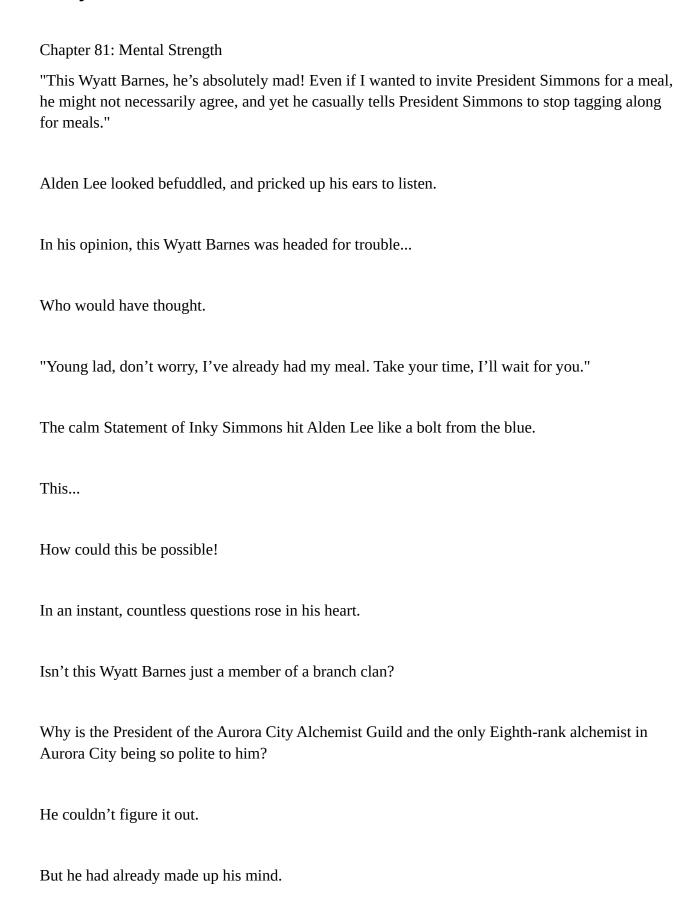
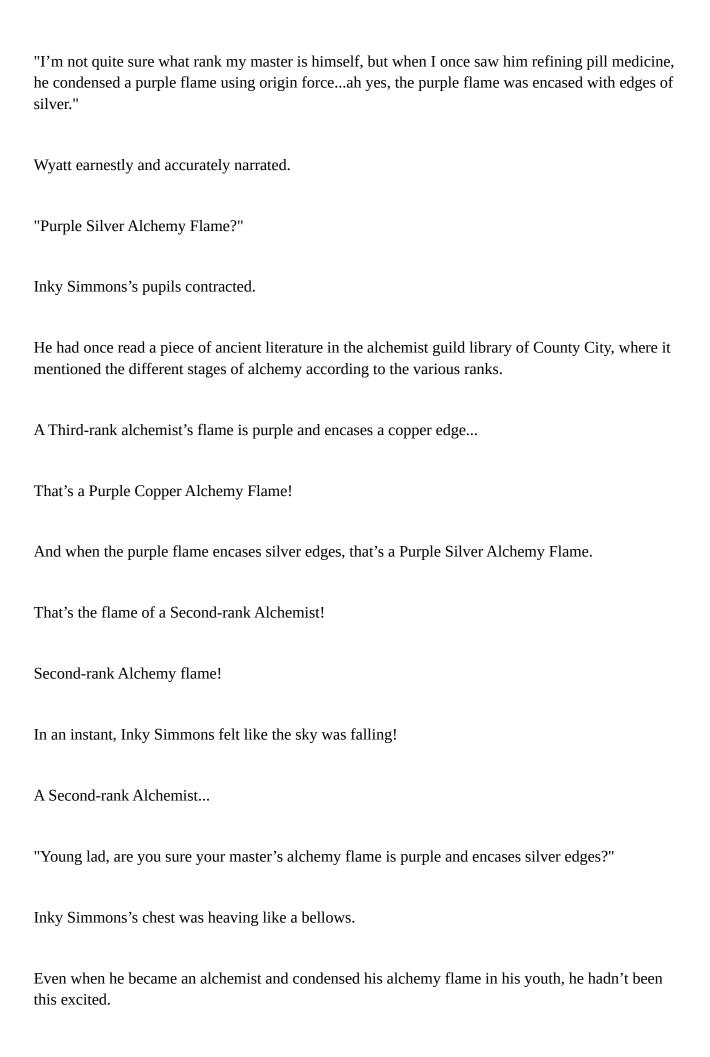
L. Wyatt 81



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.





"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..."



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.

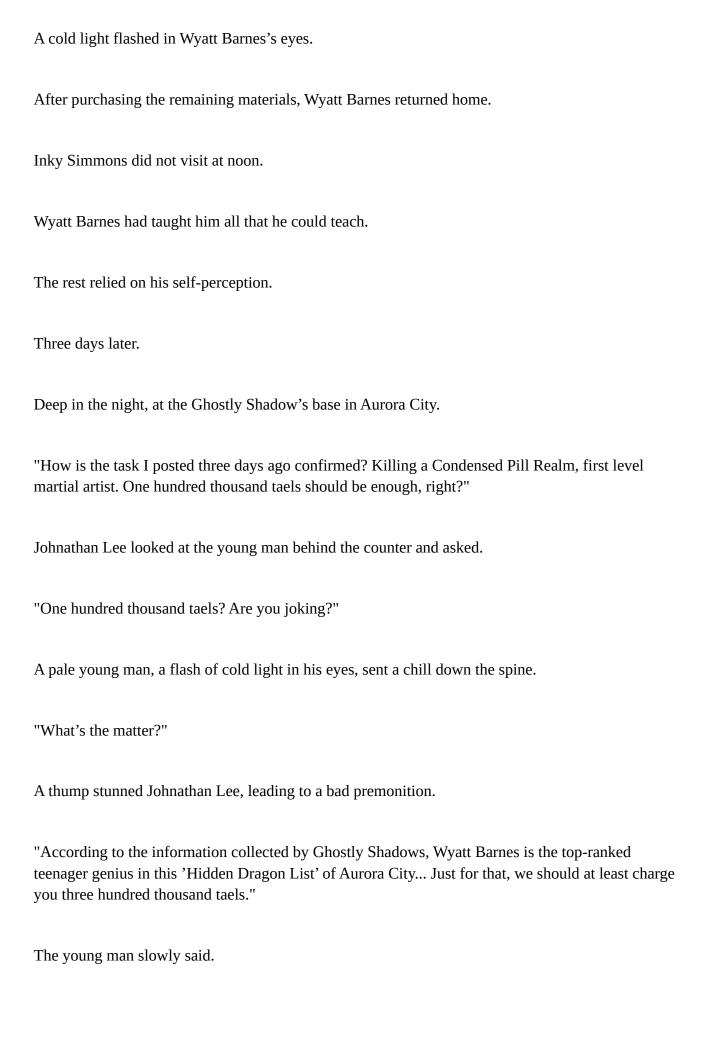
"I'm posting a job. Lee Family, Wyatt Barnes! This is the deposit."	
The man was very straightforward, pulling out a stack of bank checks and slapping them on the counter, then turned and left.	
"Lee Family, Wyatt Barnes."	
The young man dutifully recorded the information.	
Dawn.	
As the first light 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.	

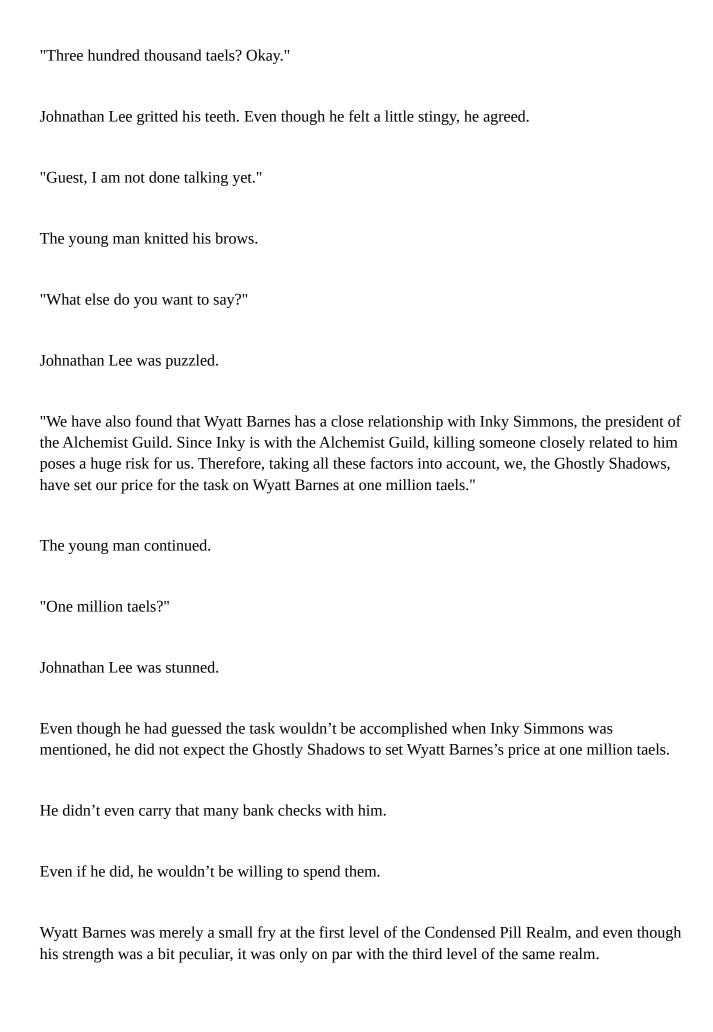
After breakfast, Wyatt went out alone, leaving the Lee Family Mansion.
Inky Simmons had brought him good news yesterday. The two remaining rare materials needed to inscribe the 'Residual Blood Inscription' would arrive in Aurora City within a couple of days.
So, he started preparing the other materials.
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?"

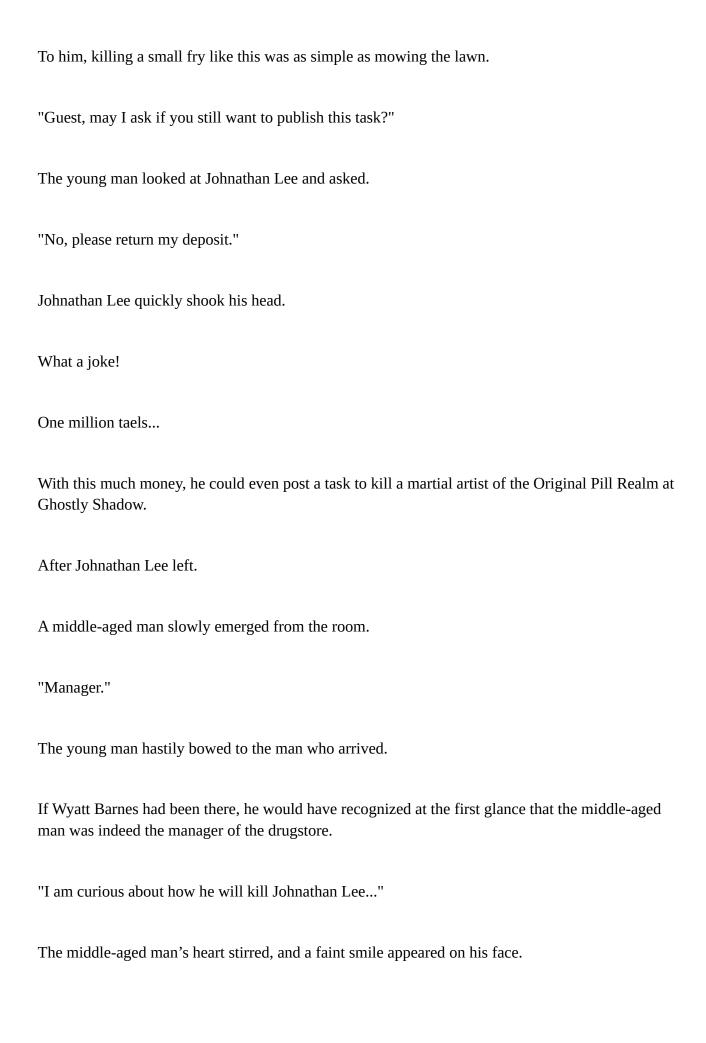
Wyatt's pupils contracted.
At that moment, Wyatt felt somewhat illusioned that the manager's demeanor had changed.
If the previous manager was considered just a shrewd businessman,
Now, the manager was exuding an air of mystery.
It seemed his previous guess about the pharmacy manager was correct, this 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 rightDuring 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!"



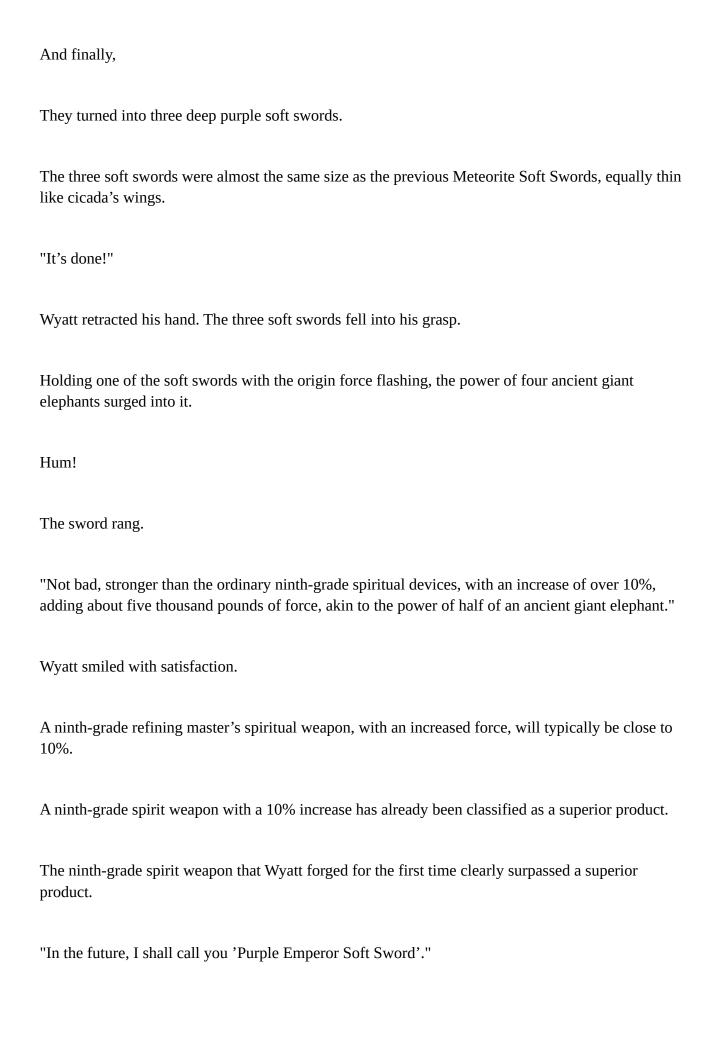








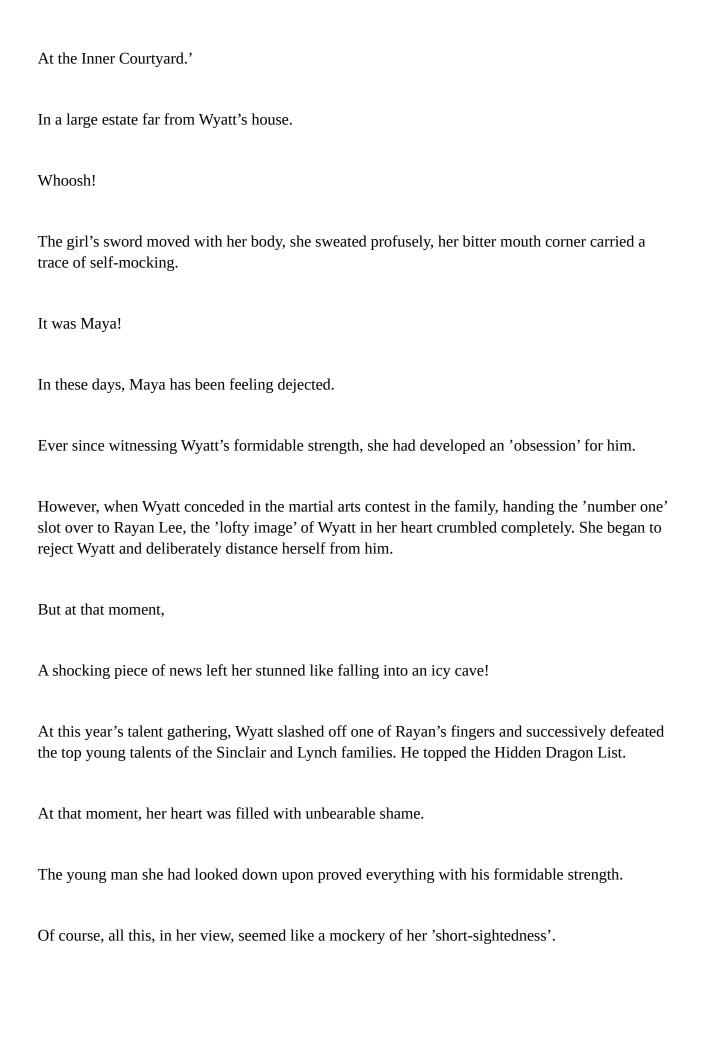
Rayan Lee said excitedly.
As long as Wyatt Barnes was alive, he would not be able to eat or sleep peacefully.
Chapter 83: Eighth Grade Artifact Refiner In the quiet room, Wyatt sat cross-legged.
In front of him, a medicinal tripod and a pile of materials were laid out
And there were also two soft, purple 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.



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.





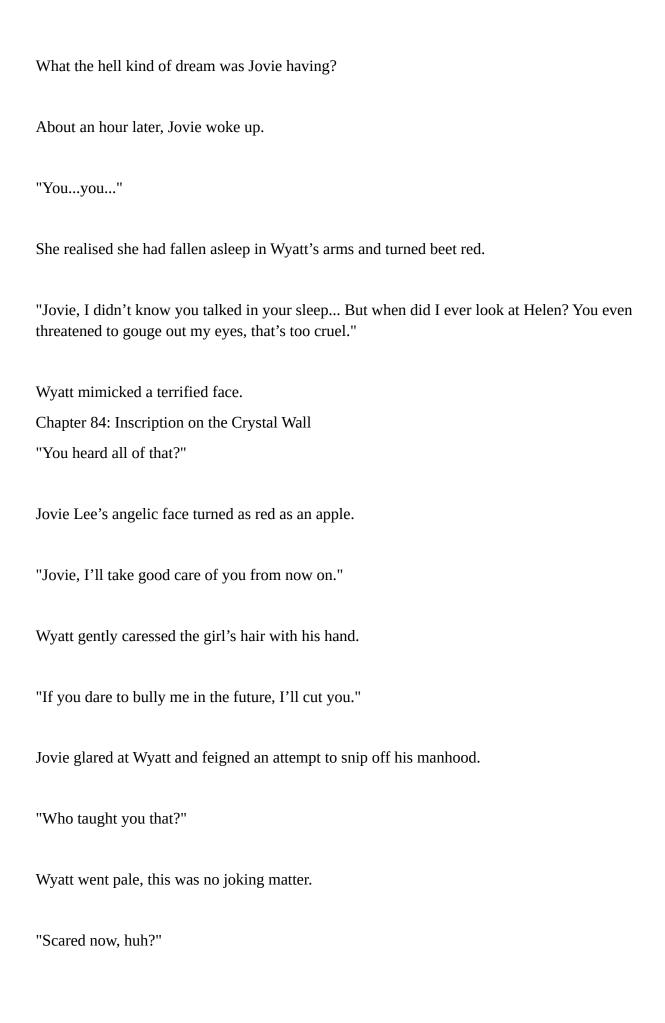




Although the Lee family had avenged their blood feud afterwards, the dead could not be brought back to life. "I miss my dad and my mom a lot... Grandpa said, they loved me so much." Jovie's slender body started to tremble, and she cried bitterly. "Jovie, it's all in the past now. Don't be sad." Wyatt 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.

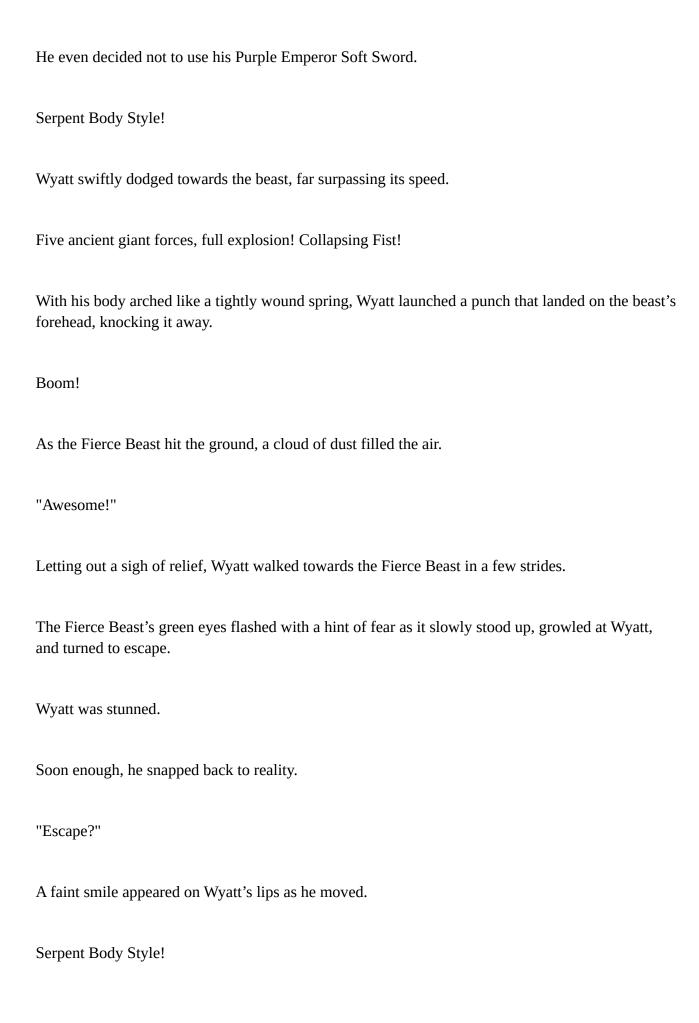
Wyatt twitched the corners of his mouth.

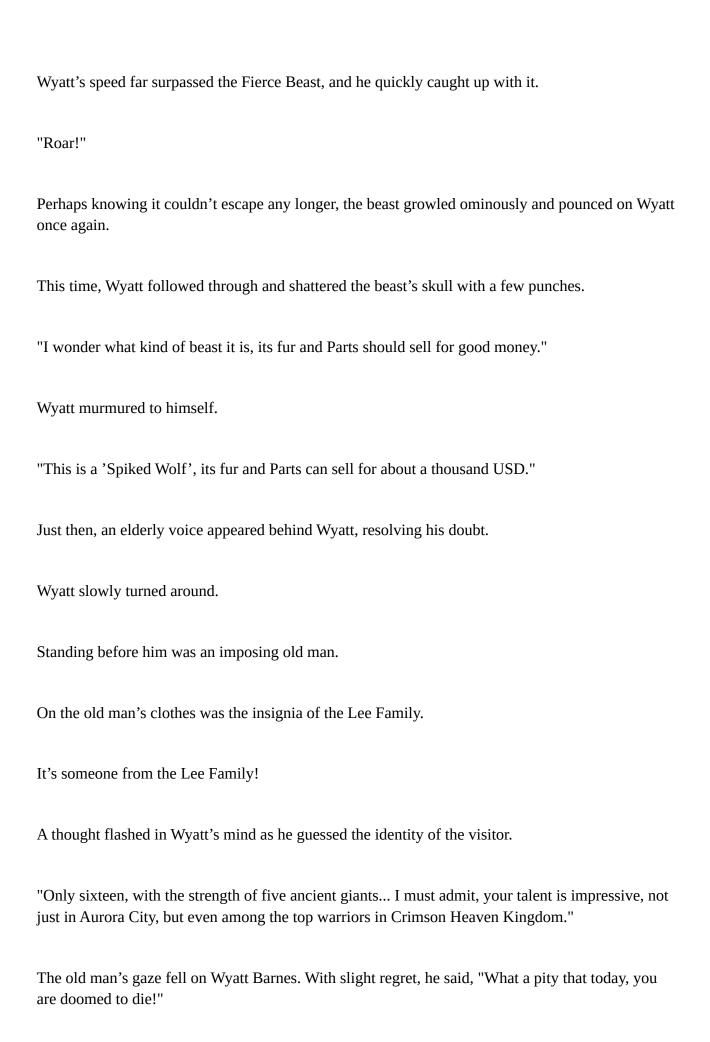


Jovie laughed triumphantly.
"Why do I feel like I'm the one thrown into the lion's den?"
Wyatt forced a bitter laugh.
Appreciating Jovie's beautiful cheeks while feeling her warmth, Wyatt's gaze became slightly dazed.
Just as he was preparing to take action
"Jovie, has Wyatt left?"
An elderly voice came 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.



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!"
"Roar!" The Fierce Beast growled and pounced towards Wyatt.
The Fierce Beast growled and pounced towards Wyatt.
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
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



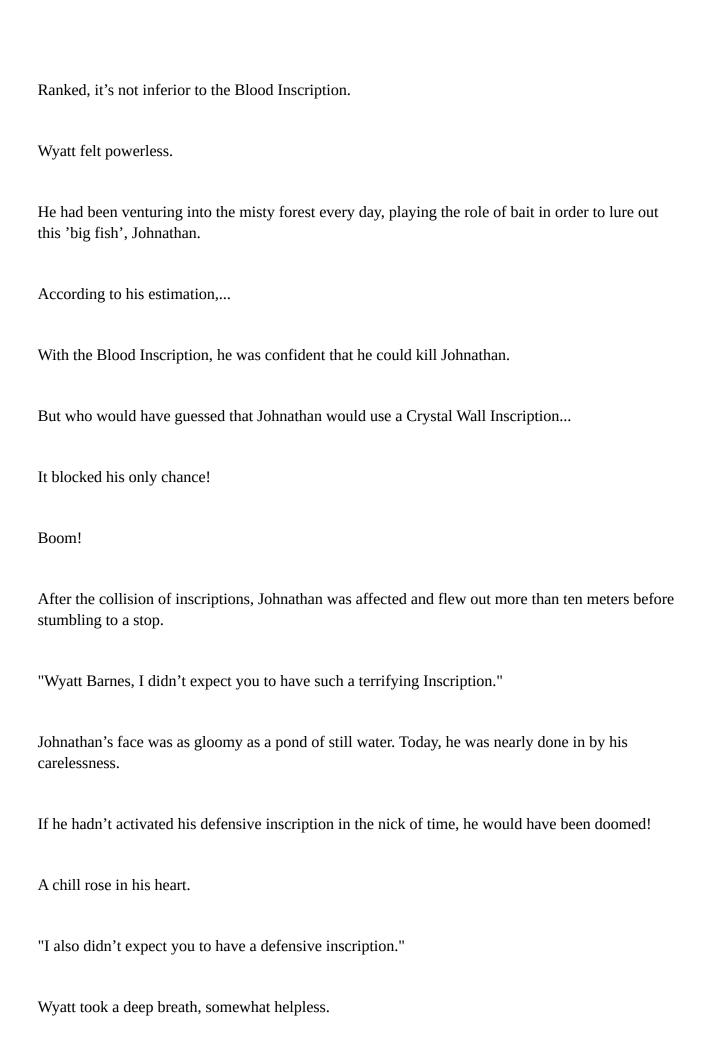








A trail of blood-red light, like a crescent, went directly for Johnathan's chest.
At this moment, Johnathan's palm came down hard, sending the Purple Emperor Soft Sword in Wyatt's hand flying.
Wyatt's hand trembled, and the skin at his tiger's mouth burst open, dripping blood.
"Inscription!"
Johnathan's 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.



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

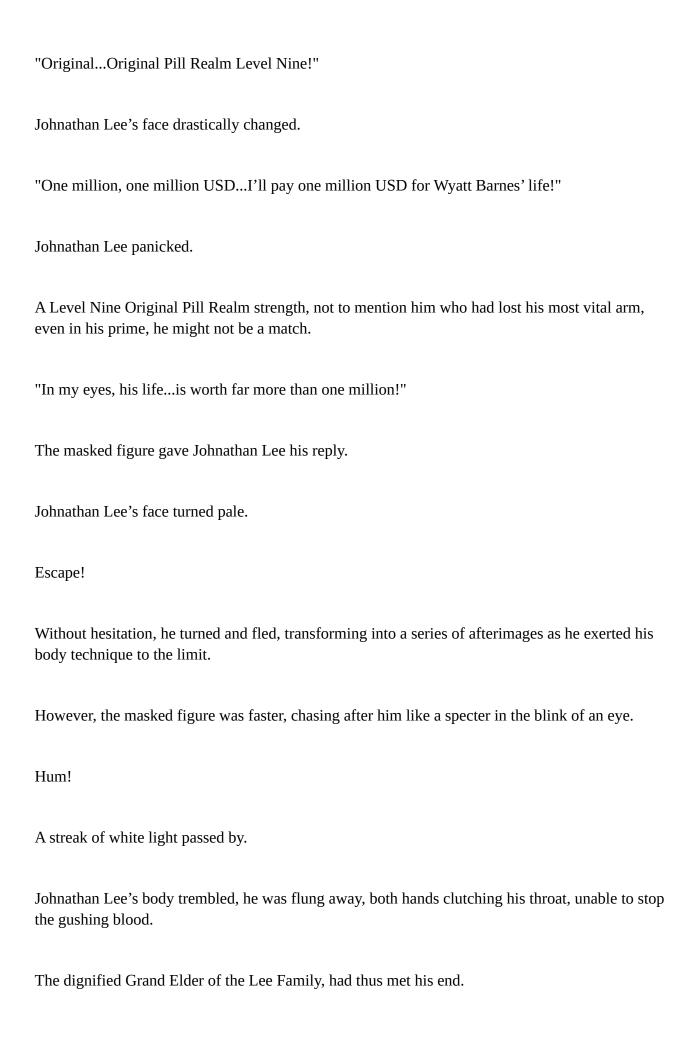
Wyatt Barnes regretted it.

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



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.









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.

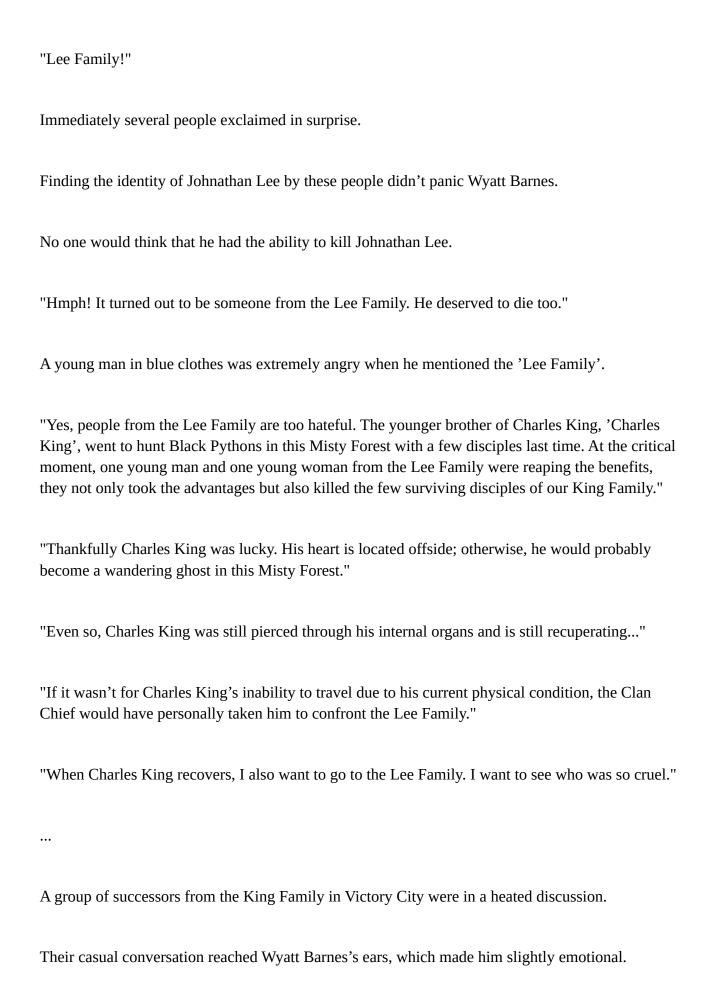
Suddenly, Wyatt Barnes's ears twitched.

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.









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?"

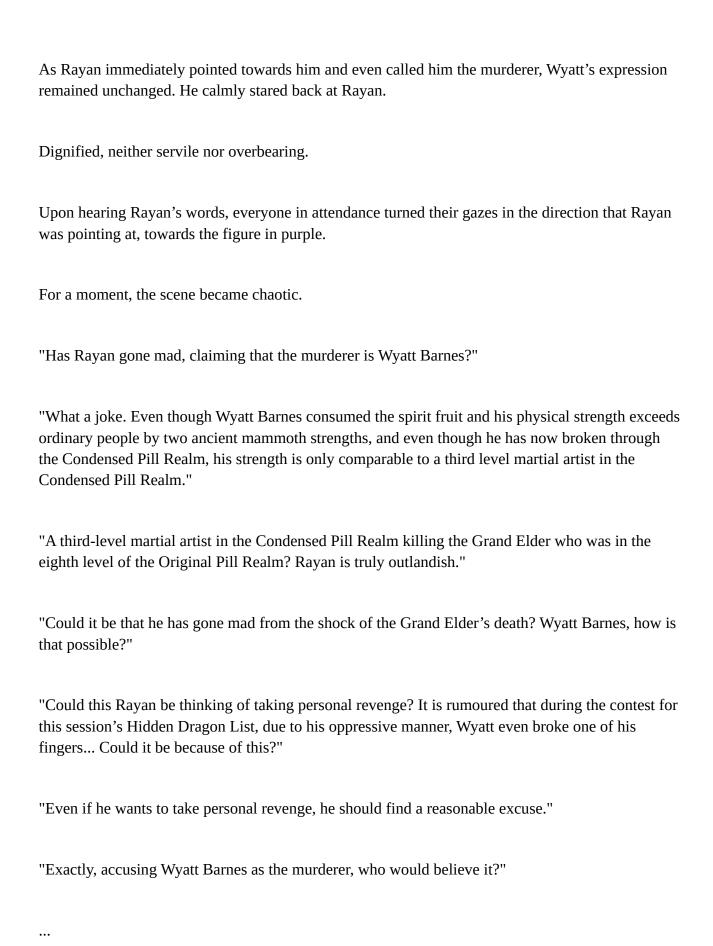
Wyatt's eyebrows twitched slightly. "No, I am just feeling a bit emotional... Rayan Lee is the same as I am. His parents also died in that disaster years ago, and he has been relying on his grandfather ever since." Jovie Lee shook her head. "I see." Wyatt nodded. At this time, he also stood in the front 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.



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.

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

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



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 kneeled 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.

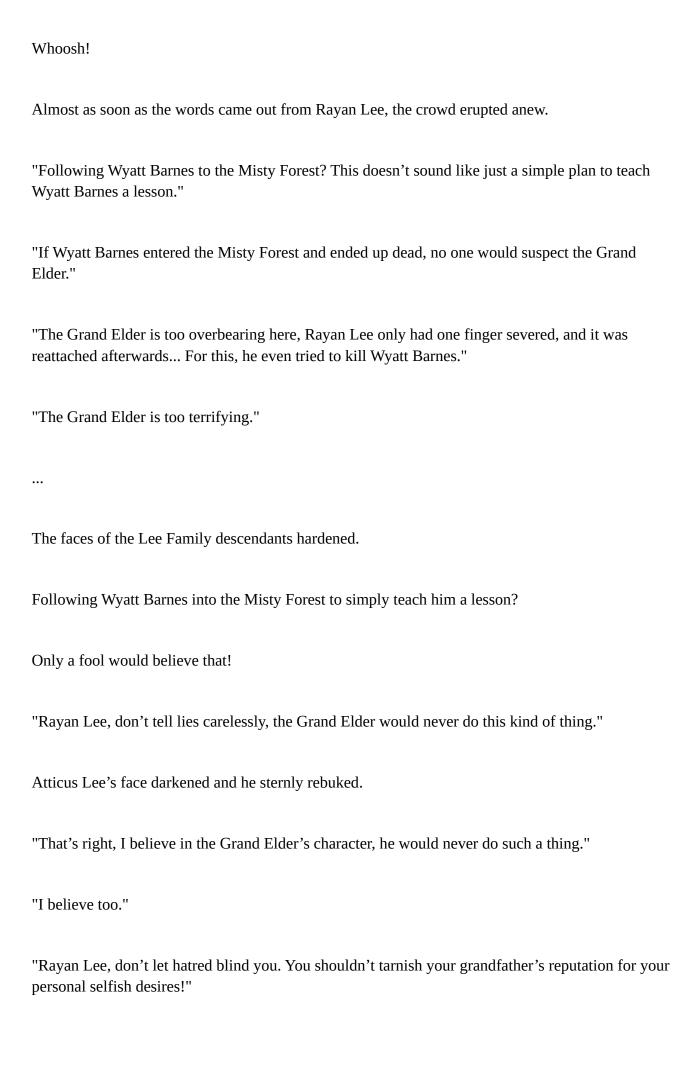
Johnathan Lee, no matter what, he was the Grand Elder of the Lee Family, but to bear such a narrow-minded demeanor!

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.





"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.

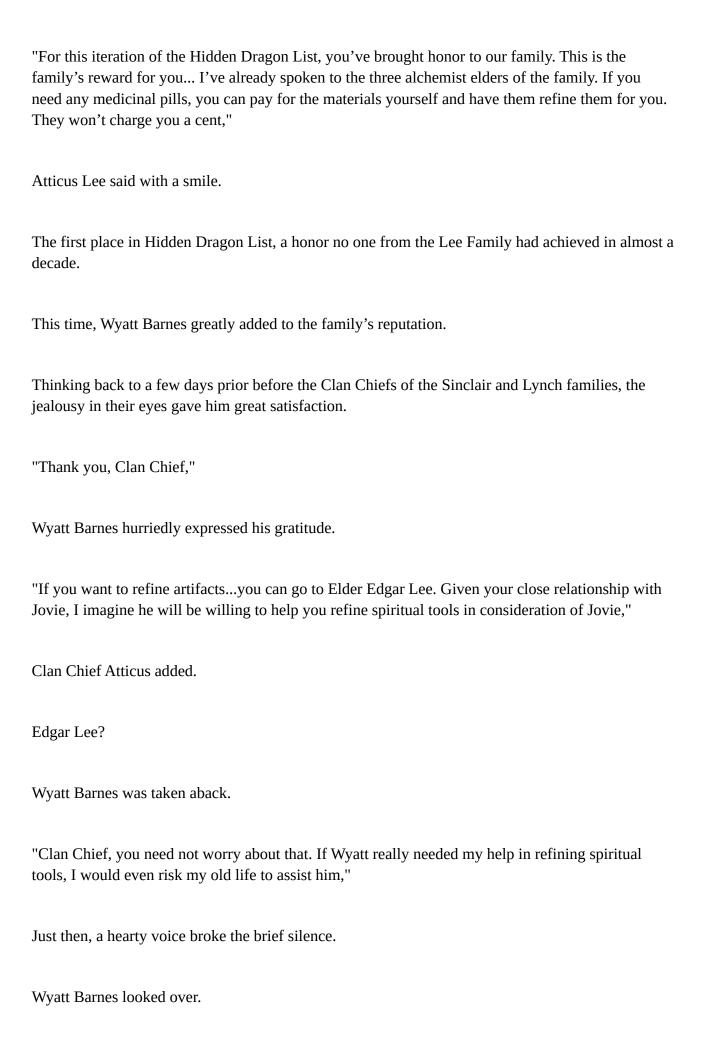
"Clan Chief, I know what you mean. However, when I was in the Misty Forest, I was concentrating on hunting the Fierce Beasts. I noticed nothing strange and didn't see the Grand Elder either. Also, with the Grand Elder's power, if he tried to track me, I couldn't possibly have noticed," as Wyatt Barnes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



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

This hefty stack probably amounted to about a million taels.



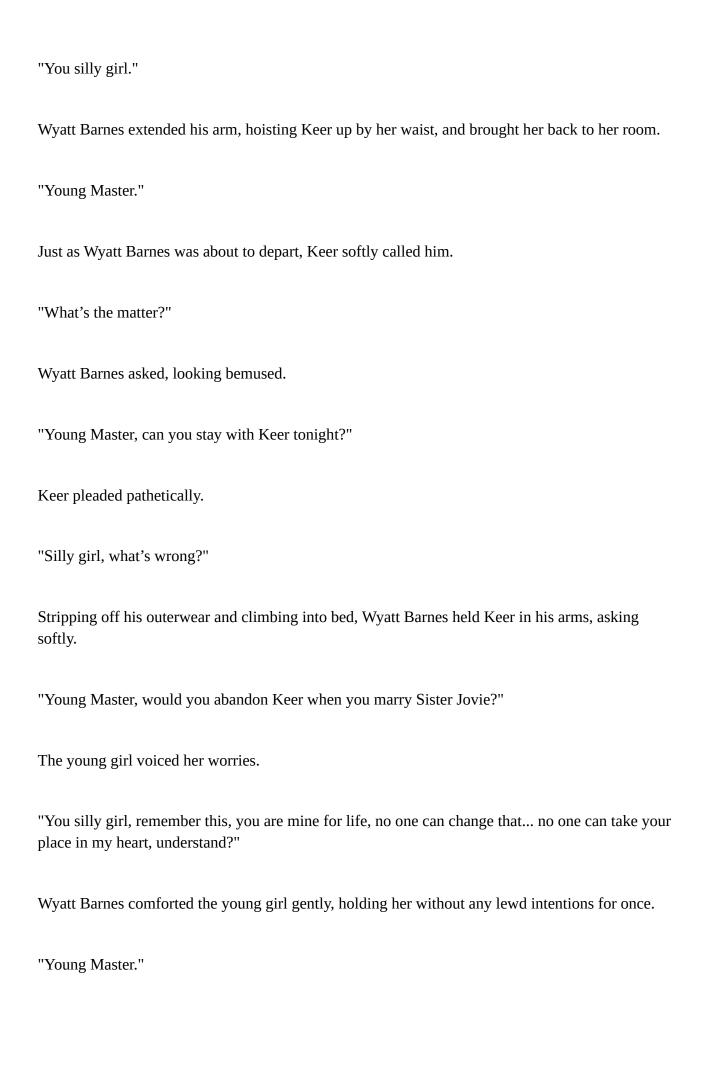




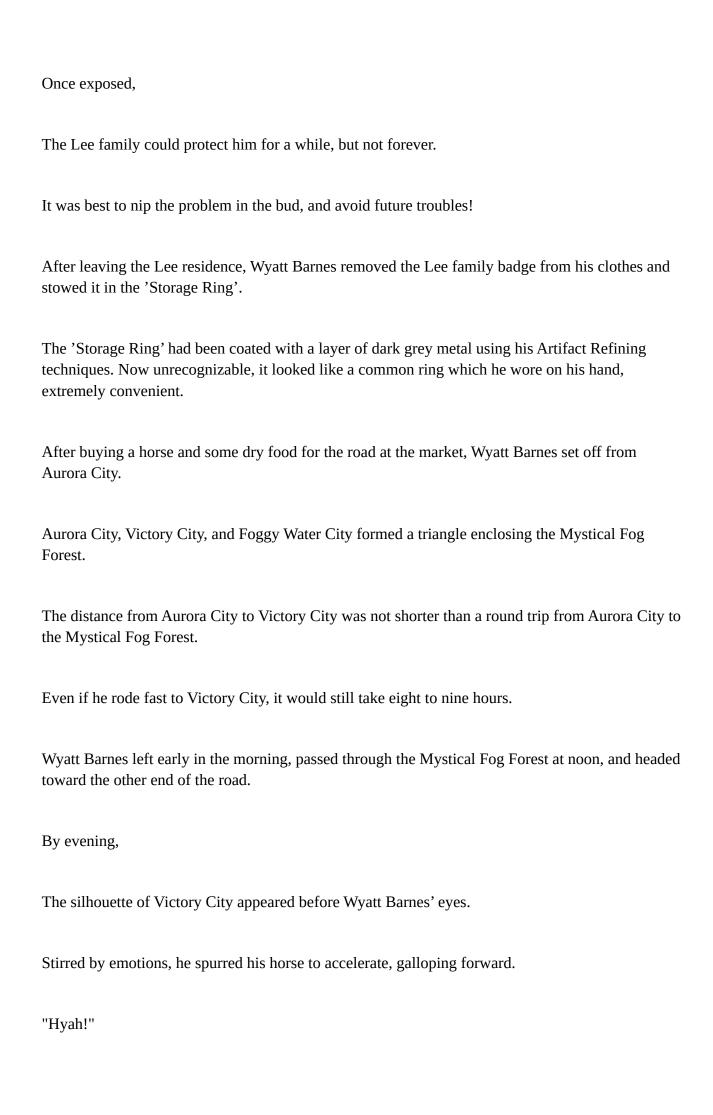


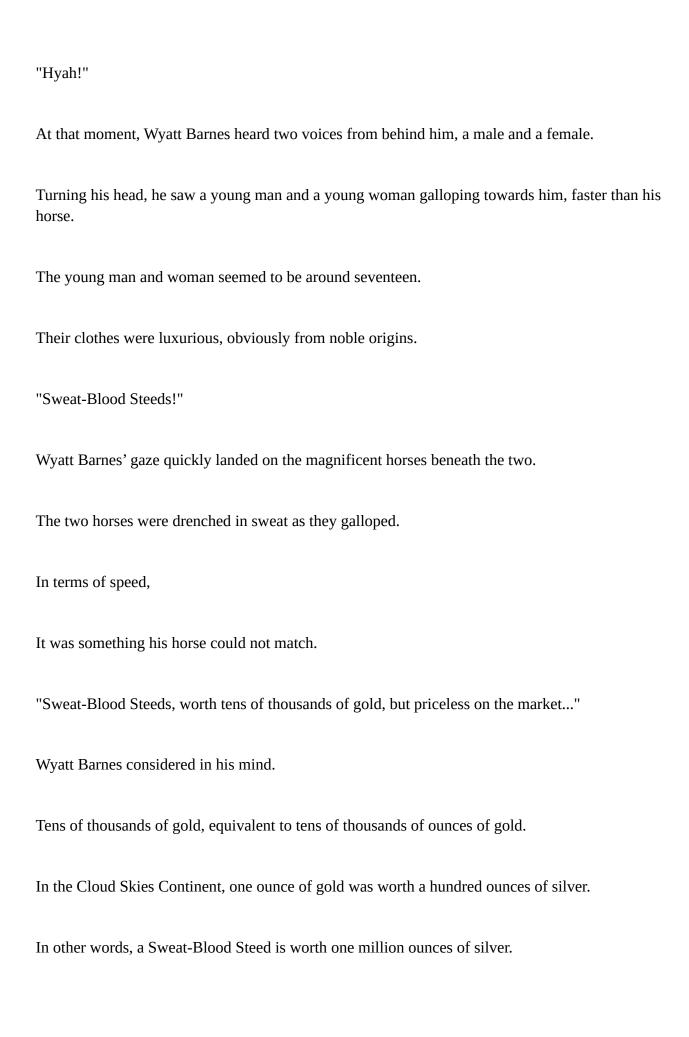


Elder Edgar Lee looked Keer up and down, and under her timid gaze, he revealed a satisfied smile. Chapter 88: Anxious as if Set on Fire After the two parents finalized the engagement between Wyatt Barnes and Jovie Lee, they had dinner together that evening. After dinner, Wyatt Barnes sent the grandfather 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.

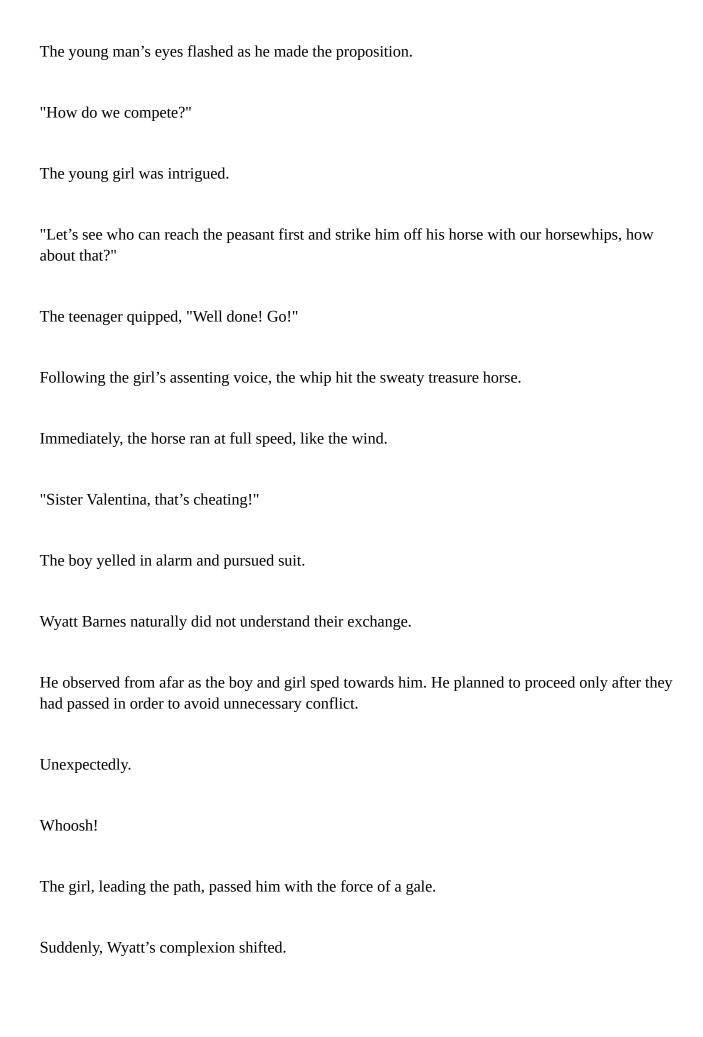








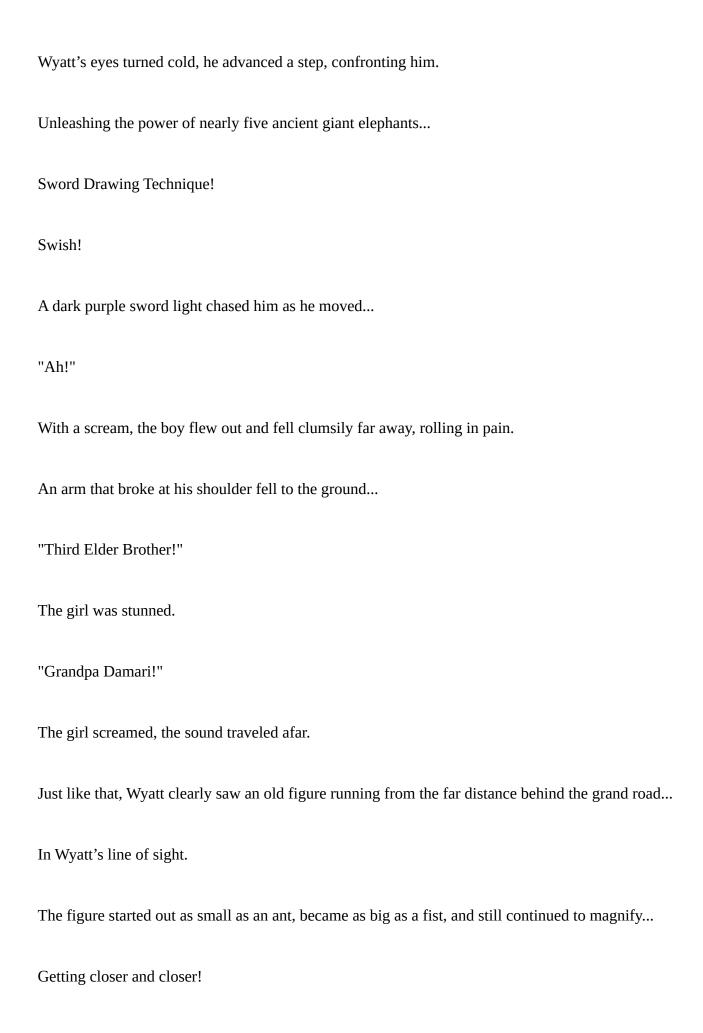
Even the clan chiefs of the three big families in Aurora City wouldn't be so lavish. One could guess that this pair of young man and woman didn't come from any of the three cities surrounding the Mystical Fog Forest. "Could they be from County City?" Crimson Heaven Kingdom was divided into eighteen counties, 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?"



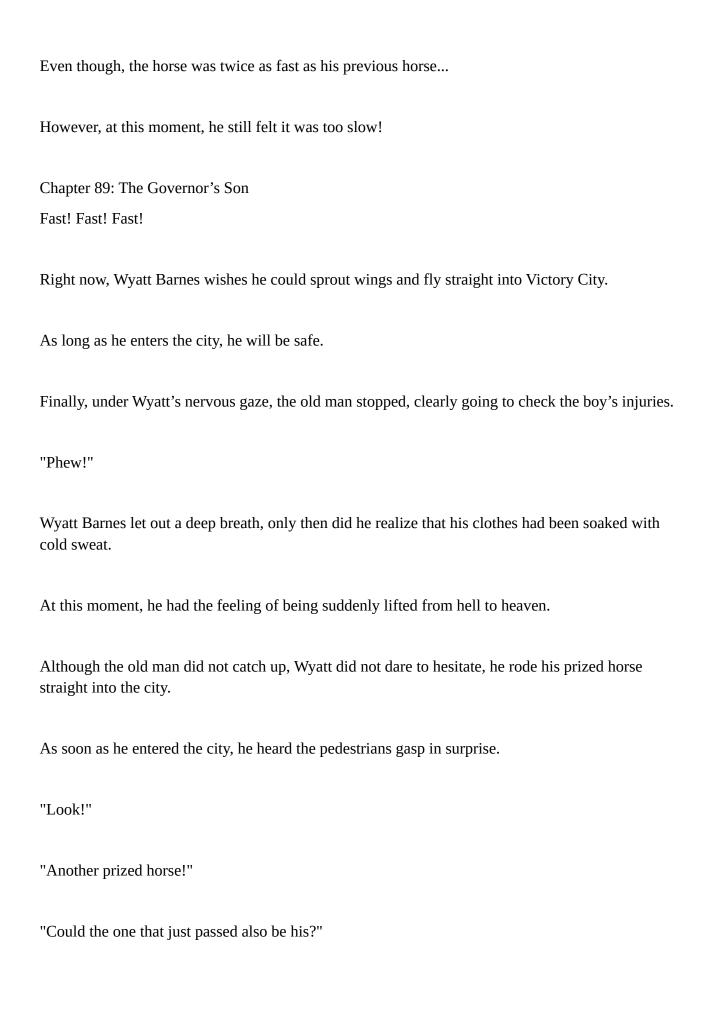
For he saw that in the girl's hand, the whip rose imbued with the Origin force, to strike directly at his face
Above the girl's head, two ancient giant elephant illusions began to form.
Seventeen years old, on the first level of the Condensed Pill Realm!
Swish!
Before the whip even reached, he felt a 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!







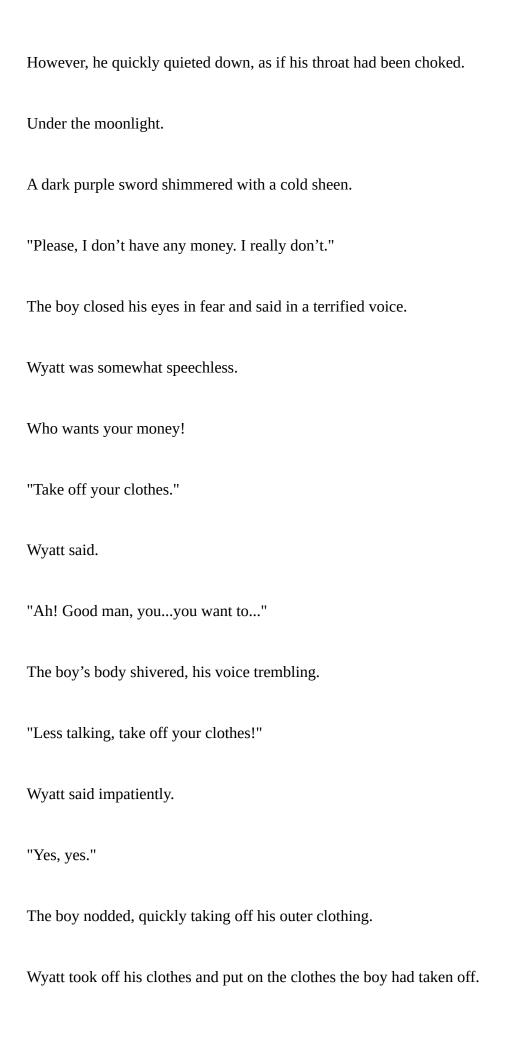
"Not good!" Wyatt's face changed when he realized how strong this person was. He got up and mounted the boy's sweat-soaked horse. Escape! With a squeeze of Wyatt's legs, he fled, thundering like a storm. With a glance at Victory City not far away, and another look at the man getting closer, Wyatt's face 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.

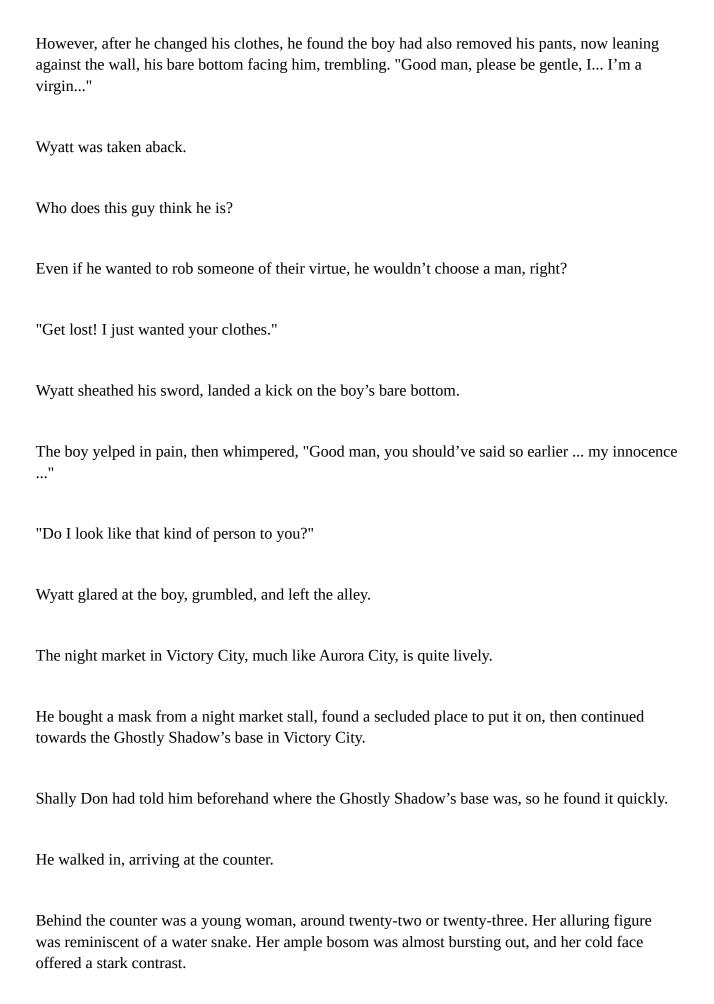


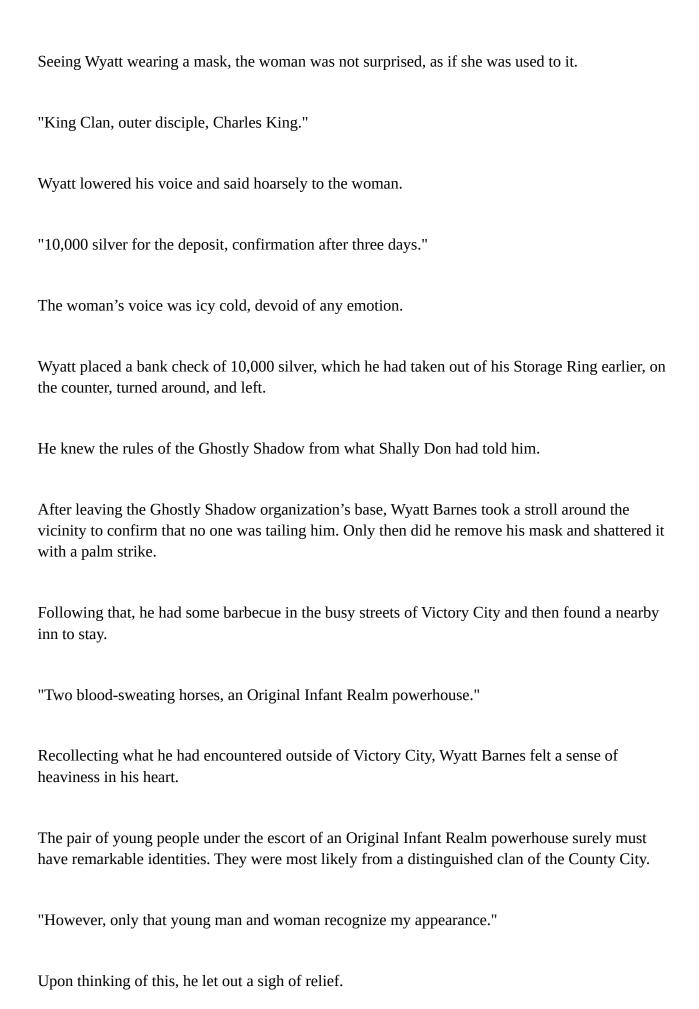
Wyatt heard the crowds' comments.
With a frown, he dismounted, and while all eyes were on the horse, he took advantage of the moment to leave.
He disappeared into the stream of horse-drawn carriages and endless people.
"Could it be Now it's trendy to throw around prized horses?"
"This is a prized horse 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!

•••









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.

"Who was that audacious? To dare to sever the arm of the son of the 'Swallow Mountain County'

The warm breakfast set his taste buds tingling with anticipation.

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.

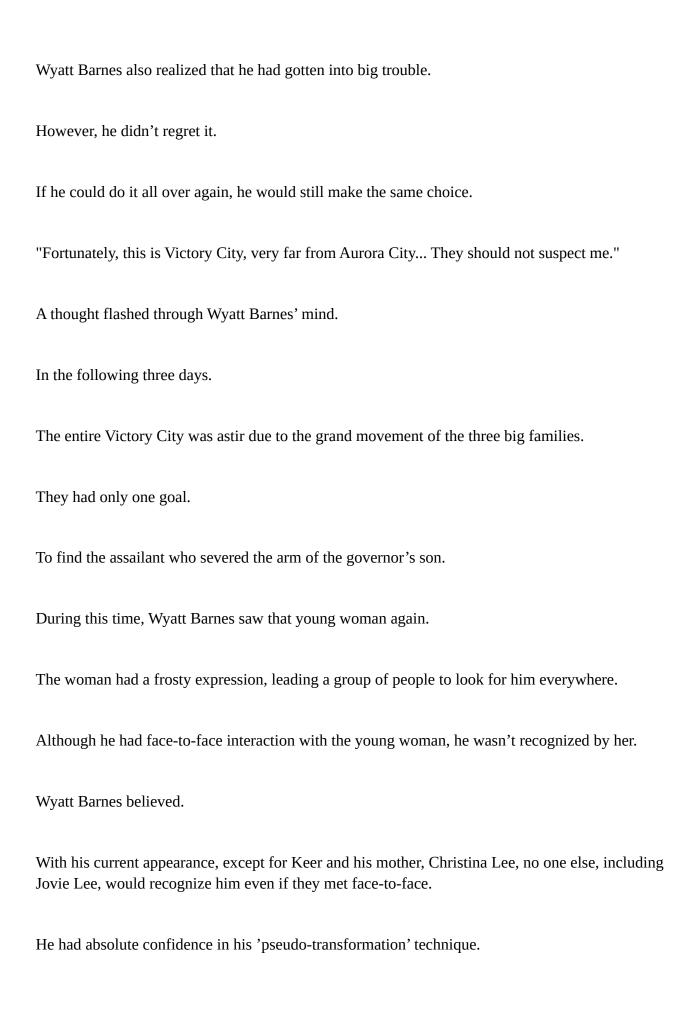
These cities included Aurora City, Victory City, and Foggy Water City.

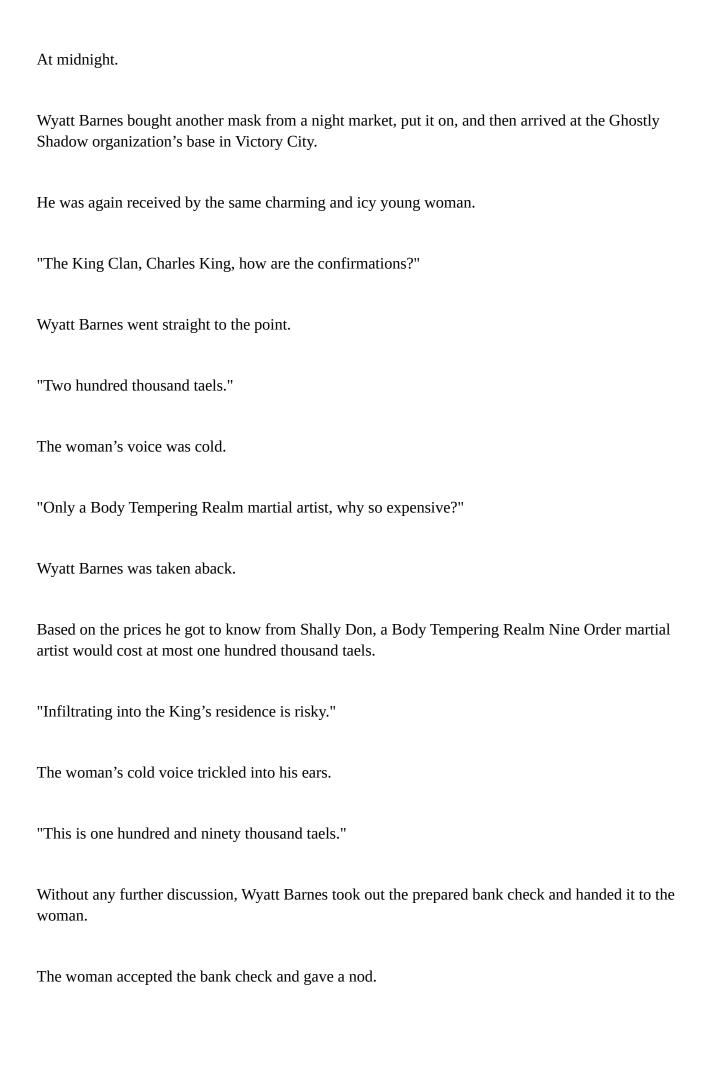
Swallow Mountain County was one of the eighteen counties of the Crimson Heaven Kingdom. The governors of the eighteen counties all held significant military power and were highly influential.

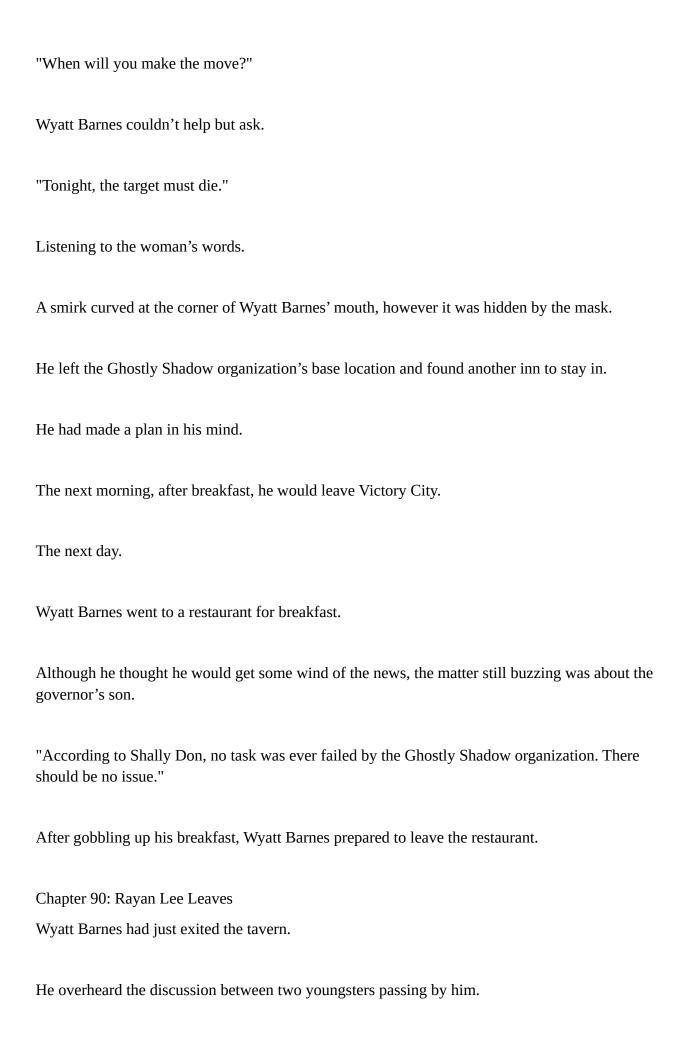
It was said that all eighteen governors were of Void Realm.

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?"

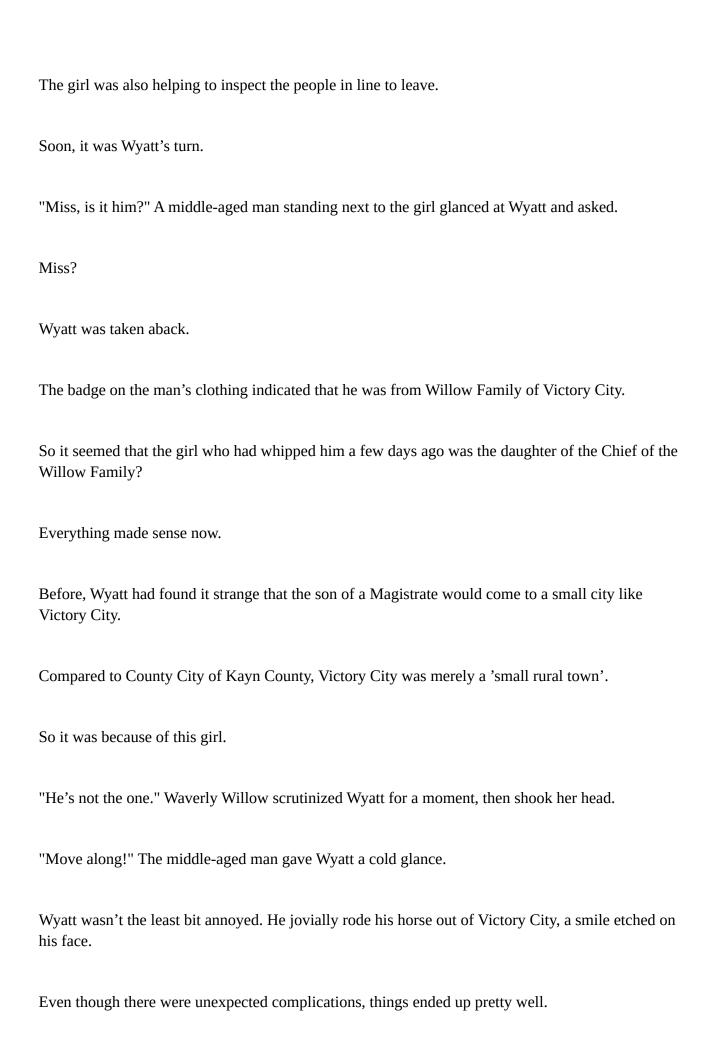






"Sigh, who would have thought that Charles King couldn't hold on."
"Yep, even the Clan Chief couldn't figure out why his injury suddenly exacerbated."
"With him kicking the bucket like this, it's basically a waste that Calvin King and his posse died. We know that the Lee Family from Aurora City was behind 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.









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.

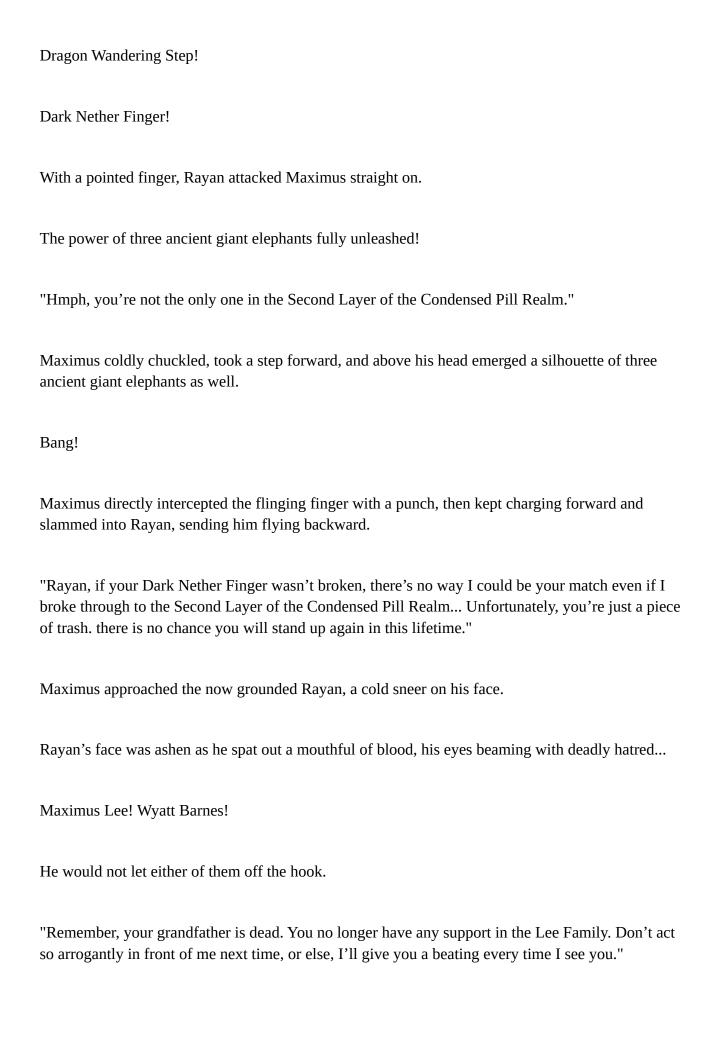
"What extravagance, such extravagance!"

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."







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.