

L. Wyatt 81

Chapter 81: Mental Strength

"This Wyatt Barnes, he's absolutely mad! Even if I wanted to invite President Simmons for a meal, he might not necessarily agree, and yet he casually tells President Simmons to stop tagging along for meals."

Alden Lee looked befuddled, and pricked up his ears to listen.

In his opinion, this Wyatt Barnes was headed for trouble...

Who would have thought.

"Young lad, don't worry, I've already had my meal. Take your time, I'll wait for you."

The calm Statement of Inky Simmons hit Alden Lee like a bolt from the blue.

This...

How could this be possible!

In an instant, countless questions rose in his heart.

Isn't this Wyatt Barnes just a member of a branch clan?

Why is the President of the Aurora City Alchemist Guild and the only Eighth-rank alchemist in Aurora City being so polite to him?

He couldn't figure it out.

But he had already made up his mind.

No matter what happens, he must never provoke this Wyatt Barnes...

After Wyatt Barnes finished his meal, he began instructing Inky Simmons.

As the afternoon passed, the look of astonishment never left Inky Simmons's face.

He discovered that this sixteen-year-old youngster, knew more than him and had a thorough understanding of Seventh-rank alchemists that was far beyond his reach.

If it weren't for the fact that the other party was just a youth, he would've considered becoming his student.

Although it was just one afternoon, Inky Simmons had benefited immensely.

He believed that if only he could come a few more days, he would definitely be able to break through the bottleneck that had troubled him for so long, enabling him to smoothly become a Seventh-rank Alchemist.

"Youngster, what rank is your teacher as an alchemist?"

Before leaving, Inky Simmons asked Wyatt with a serious expression.

As per his understanding, Wyatt Barnes must have a renowned teacher, which is why he is so knowledgeable.

Furthermore, this teacher is far beyond the reach of a Seventh-rank alchemist...

No, even a Sixth-rank, Fifth-rank, or even Fourth-rank Alchemist wouldn't necessarily be able to produce such a student.

A crazy guess rose in his heart.

But he still wished to confirm it.

"I'm not quite sure what rank my master is himself, but when I once saw him refining pill medicine, he condensed a purple flame using origin force...ah yes, the purple flame was encased with edges of silver."

Wyatt earnestly and accurately narrated.

"Purple Silver Alchemy Flame?"

Inky Simmons's pupils contracted.

He had once read a piece of ancient literature in the alchemist guild library of County City, where it mentioned the different stages of alchemy according to the various ranks.

A Third-rank alchemist's flame is purple and encases a copper edge...

That's a Purple Copper Alchemy Flame!

And when the purple flame encases silver edges, that's a Purple Silver Alchemy Flame.

That's the flame of a Second-rank Alchemist!

Second-rank Alchemy flame!

In an instant, Inky Simmons felt like the sky was falling!

A Second-rank Alchemist...

"Young lad, are you sure your master's alchemy flame is purple and encases silver edges?"

Inky Simmons's chest was heaving like a bellows.

Even when he became an alchemist and condensed his alchemy flame in his youth, he hadn't been this excited.

"Absolutely sure. Oh, that's right... my teacher once told me that he was from 'outside territory'. He just happened to take a casual stroll here, saw that I had a decent talent, and reluctantly took me as a disciple."

It was as if Wyatt remembered something, and so he said.

"Outside territory?"

Inky Simmons's pupils contracted again.

As he suspected...

He had already guessed earlier. Now that Wyatt confirmed it, he could also confirm his guess.

He believed that the concept of an 'outside territory' wouldn't be known by Wyatt, or even by the senior family elders of the three large families in Aurora City.

The reason he knew was that he read ancient texts in the Alchemist Guild.

Wyatt's ability to bring up the topic confirmed that he was not lying.

At that moment, he felt his scalp tingling.

The purple-clad youth standing in front of him seemed to have become extremely towering...

The disciple of a Second-ranked Alchemist!

He believed that if this news were to spread, even the King of Crimson Heaven might try to establish a good relationship with the young man before him.

The disciple chosen by a Second-ranked Alchemist would never be ordinary in the future.

"Young lad, where is your teacher? I wonder if I could have the honor of meeting him."

Suppressing the excitement in his heart, Inky Simmons asked with some trepidation.

"My teacher has temporarily left and let me practice by myself. He will come back to see me every once in a while... If you want to meet him, I will arrange for you two to meet the next time he comes."

Wyatt Barnes expressed with a slight move of his eyebrows.

"Thank you, young brother."

Inky Simmons looked excited, and his address to Wyatt had even changed.

"It's just a small matter. My teacher treats me the best. He said I'm the most talented disciple he's ever taken in... He even said that the apprentice brothers and sisters he took in from the 'outside territory' were not even as good as a single finger of mine. Ah, you don't know, when he said this, even my face turned red... "

Wyatt added again.

Inky Simmons was taken aback, but he completely agreed with it.

What a joke.

Speaking of talent.

A sixteen-year-old Rank 9 alchemist, even among foreigners from outside territories, is likely to be a rare sight.

Inky Simmons did not realize.

At this moment, Wyatt Barnes's lips were twitching slightly.

It seemed like he was trying to suppress his laughter.

"My dear boy, I wonder if you are interested in joining our Alchemist Guild? I assure you that once you join, you will be treated with the utmost respect.... One day, even if the ruler of the Crimson Heaven Kingdom stands before you, he wouldn't even dare to breathe heavily."

Inky Simmons said to Wyatt Barnes, his voice filled with temptation.

"Seems not bad."

Wyatt Barnes pondered for a while.

Inky Simmons's eyes lit up.

This could work!

"However, my teacher said that I shouldn't casually reveal his affairs or use his name to pave the way for myself... He wants me to carve my own path, to rightfully become a true powerhouse."

Wyatt Barnes sighed.

"I've already breached my teacher's admonition by telling you so much... Elderly sir, you must never disclose what I've just informed you to a third person. Otherwise, when my teacher arrives next time, I would say you forced me to tell you everything."

Toward the end, there was a cunning smile in Wyatt Barnes's eyes.

Swoosh!

Inky Simmons's face turned completely green.

"My dear boy...don't, don't....pretend I didn't say anything. Since your honored teacher stated so, you must respect the way of the teacher, please don't harm me..."

Inky Simmons was a bit panicked.

He knows what a Rank 2 Alchemist represents.

Other than having superb alchemy skills, such a person is also a terrifying martial arts powerhouse.

Such a powerhouse, with unimaginable means!

At this moment, he was a bit wary.

Because before today, a fleeting thought once crossed his mind...

After Wyatt Barnes helped him become a Rank 7 alchemist, he planned to deal with Wyatt Barnes and take back his Alchemist Guild points.

Now it seems, thankfully his sanity and conscience overcame this 'insane thought'.

Otherwise, once something happened to Wyatt Barnes, even if he had covered his tracks thoroughly, by using a Rank 2 Alchemist's methods, anyone could easily uncover everything.

By then, he could only imagine his fate.

"My dear boy, rest assured, I will never disclose our conversation to anyone. Plus, if there is anything you need, feel free to tell me...As long as it's within my capability, I won't shirk away."

Inky Simmons's face turned serious, swearing an oath.

"Elder, you're too kind....since you're so hospitable, I won't be shy. I do need some materials. Aurora City doesn't have these materials, do you think you could help me obtain them?"

Wyatt Barnes wrote on a piece of paper and handed it to Inky Simmons.

Inky Simmons looked down.

There were five different materials in total, he had heard about two, which were extremely rare alchemy ingredients, very valuable, but he had no impression of the other three substances.

"I'll gather these materials for you as fast as I can, and the moment I've collected them all, I'll deliver them to you without delay."

Inky Simmons solemnly assured Wyatt Barnes.

"Then I thank you in advance."

Wyatt Barnes smiled and extended his thanks.

Only after Inky Simmons left did Wyatt Barnes start to chuckle.

Everything he had just fabricated was merely a means to protect himself...

As for the so-called 'outside territory', and the Rank 2 alchemist's 'alchemy flame', he knew these from the memories of the Reincarnated Martial Emperor.

Such deceptions were foolproof and no one would doubt them.

After all, even the great elders of the three big family clans in Aurora City were unlikely to be aware of these things, let alone Wyatt Barnes, a child of a branch family.

Inky Simmons knew because he was part of the Alchemist Guild.

The Alchemist Guild's headquarters was located in the outside territory.

"I hope the elder can collect those five types of materials for me quickly. With them, I can start inscribing...The 'Blood Deficient Inscription', although inferior to the inscription engraved on Elder Greyson Ho's spiritual tool called 'Blood Explosion Inscription' in Foggy Water City, it's not far behind."

Wyatt Barnes's eyes flashed, a glimmer of cold light passing by.

The art of inscription is vast and profound.

An inscription master differs from both an alchemist and an artifact refiner.

The latter two need a certain level of cultivation, using the Origin Force to form alchemy flame and tool flame, forging Pill Medicines and spiritual tools.

The former, however, only requires spiritual strength.

As long as an inscription master's spiritual strength is sufficient and they have access to materials, even the most terrifying inscriptions can be made...

To an inscription master, the Origin Force is merely a 'tool' for engraving and activating inscriptions.

Spiritual strength comes from the soul.

Perhaps due to crossing over to this world, or maybe because of merging with the Reincarnated Martial Emperor's memory.

Wyatt Barnes's soul is frighteningly strong.

By using the Reincarnated Martial Emperor's memory as a basis, Wyatt Barnes could almost confirm that his current spiritual strength could rival an average Martial Dao warrior in the Original Pill Realm.

Unfortunately, in the Cloud Skies Continent, only Martial Emperor powerhouses can use their spiritual strength to fight.

Otherwise, with Wyatt Barnes's current spiritual strength, he could easily defeat any Martial Dao warrior below the Original Pill Realm.

Also because Wyatt Barnes's spiritual strength is astonishing, as long as he has enough materials, he can inscribe any 'inscription' that a typical Original Pill Realm inscription master can.

Just like the 'Blood Deficient Inscription' he planned to inscribe.

The Blood Deficient Inscription was the most powerful inscription he could define at the moment.

"After breaking through to the Condensed Pill Realm, it's different. Now that I've nurtured my Origin Force, I can depict it. As long as my spiritual strength meets the conditions, I can easily inscribe any inscription."

Having thought of this, a hint of a smile emerged at the corners of Wyatt Barnes's mouth.

Chapter 82: Ghostly Shadow

In the spacious courtyard.

An elder standing to one side, his face gloomy.

"Grandfather, what's wrong?"

A youth dressed entirely in white emerges from a room.

"That Wyatt Barnes seems to have some connection with the President of the Alchemist Guild, 'Inky Simmons'..."

The elder's brows furrowed, slowly expressing his thoughts.

"How is that possible, him, a member of a branch family, an outsider at that, how could he possibly have connections with the Alchemist Guild."

Rayan Lee kept shaking his head, unwilling to believe it.

"These past few days, Inky Simmons goes to see Wyatt Barnes every day at noon, for reasons unknown."

Johnathan Lee spoke with slight trepidation.

Although he was the Grand Elder of the Lee Family, he was nothing in front of Inky Simmons.

Not to mention that Inky Simmons was stronger than him.

Just by virtue of Inky Simmons being an eighth-rank alchemist status, if Inky Simmons wants to deal with him, he doesn't even need to do it himself. He just needs to say a word, and a bunch of people will rush up to kill him, all to curry favor with Inky Simmons.

Such was the influence of an eighth-rank alchemist.

"Grandfather, am I supposed to just accept the fact that my finger's been cut off? I can't accept it!"

Rayan Lee's face darkened, his breathing becoming ragged.

"Rayan, don't worry. I will definitely help you take your revenge... Now that Inky Simmons and Wyatt Barnes appear to have some connection, I will step aside and let others deal with him."

A scornful smile appeared on Johnathan Lee's face.

"Grandfather, what do you mean?"

Rayan Lee looked puzzled.

"Money can move ghosts."

Johnathan Lee's brows lifted.

"Grandfather, you mean, hire 'Ghostly Shadow'?"

Rayan Lee's eyes lit up.

Ghostly Shadow, a top-notch assassin organization in the Crimson Heaven Kingdom, rose to power twenty years ago, sweeping across the Crimson Heaven Kingdom like a storm.

As long as Ghostly Shadow accepted a task, the success rate was one hundred percent.

Of course, this was closely related to Ghostly Shadow's rules.

To post a task with Ghostly Shadow, you had to pay a deposit and state the target.

Three days later, you had to confirm the task.

See if Ghostly Shadow was willing to accept it.

If they refused, the deposit was returned.

If they accepted, they collected the remaining task fee.

Ghostly Shadow only accepted tasks they were confident in.

In Rayan Lee's view, the assassins from the Ghostly Shadow organization were so powerful, wouldn't it be easy to kill Wyatt Barnes?

Deep in the night.

A lofty figure flew out from the Lee Family Mansion.

Soon, he arrived at an old building in a remote area of Aurora City and stepped in.

The lobby was vast, the light slightly dim.

Behind the counter, a young man with a somewhat pale face, noticing the motion, raised his head to look at the newcomer, his gaze icy cold.

"I'm posting a job. Lee Family, Wyatt Barnes! This is the deposit."

The man was very straightforward, pulling out a stack of bank checks and slapping them on the counter, then turned and left.

"Lee Family, Wyatt Barnes."

The young man dutifully recorded the information.

Dawn.

As the first light of day bathed the earth, Wyatt Barnes emerged from his room and stretched lazily.

It's another new day!

"Huh?"

Wyatt glanced over to find two young girls in his yard chatting cheerfully.

"Jovie, you came over so early, did you miss me?"

Wyatt narrowed his eyes, greedily taking in the girl's sexy devilish figure...

"I didn't come for you, I was looking for Sister Keer."

Jovie Lee shot Wyatt a glare, snapped irritably.

Wyatt didn't seem to mind, he continued breakfast while sneakily eavesdropping on the two girls' conversation.

They were talking about the fun things they did when they were children.

After breakfast, Wyatt went out alone, leaving the Lee Family Mansion.

Inky Simmons had brought him good news yesterday. The two remaining rare materials needed to inscribe the 'Residual Blood Inscription' would arrive in Aurora City within a couple of days.

So, he started preparing the other materials.

To inscribe the 'Residual Blood Inscription', eleven types of materials were required in total.

The other six were quite common.

He went to the large trading market in Aurora City and walked into the pharmacy that sold the six treasures for refining the body.

Three of the six materials were relatively common herbs.

"Manager!"

As soon as he entered, Wyatt greeted the manager.

Sensing Wyatt's confusion, the manager quickly ushered him into a small room in the pharmacy.

"Manager, what is this about?"

Wyatt was puzzled.

"Someone wants you dead."

The manager's gaze hardened, he spoke bluntly.

"What?"

Wyatt's pupils contracted.

At that moment, Wyatt felt somewhat illusioned that the manager's demeanor had changed.

If the previous manager was considered just a shrewd businessman,

Now, the manager was exuding an air of mystery.

It seemed his previous guess about the pharmacy manager was correct, this manager was not that simple.

"The Grand Elder of the Lee Family 'Johnathan Lee' posted a task with 'Ghostly Shadow' last night, and you are the target."

The manager stated frankly.

Ghostly Shadow?

Wyatt's gaze hardened.

He had heard of this famous assassin organization in the Crimson Heaven Kingdom.

"Are you part of Ghostly Shadow?"

Wyatt suddenly laughed.

"That's right...During the day, I am the manager of this pharmacy, but at night, I am the person in charge of Ghostly Shadow in Aurora City."

The manager slowly nodded.

"Manager, doing this seems somewhat against the rules of Ghostly Shadow, or does it?"

Wyatt's gaze shifted.

"Rules are dead, people are alive. I would rather not see my business partner being killed by someone else, cutting off my source of wealth for no reason."

The manager spoke bluntly.

In his opinion, the money that Johnathan Lee used to hire killers was not even enough to match the small profit brought by Wyatt Barnes's Six Treasures Body Refining Liquid.

He naturally knew how to make a choice based on the weight of the matter.

"So what you mean now is that you refuse his task?"

Wyatt Barnes asked.

"Of course."

The manager nodded.

"If I now assign you a task, targeting this Johnathan Lee, would your Ghostly Shadow accept it?"

Wyatt Barnes asked again.

"Of course, Ghostly Shadow recognizes money, not people... However, the Grand Elder of the Lee Family would come with a hefty price."

The manager responded.

"How much?"

"One million taels!"

"So expensive?!"

"Of course, after all, Johnathan Lee is the Grand Elder of the Lee Family, an eighth-level practitioner of the Original Pill Realm... If you really want to assign this task, seeing as we are partners, I can give you an 80% discount."

"80% off? That's still 800,000 taels, you Ghostly Shadows are too greedy."

"You can owe us, we won't charge you interest, and you can deduct it from the profit of the Six Treasures Body Refining Liquid."

"Forget it, I can't afford 800,000 taels... I'll handle this myself."

"You?"

"What? Do you doubt me?"

"Somewhat."

"Well, you Ghostly Shadows don't have to kill him, just help me with one small thing..."

With the manager's agreement and after purchasing the necessary herbs, Wyatt Barnes satisfiedly left the drugstore.

Eight hundred thousand taels...

To kill one Johnathan Lee.

This was not worth it for Wyatt Barnes.

However, Johnathan Lee had indeed submitted a task to the 'Ghostly Shadows' to assassinate him.

A cold light flashed in Wyatt Barnes's eyes.

After purchasing the remaining materials, Wyatt Barnes returned home.

Inky Simmons did not visit at noon.

Wyatt Barnes had taught him all that he could teach.

The rest relied on his self-perception.

Three days later.

Deep in the night, at the Ghostly Shadow's base in Aurora City.

"How is the task I posted three days ago confirmed? Killing a Condensed Pill Realm, first level martial artist. One hundred thousand taels should be enough, right?"

Johnathan Lee looked at the young man behind the counter and asked.

"One hundred thousand taels? Are you joking?"

A pale young man, a flash of cold light in his eyes, sent a chill down the spine.

"What's the matter?"

A thump stunned Johnathan Lee, leading to a bad premonition.

"According to the information collected by Ghostly Shadows, Wyatt Barnes is the top-ranked teenager genius in this 'Hidden Dragon List' of Aurora City... Just for that, we should at least charge you three hundred thousand taels."

The young man slowly said.

"Three hundred thousand taels? Okay."

Johnathan Lee gritted his teeth. Even though he felt a little stingy, he agreed.

"Guest, I am not done talking yet."

The young man knitted his brows.

"What else do you want to say?"

Johnathan Lee was puzzled.

"We have also found that Wyatt Barnes has a close relationship with Inky Simmons, the president of the Alchemist Guild. Since Inky is with the Alchemist Guild, killing someone closely related to him poses a huge risk for us. Therefore, taking all these factors into account, we, the Ghostly Shadows, have set our price for the task on Wyatt Barnes at one million taels."

The young man continued.

"One million taels?"

Johnathan Lee was stunned.

Even though he had guessed the task wouldn't be accomplished when Inky Simmons was mentioned, he did not expect the Ghostly Shadows to set Wyatt Barnes's price at one million taels.

He didn't even carry that many bank checks with him.

Even if he did, he wouldn't be willing to spend them.

Wyatt Barnes was merely a small fry at the first level of the Condensed Pill Realm, and even though his strength was a bit peculiar, it was only on par with the third level of the same realm.

To him, killing a small fry like this was as simple as mowing the lawn.

"Guest, may I ask if you still want to publish this task?"

The young man looked at Johnathan Lee and asked.

"No, please return my deposit."

Johnathan Lee quickly shook his head.

What a joke!

One million taels...

With this much money, he could even post a task to kill a martial artist of the Original Pill Realm at Ghostly Shadow.

After Johnathan Lee left.

A middle-aged man slowly emerged from the room.

"Manager."

The young man hastily bowed to the man who arrived.

If Wyatt Barnes had been there, he would have recognized at the first glance that the middle-aged man was indeed the manager of the drugstore.

"I am curious about how he will kill Johnathan Lee..."

The middle-aged man's heart stirred, and a faint smile appeared on his face.

Lee Mansion.

"Grandpa, how did it go?"

Upon seeing Johnathan Lee return, Rayan Lee immediately asked.

He knew why Johnathan Lee had left, so he had been waiting for the results at home.

"I cancelled the task."

Johnathan Lee shook his head.

"Huh?"

Rayan Lee was stunned. "Grandpa, why?"

"Hmph! Ghostly Shadow actually quoted a price of one million tael."

Johnathan Lee's face darkened.

"What?! One million tael for a Condensed Pill Realm kid? Are they robbing us?"

Rayan Lee had a look of disbelief on his face.

"They found out about the connection between Wyatt Barnes and Inky Simmons, so they were wary and quoted such a high price... Rayan, don't worry. Even if the Ghostly Shadow doesn't take the task, Grandpa will not let that Wyatt Barnes live."

Johnathan Lee made a promise to Rayan Lee.

"Thank you, Grandpa."

Rayan Lee said excitedly.

As long as Wyatt Barnes was alive, he would not be able to eat or sleep peacefully.

Chapter 83: Eighth Grade Artifact Refiner

In the quiet room, Wyatt sat cross-legged.

In front of him, a medicinal tripod and a pile of materials were laid out...

And there were also two soft, purple swords as thin as cicada's wings.

They were the Meteorite Soft Swords.

"First, forge three spirit swords."

Wyatt's eyes flashed, and with a lift of his hand, the two Meteorite Soft Swords were in his hands.

Whoosh!

The refining fire was ignited and before long, the two Meteorite Soft Swords melted into a mass of liquid.

The liquid form of the Meteorite.

Then, several other metallic materials were also melted down by the refining fire in Wyatt's hand, purifying extraneous matter and turning into puddles of liquid that bounced and boiled in the air.

Under Wyatt's manipulation, the liquid, which was formed by the Meteorite, was merged with the other several kinds of metal liquids.

Accompanying Wyatt's exquisite movements, these amalgamated liquids eventually separated into three parts.

And finally,

They turned into three deep purple soft swords.

The three soft swords were almost the same size as the previous Meteorite Soft Swords, equally thin like cicada's wings.

"It's done!"

Wyatt retracted his hand. The three soft swords fell into his grasp.

Holding one of the soft swords with the origin force flashing, the power of four ancient giant elephants surged into it.

Hum!

The sword rang.

"Not bad, stronger than the ordinary ninth-grade spiritual devices, with an increase of over 10%, adding about five thousand pounds of force, akin to the power of half of an ancient giant elephant."

Wyatt smiled with satisfaction.

A ninth-grade refining master's spiritual weapon, with an increased force, will typically be close to 10%.

A ninth-grade spirit weapon with a 10% increase has already been classified as a superior product.

The ninth-grade spirit weapon that Wyatt forged for the first time clearly surpassed a superior product.

"In the future, I shall call you 'Purple Emperor Soft Sword'."

Wyatt looked at the dark purple sword in his hand and a smile appeared at the corner of his mouth.

Subsequently, Wyatt began to utilize all the remaining materials.

He started to inscribe 'inscriptions' on the three Purple Emperor Soft Swords.

Now, the five types of materials that Inky Simmons helped collect are here, coupled with the materials that Wyatt bought from the trade market himself, are enough to inscribe the 'Blood Residual Inscription'.

Wyatt only spent two hours forging the three ninth-grade spirit swords.

Yet, the inscription of three 'Blood Residual Inscriptions' consumed half a day's work, and he even missed lunch.

"Done!"

Upon seeing the blood-red halo emerging on the sword body, Wyatt took a sigh of relief.

All of the three Purple Emperor Soft Swords were inscribed with the 'Blood Residual Inscription'.

At this moment, he felt a wave of exhaustion envelop him, feeling drowsy immediately.

After having Keer heat up some food and satisfying his hunger, before the sky turned dark, Wyatt fell into deep sleep all the way until the next morning.

Upon awakening, he still felt somewhat dizzy and burdened.

"Inscribing inscriptions does consume a lot of spiritual power."

Wyatt gave a bitter smile.

However, when he saw his 'Craftsmanship' from yesterday, he felt that it was all worth it.

Of the three Purple Emperor Soft Swords, Wyatt kept one for himself.

The other two were given to Keer and his mother, Christina Lee.

"Young Master, I seem to feel that when I practice sword techniques with the Purple Emperor Soft Sword, the power seems to be much stronger...is that my illusion?"

The young girl looked at Wyatt with a doubtful expression.

Whoosh!

On the side, Christina also swung her sword out.

"Spiritual weapon!"

Christina's knowledge was broader, so she couldn't help but gasp, as she looked stuporously at the young boy beside her, "Wyatt, is this..."

"Mother, I'm not only a ninth-grade alchemist now, but also a ninth-grade artifact refiner."

Wyatt smiled, "Also, I've inscribed 'Blood Residual Inscriptions' on both your and Keer's Purple Emperor Soft Swords. As long as you control your origin force to vibrationally integrate into it, you can activate it... This Blood Residual Inscription, if it can catch off guard, even a warrior in the Original Pill Realm might meet doom once hit!"

Blood Residual Inscription?

It can kill a warrior in the Original Pill Realm?

The beautiful ladies were stunned, their hearts not yet up to speed.

"Young Master, you are really amazing."

The young girl looked at Wyatt adoredly, making Wyatt feel somewhat over the moon.

The look in Christina's eyes became somewhat astonished as her heart fluttered.

"Brother Lanni, did you see that? Our son is very capable... Even without the support of the Barnes Family, he is not inferior to his peers in the Barnes Family."

Christina's eyes seemed to summon up a tall and sturdy figure in front of her.

That figure used to be her 'sky'.

"By the way, Wyatt, Keer, a few days ago, Maya's home was moved away. What happened? I haven't seen you interact with Maya recently, did you guys have a quarrel?"

Christina suddenly asked.

"I don't know."

Wyatt shrugged, looking innocent.

That day, after he conceded to Rayan Lee at the family martial arts convention, Maya started deliberately distancing herself from him.

Later, he had also bumps into Maya a few times, but the look in Maya's eyes when she saw him became very strange, even a bit 'disdainful'.

He didn't expect Maya to have moved away from their previous home.

"I don't know either."

Keer also shook her head lightly.

At the Inner Courtyard.'

In a large estate far from Wyatt's house.

Whoosh!

The girl's sword moved with her body, she sweated profusely, her bitter mouth corner carried a trace of self-mocking.

It was Maya!

In these days, Maya has been feeling dejected.

Ever since witnessing Wyatt's formidable strength, she had developed an 'obsession' for him.

However, when Wyatt conceded in the martial arts contest in the family, handing the 'number one' slot over to Rayan Lee, the 'lofty image' of Wyatt in her heart crumbled completely. She began to reject Wyatt and deliberately distance herself from him.

But at that moment,

A shocking piece of news left her stunned like falling into an icy cave!

At this year's talent gathering, Wyatt slashed off one of Rayan's fingers and successively defeated the top young talents of the Sinclair and Lynch families. He topped the Hidden Dragon List.

At that moment, her heart was filled with unbearable shame.

The young man she had looked down upon proved everything with his formidable strength.

Of course, all this, in her view, seemed like a mockery of her 'short-sightedness'.

For this reason, she didn't have the courage to face Wyatt and immediately went to the inner court steward to move houses.

"If I hadn't distanced myself from him before... maybe..."

A bitter taste crept into Maya's heart.

Unfortunately, there are no ifs in this world, nor are there any pills for regrets.

Wyatt had just arrived at Jovie's house.

He heard a hearty laughter resonating out, exuding robust energy.

Wyatt's eyes shone brightly.

He knew that the old man must have broken through to become an eighth-grade Artifact Refiner.

"Congratulations, Grandpa."

Stepping in, Wyatt announced loudly.

At this moment, the old man emerged from the room with a ruddy complexion. Looking at Wyatt, he seemed to see the future son-in-law, "Wyatt, it's all thanks to you... Otherwise, even if I had forcibly broken through to become an eighth-grade Artifact Refiner, I wouldn't have lived for long."

"Grandpa, please, we're all family."

Wyatt said with a smile.

"Bah! Who's family with you?"

Hearing the noise from outside her room, Jovie emerged. Hearing Wyatt's words, her pretty face turned slightly red, and she huffed angrily.

"Jovie, you naughty girl, last night you were still nagging about Wyatt. Why can't you recognize him now... Okay, grandpa is going to the Artifact Refiner Guild. Wyatt is grandpa's guest, also a benefactor. You can't neglect him."

The old man told Jovie before leaving.

"Grandpa, what are you talking about?"

Jovie felt somewhat bashful and annoyed by her grandfather's 'betrayal'.

"Jovie, what were you nagging about me? Also, listen to grandpa, don't neglect me."

Wyatt walked in and unabashedly sauntered into Jovie's room.

"You... how dare you enter my room!"

Jovie's eyes widened and she followed furiously.

"What's wrong with entering your room, I'm going to sleep in your bed too."

Wyatt chuckled and promptly flopped directly onto Jovie's bed.

"You!"

Jovie squealed in anger, ready to yank Wyatt out of her bed.

But how could her strength match Wyatt's? Wyatt quickly pulled her into his arms and they fell onto the bed together, "Jovie, stop making a fuss."

Jovie struggled but couldn't break free from Wyatt. Her eyes welled up with tears, "You're a bully!"

"Okay, I'll stop teasing you."

At this sight, Wyatt's heart softened, and he let go of Jovie.

"You're nothing but a rogue!"

Jovie said indignantly.

"Didn't you know that already?"

Wyatt laughed.

"Hmph! Smelly rogue. But... thank you for what you did for Grandpa."

By the end, Jovie's voice was no louder than a mosquito's hum.

"What's there to thank? You're my wife, and your grandpa is also mine."

Wyatt shamelessly declared.

"Right, Jovie, tell me about your family... Where are your parents?"

Wyatt suddenly asked.

"Parents?"

Jovie took a deep breath, "My parents died in an accident when I was too young to understand things."

From Jovie, Wyatt learned the circumstances of Jovie's parents.

It turns out that many years ago, the Lee family had suffered a catastrophe, which claimed many lives, including Jovie's parents.

Although the Lee family had avenged their blood feud afterwards, the dead could not be brought back to life.

"I miss my dad and my mom a lot... Grandpa said, they loved me so much."

Jovie's slender body started to tremble, and she cried bitterly.

"Jovie, it's all in the past now. Don't be sad."

Wyatt cradled Jovie in his arms and comforted her.

At the end, perhaps exhausted from crying, Jovie fell asleep in Wyatt's arms...

"I never expected this girl to have such a past."

Gazing at Jovie's delicate cheeks, Wyatt sighed internally.

Now, although he had a beauty in his arms, he didn't harbour any improper thoughts. All he felt was pity.

"Bully, bully, always picking on me, always picking on me..."

Suddenly, Jovie threw her little fists at Wyatt, babbling away while she was dreaming.

At first, Wyatt thought Jovie woke up. But after a careful look, he discovered that she was sleep talking.

"Wyatt, you big rogue, stop looking at Helen, or I'll gouge your eyes out..."

Jovie seemed to be dreaming, mumbling to herself for a while before she calmed down again.

Wyatt twitched the corners of his mouth.

What the hell kind of dream was Jovie having?

About an hour later, Jovie woke up.

"You...you..."

She realised she had fallen asleep in Wyatt's arms and turned beet red.

"Jovie, I didn't know you talked in your sleep... But when did I ever look at Helen? You even threatened to gouge out my eyes, that's too cruel."

Wyatt mimicked a terrified face.

Chapter 84: Inscription on the Crystal Wall

"You heard all of that?"

Jovie Lee's angelic face turned as red as an apple.

"Jovie, I'll take good care of you from now on."

Wyatt gently caressed the girl's hair with his hand.

"If you dare to bully me in the future, I'll cut you."

Jovie glared at Wyatt and feigned an attempt to snip off his manhood.

"Who taught you that?"

Wyatt went pale, this was no joking matter.

"Scared now, huh?"

Jovie laughed triumphantly.

"Why do I feel like I'm the one thrown into the lion's den?"

Wyatt forced a bitter laugh.

Appreciating Jovie's beautiful cheeks while feeling her warmth, Wyatt's gaze became slightly dazed.

Just as he was preparing to take action...

"Jovie, has Wyatt left?"

An elderly voice came from outside the room.

Looking at the young man and the young woman emerging from the room, the old man flashed a peculiar expression.

"Grandfather, there's nothing between us," Jovie explained hastily.

"Right, there's nothing. Grandpa... I'm going to go," Wyatt left like a child caught stealing candy.

As he left Jovie's house, Wyatt was in a great mood.

After this event, his relationship with Jovie had become perfectly clear.

Meanwhile, he had to stay alert.

After all, threats were still lurking.

"Maybe it's time to resolve this," Wyatt muttered under his breath.

With that, he left the Lee Family's residence and entered the Mist Forest by himself to hunt Fierce Beasts.

For the next few days, he left the Lee Estate at the same time every day.

"He sure does keep his cool."

After killing a Fierce Beast in the heart of the Mist Forest, Wyatt's eyes sparkled.

However, he was a man of great patience.

Late at night...

In a spacious courtyard, Rayan Lee greeted the returning elder, "Grandpa, Wyatt has been heading to the Mist Forest alone for several days now, have you learned anything from your observation?"

"I was worried that Inky Simmons would secretly protect him, but it turns out that Wyatt has been going to the Mist Forest alone, while Inky has been staying at the Alchemist Guild and hasn't been out. Since a while ago, it seems like he has completely cut ties with Wyatt..." Johnathan Lee furrowed his brows, appearing puzzled.

"Maybe there was never any connection between them and we were overthinking." Rayan added.

"Perhaps."

Johnathan Lee nodded.

The next morning...

"I made it!"

Seeing the five apparitions of ancient giants above his head, Wyatt broke into a smile.

After several days of effort, he had completed the First Level of the Body Tempering Realm, thus adding the strength of one ancient giant to his body.

Now, he was confident.

Even if he faced a third-level warrior from the Condensed Pill Realm, he could easily overpower them!

After breakfast, Wyatt left alone once again.

This time, upon entering the Mist Forest, he ventured deeper into it. With his current strength, the Fierce Beasts on the edges of the forest's inner circle no longer posed any threat to him.

Soon, Wyatt encountered a ghastly Fierce Beast.

It had spike-like protrusions on its body, a pair of green eyes, and a wolf-like appearance, although it was an entire size bigger than a wolf.

"Roar!"

The Fierce Beast growled and pounced towards Wyatt.

In an instant, four apparitions of ancient giants appeared above the Fierce Beast's head.

This meant that the beast's strength was on par with a third-level warrior of the Condensed Pill Realm.

However, Fierce Beasts naturally possess a keen sense of power, which could even be described as extraordinary. Their strength even surpasses that of an average third-level Condensed Pill Realm warrior.

"Let's go!"

Wyatt's eyes lit up.

He even decided not to use his Purple Emperor Soft Sword.

Serpent Body Style!

Wyatt swiftly dodged towards the beast, far surpassing its speed.

Five ancient giant forces, full explosion! Collapsing Fist!

With his body arched like a tightly wound spring, Wyatt launched a punch that landed on the beast's forehead, knocking it away.

Boom!

As the Fierce Beast hit the ground, a cloud of dust filled the air.

"Awesome!"

Letting out a sigh of relief, Wyatt walked towards the Fierce Beast in a few strides.

The Fierce Beast's green eyes flashed with a hint of fear as it slowly stood up, growled at Wyatt, and turned to escape.

Wyatt was stunned.

Soon enough, he snapped back to reality.

"Escape?"

A faint smile appeared on Wyatt's lips as he moved.

Serpent Body Style!

Wyatt's speed far surpassed the Fierce Beast, and he quickly caught up with it.

"Roar!"

Perhaps knowing it couldn't escape any longer, the beast growled ominously and pounced on Wyatt once again.

This time, Wyatt followed through and shattered the beast's skull with a few punches.

"I wonder what kind of beast it is, its fur and Parts should sell for good money."

Wyatt murmured to himself.

"This is a 'Spiked Wolf', its fur and Parts can sell for about a thousand USD."

Just then, an elderly voice appeared behind Wyatt, resolving his doubt.

Wyatt slowly turned around.

Standing before him was an imposing old man.

On the old man's clothes was the insignia of the Lee Family.

It's someone from the Lee Family!

A thought flashed in Wyatt's mind as he guessed the identity of the visitor.

"Only sixteen, with the strength of five ancient giants... I must admit, your talent is impressive, not just in Aurora City, but even among the top warriors in Crimson Heaven Kingdom."

The old man's gaze fell on Wyatt Barnes. With slight regret, he said, "What a pity that today, you are doomed to die!"

"Grand Elder, are you so sure that I am bound to die?"

Wyatt laughed.

"Do you know me?"

Johnathan Lee's pupils constricted.

In his impression, Wyatt should never have seen him before.

"Old man of the Lee Family, other than you, Rayan Lee's grandfather, I truly can't think of who else would want to kill me."

Wyatt laughed.

"Despite facing death, you can still laugh?"

Johnathan's countenance darkened.

At the same time, he couldn't help but look around warily. He thought it was feasible that Wyatt was so composed due to someone protecting him.

"Grand Elder, there's no need to look around. No one followed me here."

Wyatt smiled lightly.

"No one came with you?"

Johnathan raised an eyebrow, "Are you not afraid of death?"

"Of course, I am. No one is not afraid of death."

Wyatt responded sincerely.

"Then how can you still laugh?"

Johnathan asked in a deep voice.

"Grand Elder, I'm awfully curious. If I don't laugh right now, will you spare me?"

Wyatt narrowed his eyes and asked.

"Of course, not. Today, you are destined to die!"

Johnathan snorted coldly.

"Isn't that the point? Laugh or not, it doesn't make a difference. Why should I put on a long face then?"

The smile on Wyatt's face grew more pronounced.

"There's no need to waste more words with you. Die!"

Johnathan gave Wyatt a cold stare and strode forward, creating a series of afterimages with his swift movement.

Above his head, the phantom silhouettes of hundreds of ancient giant elephants charged, creating a rainbow-like momentum.

Boom!

Johnathan lashed out with his palm, heavily releasing his vast Origin Force.

In an instant, the sound of an explosion echoed continuously all around.

The invisible gusts swept across the surrounding forest, creating a rustling sound...

A pressure loomed over Wyatt.

The Serpent Body Technique!

Under Johnathan's slightly surprised gaze, Wyatt charged directly at him as if to meet his palm strike head-on.

Was this kid insane?

Wyatt's hand reached for the hilt of the Purple Emperor Soft Sword at his waist.

Sword Drawing Technique!

His sword flashed like a lightning bolt aimed at Johnathan's chest. It came out straight, like a purple venomous snake.

"Just a minor skill!"

Johnathan sneered coldly. His palm descended, changing direction to meet the blade of the Purple Emperor Soft Sword.

"Now is the time!"

Wyatt's Origin Force trembled violently and flowed into the blade of the Purple Emperor Soft Sword.

In an instant, a blood-red radiance began to glow on the blade.

Swoosh!

A trail of blood-red light, like a crescent, went directly for Johnathan's chest.

At this moment, Johnathan's palm came down hard, sending the Purple Emperor Soft Sword in Wyatt's hand flying.

Wyatt's hand trembled, and the skin at his tiger's mouth burst open, dripping blood.

"Inscription!"

Johnathan's low voice was heard.

Clang!

The blood-red crescent shattered Johnathan's defense energy.

Just when Wyatt thought that Johnathan was about to be pierced by the force of the Blood Inscription.

Swish!

The pendant around Johnathan's neck emitted a flash of turquoise light, forming a turquoise crystal wall that blocked the force of the Blood Inscription.

Crack!

The pendant shattered, having fulfilled its purpose.

"Crystal Wall Inscription!"

Wyatt's complexion drastically changed, unable to have foreseen that Johnathan would have a Crystal Wall Inscription on him.

The Crystal Wall Inscription is a defense Inscription.

Ranked, it's not inferior to the Blood Inscription.

Wyatt felt powerless.

He had been venturing into the misty forest every day, playing the role of bait in order to lure out this 'big fish', Johnathan.

According to his estimation,...

With the Blood Inscription, he was confident that he could kill Johnathan.

But who would have guessed that Johnathan would use a Crystal Wall Inscription...

It blocked his only chance!

Boom!

After the collision of inscriptions, Johnathan was affected and flew out more than ten meters before stumbling to a stop.

"Wyatt Barnes, I didn't expect you to have such a terrifying Inscription."

Johnathan's face was as gloomy as a pond of still water. Today, he was nearly done in by his carelessness.

If he hadn't activated his defensive inscription in the nick of time, he would have been doomed!

A chill rose in his heart.

"I also didn't expect you to have a defensive inscription."

Wyatt took a deep breath, somewhat helpless.

Inscriptions can be of various kinds, including attack, defense, and support inscriptions.

The Blood Inscription is an attack inscription.

"Today, if I didn't have a defensive inscription, I would have certainly died... no wonder you didn't seem surprised to see me. You knew I was coming, planning to kill me with your Inscription, right?"

Johnathan took a deep breath and asked word by word.

At this moment, he felt a sense of fear towards the sixteen-year-old boy in front of him...

At such a young age, he was so meticulous. If he grows up in the future, he will surely become a formidable character!

He couldn't help thinking, if his grandson, Rayan Lee, possessed even half the skills of the boy in front of him, he wouldn't have to worry about him.

"Yes."

At this point, there was no harm in Wyatt admitting it.

He felt bitterness welling up in his heart.

After a lot of difficulty, he had managed to cross into this world and be reborn.

Is he really doomed to die here today?

Chapter 85: The One That Got Away

Wyatt Barnes regretted it.

If he had known, he wouldn't have saved that eight hundred thousand USD...

Now look at him.

For eight hundred thousand USD, he was putting his life on the line.

Jovie, Keer...

I haven't had the chance to cherish you, and I don't want to die yet!

"Wyatt Barnes, it looks like even the heavens want you dead. You think you can kill me with an Attack Inscription without doing your due diligence...My defense inscription, 'Crystal Barrier Inscription', was a gift from the former head of the family, who among the old generation of the Lee Family doesn't know this?"

Johnathan Lee approached, every step like a death sentence for Wyatt Barnes.

Wyatt Barnes picked up his sword again, standing straight, silent, waiting for Johnathan Lee to arrive.

Even if he was no match, he'd still fight!

If he was going to die, he would go down boldly!

An imposing aura spread from his body, one that held a defiant resolve to die rather than surrender.

Johnathan Lee's gaze changed once again.

His eyes flashed a cold glint, growing deeper.

If this kid doesn't die, he will become a great threat!

Bang!

Johnathan Lee shot out a palm, casting a shadow toward Wyatt Barnes.

Whoosh!

In Wyatt Barnes' hand, the Purple Emperor Soft Sword swept out, meeting Johnathan Lee's palm.

Smack!

Johnathan Lee's palm slapped down, knocking away the sword and continued toward Wyatt Barnes' chest.

Above his head, one hundred and ten ancient giant elephant phantoms roared like thunder.

The full force of the Original Pill Realm Level Eight exploded!

Feeling the suffocating atmosphere closing in, a bitter smile appeared at the corner of Wyatt Barnes' mouth.

Is he going to die again?

Hum!

However, in the next moment, the sharp ringing of a blade followed by Johnathan Lee's scream woke Wyatt Barnes from his dream-like state.

In an instant, he felt a hand on his shoulder, pulling him aside.

He looked closely.

Now, Johnathan Lee's right hand, from which he had struck out, was severed at the wrist, spraying hot blood, his body thrown more than ten meters away by inertia.

Wyatt Barnes turned towards the person who saved him.

Clothed in a tight black outfit with a devilish mask, in his hand was a crescent-shaped blade from which dripped Johnathan Lee's blood...

"A Level Eight Spirit Weapon!"

With just one glance, Wyatt Barnes recognized the grade of the crescent blade.

"Hm?"

Suddenly, Wyatt Barnes noticed a twinkle of laughter in the eyes behind the masked figure's devilish mask.

It was him!

Wyatt Barnes was stunned.

"You're one of the 'Ghostly Shadows'?"

At that moment, the blood-drained and pale-faced Johnathan Lee looked toward the masked figure, looking fearful.

The masked figure ignored Johnathan Lee.

Instead, he turned to Wyatt Barnes and asked, "Now, do you want to issue a mission to kill Johnathan Lee? If not, I'll leave."

Wyatt Barnes rolled his eyes at him, annoyed: "Of course I am! You've been hiding and enjoying the show, haven't you?"

The masked figure chuckled and then stepped forward.

Above his head, one hundred and twenty ancient giant elephant phantoms appeared instantaneously, overwhelming like dark clouds, their momentum rainbow-like.

"Original...Original Pill Realm Level Nine!"

Johnathan Lee's face drastically changed.

"One million, one million USD...I'll pay one million USD for Wyatt Barnes' life!"

Johnathan Lee panicked.

A Level Nine Original Pill Realm strength, not to mention him who had lost his most vital arm, even in his prime, he might not be a match.

"In my eyes, his life...is worth far more than one million!"

The masked figure gave Johnathan Lee his reply.

Johnathan Lee's face turned pale.

Escape!

Without hesitation, he turned and fled, transforming into a series of afterimages as he exerted his body technique to the limit.

However, the masked figure was faster, chasing after him like a specter in the blink of an eye.

Hum!

A streak of white light passed by.

Johnathan Lee's body trembled, he was flung away, both hands clutching his throat, unable to stop the gushing blood.

The dignified Grand Elder of the Lee Family, had thus met his end.

At this moment, the masked figure removed his mask.

It was the manager of the medicine shop!

When Wyatt Barnes saw the true face of the masked figure, he did not appear surprised because he had figured it out a while ago.

However, the masked figure's cultivation level still gave him a start.

Level Nine Original Pill Realm.

With such a cultivation level, he could compare to the Clan Chief of the Lee Family, Atticus Lee.

"Manager, I've known you for so long, yet I don't seem to know your name."

Wyatt Barnes' eyes twinkled, staring at the figure in black.

"During the day, I go by 'Bull Don'. At night, I am 'Shally Don', codenamed 'Blood Moon'."

Shally Don laughed.

"Bull Don?"

A twitch appeared at the corner of Wyatt Barnes' mouth.

No matter what, he could not associate the decisive assassin, Ghostly Shadow, with this name.

"The inscription you used just now, was it the 'Bloody Inscription'?"

Suddenly, Shally Don turned to Wyatt Barnes and asked.

"Yes."

Wyatt Barnes nodded.

"Did you inscribe it yourself?"

Shally Don asked again.

"Yes."

Wyatt Barnes nodded again.

Shally Don looked closely at Wyatt Barnes, scrutinizing him up and down, "I would love to take you home and dissect you to see what other secrets you're hiding."

Wyatt Barnes paused slightly, "There's no need for that."

"I need some Blood Engraving Inscriptions."

Shally Don suddenly reached out.

"Sure, but you have to provide your own materials. Plus, for each Broken Blood Inscription, I'm charging one hundred thousand in processing fees."

A mischievous glint passed through Wyatt Barnes's eyes.

"You...are ruthless.

Shally Don twitched the corner of her mouth but admitted, "Deal!"

Before Shally Don left, Wyatt Barnes couldn't help but ask, "Have you been following me these past few days?"

Shally Don turned a cold shoulder at Wyatt Barnes, displeased, "Do you think I'm you, with so much leisure time? I have to run my store during the day. I had someone shadowing Johnathan Lee. Once Johnathan Lee left Aurora City, I followed. I was curious too, why you seemed so confident that you could kill Johnathan Lee."

"In the end, some people fell into a ditch. Ha-ha-ha-ha..."

Later on, Shally Don couldn't help but burst out laughing.

Wyatt Barnes twitched the corner of his mouth.

"Regardless, this time I owe you a favor, I'll inscribe the next ten Broken Blood engravings for free."

Wyatt Barnes had never liked being in debt to others.

"So generous? Well, I won't be stingy either. I will waive the reward for inducing the death of Johnathan Lee."

Shally Don looked surprisingly at Wyatt Barnes. Moving like a phantasm, she disappeared from Wyatt Barnes's sight within moments.

"Looks like, in future when it comes to life and death, I can't be too stingy..."

This lesson, Wyatt Barnes remembered deeply.

Suddenly, Wyatt Barnes's ears twitched.

His face changed.

He noticed that a group of people was quickly approaching.

Without time to deal with Johnathan Lee's body, he dashed up a nearby tree, hiding among the branches and scrutinizing everything underneath.

Soon, seven young men stepped into view.

On their clothes, there was a badge.

King Family.

"Could they be the 'King Family' from Victory City?"

An idea appeared in Wyatt Barnes's mind.

Around the Misty Forest, there are three cities: Aurora City, Foggy Water City, and Victory City.

'Greyson Ho' an Original Infant Realm expert encountered in Misty Forest last time, was part of the Ho Family of Foggy Water City.

"Huh, there's a body here."

A young man discovered Johnathan Lee's body and yelled in surprise.

"Hmph! This guy, with no ability yet dares to venture into the inner area of the Misty Forest, he deserved his death."

A person walking in the distance snorted disdainfully.

"No... he was killed by a human, not a Fierce Beast. You see, his amputation is very neat, he was killed by having his throat cut."

A more observant young woman said.

"Indeed. Wait, there's a emblem on his clothes."

Another young man stepped forward, cleaning Johnathan Lee's emblem.

"Lee Family!"

Immediately several people exclaimed in surprise.

Finding the identity of Johnathan Lee by these people didn't panic Wyatt Barnes.

No one would think that he had the ability to kill Johnathan Lee.

"Hmph! It turned out to be someone from the Lee Family. He deserved to die too."

A young man in blue clothes was extremely angry when he mentioned the 'Lee Family'.

"Yes, people from the Lee Family are too hateful. The younger brother of Charles King, 'Charles King', went to hunt Black Pythons in this Misty Forest with a few disciples last time. At the critical moment, one young man and one young woman from the Lee Family were reaping the benefits, they not only took the advantages but also killed the few surviving disciples of our King Family."

"Thankfully Charles King was lucky. His heart is located offside; otherwise, he would probably become a wandering ghost in this Misty Forest."

"Even so, Charles King was still pierced through his internal organs and is still recuperating..."

"If it wasn't for Charles King's inability to travel due to his current physical condition, the Clan Chief would have personally taken him to confront the Lee Family."

"When Charles King recovers, I also want to go to the Lee Family. I want to see who was so cruel."

...

A group of successors from the King Family in Victory City were in a heated discussion.

Their casual conversation reached Wyatt Barnes's ears, which made him slightly emotional.

Black python?

Reaping the benefits?

Aren't the young boy and girl from the Lee Family that these people mentioned him and Keer?

"I didn't expect that my 'luck' would be so good that I could meet someone with an offside heart."

Wyatt Barnes had the urge to vomit blood.

As far as he knew, among thousands of people, there was hardly anyone with an offside heart.

Although he had killed countless people in his past life, he had never encountered such a person.

In this life, he has killed only a few people, but he actually met such a person.

What bad luck.

"What should we do with this old guy from the Lee Family?"

"I think we should return him to the Lee Family. That way, they will own us a favor. Maybe next time when the Clan Chief brings Charles King to recognize the culprit, they will hand over the murderer for us to deal with in view of this favor."

"Makes sense."

...

Seeing the young men of the King Family take away Johnathan Lee's body, Wyatt Barnes jumped off the tree and left the Misty Forest.

After returning to Aurora City, he did not go directly back to the residence of the Lee Family.

He went straight to the pharmacy to find Shally Don.

"You're in such a hurry to see me, is something wrong?"

Shally Don was somewhat surprised to see Wyatt Barnes's arrival.

"I want to post a task."

Wyatt Barnes addressed straightforwardly.

"Target?"

Shally Don asked.

"Charles King...a man from the King Family of Victory City."

Wyatt Barnes said slowly.

In his opinion, as long as Charles King was alive, he posed a potential threat to him.

Must be eliminated!

"Victory City?"

Shally Don frowned slightly, "We, Ghostly Shadow, have a different contact person in Victory City...he doesn't have a good relationship with me. It's not appropriate for me to intervene in this incident. You can sneak into Victory City yourself, and you can post tasks at our Ghostly Shadow spot in Victory City."

Chapter 86: Lee Family Shaken

"Alright, I'll handle this matter myself."

After hearing Shally Don's apprehensive words, Wyatt Barnes nodded slightly, indicating understanding.

After farewelling Shally, Wyatt returned to the Lee Family's mansion.

Everything was like usual.

However, in the afternoon, the Lee Family mansion was completely shaken.

The Grand Elder of the Lee Family had died in the Misty Forest...

Wyatt had no initial intention to join the crowd, but Jovie Lee 'dragged' him and Keer out.

The Lee Family mansion, the outer courtyard's Martial Arts Performance Field, was now surrounded by people.

Seeing Wyatt coming over, the crowd automatically parted a path for him.

For Wyatt, the first on the Hidden Dragon List and the future pillar of the Lee Family, anyone had to give him some respect.

"Jovie, did you bring me here just to help you make a way?"

The corner of Wyatt's mouth slightly twitched, asking with some doubt.

"Not at all. Don't you want to join the scene? It's rumored that the body of the Grand Elder was discovered by the members of the King Family from Victory City... Alas, with the death of the Grand Elder, Rayan Lee is completely helpless now."

Toward the end, Jovie Lee's gaze was somewhat complex.

"What, you care about him?"

Wyatt's eyebrows twitched slightly.

"No, I am just feeling a bit emotional... Rayan Lee is the same as I am. His parents also died in that disaster years ago, and he has been relying on his grandfather ever since."

Jovie Lee shook her head.

"I see."

Wyatt nodded.

At this time, he also stood in the front of the crowd with Jovie Lee and Keer.

In the martial arts field, a group of elders of the Lee Family stood behind Atticus Lee.

On the other side opposite to them stood seven young men and women.

These seven were the descendants of the King Family whom Wyatt had seen in the Misty Forest this morning.

In between these two groups, laid the body of the Grand Elder 'Johnathan Lee'. He had been brutally murdered, with his right hand severed at the wrist, and his throat slit.

Atticus Lee and a group of elders of the Lee Family all had grim expressions.

"Nephews, when you found the body of the Grand Elder, was there anything else noteworthy in the surroundings?"

Atticus Lee asked the seven people of the King Family.

"Clan Chief Lee, we have looked around, and didn't find anything."

A member of the King Family answered.

"Thank you, nephews, for your hard work. This matter is of great importance, the Lee Family did not have the time to entertain you ... please think of these Ascension Pills as a token of my gratitude."

Atticus Lee took out a bottle of Ascension Pills and handed them over.

The members of the King Family accepted the medicine, their faces showing delight.

"Clan Chief Lee, we understand, goodbye."

The seven members of the King Family left swiftly, just like the wind.

"Grandfather!"

Suddenly, a mournful wail came from the edge of the crowd.

A young man dressed in white plunged into the crowd, knelt beside Johnathan's corpse, shaking from head to toe, he wept bitterly.

It was Rayan Lee.

"Rayan, restrain your grief... This matter, our Lee Family will surely investigate thoroughly and get justice for the Grand Elder."

Clan Chief Atticus Lee comforted.

"Investigate? No need to investigate, I know who the murderer is!"

Rayan Lee's eyes were bloodshot, as he lifted his head, his face showing a grimace of rage.

"You know?"

Atticus Lee was shocked.

"Rayan, if you know, just say it... I want to know too, who is so audacious to dare to kill the Grand Elder of our Lee Family, as if our Lee Family were a sick cat."

An elder standing behind Atticus Lee spoke, his voice was low, filled with endless anger.

"Yes! Killing the Grand Elder is no different from slapping the Lee Family on the face. Rayan, there's no need to be afraid, just say it."

"I also want to know, who on earth had the audacity!"

"If I find that person, I will crush him to pieces!"

...

One after another, the elders of the Lee family voiced their anger.

One after another, gazes from the crowd fell on Rayan Lee.

Everyone wanted to know.

Who was the 'murderer' that Rayan Lee referred to?

Finally, Rayan's eyes swept past every person in the crowd...

Until at last, they stopped on a figure dressed in purple.

"Clan Chief, it's him, Wyatt Barnes!"

Rayan Lee pointed at the figure wearing purple in the distance, filled with anger.

As Rayan immediately pointed towards him and even called him the murderer, Wyatt's expression remained unchanged. He calmly stared back at Rayan.

Dignified, neither servile nor overbearing.

Upon hearing Rayan's words, everyone in attendance turned their gazes in the direction that Rayan was pointing at, towards the figure in purple.

For a moment, the scene became chaotic.

"Has Rayan gone mad, claiming that the murderer is Wyatt Barnes?"

"What a joke. Even though Wyatt Barnes consumed the spirit fruit and his physical strength exceeds ordinary people by two ancient mammoth strengths, and even though he has now broken through the Condensed Pill Realm, his strength is only comparable to a third level martial artist in the Condensed Pill Realm."

"A third-level martial artist in the Condensed Pill Realm killing the Grand Elder who was in the eighth level of the Original Pill Realm? Rayan is truly outlandish."

"Could it be that he has gone mad from the shock of the Grand Elder's death? Wyatt Barnes, how is that possible?"

"Could this Rayan be thinking of taking personal revenge? It is rumoured that during the contest for this session's Hidden Dragon List, due to his oppressive manner, Wyatt even broke one of his fingers... Could it be because of this?"

"Even if he wants to take personal revenge, he should find a reasonable excuse."

"Exactly, accusing Wyatt Barnes as the murderer, who would believe it?"

...

The crowd's discussion reached Rayan's ears, making his face turn iron green.

"I did not lie! Wyatt Barnes is the murderer, he's the murderer!"

Rayan roared, suddenly standing up. His body moved, all three mammoth strengths erupted, and he charged at Wyatt in fury.

Dragon Wandering Step!

Dark Nether Finger!

As soon as he made a move, he was on the kill, aiming straight for Wyatt Barnes' weak points.

"Rayan Lee!"

Clan Chief Atticus Lee's face darkened as he gave a low reprimand.

However, at this point, how could Rayan Lee pay attention to Atticus Lee?

"Overestimating your strength!"

Wyatt Barnes' gaze grew cold. He stepped forward and didn't even bother using martial skills, lazily waving a fist.

Four phantom forms of ancient colossal elephants began to condense above his head.

Bang!

One punch, faster than Rayan Lee's finger technique, sent Rayan Lee flying.

Rayan Lee landed with a crash, his face pale.

He struggled to stand up, intending to strike again.

"That's enough!"

Atticus Lee's towering figure stood in front of Rayan Lee, his gaze was cold. "Rayan Lee, if you can present solid evidence, then speak...if you want to use the death of the Grand Elder to vent personal grudges against Wyatt Barnes with public power, I will punish you according to clan rules right now! Don't forget, the Grand Elder is your grandfather. With his body not yet cold, you are busy seeking personal revenge, how can he rest in peace under the nine springs?"

"Clan Chief!"

Rayan Lee knelt on the ground in grief, "I'm not using public power for personal revenge, every word I've said is true."

"Then do tell, why do you say Wyatt Barnes is the murderer?" Atticus Lee asked in a deep voice.

All eyes were on Atticus Lee.

"Clan Chief, now that my grandfather is dead, I will no longer keep some things hidden."

Rayan Lee took a deep breath and slowly said, "During the last genius gathering, Wyatt Barnes severed one of my fingers, almost obliterating my 'Dark Nether Finger'. My grandfather was very angry about it and threatened to teach Wyatt Barnes a lesson several times..."

After hearing Rayan Lee's words, Atticus's face turned sour.

Johnathan Lee, no matter what, he was the Grand Elder of the Lee Family, but to bear such a narrow-minded demeanor!

The genius gathering, the contest for the Hidden Dragon List, were all approved by the three big families of Aurora City and couldn't have been more fair.

Injuries were inevitable during martial arts sparring.

The crowd was in an uproar.

"So that's who the Grand Elder was."

"I thought the Grand Elder was different from us, turns out he's just the same. In fact, he's even more self-interested... Rayan Lee was injured by Wyatt Barnes at the Genius Gathering, many witnessed it, Rayan Lee was the one who started the aggression, Wyatt Barnes was innocent."

"Think about it, Rayan Lee is his only grandson after all."

"Hmph! I used up all my respect for the Grand Elder and this is what he turns out to be."

...

Wyatt Barnes had a strange look on his face.

Was this Rayan Lee an idiot?

His grandfather's dead and he's still tarnishing his grandfather's name...

You could imagine that if Johnathan Lee were to rise from the dead, he would most likely be angered to death by Rayan Lee.

However.

The Rayan Lee at this moment had lost all rationality and continued saying, "These few days, I noticed that Wyatt Barnes would visit the Misty Forest every day, so I told my grandfather. Early this morning, my grandfather followed Wyatt Barnes... But I never expected, what I would await would be my grandfather's corpse."

"Clan Chief, you tell me, if the murderer is not Wyatt Barnes, then who could it be?"

Rayan Lee hysterically exclaimed.

But he did not notice that Atticus Lee's face had grown grim.

Whoosh!

Almost as soon as the words came out from Rayan Lee, the crowd erupted anew.

"Following Wyatt Barnes to the Misty Forest? This doesn't sound like just a simple plan to teach Wyatt Barnes a lesson."

"If Wyatt Barnes entered the Misty Forest and ended up dead, no one would suspect the Grand Elder."

"The Grand Elder is too overbearing here, Rayan Lee only had one finger severed, and it was reattached afterwards... For this, he even tried to kill Wyatt Barnes."

"The Grand Elder is too terrifying."

...

The faces of the Lee Family descendants hardened.

Following Wyatt Barnes into the Misty Forest to simply teach him a lesson?

Only a fool would believe that!

"Rayan Lee, don't tell lies carelessly, the Grand Elder would never do this kind of thing."

Atticus Lee's face darkened and he sternly rebuked.

"That's right, I believe in the Grand Elder's character, he would never do such a thing."

"I believe too."

"Rayan Lee, don't let hatred blind you. You shouldn't tarnish your grandfather's reputation for your personal selfish desires!"

...

The Elders of the Lee Family all voiced their opinions one after another.

What a joke.

There were so many descendants of the Lee Family present now.

Even if the Grand Elder Johnathan Lee really did this, they would never admit that he was anything but a simple individual. He represented the entire Lee Family.

"Clan Chief, I am not lying!"

Seeing that no one believed him, Rayan Lee grew desperate and roared.

"Enough!"

Atticus Lee roared, "Where is the Law Enforcement Elder?"

"Clan Chief!"

From a group of elders behind Atticus Lee, an old man dressed in a black robe stepped forward.

"Rayan Lee is tarnishing the reputation of our Lee Family's Grand Elder, drag him down and give him thirty heavy blows as a warning to others!"

Atticus Lee ordered.

"Yes, Clan Chief."

The Law Enforcement Elder strode out and grabbed Rayan Lee, as easily as an eagle catches a chick,

"Clan Chief, I'm telling the truth, I'm telling the truth..."

As he was being dragged away by the Law Enforcement Elder, Rayan Lee was still hysterically howling.

Chapter 87: Edgar Lee

Seeing how stubborn Rayan Lee was, the crowd once again burst out in denunciation.

"Rayan Lee is really insane!"

"The Clan Chief clearly wants to suppress this matter, but he keeps prattling on. If we don't punish him, then who?"

"If the Grand Elder knew, after his death, how his grandson would act towards him, I wonder what he would have thought ..."

"That's right, even if the Grand Elder really intended to kill Wyatt Barnes, it was for his own good. With such a grandson, even if the Grand Elder were to be buried deep beneath the earth, he wouldn't rest in peace."

"Hmph! And to think that in the past, my son looked up to him as his idol. I must have been blind."

"You should let your son take Wyatt Barnes as his idol instead. After all, he is the top performer in this year's Hidden Dragon List. Moreover, he's only sixteen. He will undoubtedly top the Hidden Dragon List in the next two rounds."

...

While they were denouncing Rayan, they didn't forget to compare him to Wyatt Barnes either.

Without comparison, it's fine.

But once they started comparing, Rayan was even more 'trampled' on, resulting in him being torn to pieces.

"Didn't expect that you're so popular now."

Jovie Lee looked at Wyatt Barnes.

"So, like I said, it'd be your good fortune if you agreed to be my wife," Wyatt Barnes replied with a smirk.

"Pah!"

Jovie Lee found Keer looking at her with a laughing glint in her eyes and instantly blushed.

"Young Master, should I start addressing Sister Jovie as Young Madam in the future?" Keer smiled and asked.

"Keer, you're being corrupted by him." said Jovie Lee as her already rosy cheeks went deeper red.

Wyatt Barnes couldn't help but laugh.

Suddenly.

His brows furrowed slightly.

"Wyatt Barnes, I will come to your house to find you in an hour." The voice was the result of Clan Chief Atticus Lee's Origin Force condensation technique, and only Wyatt Barnes could hear it.

Wyatt Barnes glanced at Atticus Lee and nodded slightly.

He was mentally prepared.

Even if Atticus Lee thought this matter had nothing to do with him, but with how Rayan spoke, if The Lee Family wanted to find the murderer, they would start with him without a doubt in search of clues.

The crowd at the Martial Arts Performance Field gradually dispersed.

"Let's go out and do some shopping, I want to buy some stuff," suggested Jovie Lee.

"I'm afraid I won't be able to accompany you." Wyatt Barnes apologized with a smile.

Jovie Lee frowned in dissatisfaction, "What's the matter with you?"

"The Clan Chief just informed me using the Origin Force Condensation Sound Technique that he would come to my house to find me in an hour... You're not suggesting that I stand him up, are you?" Wyatt Barnes smiled wryly.

"What? The Clan Chief is looking for you? He doesn't really think that you killed the Grand Elder, does he?" Jovie Lee paused and asked.

Keer, who was standing nearby, looked equally worried.

"Don't worry. I guess the Clan Chief just wants to ask if I have any clues. Even you guys do not believe that I could have killed the Grand Elder, let alone the Clan Chief," Wyatt Barnes said nonchalantly.

An hour later.

As promised, Clan Chief Atticus Lee arrived.

Wyatt Barnes welcomed him into his home.

"Wyatt Barnes, I know that with your abilities, you definitely could not have been the murderer who killed the Grand Elder. However, since the Grand Elder followed you out, did you by any chance encounter him?" Atticus Lee was quick to reach the point.

Atticus Lee had complicated feelings towards Wyatt Barnes.

He originally thought that Wyatt Barnes was only slightly better than Rayan Lee.

Who knew?

At the Gathering of Geniuses, Wyatt Barnes managed to actually defeat both Amos Lynch from the Lynch Clan and Remi Sinclair from the Sinclair Clan.

Defeating Amos Lynch was one thing.

But Remi Sinclair was not only the most talented individual within the Sinclair Clan for the past hundred years but was also Aurora City's foremost talent for the same period.

Even he, as the Clan Chief of the Lee Clan, often sighed in admiration.

How good it would be if Remi Sinclair was a part of the Lee Clan.

Now, Wyatt Barnes had defeated Remi Sinclair, which was a truly pleasant surprise for him.

What's most important is that Wyatt Barnes was just sixteen years old.

He was a full two years younger than Remi Sinclair.

One can definitely imagine the future. When Wyatt Barnes reached eighteen, his power would become stronger, and he would undoubtedly leave his peers far behind.

"Clan Chief, I know what you mean. However, when I was in the Misty Forest, I was concentrating on hunting the Fierce Beasts. I noticed nothing strange and didn't see the Grand Elder either. Also, with the Grand Elder's power, if he tried to track me, I couldn't possibly have noticed," as Wyatt Barnes continued, a self-mocking grin appeared on his face.

"I understand; I'm merely asking as per procedure. Besides, even if you could not find the Grand Elder, there's no need to feel distressed... He was, after all, a martial artist of the Original Pill

Realm. With your talent, you will surely surpass him before you're thirty," Atticus Lee nodded and said in a comforting tone.

"I will try my best," Wyatt Barnes responded, determination clear in his eyes.

"Also ... regarding the incident last time, I hope you won't mind. I did it for the Lee Clan's reputation," said Atticus Lee after a brief hesitation.

In his eyes.

The Wyatt Barnes of the present wasn't the same as the Wyatt Barnes of the past.

Being able to reach first place on the Hidden Dragon List at the age of sixteen ...

This level of achievement was a first since the introduction of Aurora City's Hidden Dragon List.

It could be said that Wyatt Barnes had pioneered a new trail.

Now, even if Wyatt Barnes was only a distant relative, he deserved the Lee clan's attention.

"Clan Chief, you worry too much," Wyatt Barnes shook his head and laughed.

"This money is a little token of appreciation from the clan," Atticus Lee pulled out a stack of bank checks from his pocket and put it on the table, smiling.

"Clan Chief, this is..."

Wyatt Barnes was taken aback.

These bank checks all held the maximum denomination, each worth ten thousand taels.

This hefty stack probably amounted to about a million taels.

"For this iteration of the Hidden Dragon List, you've brought honor to our family. This is the family's reward for you... I've already spoken to the three alchemist elders of the family. If you need any medicinal pills, you can pay for the materials yourself and have them refine them for you. They won't charge you a cent,"

Atticus Lee said with a smile.

The first place in Hidden Dragon List, a honor no one from the Lee Family had achieved in almost a decade.

This time, Wyatt Barnes greatly added to the family's reputation.

Thinking back to a few days prior before the Clan Chiefs of the Sinclair and Lynch families, the jealousy in their eyes gave him great satisfaction.

"Thank you, Clan Chief,"

Wyatt Barnes hurriedly expressed his gratitude.

"If you want to refine artifacts...you can go to Elder Edgar Lee. Given your close relationship with Jovie, I imagine he will be willing to help you refine spiritual tools in consideration of Jovie,"

Clan Chief Atticus added.

Edgar Lee?

Wyatt Barnes was taken aback.

"Clan Chief, you need not worry about that. If Wyatt really needed my help in refining spiritual tools, I would even risk my old life to assist him,"

Just then, a hearty voice broke the brief silence.

Wyatt Barnes looked over.

Jovie Lee was helping her grandfather in slowly.

Wyatt Barnes realized.

So Jovie's grandfather was the 'Elder Edgar Lee' the Clan Chief mentioned.

A hint of emotion flashed across his eyes.

He knew Jovie must have brought her grandfather to support him, fearing he might be at a disadvantage.

"Elder Edgar Lee!"

Upon seeing the older man, Atticus Lee quickly stood up, his voice laced with respect.

The Lee Family had three nine-grade alchemists.

But as for nine-grade Artifact Refiners, since his father, who was the previous Clan Chief of the Lee Family, departed, only Edgar Lee remained.

"Clan Chief, no need for formalities,"

Elder Edgar Lee spoke dismissively.

Suddenly, Atticus Lee's pupils shrank.

His gaze fell on the Artifact Refiners Guild badge on Elder Edgar Lee.

The red 'eight-grade' mark gave him quite the scare.

"Elder Edgar Lee, you...you've advanced to become an eight-grade Artifact Refiner?"

Atticus Lee drew a deep breath, asking somewhat flusteredly.

"Clan Chief has sharp eyes,"

Elder Edgar Lee nodded slightly.

Confirmed, Atticus Lee's breath grew ragged again, his chest heaving like a bellows.

As far as he knew.

In the past, within Aurora City, only the Guild Master of the Artifact Refiners Guild was an eighth-grade Artifact Refiner.

And now, their Lee Family had produced an eighth-grade Artifact Refiner too.

This was truly astonishingly good news!

"Congratulations Elder Edgar Lee, on finally fulfilling your wish of becoming an eight-grade Artifact Refiner. Since you have something to discuss with Wyatt Barnes, I will take my leave."

After addressing Elder Edgar Lee, Atticus Lee nodded to Wyatt Barnes and Jovie Lee before departing.

"Rascal, did he give you a hard time?"

Jovie Lee asked worriedly.

"No, the Clan Chief brought money."

Wyatt Barnes glanced at the stack of bank checks on the table.

Jovie Lee looked through them, exclaiming, "A million taels...the Clan Chief is really generous!"

"Wyatt lad, you're getting richer than me,"

Elder Edgar Lee laughed.

"Grandpa, how can I compare to you? If it weren't for the fact that you refuse to accept any fees for refining tools for the clan members, your wealth would have been immeasurable by now."

Wyatt Barnes shook his head.

He learned all this from Jovie.

"It seems, my Jovie has already sold me out. How typical of girls,"

By the end, Elder Edgar Lee sighed, "Girls won't always stay with you..."

"Grandpa, what are you saying? I'm always your good granddaughter,"

Jovie Lee, hastily holding on to Elder Edgar Lee's arm, acted like a spoiled child.

"Elder Edgar Lee,"

Hearing the noise, Christina Lee also came out of the room, looking respectfully at the elderly man.

"You must be Wyatt's mother? You have a good son..."

Elder Edgar Lee smiled and nodded at Christina Lee, his expression amiable.

"You flatter me, Eldar Edgar Lee,"

Christina Lee said modestly.

"The reason why I'm here is that I want to ask for your opinions... It appears that my granddaughter Jovie and Wyatt share mutual affections. How about we arrange an engagement between them?"

Elder Edgar Lee asked with a smile.

"Grandpa!"

Jovie Lee's face turned red with embarrassment. She had known nothing about Elder Edgar Lee's decision.

"What, you don't want to marry Wyatt?"

Elder Edgar Lee teased.

"Grandpa, you're bullying Jovie!"

Jovie Lee hung her head low, not daring to look at Christina Lee and Wyatt Barnes.

"Elder, I naturally will not refuse this proposal. From my perspective, as long as Wyatt is happy, then it's fine. However, I should let you know that my son has already settled on another engagement."

Christina Lee said.

"I know. Are you speaking of the girl named 'Keer'?"

Elder Edgar Lee nodded.

"Greetings, Elder,"

Keer also came out at this time, greeting the old man.

"What a beautiful and intelligent girl indeed...Wyatt really is a lucky lad,"

Elder Edgar Lee looked Keer up and down, and under her timid gaze, he revealed a satisfied smile.

Chapter 88: Anxious as if Set on Fire

After the two parents finalized the engagement between Wyatt Barnes and Jovie Lee, they had dinner together that evening.

After dinner, Wyatt Barnes sent the grandfather and granddaughter duo home.

The elder wisely retreated to his room first.

"Jovie, from today on, you are my fiancée..."

Wyatt Barnes said with a sly grin.

"Psh! It's just an engagement, I haven't married into your family yet."

Jovie Lee gave Wyatt Barnes a disdainful glare.

"Grandpa said that in two years, when I turn eighteen, we'll get married. Jovie, what if I stayed over tonight?"

Wyatt Barnes eyed Jovie Lee's enticing figure, swallowing a mouthful of saliva, greedily proposed.

"In your dreams."

A vigilant look on her face, Jovie Lee swiftly retreated into her room and slammed the door shut.

Wyatt Barnes could only leave with a bitter smile.

Upon returning home, Wyatt found that Keer was still waiting for him.

"You silly girl."

Wyatt Barnes extended his arm, hoisting Keer up by her waist, and brought her back to her room.

"Young Master."

Just as Wyatt Barnes was about to depart, Keer softly called him.

"What's the matter?"

Wyatt Barnes asked, looking bemused.

"Young Master, can you stay with Keer tonight?"

Keer pleaded pathetically.

"Silly girl, what's wrong?"

Stripping off his outerwear and climbing into bed, Wyatt Barnes held Keer in his arms, asking softly.

"Young Master, would you abandon Keer when you marry Sister Jovie?"

The young girl voiced her worries.

"You silly girl, remember this, you are mine for life, no one can change that... no one can take your place in my heart, understand?"

Wyatt Barnes comforted the young girl gently, holding her without any lewd intentions for once.

"Young Master."

The young girl held Wyatt Barnes tightly, sinking into a deep slumber.

The next morning, at breakfast.

"Mom, Keer, I have to leave for a few days, don't wait up for me these nights, go to sleep early."

Wyatt Barnes notified them in advance.

"Be careful."

Christina Lee nodded her head.

Although Wyatt Barnes hadn't mentioned what he would be doing, she knew there must be something important.

Her son had grown up, no longer the fledgling who used to hide under her 'wings'.

"Young Master, when will you be back?"

Keer asked.

"In about four days... If Jovie looks for me, let her know."

Wyatt Barnes pondered for a moment before responding.

He was planning to visit Victory City on this departure.

Although he had secured his position in the Lee family now, and even gained the protection of the only level-eight Artifact Refiner in the Lee family, it didn't mean he would be spared if the King family of Victory City decided to investigate the 'one that got away.'

However, he didn't want to expose himself to the King family.

Once exposed,

The Lee family could protect him for a while, but not forever.

It was best to nip the problem in the bud, and avoid future troubles!

After leaving the Lee residence, Wyatt Barnes removed the Lee family badge from his clothes and stowed it in the 'Storage Ring'.

The 'Storage Ring' had been coated with a layer of dark grey metal using his Artifact Refining techniques. Now unrecognizable, it looked like a common ring which he wore on his hand, extremely convenient.

After buying a horse and some dry food for the road at the market, Wyatt Barnes set off from Aurora City.

Aurora City, Victory City, and Foggy Water City formed a triangle enclosing the Mystical Fog Forest.

The distance from Aurora City to Victory City was not shorter than a round trip from Aurora City to the Mystical Fog Forest.

Even if he rode fast to Victory City, it would still take eight to nine hours.

Wyatt Barnes left early in the morning, passed through the Mystical Fog Forest at noon, and headed toward the other end of the road.

By evening,

The silhouette of Victory City appeared before Wyatt Barnes' eyes.

Stirred by emotions, he spurred his horse to accelerate, galloping forward.

"Hyah!"

"Hyah!"

At that moment, Wyatt Barnes heard two voices from behind him, a male and a female.

Turning his head, he saw a young man and a young woman galloping towards him, faster than his horse.

The young man and woman seemed to be around seventeen.

Their clothes were luxurious, obviously from noble origins.

"Sweat-Blood Steeds!"

Wyatt Barnes' gaze quickly landed on the magnificent horses beneath the two.

The two horses were drenched in sweat as they galloped.

In terms of speed,

It was something his horse could not match.

"Sweat-Blood Steeds, worth tens of thousands of gold, but priceless on the market..."

Wyatt Barnes considered in his mind.

Tens of thousands of gold, equivalent to tens of thousands of ounces of gold.

In the Cloud Skies Continent, one ounce of gold was worth a hundred ounces of silver.

In other words, a Sweat-Blood Steed is worth one million ounces of silver.

Even the clan chiefs of the three big families in Aurora City wouldn't be so lavish.

One could guess that this pair of young man and woman didn't come from any of the three cities surrounding the Mystical Fog Forest.

"Could they be from County City?"

Crimson Heaven Kingdom was divided into eighteen counties, each with a County City, second only in size to the Imperial City.

Below each county were eighty-one small cities.

Aurora City was one of the thousands of small cities within Crimson Heaven Kingdom.

"Hyah!"

Taking a deep breath, Wyatt Barnes steered his horse to the side of the road.

He didn't want any trouble.

However, sometimes, even if he didn't want trouble, it didn't mean others wouldn't cause trouble.

"Sister Valentina, see that peasant up ahead? He saw us and was scared into hiding by the side of the road..."

The galloping young man laughed heartily.

"He must be afraid of being flung away by our Sweat-Blood Steeds."

The young woman also chuckled.

"Sister Valentina, shall we have a race?"

The young man's eyes flashed as he made the proposition.

"How do we compete?"

The young girl was intrigued.

"Let's see who can reach the peasant first and strike him off his horse with our horsewhips, how about that?"

The teenager quipped, "Well done! Go!"

Following the girl's assenting voice, the whip hit the sweaty treasure horse.

Immediately, the horse ran at full speed, like the wind.

"Sister Valentina, that's cheating!"

The boy yelled in alarm and pursued suit.

Wyatt Barnes naturally did not understand their exchange.

He observed from afar as the boy and girl sped towards him. He planned to proceed only after they had passed in order to avoid unnecessary conflict.

Unexpectedly.

Whoosh!

The girl, leading the path, passed him with the force of a gale.

Suddenly, Wyatt's complexion shifted.

For he saw that in the girl's hand, the whip rose imbued with the Origin force, to strike directly at his face ...

Above the girl's head, two ancient giant elephant illusions began to form.

Seventeen years old, on the first level of the Condensed Pill Realm!

Swish!

Before the whip even reached, he felt a strong gust hitting his face, causing intense pain.

Wyatt's face darkened,

Amid flashes of lightning, he reached out to catch it.

Releasing the power of nearly three giant ancient elephants all at once.

Two ancient giant elephant illusions formed over Wyatt's head ...

Pop!

Without any effort, Wyatt caught the horse whip.

The girl did not expect Wyatt to catch her whip. Shocked, she tried to pull the whip out of Wyatt's hand.

"Hmph!"

Wyatt's eyes chilled, he applied force.

Boom!

The exhausted treasure horse continued to run rampantly, throwing the girl off its back with a cry.

"Sister Valentina! ~~"

The boy chasing from behind changed color, alighted from his horse, and rushed over to the fallen girl to help her up.

"Third Elder Brother, it hurts."

The girl's face turned pale.

"You lowlife, do you know who we are?"

The boy's face darkened, his voice icy cold.

"I don't know and I have no interest in knowing,"

Wyatt replied blandly.

"You're courting death!"

The boy's face turned hostile, he lunged himself forward.

In just an instant, four ancient giant elephant illusions appeared above the boy's head, showing his cultivation level.

Third level of the Condensed Pill Realm!

Wyatt was slightly taken aback.

About seventeen years old in the third level of the Condensed Pill Realm...

This talent is even more monstrous than Remi Sinclair's!

Boom!

The boy charged forward, as fast as lightning, with a palm strike hitting Wyatt's horse.

Wyatt's face changed, he hopped off the horse.

With a scream, the horse flew out and all went silent.

Dead.

"Die!"

The boy's cold gaze fixed on Wyatt.

Whoosh!

Moving like the wind, he struck out another palm.

More than ten palm shadows sealed into one in the void, screaming down towards Wyatt.

"A perfected realm high-ranked Profound Level martial arts technique!"

Wyatt was taken aback. The opponent's martial arts technique was no weaker than Remi Sinclair's 'Cosmo Within the Sleeve'.

Furthermore, the boy's cultivation level was one level higher than Remi's.

Even Remi would struggle to counter his palm attack.

"Unlucky you for meeting me!"

Wyatt's eyes turned cold, he advanced a step, confronting him.

Unleashing the power of nearly five ancient giant elephants...

Sword Drawing Technique!

Swish!

A dark purple sword light chased him as he moved...

"Ah!"

With a scream, the boy flew out and fell clumsily far away, rolling in pain.

An arm that broke at his shoulder fell to the ground...

"Third Elder Brother!"

The girl was stunned.

"Grandpa Damari!"

The girl screamed, the sound traveled afar.

Just like that, Wyatt clearly saw an old figure running from the far distance behind the grand road...

In Wyatt's line of sight.

The figure started out as small as an ant, became as big as a fist, and still continued to magnify...

Getting closer and closer!

"Not good!"

Wyatt's face changed when he realized how strong this person was. He got up and mounted the boy's sweat-soaked horse.

Escape!

With a squeeze of Wyatt's legs, he fled, thundering like a storm.

With a glance at Victory City not far away, and another look at the man getting closer, Wyatt's face turned solemn.

Now, he could only hope that the old man would first attend to the boy's wounds and reattach the boy's severed arm.

Otherwise, he was undoubtedly going to die!

This old man was definitely more speedy than Jonathan Lee, the grand elder of the Lee family.

In fact, he was not much slower than Greyson Ho, the supreme elder of the Ho family in Foggy Water City.

Clearly, this was a warrior of the Original Infant Realm.

As Wyatt galloped forward, his heart was filled with apprehension and unease. He dreaded most that the old man would forsake the boy to chase after him...

Given the old man's strength, once he catches up to Wyatt, there will be no chance for Wyatt to survive.

"Faster, Faster!"

Wyatt kept urging the blood-soaked treasure horse, his heart was burning with anxiety.

Even though, the horse was twice as fast as his previous horse...

However, at this moment, he still felt it was too slow!

Chapter 89: The Governor's Son

Fast! Fast! Fast!

Right now, Wyatt Barnes wishes he could sprout wings and fly straight into Victory City.

As long as he enters the city, he will be safe.

Finally, under Wyatt's nervous gaze, the old man stopped, clearly going to check the boy's injuries.

"Phew!"

Wyatt Barnes let out a deep breath, only then did he realize that his clothes had been soaked with cold sweat.

At this moment, he had the feeling of being suddenly lifted from hell to heaven.

Although the old man did not catch up, Wyatt did not dare to hesitate, he rode his prized horse straight into the city.

As soon as he entered the city, he heard the pedestrians gasp in surprise.

"Look!"

"Another prized horse!"

"Could the one that just passed also be his?"

...

Wyatt heard the crowds' comments.

With a frown, he dismounted, and while all eyes were on the horse, he took advantage of the moment to leave.

He disappeared into the stream of horse-drawn carriages and endless people.

"Could it be... Now it's trendy to throw around prized horses?"

"This is a prized horse worth ten thousand gold... That boy, tossed it aside like it was trash."

Many people were stunned.

Phew!

Just then, everyone's gaze fell towards the city's entrance.

An elderly figure, leaving a string of afterimages, was instantly in front of the horse.

"Did any of you see that young man in purple who just rode into the city?"

The old man's eyes were like electricity, sweeping over the onlookers, making them feel chilled to the bone.

"He went that way!"

Someone pointed in the direction Wyatt went.

Phew!

The old man disappeared into the crowd, vanishing from sight.

"So fast!"

"Too fast, even as a Condensed Pill Realm martial artist, I can't even see him."

"I guess he is a Original Pill Realm expert."

"I've seen Emily Chapman, the Second Elder of the Chapman Family, in action. Emily is a Seventh-Order Original Pill Realm expert, but even she doesn't seem this fast."

...

The crowd was abuzz.

Wyatt wound through the streets, circling around most of Victory City, only relaxing when night fell.

"Now I have to change these clothes, they are too conspicuous."

Wyatt looked at his clothes and thought to himself.

"Huh?"

Suddenly, he noticed a figure coming towards him.

From the figure, it was a boy of similar height to him.

"My parents will be so happy. Starting tomorrow, I'll be a servant in the Chapman Family, earning ten silver a month."

The boy was murmuring to himself, humming a tune as he walked into the alley.

However, he quickly quieted down, as if his throat had been choked.

Under the moonlight.

A dark purple sword shimmered with a cold sheen.

"Please, I don't have any money. I really don't."

The boy closed his eyes in fear and said in a terrified voice.

Wyatt was somewhat speechless.

Who wants your money!

"Take off your clothes."

Wyatt said.

"Ah! Good man, you...you want to..."

The boy's body shivered, his voice trembling.

"Less talking, take off your clothes!"

Wyatt said impatiently.

"Yes, yes."

The boy nodded, quickly taking off his outer clothing.

Wyatt took off his clothes and put on the clothes the boy had taken off.

However, after he changed his clothes, he found the boy had also removed his pants, now leaning against the wall, his bare bottom facing him, trembling. "Good man, please be gentle, I... I'm a virgin..."

Wyatt was taken aback.

Who does this guy think he is?

Even if he wanted to rob someone of their virtue, he wouldn't choose a man, right?

"Get lost! I just wanted your clothes."

Wyatt sheathed his sword, landed a kick on the boy's bare bottom.

The boy yelped in pain, then whimpered, "Good man, you should've said so earlier ... my innocence ..."

"Do I look like that kind of person to you?"

Wyatt glared at the boy, grumbled, and left the alley.

The night market in Victory City, much like Aurora City, is quite lively.

He bought a mask from a night market stall, found a secluded place to put it on, then continued towards the Ghostly Shadow's base in Victory City.

Shally Don had told him beforehand where the Ghostly Shadow's base was, so he found it quickly.

He walked in, arriving at the counter.

Behind the counter was a young woman, around twenty-two or twenty-three. Her alluring figure was reminiscent of a water snake. Her ample bosom was almost bursting out, and her cold face offered a stark contrast.

Seeing Wyatt wearing a mask, the woman was not surprised, as if she was used to it.

"King Clan, outer disciple, Charles King."

Wyatt lowered his voice and said hoarsely to the woman.

"10,000 silver for the deposit, confirmation after three days."

The woman's voice was icy cold, devoid of any emotion.

Wyatt placed a bank check of 10,000 silver, which he had taken out of his Storage Ring earlier, on the counter, turned around, and left.

He knew the rules of the Ghostly Shadow from what Shally Don had told him.

After leaving the Ghostly Shadow organization's base, Wyatt Barnes took a stroll around the vicinity to confirm that no one was tailing him. Only then did he remove his mask and shattered it with a palm strike.

Following that, he had some barbecue in the busy streets of Victory City and then found a nearby inn to stay.

"Two blood-sweating horses, an Original Infant Realm powerhouse."

Recollecting what he had encountered outside of Victory City, Wyatt Barnes felt a sense of heaviness in his heart.

The pair of young people under the escort of an Original Infant Realm powerhouse surely must have remarkable identities. They were most likely from a distinguished clan of the County City.

"However, only that young man and woman recognize my appearance."

Upon thinking of this, he let out a sigh of relief.

After some contemplation, he bought some rouge and powder.

In his previous life, as a mercenary, Wyatt Barnes was adept at various disguising techniques, including 'pseudo-transformation'.

After half an hour, his handsome cheeks changed, becoming very ordinary.

"Not bad, my skill hasn't deteriorated."

Looking into the mirror, Wyatt Barnes nodded in satisfaction.

His ordinary set of cheeks couldn't be identified as being made up with cosmetics upon first glance...

This face was the kind that would be lost once merged into the crowd.

"Now, even if they see me again, they'd not be able to recognize."

After his makeover, Wyatt Barnes was temporarily at peace.

Early in the morning of the next day, while the inn manager was still drowsy from sleep, he checked out of his room.

If he wanted to completely hide, he must leave no trace behind.

This manager had seen his 'true face' last night.

Upon leaving the inn, Wyatt Barnes boldly went to a restaurant for breakfast.

The warm breakfast set his taste buds tingling with anticipation.

"Who was that audacious? To dare to sever the arm of the son of the 'Swallow Mountain County' governor here in Victory City!"

"I heard the Clan Chief went to the King Clan and Chapman Clan early in the morning today. It seems he wants to use their power to find the assailant."

"It is said that the assailant is approximately a sixteen-year-old young sword cultivator, at the third stage of the Condensed Pill Realm, adorned in a purple robe, and handsome... But how on earth are they going to find him?"

As Wyatt Barnes was enjoying his breakfast and gulping down milk, he overheard the conversations of a table nearby.

They were three young men in their early twenties.

Wyatt Barnes' heart jolted.

He naturally guessed that the 'criminal' they were discussing was himself.

However, although he guessed that the trio he encountered yesterday must have considerable background, he didn't expect it to be extraordinary.

Swallow Mountain County had a vast jurisdiction, covering eighty-one cities.

These cities included Aurora City, Victory City, and Foggy Water City.

Swallow Mountain County was one of the eighteen counties of the Crimson Heaven Kingdom. The governors of the eighteen counties all held significant military power and were highly influential.

It was said that all eighteen governors were of Void Realm.

Void Realm powerhouses, the existence transcending the Original Infant Realm martial artists, their strength was astonishing and were also called 'land immortals'. They could fly in the sky just with their physical bodies.

"That young man is the son of the governor of Swallow Mountain County?"

Wyatt Barnes also realized that he had gotten into big trouble.

However, he didn't regret it.

If he could do it all over again, he would still make the same choice.

"Fortunately, this is Victory City, very far from Aurora City... They should not suspect me."

A thought flashed through Wyatt Barnes' mind.

In the following three days.

The entire Victory City was astir due to the grand movement of the three big families.

They had only one goal.

To find the assailant who severed the arm of the governor's son.

During this time, Wyatt Barnes saw that young woman again.

The woman had a frosty expression, leading a group of people to look for him everywhere.

Although he had face-to-face interaction with the young woman, he wasn't recognized by her.

Wyatt Barnes believed.

With his current appearance, except for Keer and his mother, Christina Lee, no one else, including Jovie Lee, would recognize him even if they met face-to-face.

He had absolute confidence in his 'pseudo-transformation' technique.

At midnight.

Wyatt Barnes bought another mask from a night market, put it on, and then arrived at the Ghostly Shadow organization's base in Victory City.

He was again received by the same charming and icy young woman.

"The King Clan, Charles King, how are the confirmations?"

Wyatt Barnes went straight to the point.

"Two hundred thousand taels."

The woman's voice was cold.

"Only a Body Tempering Realm martial artist, why so expensive?"

Wyatt Barnes was taken aback.

Based on the prices he got to know from Shally Don, a Body Tempering Realm Nine Order martial artist would cost at most one hundred thousand taels.

"Infiltrating into the King's residence is risky."

The woman's cold voice trickled into his ears.

"This is one hundred and ninety thousand taels."

Without any further discussion, Wyatt Barnes took out the prepared bank check and handed it to the woman.

The woman accepted the bank check and gave a nod.

"When will you make the move?"

Wyatt Barnes couldn't help but ask.

"Tonight, the target must die."

Listening to the woman's words.

A smirk curved at the corner of Wyatt Barnes' mouth, however it was hidden by the mask.

He left the Ghostly Shadow organization's base location and found another inn to stay in.

He had made a plan in his mind.

The next morning, after breakfast, he would leave Victory City.

The next day.

Wyatt Barnes went to a restaurant for breakfast.

Although he thought he would get some wind of the news, the matter still buzzing was about the governor's son.

"According to Shally Don, no task was ever failed by the Ghostly Shadow organization. There should be no issue."

After gobbling up his breakfast, Wyatt Barnes prepared to leave the restaurant.

Chapter 90: Rayan Lee Leaves

Wyatt Barnes had just exited the tavern.

He overheard the discussion between two youngsters passing by him.

"Sigh, who would have thought that Charles King couldn't hold on."

"Yep, even the Clan Chief couldn't figure out why his injury suddenly exacerbated."

"With him kicking the bucket like this, it's basically a waste that Calvin King and his posse died. We know that the Lee Family from Aurora City was behind it, but we don't know who exactly."

"Hmph! That person from the Lee Family sure has good luck."

...

Wyatt chuckled.

Lucky?

But, the actions of the Ghostly Shadow organization were indeed swift and efficient.

He couldn't help but marvel at the methods of the Ghostly Shadow organization.

From the discussion of the two scions of the King Family, it was evident that even the Clan Chief of the King Family didn't realize that Charles King had been assassinated, assuming it to be just a relapse of his old injuries.

Wyatt bought a horse, and rode it out of the city.

At the gate of Victory City, there were three groups of people working together to inspect those leaving. The badges on their clothes revealed them to be members of the three largest families of Victory City.

The Chapman Family, the King Family, and the Willow Family.

Wyatt saw that girl again.

The girl was also helping to inspect the people in line to leave.

Soon, it was Wyatt's turn.

"Miss, is it him?" A middle-aged man standing next to the girl glanced at Wyatt and asked.

Miss?

Wyatt was taken aback.

The badge on the man's clothing indicated that he was from Willow Family of Victory City.

So it seemed that the girl who had whipped him a few days ago was the daughter of the Chief of the Willow Family?

Everything made sense now.

Before, Wyatt had found it strange that the son of a Magistrate would come to a small city like Victory City.

Compared to County City of Kayn County, Victory City was merely a 'small rural town'.

So it was because of this girl.

"He's not the one." Waverly Willow scrutinized Wyatt for a moment, then shook her head.

"Move along!" The middle-aged man gave Wyatt a cold glance.

Wyatt wasn't the least bit annoyed. He jovially rode his horse out of Victory City, a smile etched on his face.

Even though there were unexpected complications, things ended up pretty well.

The journey home was fairly smooth.

He returned to Aurora City before dusk.

Even though he was only away for a few days, Wyatt couldn't wait to go home. He went straight into his house, picked up Keer, and twirled her around.

"Keer, I've missed you so much."

Wyatt put down the blushing girl and smiled softly.

"Forgetting your mother after getting a wife..." Christina Lee emerged from the room, shaking her head and sighing.

Wyatt felt a little embarrassed. He immediately went over and held Christina's hand, trying to make up for it, "Mother, I missed you tremendously too."

"Okay, stop with the cheese. I bet you didn't get to have a proper meal on your way back. I'll go make you some food."

Christina shook her head and laughed, then went into the kitchen.

"Lady, let me help you!"

Keer also wanted to go into the kitchen.

But Wyatt held her back, "Keer, don't you miss me?"

Keer nodded vigorously, "Of course I do. But Sister Jovie misses Young Master too, you should go see her. When you come back, I'll have Lady's meal prepared."

"Silly girl."

A warmth spread in Wyatt's heart, and he pulled the girl into his embrace.

Keer would always put him first in everything.

When Wyatt arrived at Jovie's house.

"You remembered to come back?"

Seeing Wyatt, Jovie gave him a glare.

"You don't want me to come back? Then I'll leave right now."

Wyatt was taken aback, a smile tugged at his lips as he turned to leave.

"Don't you dare!"

Jovie quickly stepped forward, blocking Wyatt's path.

However, just as she positioned herself in front of Wyatt, it was as if he had foreseen her move, he spread his arms wide, and pulled her into his embrace.

Jovie's body trembled.

"I've missed you."

Wyatt gently pressed his lips against the girl's earlobe, gave it a lick, and whispered softly.

The girl stiffened as though hit by lightning.

"Ahem..."

At that moment, a coughing sound come from behind them, causing Wyatt to stiffen.

He was starting to think that the old man did it on purpose!

"Grandpa."

Jovie's face flushed red, and she lowered her head, not daring to look at the elderly man.

"Grandpa."

Wyatt turned around, greeted the elderly man with a cheeky smile.

"Little Wyatt, I heard that you left for a few days. Where did you go?" Edgar Lee narrowed his eyes, and asked with a smile.

"No specific place, just wandered around the Foggy Forest, hoping to find another spiritual fruit to strengthen my physical strength."

Wyatt quickly found an excuse.

"You think those spiritual fruits just fall from the sky?"

Edgar was speechless.

He had also heard about Wyatt consuming a spiritual fruit which transformed his body, granting him the strength equivalent to two ancient giant elephants.

However, to him, this kind of spiritual fruit was the kind that one could only come across by chance; it couldn't be sought out intentionally.

"Actually, Grandpa, the spiritual fruit that I found originally did fall from the sky. It even hit my head and gave me a bump..."

Wyatt continued to blabber on.

Edgar Lee suddenly looked a bit embarrassed, "That's a coincidence... It's definitely a coincidence."

Quickly, Edgar moved the topic AWAY, "Wyatt, I've seen the spirit swords that you've helped Keer refine. They're quite good, surpassing ordinary ninth-grade spiritual implements... However, they're still quite a ways from being eighth grade. Do you need grandfather to help you all upgrade your spirit swords to the eighth-grade level?"

"Grandfather, you don't just want to help us upgrade the spiritual implements, do you?"

Wyatt Barnes saw through Edgar Lee's thoughts and gave a teasing smile.

Edgar Lee's face turned red.

"Cheeky! Grandfather wants some 'Purple Meteorites' to upgrade my spiritual implements to the eighth-grade level too..."

Jovie Lee shot Wyatt Barnes a reproachful look.

"I was just joking. If grandfather needs it, of course, I will give it to him. Grandfather, I will go get my mother's and Keer's swords and bring them over to you."

Wyatt quickly returned home, and handed all three of the Purple Emperor Soft Swords to the old man.

"What extravagance, such extravagance!"

The old man looked at the three soft swords, slightly amused, "Wyatt, where did you get these Purple Meteorites?"

"While we were in Clear Wind Town, we bought them from a weapons shop... I think we paid around two hundred taels."

Wyatt Barnes casually replied.

Two hundred taels?

The man's corner of the mouth twitched, and after a long pause, he finally spat out three words, "Lucky. Dog!"

Holding the three swords like priceless treasures, the old man returned to his room and busied himself.

Wyatt again sneak attacked Jovie, pulling her into his arms, and chuckled, "Jovie, have you missed me these past few days?"

"Not at all."

Jovie blushed.

"Really? You haven't?"

Wyatt's hand deftly moved about Jovie's tempting body.

"Stop moving around!"

"Only if you tell me the truth. Did you miss me?"

"I..."

"I didn't catch that."

"I missed you! Okay? You're such a scoundrel!"

"Heh, heh, better watch out... A wolf is number!"

"Ah! Stop it."

...

Both Wyatt and Jovie were unaware.

At that moment, outside the courtyard, a young man in white, who'd been standing there for a while, walked away.

"Wyatt Barnes, even if the family doesn't punish you, I will still kill you someday... Just you wait."

Rayan Lee's eyes were red, filled with murderous jealousy.

His heart was nearly twisted with rage.

"Whoa, isn't this Rayan Lee?"

All of a sudden, two teenagers approached from a distance. The youth in the lead was donned in a grey robe, his eyes gleamed with a smile as he looked at Rayan Lee.

"Maximus Lee, you better keep your distance or else."

Rayan's face darkened as he issued a warning.

"Rayan, do you really think you're still the old you? In my eyes, you're now just a piece of trash."

Maximus Lee sneered, contemptuously remarking, "Presently, among the younger generation of the Lee Family, the only worthy opponent for me is Wyatt Barnes... You, don't qualify!"

"You're asking for death!"

Rayan's face twisted monstrous, and he lunged towards Maximus.

Dragon Wandering Step!

Dark Nether Finger!

With a pointed finger, Rayan attacked Maximus straight on.

The power of three ancient giant elephants fully unleashed!

"Hmph, you're not the only one in the Second Layer of the Condensed Pill Realm."

Maximus coldly chuckled, took a step forward, and above his head emerged a silhouette of three ancient giant elephants as well.

Bang!

Maximus directly intercepted the flinging finger with a punch, then kept charging forward and slammed into Rayan, sending him flying backward.

"Rayan, if your Dark Nether Finger wasn't broken, there's no way I could be your match even if I broke through to the Second Layer of the Condensed Pill Realm... Unfortunately, you're just a piece of trash. there is no chance you will stand up again in this lifetime."

Maximus approached the now grounded Rayan, a cold sneer on his face.

Rayan's face was ashen as he spat out a mouthful of blood, his eyes beaming with deadly hatred...

Maximus Lee! Wyatt Barnes!

He would not let either of them off the hook.

"Remember, your grandfather is dead. You no longer have any support in the Lee Family. Don't act so arrogantly in front of me next time, or else, I'll give you a beating every time I see you."

Maximus threatened Rayan before striding calculatedly away.

Rayan struggled to his feet, inhaled deeply, and made a decision.

He went back home to pack, took his grandfather's legacy that Johnathan Lee had left for him, and left the Lee Family.

He left with hatred deep in his heart.

When Wyatt heard that Rayan had left the Lee Family, he was somewhat surprised.

Even though he had no regard for Rayan, he had to admit that he felt a bit of admiration for his actions. Leaving the sheltering tree of the Lee Family required a courage that not everyone possessed...

Once such a decision is made, it signifies that everything must start anew.

There is no reliance; everything must rely on oneself.

What he didn't know was, Rayan had gone straight to Victory City quite coincidentally.

And even more so...

"Five days ago, the son of our County's Governor was injured by someone at the outskirts of Victory City and lost an arm? A purple-robed youth? A sword cultivator? Sixteen years old?"

"Wyatt Barnes, he was not at the Lee Family at the time, so it can be confirmed that there's a 90% chance it was him!"

After leaving the Lee Family, Rayan arrived at Victory City. He was aimlessly wandering around when he heard about the big news that had happened recently in Victory City.

"Perhaps, this is an opportunity for me."

Rayan's eyes sparkled.

Soon, Rayan arrived at the Willow Family's mansion.

"I know who severed the arm of the Governor's son."

That single sentence allowed Rayan to smoothly see the person he wanted to meet at the Willow Family's mansion.

In the spacious hall.

A richly dressed young man sat in the main seat, his face slightly pale.

Beside the richly dressed young man stood a girl and an old man.

"You know who injured my young master?"

The old man's gaze was as sharp as a knife, and the aura of an Original Infant Realm expert swept out, pressing down on Rayan.