winnie Romero, "Who would you like to challenge?"

Winnie Romero flew out, like a ball of flame, and in the blink of an eye, she was in mid-air over the arena.

Her gaze landed immediately on Kase Dragonsmith, "I challenge him! The 'Dragon Cloud' from the Black Stone Empire!"

Immediately, the two old men looked at Kase Dragonsmith together.

And so did most of the people around the arena. Once again, Kase Dragonsmith had become the focal point of everyone's attention.

#### Chapter 697: The 'Seventh' Dispute

Facing Winnie Romero's challenge, Kase Dragonsmith's gaze flickered a few times before he outright conceded the match.

He had already witnessed Winnie's power.

Although he was confident in his own techniques, the disparity in their strength made him feel powerless.

This woman, who seemed to be alarmingly young, not only had a higher level of cultivation than him but also a better understanding of the 'realm' concept and her three-product spiritual weapon was superior to his.

He had seen the three-product spiritual weapon in her possession, which could amplify the user's strength by 'seventy percent'.

Compared to the three-product spiritual knife he had, it was much stronger.

All in all, his strength fell far short of hers, terminating any necessity for a duel.

Her strength alone was enough to crush him.

"Walter Simmons!"

After Kase Dragonsmith conceded defeat, Winnie Romero's gaze shifted to Walter Simmons, giving him a slight nod.

Compared to Kase Dragonsmith, she was more courteous towards Walter Simmons.

All of this was naturally because she knew he was Wyatt Barnes' friend.

Different from Kase Dragonsmith's surrender, Walter Simmons stood unafraid against Winnie Romero's challenge, darting out of the crowd to stand across from her.

"Miss Winnie."

Walter Simmons nodded at Winnie Romero.

"I know you are Brother Barnes's friend... However, today, I am determined to secure the seventh position in the 'Dynastic Martial Competition'!"

Winnie Romero spoke to Walter Simmons; full of confidence.

"So am I."

When facing Winnie Romero, who was like a fairy descended from the heavens, Walter Simmons showed no signs of flattery. It was as if he wasn't standing across from a stunning beauty but an ordinary person.

The two immersed instantly and successfully attracted everyone's attention.

Winnie Romero, heiress of the Romero Clan showcased her astonishing strength.

Her cultivation was at 'Enter Void Realm Level Eight', recognized 'Realm of Fire Level Eight', and held a three-product spiritual whip that could amplify its holder's strength by 'seventy percent'.

Walter Simmons, a young talent from the Blackstone Empire, was comparable to Winnie in terms of cultivation and understanding of realms.

However, so far, through the eyes of the audience in the fighting arena, Walter Simmons held a 'four-product spirit sword'.

"This Walter Simmons from the Blackstone Empire has fine cultivation and insight. He is not inferior to Miss Winnie... However, the spiritual weapon he holds is just a 'four-product spirit sword'. He is definitely at a disadvantage."

"A four-product spirit sword falls far behind Miss Winnie's three-product spiritual whip... Most importantly, Miss Winnie's spiritual whip can amplify 'seventy percent' of the strength!"

"The disparity in spiritual weapons is simply too great... Walter Simmons stands no chance in this battle."

...

All around the fighting arena, the spectators were generally not in favor of Walter Simmons.

Despite the skepticism of the crowds, Walter Simmons's expression remained unchanged.

"Walter Simmons, I won't use a 'Three-product spiritual weapon' in my fight against you."

Winnie Romero said to Walter Simmons, her words clear and confident, admirably standing tall.

Immediately, the entire prison fighting arena was in an uproar again.

"Miss Winnie is truly the daughter of Lord Wudao, her integrity is unparalleled. She doesn't want to take an advantage over Walter Simmons with her spiritual weapon."

"I am growing more and more envious of that Wyatt Barnes from the Blackstone Empire... What merits does he have to be able to marry such an outstanding woman like Miss Winnie?"

"You ask what merits Wyatt Barnes has? What do you amount to in comparison to him?"

...

The discussion around the fighting arena unknowingly swung to Wyatt Barnes.

While there were many criticisms leveled at Wyatt Barnes, there were many others who took his side, most of them were from the deepest admiration for Wyatt Barnes.

"Winnie and Walter are having an exhibition match, and they can still connect it to me..."

Wyatt Barnes wore a strange expression, feeling as if he were being drawn into the fray despite laying low.

Who did I offend?

"No need to!"

Hearing Winnie's candid words, Walter Simmons shook his head.

Just as confusion spread across Winnie's face, a radiant three-foot-long blade materialized out of thin air in Walter's hand.

"This isn't the spirit sword Walter Simmons used before!"



Very quickly, some discerned the development that was unfolding.

At this moment, Walter Simmons's Origin Force flooded into the three-foot-long blade in his hand.

In an instant, above the void, strange phenomena began to unfold.

First, the illusions of eleven ancient horned dragons appeared, followed by the illusions of seven ancient behemoths, plus the illusions of over four thousand ancient behemoths.

"It can amplify 'sixty-eight percent' ... three-product spirit sword!"

"Does Walter Simmons also have a three-product spiritual weapon? My god! Is today a gathering of three-product spiritual weapons?"

"Doesn't our Great Turdo Dynasty only have one three-product spiritual weapon? And isn't that spiritual weapon held by the Imperial Family?"

...

With the appearance of a three-product spiritual weapon in Walter's hand, the entire prison fighting arena was abuzz.

If someone was not surprised by this, it would be Wyatt Barnes alone.

He had heard long before that Walter Simmons and Kase Dragonsmith had three-product spiritual weapons, so even if he saw Walter Simmons take out a three-product spiritual sword with his own eyes, he felt nothing unusual.

"Elder Brother Ling Tian, the three-product spiritual weapons in their hands, were they all refined by the three-product Artifact Refiner standing behind you?"

Wyatt Barnes's composed expression fell into the watchful eyes of Valiant Charlesworth, who couldn't help but question him.

Between his words, a dash of urgency crept in.

Upon receiving the Origin Force sound transmission from Valiant Charlesworth, Wyatt Barnes was somewhat taken aback, taking a moment to react.

He knew, Valiant was overthinking.

"Pavilion Master Charlesworth, you're overthinking it."

Wyatt Barnes responded truthfully.

"I'm overthinking it?"

Valiant Charlesworth paused for a moment, then further questioned: "Is it really me overthinking? Both Miss Winnie of the Romero Clan, and the young talents Walter Simmons and Kase Dragonsmith from the Blackstone Empire, all seem to have quite some connections with you, don't they?"

"That's correct."

At this point, Wyatt Barnes did not deny it, "The three of them do have some connection with me to varying degrees... However, of the three Rank 3 artifacts they each hold, only the one that Winnie has was refined by the Rank 3 Artifact Refiner behind me. The ones held by Walter Simmons and Kase Dragonsmith have nothing to do with the refiner behind me."

"Moreover, of these two, I'm actually only friends with Walter Simmons. I could perhaps ask the Rank 3 Refiner behind me to refine a Rank 3 Artifact for him, but I wouldn't be able to help Kase Dragonsmith."

Wyatt Barnes spoke straightforwardly.

To this end, Valiant Charlesworth had no doubts, but he still couldn't help expressing his astonishment: "Elder Brother Lingtian, the Rank 3 Refiner behind you is truly an amazing

character! He was actually able to refine the Rank 3 artifact in Miss Winnie's hand that can amplify 'Seventy Percent'."

"It's alright."

Wyatt Barnes nodded, only managing to portray such nonchalance due to his thick skin, otherwise, he would have turned red from all the praise.

"Another Rank 3 Artifact!"

In the high-class seating reserved for the Imperial Family of the Great Turdo Dynasty, the Emperor's lips twitched, his majesty diminished.

Even though his status was high within the Great Turdo Dynasty, he couldn't help being impressed at this moment.

"Again, it's someone from the Blackstone Empire!"

The man in black can't help but take in a sharp breath.

"Those from the Blackstone Empire truly have tremendous fortune."

Hal Buckingham, who had remained silent all this while, spoke for the rare occasion, his voice carrying a trace of surprise.

As for the siblings, Marshall and Sophie Tyler, they didn't say anything.

However, the look in Matteo Buckingham, who was sitting next to Sophie, showed even more intense greed than when Kase Dragonsmith took out his Rank 3 spirit blade, "Another Rank 3 artifact... and it's a Rank 3 spirit sword!"

He was a swordsman himself, and what he understood was the 'Realm of the Sword'.

Compared to the Rank 3 spirit blade, he wanted a 'Rank 3 Spirit Sword' more.

"Walter Simmons, hmm?"

Matteo's eyes were filled with desire.

However, soon, a sentence was transmitted into Matteo's ear, as though a bucket of cold water was poured onto his head, "Matteo, you best stop thinking about those Rank 3 artifacts in the hands of Kase Dragonsmith and Walter Simmons!"

Matteo could tell that this was the Origin Force voice transmission from his father, the current Emperor of the Great Turdo Dynasty.

The Emperor had clearly noticed the greed showing in Matteo's eyes.

"Why?!"

Upon hearing this, Matteo frowned and replied somewhat indignantly.

"Hmph!"

The Emperor gave a cold snort through the Origin Force, saying somewhat disapprovingly: "You should think carefully... Why do they have Rank 3 artifacts? Do you think they just fell from the sky? Furthermore, they are merely from a small empire, and yet they have such strength. Do you think there wouldn't be someone powerful supporting them from behind?"

The Emperor's words were quite reasonable and left Matteo somewhat hesitant.

Just at this moment, in addition to brandishing his Rank 3 Spirit Sword, Walter Simmons also directly demonstrated his 'eight-fold Realm of the Sword'.

A moment later, Walter Simmons decided to make the first move and swiftly attacked Winnie Romero.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

...

The shadow of the sword crisscrossed and swept toward Winnie Romero.

In contrast, Winnie Romero flicked her Rank 3 Spiritual Whip, and it started to coil around her graceful and shapely body, forming a red protective light shield once again.

This red protective shield was like a giant fireball, shielding Winnie Romero entirely within it.

Clang! Clang! Clang! Clang! Clang!

...

Every time Walter Simmons attacked with his Rank 3 Spirit Sword, the fireball shield around Winnie Romero shrank a little bit.

Of course, if one were to look with the naked eye, it would be hard to notice the changes in the fireball.

Finally, under everyone's eyes, the fireball moved and shifted away.

It was then that Winnie Romero realized she couldn't continue being passive, as that would mean inevitable defeat...

Defensive martial arts skills may provide temporary relief in an emergency, but they certainly cannot be used throughout the battle.

This ranking battle wasn't about achieving a draw with Walter Simmons; she had to defeat him to secure the seventh seat of the Dynasty Martial Arts Competition.

The seventh seat, as she had said before...

She was determined to win it!

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

...

Finally, Winnie Romero made her move. Swinging her Rank 3 Spirit Whip, she created a dense array of whip shadows that sliced through the air and targeted Walter Simmons.

As these whip shadows rained down from the sky, it was as though a downpour was in full swing.

"An all-encompassing hailstorm?"

Seeing this, Wyatt Barnes paused momentarily, unable to stop himself from recalling the events when he had first met Winnie Romero in Phoenix Perch City.

Chapter 698: Seventh, Eighth, Ninth

Wyatt Barnes still remembered.

The first time he saw Winnie, it was on the 'martial arts competition for a marital alliance' stage in front of the main mansion of Phoenix Perch City's city lord.

The first time they met, he crossed fists with Winnie Romero.

In that clash, Winnie had used a martial technique similar to one she was using now. Later, he learned from Winnie that the technique was called "Raining Flowers".

"It seems Winnie isn't using Raining Flowers now..."

Quickly, Wyatt Barnes realized that the martial technique Winnie was currently demonstrating, although similar to Raining Flowers, was noticeably more powerful.

Combined with the 'Level Eight Fire Realm', when Winnie took action, the whooshing sound of the whip shadow seemed to transform into fire meteors covering the sky and sweeping toward Walter Simmons.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

...

It's undeniable, Walter Simmons was extremely powerful. With a cultivation level equal to Winnie and holding a 'third-grade spirit sword' which was inferior to the weapon in Winnie's hands, he firmly blocked Winnie's overwhelming attack.

Every time Walter moved, it was as if he turned into a sharp sword, swiftly sweeping out, making a sword-shattering sound.

The three-foot green blade in his hand was as fast as lightning, forming an impervious 'sword net', repeatedly blocking Winnie's third-grade spiritual whip.

The battle grew more and more intense.

And the atmosphere in the arena became quiet and heavy.

"This Walter Simmons... has he grown so strong? It seems, his master behind him is not simple."

Seeing Walter Simmons, who was weaker than Winnie, still being able to compete with her without losing any ground by using his simple and efficient sword skill, Wyatt Barnes couldn't help but be amazed.

For a moment, he became even more curious about that master behind Walter.

"The master behind Walter must be a 'Transforming Void Realm' expert... As he has trained Walter to such a degree, he must have reached a certain level of understanding in 'swordplay'. At the least, he should have comprehended the 'Advanced Sword Realm'!"

The advanced realm is also known as the 'Transforming Void Realm'.

Generally speaking, only those at the level of the Transforming Void Realm strongmen can master such a 'realm'.

Of course, there are exceptions.

If one's comprehension far exceeds the talent of Cave Void Realm warriors, one also has the chance to understand the 'Transforming Void Realm'.

Such warriors are much rarer than Transforming Void Realm warriors.

And every single one of them is a terrifying existence.

Time went by quickly, and before they knew it, a quarter of an hour had passed.

Winnie and Walter were evenly matched.

Half an hour passed.

The situation remained the same.

Some spectators in the crowd couldn't help but grow impatient, hurriedly urging, "If this goes on, when will it end? There is still the 'ranking battle' of the youth warriors of the Ninth Level of Void Realm to take place!"

Exactly! If Walter and Miss Winnie fight into the night, won't we also have to wait until dawn?"

In my opinion, it is meaningless to continue this fight. This battle should be considered a draw."

...



Many spectators were becoming impatient, and some even began to provide suggestions.

In the empty sky above the arena, the two elders responsible for hosting the 'Great Turdo Dynasty Martial Competition' glanced at each other, then turned their gaze to the emperor of the Great Turdo Dynasty.

The emperor gave them a nod.

Suddenly, the two elders looked at Winnie and Walter who were still engaged in battle, preparing to announce a tie.

"Miss Winn..."

One of the elders, who hadn't finished speaking, abruptly halted.

It wasn't that someone interrupted him, but he himself was stunned, staring at the scene before his eyes.

Under the watchful eyes of everyone.

Winnie, who was previously on par with Walter, out of the blue, another ancient horned dragon shadow appeared above her...

Anyone with clear sight could see why.

At this moment, within the energy on Winnie's third-grade spirit whip, those strands of red energy had become significantly more solid.

"The ninth level of the Fire Realm!"

Wyatt Barnes, who had been closely watching Winnie and Walter's battle, couldn't help but be astonished.

He never thought that Winnie would comprehend the 'ninth level of the fire realm' right at this crucial moment, "Truly befitting of the owner of the 'fire spirit body', Winnie is like the favored child of the 'Fire Realm'."

Wyatt Barnes couldn't help but be shocked.

And the others were also startled.

"This is possible?"

"My God! How old is Miss Winnie this year? Her cultivation has reached the eighth level of the Void Realm, and she has comprehended the 'ninth level of the Fire Realm'... I feel like I've lived my long life in vain!"

"Isn't that the same for me?"

...

There was a flurry of discussion around the arena, with most people feeling discouraged.

And Winnie, after comprehending the 'ninth level of the Fire Realm' during the battle, power surged through her, unsurprisingly forcing Walter Simmons who was previously on the same level with her to withdraw.

Just as she was preparing to take advantage and charge forward.

"I admit defeat."

Walter Simmons began to speak, with a touch of regret in his tone.

At that moment, he felt a sense of pity.

Originally, despite the difference in their third-ranked spiritual devices, which made him somewhat weaker than Winnie Romero, his sword skills were undoubtedly stronger than her martial arts.

Therefore, in terms of true strength, he was not weaker than Winnie.

But what he never expected was that, when he thought his duel with Winnie was going to end in a draw, Winnie suddenly comprehended the 'Nine Layers of Fire Realm'.

With Winnie understanding the 'Nine Layers of Fire Realm', it was as if she had gained the strength of an ancient Horned Dragon, breaking the delicate balance between him and Winnie.

It was meaningless to continue fighting.

Because he had no chance of winning, not even a chance of a draw.

"Walter Simmons, you are indeed worthy of being Brother Barnes' friend... your sword skills are very strong. If it wasn't for my power surpassing yours, I wouldn't be a match for you."

Winnie sincerely spoke to the conceding Walter.

"You flatter me too much, Miss Winnie. It's your talent and comprehension that really amazed me."

Walter said with some embarrassment.

Talent? Comprehension?

Upon hearing Walter's words, Winnie Romero's originally shimmering eyes dulled instantly, sighing silently to herself, "If I could, I would rather forsake this talent and comprehension... I just wish to be an ordinary person."

Her talent and understanding were all due to that 'Fire Spirit Body', which made her exceptionally gifted. Yet as the owner of the Fire Spirit Body, the pressure she bore was incomprehensible to ordinary martial artists.

When someone knows from a young age that when they turned thirty, they would face a life and death trial, no one can comprehend that feeling unless they've personally experienced it.

"Miss Winnie, who has successively defeated Kase Dragonsmith and Walter Simmons... placed seventh in the Imperial Martial Contest, making her eligible for the Great Turdo Dynasty's imperial family's reward: One thousand lower-grade original stones."

One elder extended his hand and gave Winnie a Storage Ring.

One thousand lower-grade original stones!

Instantly, the entire battlefield erupted once again.

"One thousand lower-grade original stones, that's ten times the rewards for the tenth place... If I could get so many original stones, I would wake up laughing from my dreams!"

"Stop dreaming! For ordinary martial artists like you and me, we might not even gather a hundred lower-grade original stones in our lifetime, let alone a thousand."

"Yeah, as ordinary martial artists like us, we can only accept our fate!"

...

Many spectators with ordinary cultivation couldn't help but sigh.

In contrast, despite being the recipient of a thousand lower-grade original stones, Winnie didn't show any joy. After calmly receiving the Storage Ring, she returned to the premier audience seat exclusive to the Romero Clan and sat down next to Taoi Romero.

"Brother Taoi, congratulations."

The emperor of the Great Turdo Dynasty looked towards Taoi and congratulated him repeatedly.

Taoi Romero glanced at the emperor and nodded slightly.

Faced with Taoi's nonchalance, the emperor did not show any displeasure, because he knew that this man giving him a nod of acknowledgement, was already quite gracious.

If it had been anyone else, he might not have been acknowledged at all.

"Lord Taoi, congratulations."

"Clan Chief Romero, congratulations."

...

At that moment, many influential individuals offered their congratulations to Taoi Romero and Sebastian Romero.

Taoi Romero remained calm, as if he hadn't heard anything and ignored them.

But Sebastian Romero responded with a sliver of a forced smile, acknowledging them one by one.

Obviously, he still hadn't gotten over the death of Kayden Romero.

Kayden Romero had been defeated by Winnie first, which wasn't a big deal... But dying at the hands of 'Kase Dragonsmith' from the Black Stone Empire, caused the Romero Clan to lose face.

However, the Romero Clan couldn't do anything against that Kase Dragonsmith.

At least, until the Romero Clan was sure of the details of the powerful individual behind Kase Dragonsmith who gifted him a third-level spirit sword, they dared not act recklessly.

In the sky above the battlefield.

Another elder looked at Walter Simmons and Kase Dragonsmith. "Walter Simmons, Kase Dragonsmith... Now, one of you will decide the 'eighth' and 'ninth' place in the War Ranking."

"I concede."

After glancing at Walter Simmons, Kase Dragonsmith conceded once again.

Although there was unwillingness deep in his eyes, he also knew he was not a match for Walter Simmons yet.

"Master, don't worry... I will defeat Walter Simmons sooner or later, to avenge you!"

Kase Dragonsmith silently vowed in his heart.

"As such, the 'eighth' place in today's Imperial Martial Contest is Walter Simmons... Walter Simmons, you will receive the reward given by our Great Turdo Dynasty's imperial family, five hundred lower-grade original stones."

With a sweep of his hand, two Storage Rings appeared, one of which was handed to Walter Simmons.

Inside it were the 'five hundred lower-grade original stones'.

"Kase Dragonsmith, you are the 'ninth' in today's Imperial Martial Contest, and you will receive a reward of two hundred lower-grade original stones."

Immediately afterwards, the elder handed the other Storage Ring to Kase Dragonsmith.

After Walter Simmons and Kase Dragonsmith received the Storage Rings, they flew towards the medium-grade spectator seats where the people of the Black Stone Empire were seated, under the covetous gazes filled with envy and jealousy.

"Huh? Walter Simmons and Kase Dragonsmith receive so many original stones but seem to take no joy in it. How strange."

Soon enough, someone noticed this peculiar occurrence.

#### Chapter 699: The Struggle of the Top Six

"Miss Winnie receiving a thousand lower grade original stones without any reaction is to be expected. After all, she comes from a prestigious background, and isn't wanting for original stones."

"But Walter Simmons and Kase Dragonsmith, who both hail from a small empire, being able to remain this calm in the face of lower grade original stones is quite surprising."

...

Many people exclaimed.

Of course, there were others who refuted this viewpoint with strong grounds, "Humph! You all don't forget, whether it's Walter Simmons or Kase Dragonsmith, they each possess a 'Third-grade spiritual device'!"

"Exactly! That's a third-grade spiritual device, which even in our Great Turdo Dynasty, apart from Miss Winnie, the most stellar among the youth probably don't have."

"Compared to a third-grade spiritual device, lower grade original stones are essentially insignificant."

...

In the Great Turdo Dynasty, there is a vein of original stones, producing 'lower grade original stones' in abundance.

And prior to this day, there was only one third-grade spiritual device on display in the Imperial Family of the Great Turdo Dynasty.

As for which of the two is more valuable, it's clear at a glance.

Soon, this topic was concluded.

"The other six Ninth-level Void Realm young prodigies should be getting ready for their final 'Ranking Battle' ... this is so exciting!"

"Indeed, the main event of today is about to begin! Six young powerhouses of the Ninth-level Void Realm are set to fiercely battle each other."

"It's a pity about Miss Winnie, she announced from the start that she wouldn't compete with the six Ninth-level Void Realm prodigies...and now after understanding the 'Ninth-level Fire Realm', she could've had a chance to contend with Seventh-level Void Realm prodigies, but it's a missed opportunity."

"We can't blame Miss Winnie for this. Not even she could have known that she'd successfully comprehend the 'Ninth-level Fire Realm' during her fight with Walter Simmons."

...

The atmosphere of the Arena became lively once again.

Everyone's attention shifted to the six Ninth-level Void Realm youth, including Wyatt Barnes.

Of course, there were a fair few who mentioned Winnie Romero, conveying their sympathy for her.

"Miss, do you regret it?"

From the Romero clan's private viewing stand, Elder Kane asked Winnie Romero, a smile on his face.

Winnie Romero lightly shook her head, "I have no regrets. The Decennial Martial Meet is the ultimate 'stage' ... Today's ranking battle, compared to the Decennial Martial Meet, is actually unimportant. The ranking doesn't matter."



Upon hearing Winnie Romero's words, a rare smile of relief appeared on the face of Taoi Romero.

His daughter, had grown up.

"Now, we invite the final six young prodigies to take the field."

An elder's voice echoed clearly in the ears of everyone present at the Arena.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

With the elder's announcement, three figures flew onto the battlefield, obviously prepared in advance.

These three were Prince Matteo Buckingham, Hal Buckingham of the Turdo Dynasty's Imperial Family, and Serenade Nicholson, the eldest young master of the Nicholson Clan.

"Wyatt Barnes, bring home 'first place'."

Walter Simmons looked at Wyatt Barnes, grinning as he encouraged him.

Walter's words resonated with the majority of the young talents from the Blackstone Empire, their eyes falling on Wyatt Barnes, "Exactly, Wyatt Barnes, bring home 'first place'! Just think about how much glory it would bring to the Blackstone Empire."

"If Wyatt Barnes were to really secure first place in today's Dynasty Martial Ranking, that would be a truly exciting scene."

"Wyatt Barnes, keep going! We have faith in you."

...

In response to the impassioned encouragement from the young talents of the Blackstone Empire, Wyatt Barnes shrugged his shoulders and chuckled, "I can't guarantee I'll take 'first place'...but I'll definitely give it my all!"

Just as he said, he couldn't guarantee it.

After all, on the stage of the Dynasty Martial Ranking, with so many pairs of eyes belonging to Cave Void Realm powerhouses watching him, he dared not carelessly use his spiritual power.

Otherwise, by using his soul technique 'Illusion', none of the other five would even be able to touch the corner of his clothes.

Now, he had to use his actual strength to contend against the other five young powerhouses.

"Wyatt Barnes, they're only joking; don't feel any pressure."

Prince Yakim addressed Wyatt Barnes.

"Yes, we were just joking."

It seemed that they had realized their words might've put pressure on Wyatt Barnes, the young talents from the Blackstone Empire hastily remedied their statements.

However, they were just overthinking it.

Wyatt Barnes wouldn't feel any pressure from their words, after all, when he participated in the 'Dynasty Martial Ranking', he had never considered gaining glory for the Blackstone Empire.

Wyatt Barnes lived for himself and those closest to him.

"Elder Brother Ling Tian."

Valiant Charlesworth turned to look at Wyatt Barnes, his eyes filled with encouragement.

After Wyatt Barnes responded with a smile, he left the viewing stand and flew to the midst of the arena.

"At this moment, 'Brian Graham' of the Graham Clan and 'Marshall Tyler' from the Royal Family of the Great Turdo Dynasty also took their places one by one.

Including Wyatt Barnes, six youth prodigies of the Ninth-Order Enter Void Realm, positioned themselves separately, their eyes focused on the two elders, awaiting the announcement of the rules.

Soon, one of the elders spoke: "The six of you will determine the top six rankings in today's 'Dynasty Martial Ranking Battle'. The higher the rank, the more rewards you will receive!"

"There are no specific rules in the battles among you... just like the previous ones, you can choose your opponent freely! Whoever chooses the opponent shouldn't challenge either of the two who have just battled."

"Furthermore, killing is not allowed in the battles among you... this is not to say that we don't want you to give it your all, just a reminder that once anyone's opponent is in a mortal danger, we will both step in immediately! Of course, those rescued by us after facing a life-threatening situation will be deemed as defeated."

The two elders supplemented each other's statements.

Upon hearing this, Wyatt and the others nodded in agreement.

The prohibition of killing in the top six was not surprising for Wyatt.

After all, the top ten youth prodigies selected today are to participate in the 'Ten Dynasties Martial Meeting' a year later.

The performance of these ten youth prodigies at the 'Ten Dynasties Martial Meeting' is linked to the interests of the Great Turdo Dynasty.

It is said that the 'dynasties' belonging to the top-performing youth prodigies in the 'Ten Dynasties Martial Meeting', can receive third-tier spiritual instruments and precious Tier-Three Pill Medicines bestowed by forces from outside the territory after the meeting concludes.

That's the reason why each dynasty is eager to participate in the 'Ten Dynasties Martial Meeting'.

If there were no benefits, no dynasty would be willing to participate in the perplexing 'Ten Dynasties Martial Meeting'.

For this reason, the Great Turdo Dynasty cannot allow any mishap to occur during the 'Dynasty Martial Battle', as every one of Wyatt and the others has the potential to contribute to the glory and interests of the Great Turdo Dynasty in the 'Ten Dynasties Martial Meeting' next year.

As for the youth prodigies of the Eighth-Order Enter Void Realm who were killed earlier, they may be outstanding in the 'Dynasty Martial Battle', but when it comes to the 'Ten Dynasties Martial Meeting', they are often insignificant.

Their death is unimportant to the 'grand plan' of the Great Turdo Dynasty.

"Now, the 'Top Six Competition' begins... who among you will be the first to start the challenge?"

One of the elders raised the question to Wyatt and the others.

Almost at the moment when the elder finished speaking, a figure darted out, arriving at the central area of the arena's airspace.

It was none other than 'Serenade Nicholson' of the Nicholson Clan.

Serenade, the son of the Clan Chief and the eldest prodigy of the Nicholson Clan, is also recognized as the leading genius of his generation in the Nicholson Clan.

It was not only that, Serenade was even recognized as the first genius of the Nicholson Clan in the past century.

It can be seen that he is extraordinarily powerful.

Apart from this, Serenade, along with 'Brian Graham' of the Graham Clan and the second Prince' Matteo Buckingham', was also acknowledged as one of the three strongest figures within the current youth generation of the Great Turdo Dynasty.

"Serenade!"

As Serenade was the first to enter the field, the eyes of the other five youth prodigies flashed, aside from the tranquil expressions on Wyatt and Hal Buckingham's faces.

At this moment, they were all curious as to who Serenade would choose as his opponent.

Serenade's gaze lingered on the five including Wyatt, seemingly contemplating who to select as his opponent for the first battle.

"Who do you think Serenade will choose?"

At this time, the people around the arena started buzzing.

"Considering his current look, it seems he's somewhat hesitant... however, I think there's a bigger chance he'll choose Wyatt Barnes from the Blackstone Empire."

"I think so too. After all, Wyatt just beat their Nicholson Clan's second strongest youth, 'Nick Nicholson'."

"Serenade should be seeking revenge for Nick."

...

Many people were speculating.

Most of them believed that Serenade would challenge Wyatt.

Even Wyatt, hearing the increasing speculation around him, felt that Serenade was quite likely to challenge him.

Soon, Wyatt noticed that Serenade's gaze was fixed.

"Not me?"

When he noticed that Serenade wasn't looking at him, he couldn't help but startle, feeling a bit surprised.

At this moment, Serenade's gaze was fixed on a youth not far away.

"Brian Graham... back then, I fought you twice in succession and lost both times. Later, when I wanted to defeat you and wash away the shame, you left the Capital City and disappeared."

Serenade's gaze was locked on Brian, he slowly said.

"Today, I will fight you for the third time! I want to defeat you and clear my previous disgraces."

Serenade was brimming with a will to fight.

Whoo!

Brian Graham remained composed, and swiftly moved to the central area of the airspace above the arena, standing opposite Serenade as he was challenged.

"Serenade."

At last, Brian spoke, "Do you know why you lost to me the previous two times? The two times, your strength, just like today, was not weaker than mine."

"Hmph! I don't need your lectures."

Serenade snorted coldly, raising his hand, a blade shaped like a bright moon appeared in his hand.

Chapter 700: Brian Graham Can't be Happy Without Wine.

In Serenade Nicholson's hand, the spiritual blade shimmered with a faint white glow, as if it were a real bright moon.

As Serenade Nicholson and Brian Graham stood in confrontation, Wyatt Barnes and the others withdrew one by one, viewing the fight from a distance.

"Wyatt Barnes, after I've defeated them one by one, I'll come to collect the debt you owe me!"

Suddenly, a self-assured voice, condensed from Origin Force, rang in Wyatt Barnes's ear.

Wyatt didn't even have to turn his head to recognise this Origin Force voice as belonging to 'Marshall Tyler'.

"I look forward to seeing it."

Wyatt responded leisurely.

So, Marshall Tyler, in his speech, intends to defeat everyone?

"It would seem he's had more than a few trifling fortunes... otherwise, he wouldn't have such great confidence."

Wyatt secretly speculated.

Meanwhile, Serenade Nicholson made his move.

As Serenade raised his hand, the spiritual blade in his hand emanated a dazzling milky-white sheen. That was his internal Origin Force, constantly pouring into the blade, which resonated like a bright moon.

Not only that, there were strands of green energy flowing within Serenade's Origin Force, obviously the 'realm of wind'.

Whoosh!

With Serenade taking a step forward, above his head in the void, the power of heaven and earth surged, and an extraordinary scene suddenly appeared.

Twelve ancient horned dragon phantoms appeared first.

This was an extraordinary phenomenon formed by the all-encompassing power in the Origin Force of a martial artist at the ninth level of the Void Realm.

Then, seven more ancient horned dragon phantoms appeared.

This was an amplification of power from the 'quadruple spiritual blade' in Serenade's hand.

Finally, nine more ancient horned dragon phantoms appeared.

The ninth level of the Realm of Winds!

And it didn't stop there.

As the spiritual blade in Serenade's hand released a fierce breath, above his head in the void, another ancient horned dragon phantom appeared.

The first level of the Realm of the Blade!

"Two realms!"



Seeing the strength displayed by Serenade Nicholson, all four talented young men, including Wyatt, revealed their surprise.

Especially Matteo Buckingham, whose pupils abruptly contracted.

He didn't expect that Serenade would have surpassed him in power without him even realising it.

This made him feel frustrated.

"Both of them have two realms, and one of them is even at the 'ninth level'... Serenade Nicholson, truly the first genius of the Nicholson Clan in nearly a century!"

"Serenade and Marshall Tyler both have understood two realms. It looks like today's ranking battle is going to be exciting!"

"If Brian Graham hasn't comprehended two realms, this battle would definitely be hard fought... Despite his comprehension of the 'Realm of Earth', it's impossible to use the power of the earth while in the air."

"Judging from Brian Graham's composed expression, perhaps he has also comprehended two realms."

...

The surrounding arena was abuzz.

At this moment, Brian Graham and Serenade Nicholson had become the focal point of everyone's attention.

Most people were astonished by the two realms that Serenade had grasped.

But even more were curious about how Brian Graham would respond.

No one wished for a duel without suspense. After all, a tight match between evenly matched opponents could truly thrill and excite the audience.

"Serenade, it seems you have not been slacking over the years."

Gazing at the twenty-nine ancient horned dragon phantoms above Serenade, Brian Graham spoke slowly, his tone calm, maintaining his composure.

"In order to defeat you, I have naturally made every effort to enhance myself!"

Serenade said, his words and demeanor showing his determination. His movement was seemingly slow but in fact swift. In the blink of an eye, he was close to Brian.

At the very moment of Serenade's move, Brian also sprung into action.

Whoosh!

As Brian raised his hand, a fancy wine gourd appeared. He dexterously held the wine gourd and raised it to his lips, starting to drink from it.

This caused a wave of disbelief amongst the spectators surrounding the arena.

Even if Brian was addicted to alcohol, he should pick his moments. Didn't he see that his opponent had already made a move?

Of course, those who were speechless were almost all representatives and talented youths from various dynasties.

But the people of the Great Turdo Dynasty were hardly surprised.

Brian Graham had made quite a name for himself back in the day in the Great Turdo Dynasty. He was famously known as 'Brian the Boozer'!

From this it can be imagined just how infatuated Brian Graham was with alcohol.

So, the fact that Brian drank alcohol at this juncture was no surprise to anyone from the Great Turdo Dynasty.

"Brother Graham really is free-spirited."

Seeing this, Wyatt shook his head and chuckled.

"Star Chasing Moon!"

Before Brian had even finished his drink, Serenade called out softly. His whole figure zoomed forward, leaving behind a trail of afterimages that only disappeared after an instant.

Hum!

The quadruple spiritual blade in Serenade's hand swiftly moved, like a bright moon rapidly advancing.

Behind this moon, as the pushing force within the Origin Force, a portion sparkled brilliantly, looking like countless stars suspended in the nighttime sky.

'Star Chasing Moon' was the technique that Serenade was executing at that moment.

When the bright moon soared out, the stars which were tranquil as a maiden instantaneously became active, acting like shooting stars, following the bright moon and darting towards Brian Graham.

Whoosh!

Just as the bright moon was about to pass by Brian Graham's throat, the still-drinking Brian moved. He raised his leg and kicked into the air.

Almost the moment he landed, underneath his foot, a giant brick formed by milky white Origin Force appeared. The beige energy permeated the giant brick, clearly representing the 'realm of Earth'.

Bang!

Brian Graham's foot came down, landing right on the giant brick. Instantly, the brick crumbled apart, and numerous cracks spread across its surface, resembling a spider's web.

When Brian used the brick to give himself a boost into the air, the brick shook, exploded within the blink of an eye, turning into nothingness, having fulfilled its purpose.

The airborne Brian, lifted by the brick's explosion, seemed like a canon ball shot into the sky, expertly evading Serenade Nicholson's bright moon, chased by a multitude of stars.

However, the bright moon didn't admit defeat. Like a homing missile, it continued its relentless pursuit of Brian, barreling forward with undiminished power.

"It didn't consume any energy?"

Seeing the 'bright moon', still pulsing with formidable Origin Force, Wyatt Barnes couldn't hold back his surprise.

Normally, if it's an attack involving the release of Origin Force, whether it's a spiritual weapon or a simple formation of Origin Force, it would consume some of its energy after traveling a certain distance.

However, Serenade's fourth-rank spirit blade showed no signs of consumption.

"What's going on?"

The scene in front of him completely sparked Wyatt's curiosity.

For a moment, Wyatt carefully observed the situation.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

...

Facing the rapidly approaching bright moon, Brian, who was continually drinking, used the giant brick that appeared under his feet to catapult himself out of the way, narrowly evading it again and again.

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!

...

And that bright moon, like it would never tire, clashed against Brian incessantly as it got closer and closer.

Compared to Brian's speed dodging after borrowing force from the brick, its speed was noticeably faster.

"So that's how it is!"

While Brian and the bright moon were playing 'hide and seek', Wyatt was observing from the side. After a while, he finally found the answer.

Turns out, the bright moon had an unending supply of Origin Force because it borrowed energy from the multitude of stars trailing behind it.

And the energy within the stars was constantly provided by Serenade.

To put it simply, as long as Serenade didn't voluntarily stop supplying Origin Force, as long as the Origin Force inside Serenade wasn't exhausted, the power and speed contained within the 'bright moon' formed by the spirit blade wouldn't change in the slightest.

"What a peculiar martial skill!"

Looking at Serenade, who was strolling leisurely in the air, manipulating the spirit blade with a simple wave of her hand, Wyatt couldn't help but exclaim.

"Has Brother Graham not finished drinking?"

When Wyatt's sight landed on Brian, who was still pouring an unending stream of alcohol into his belly, he was at a loss for words for a moment.

Silence hung over the spectators surrounding the duel arena.

Some people had even started dozing off.

"He's finally finished drinking! He has finally finished!"

Suddenly, someone cried out excitedly.

Suddenly, the tired spectators around the arena seemed to receive a shot of adrenaline, their spirits immediately lifted as they turned their gazes towards the sky above the arena.

At that moment, Brian finally finished drinking, shifting the Wine Gourd away from his mouth.

Buzz!

The bright moon grazed past Brian, just grazing off a bit of his clothing.

Slap!

Under the watchful eyes of the crowd, Brian's hand began to surge with the Origin Force, containing profound beige energy, and he lashed out directly at the Wine Gourd.

In an instant, the rampaging Origin Force, accompanied by the realm of Earth, was infused into the Wine Gourd.

The Wine Gourd shook, a white light flashed, then it was thrown out by Brian almost immediately after.

To be precise, it was smashed out.

Whoosh!

The Wine Gourd was flung by Brian, streaking through the sky, containing an extreme amount of power, meeting the 'bright moon' transformed by Serenade's fourth-rank spirit blade head-on, as though it was intending to clash with it forcefully.

Meanwhile, above Brian's head in the empty space, twelve ancient Horned Dragon illusions appeared first, followed by nine more, then eight more. In addition to those, four thousand ancient mammoth illusions also appeared.

"He multiplied his strength this much?"

In that instant, numerous sharp-eyed individuals realized what was happening, all exclaiming in surprise.

At that very moment, the strength Brian presented completely surpassed Serenade's, overpowering her by about four thousand ancient mammoth's worth of energy.

Boom!

The Wine Gourd that broke through the air collided with the bright moon charging back at Brian, causing a thunderous explosion.

Immediately afterwards, a strong gust of wind blew, turning into waves of atmospheric disturbances which swept across all directions.

Boom!

After the Wine Gourd and bright moon collided, they separated, only to re-collide, causing another loud bang.

"Three-rank spirit weapon! It's a three-rank spirit weapon!"

"Not just a three-rank spirit weapon, but also able to amplify 'seven times' like Miss Winnie's three-rank spirit weapon!"

...