

L. Wyatt 811

Chapter 811: The Third Round of Selection

"Perhaps... she took some shortcut, which is why she was able to come out before me. How old is she, after all? Her strength couldn't possibly be greater than mine!"

Ella Wood kept comforting herself; she simply couldn't believe that she was surpassed by a woman younger than herself.

As the strongest youth of her generation in the Great Qing Dynasty, she had her own pride!

"Winnie, it seems that Ella Wood really can't accept you as her superior,"

Wyatt Barnes said with a smile.

Winnie Romero gave Ella Wood a glance, then paid her no more attention; a woman more than ten years her senior was not worth comparing herself to.

After Ella Wood of the Great Qing Dynasty, who was the ninth to emerge, the tenth person also came out.

Great Tang Dynasty, Aziel Lee.

Aziel Lee, a handsome young man around thirty-five years of age, was also the 'Eleventh Prince' of the Great Tang Dynasty.

With that, all holders of the top ten tokens had appeared.

Token No. 1 holder, Wyatt Barnes, from the Great Turdo Dynasty.

Token No. 2 holder, Marshall Tyler, from the Great Turdo Dynasty.

Token No. 3 holder, Jaxxon Spacewood, from the Great Qi Dynasty.

Token No. 4 holder, Seth Cooper, from the Great Qin Dynasty.

Token No. 5 holder, Wood Town, from the Great Yuan Dynasty.

Token No. 6 holder, Rhodes Collins, from the Great Mini Dynasty.

Token No. 7 holder, Winnie Romero, from the Great Turdo Dynasty.

Token No. 8 holder, Wes Yez, from the Great Truman Dynasty.

Token No. 9 holder, Ella Wood, from the Great Qing Dynasty.

Token No. 10 holder, Aziel Lee, from the Great Tang Dynasty.

"Of the top ten token holders, three are from the Great Turdo Dynasty!"

"This time, the Great Turdo Dynasty really made a name for itself!"

...

Representatives of the various dynasties sighed one after another.

Of course, representatives from two dynasties had dark expressions, because none of the young talents recommended by their dynasties had obtained a token from the top ten.

Now, the owners of the top ten tokens had appeared one by one.

The owners of the remaining forty tokens also appeared in succession.

Figure after figure stepped out of the entrance of the mysterious Underground Palace, and in the blink of an eye, they appeared above the fighting platform.

Among these people were also Walter Simmons, Kase Dragonsmith, and Brian Graham, who returned to Wyatt Barnes' side one by one.

"The young elites participating in the 'Decadynasty Martial Tournament' are indeed a group of hidden dragons and crouching tigers... I thought I was quite fast, yet I only got the 12th token,"

Walter Simmons sighed.

Walter Simmons got the 12th token, and Kase Dragonsmith got the 19th token.

To Wyatt Barnes' surprise, Brian Graham had actually got the 15th token.

For a moment, he extended his spiritual power to probe Brian Graham's strength and eventually discovered the clue.

Brian Graham, unbeknownst to when, had already made a breakthrough to the 'Cave Void Realm Second Layer.'

"Congratulations, Brother Graham."

Wyatt Barnes smiled as he congratulated Brian Graham.

"Elder Brother Wyatt, you can't really hide anything from you,"

Brian Graham gave a wry smile, unsurprised that Wyatt Barnes could see through his cultivation level.

In his view,

no matter what 'miracle,' as long as it happened to his Elder Brother Wyatt, it was no longer a miracle.

"Brother Graham made a breakthrough?"

Winnie Romero's eyes lit up as she then congratulated Brian Graham.

"Miss Winnie, you came out ahead of us... which token did you get?"

Walter Simmons looked at Winnie Romero and asked expectantly.

"What?!"

Originally, after Brian Graham came out and saw Winnie Romero emerge before him, he was surprised, but he only thought Winnie Romero had come out just ahead of him.

Now, hearing what Walter Simmons said, he realized that Winnie Romero came out even before Simmons did.

Walter Simmons got the 12th token.

That meant Winnie Romero's token was either the 11th or one of the top ten tokens.

"Humph! Winnie is much stronger than you,"

Sword Thirteen, clearly dissatisfied with Walter Simmons only obtaining the 12th token, intended to put Simmons down, "Winnie got the 7th token."

The 7th token?

As soon as Sword Thirteen uttered these words, Walter Simmons instantly turned to stone, and Brian Graham and Kase Dragonsmith were also flabbergasted.

"You little brat, you're at the bottom again this time... It seems that when we return to the Sect, I need to use a special method to properly train you,"

Blade Five looked at Kase Dragonsmith and spoke through gritted teeth.

Kase Dragonsmith's face changed slightly upon hearing this.

"Wyatt Barnes, what's your token number?"

Walter Simmons, having regained his composure, asked Wyatt Barnes with a bitter smile, as if trying to find some balance through Wyatt Barnes's situation.

If even Wyatt Barnes was not as good as Winnie Romero, then he could use this to rebut his master.

Unfortunately, he was doomed to be disappointed.

"Number one,"

Wyatt Barnes said with a smile.

For a moment, Walter Simmons was petrified again, and Brian Graham, who had just come to his senses, couldn't help but cough aloud, choked by his own saliva.

Kase Dragonsmith's expression darkened slightly, not having expected Wyatt Barnes to actually have obtained the number one token. This also meant that Wyatt was the first to come out of the enchanted Underground Palace.

"Wyatt Barnes, since you're the first one out... do you know who the other eight who obtained the top ten tokens are, besides Winnie?"

Walter Simmons asked again.

Soon, Walter Simmons learned from Wyatt Barnes the names of the other eight who had obtained the top ten tokens.

He wasn't too surprised that Marshall Tyler had gotten the number two token.

He had witnessed Marshall Tyler's 'secret technique,' which was extremely powerful.

At first, Marshall Tyler, at only the 'Enter Void Realm ninth layer,' used that secret technique, and his strength instantly shot up to the 'Cave Void Realm fourth layer.'

Now, it was very likely that Marshall Tyler, just like them, had made a breakthrough into the 'Cave Void Realm.' Upon using the secret technique, his strength would be at least above the 'Cave Void Realm fifth layer.'

"It seems that only you can restrain that Marshall Tyler in this 'Decad Dynasty Martial Tournament.'

Walter Simmons sighed.

"Marshall Tyler!"

Wyatt Barnes's eyes flashed with a cold light. He had decided that during the fourth round of selection, he would challenge Marshall Tyler first.

Unless Marshall Tyler voluntarily admitted defeat, Wyatt would ensure that he had no place to be buried!

As time passed, the sky gradually darkened.

Evening arrived as expected.

All fifty young talents from the ten dynasties had finally come out, and the fifty numbered tokens found their respective owners.

"Tomorrow morning, the third round of selection will take place... At that time, the top ten of this 'Decad Dynasty Martial Tournament' will be decided!"

After Yael Zafar announced this, he left with Thiago Relief.

Marshall Tyler and Rhodes Collins followed after them.

"That Marshall Tyler..."

Seeing this scene, Walter Simmons and Brian Graham couldn't help but be stunned.

"Marshall Tyler has been taken as a direct disciple by Yael Zafar."

Wyatt Barnes said.

Only then did Walter Simmons and his companion suddenly realize.

"Who would have thought that the number one token would end up in the hands of Wyatt Barnes from the Great Turdo Dynasty!"

"His luck is really good."

"It must be luck!"

...

Many young talents from the other dynasties discussed amongst themselves, clearly not believing that Wyatt Barnes had obtained the number one token through his own strength.

To this, Wyatt Barnes couldn't be bothered.

Luck?

Tomorrow, in the third round of selection for the 'Decad Dynasty Martial Tournament,' he would prove his strength through action and shut these people's mouths!

Today, the greatest winner was undoubtedly the Great Turdo Dynasty.

With three of the top ten tokens in their possession, they left the other nine dynasties envious, jealous, and hateful.

The Emperor of the Great Turdo Dynasty had not stopped smiling, and at this moment, he seemed to have completely forgotten the deaths of his son and nephew.

"Let's go back!"

Wyatt Barnes and his group quickly left the arena and returned to their respective pavilions.

"Still not enough."

Sitting cross-legged on the bed, Wyatt Barnes practiced for a while and, finding no progress in his cultivation, couldn't help but sigh.

Although the progression of his cultivation was boosted by the powerful medicinal effects of the Nirvana Pill, he still fell short of making a breakthrough to the 'Cave Void Realm third layer.'

At this moment, Wyatt Barnes knew he shouldn't continue to fixate on improving his cultivation because even if he persisted, his cultivation, which had hit a bottleneck, would have difficulty advancing.

Right now, he was like entering a dead-end alley; to get through, he needed to calm down first to think of a good solution.

Getting off the bed and stepping outside, Wyatt Barnes stood outside the Water Fairy Pavilion. While he practiced the high-grade heaven-level offensive martial skill Nine Dragons Inch Flash, he fiddled with the 'fragment of the essence of wind' and continued to comprehend the 'realm of wind.'

The Nine Dragons Inch Flash became more fluent, and eventually, so natural it was like an extension of his arm. Even the formation of the third Divine Dragon was almost within reach, and once formed, it would be considered a minor achievement.

As for the 'realm of wind,'

"I just comprehended the 'Second Layer middle-grade realm of wind' today; it's unlikely to improve for the time being..."

Wyatt Barnes muttered to himself.

The night passed quickly.

The next morning came in the blink of an eye.

As dawn's first light appeared, Wyatt Barnes had already left his room and joined Winnie Romero, who had also come out of her room, and together they took off into the sky.

Taoi Romero was already standing in the air, waiting for them.

Above the arena, after delegates and young talents from all the dynasties had gathered, the Vice Fort Master of the Grimm Wolf Fortress, Yael Zafar, and Thiago Relief appeared one after the other. Behind them, Marshall Tyler and Rhodes Collins followed like shadows.

"Today, the third round of selection for the 'Decad Dynasty Martial Tournament' will begin... The rules of the third round, as I mentioned before the start of the second round yesterday, begin with the holder of the number one token initiating the challenges, but they cannot challenge the holders of tokens number two to ten."

Yael Zafar once again reiterated the rules for the third round of the Decad Dynasty Martial Tournament.

"Additionally, those who have just fought may rest for a while... The next challenger cannot choose someone who has just fought!"

Yael Zafar continued, "The third round of selection takes no account of life or death! You may verbally surrender, and once someone has surrendered, no one may strike them again."

All the young talents tensed up, then nodded in agreement.

"Now, the holder of the number one token may come forward to initiate the challenge! Apart from the holders of tokens two to ten, you may choose anyone."

Yael Zafar gave Wyatt Barnes a passing glance. Although he wanted to tear Wyatt into a thousand pieces, he knew he had to maintain composure at this moment.

Whoosh!

As most eyes were trained on Wyatt Barnes, he moved in a flash, ghost-like, to the very center of the arena above.

Chapter 812 Intense Challenge

"Token holders number 11 to 50, come forward and line up according to your token numbers."

Yael Zafar pointed toward an empty area in the void.

Suddenly, including Walter Simmons, Brian Graham, and Kase Dragonsmith, forty young elites flew out one by one, forming a neat line.

Wyatt Barnes stood in the very center above the contest area, scrutinizing the forty young elites lined up before him, his eyes flickering with light.

Among these people, apart from the familiar faces of Walter Simmons, Brian Graham, and Kase Dragonsmith, there was one other face he knew well.

"Wyatt Barnes got the number 1 token and holds the absolute initiative...who do you think he will challenge?"

Someone could not help but ask in a low voice.

"Isn't that obvious! He'll definitely challenge the owner of the number 50 token."

Another person stated as if it were a matter of course.

Most people agreed with this.

However, at this moment, Wyatt Barnes's gaze was not on the owner of the number 50 token but was locked onto the last familiar face besides Walter Simmons, Brian Graham, and Kase Dragonsmith.

The holder of the number 17 token, Gray Dunn!

The strongest young warrior of his generation from the Great Mini Dynasty's Dunn Family, second only to Rhodes Collins of his generation.

Most importantly, Gray Dunn had once had a conflict with Wyatt Barnes.

Months ago, on the ninth layer of the Ice Fire Tower in the Capital City of the Great Mini Dynasty, Gray Dunn was defeated by Wyatt Barnes without even touching the hem of his garment.

"I choose to challenge the holder of token number 17," Wyatt announced, his gaze fixed on Gray Dunn.

Suddenly, the crowd burst into a heated murmur:

"This Wyatt Barnes, he's actually challenging the holder of token number 17? From what I know, even outside the top ten tokens, there are plenty of fighters above the Second Layer of Cave Void Realm."

"Could it be that Wyatt Barnes is confident he can defeat a martial artist above the Second Layer of Cave Void Realm?"

...

Many who doubted Wyatt Barnes's strength began to discuss among themselves.

And Gray Dunn, upon being challenged by Wyatt Barnes, his face dark as water and under many scrutinizing gazes, took a deep breath and calmly said, "I concede!"

Concession!

As soon as Gray Dunn's words were out, the site immediately erupted in hisses.

"Who is this from? To have the number 17 token, he must be strong... yet he doesn't even have the courage to face the challenge."

Many looked at Gray Dunn with scorn.

"I know him! He's one of the two most outstanding youths of the Great Mini Dynasty, on par with the Vice Fort Master's personal disciple, 'Rhodes Collins'."

"You're kidding! Such a coward is ranked with Rhodes Collins? You must be joking."

"I also think such a coward doesn't deserve to be on par with Rhodes Collins."

"To be ranked with him is an insult to Rhodes Collins!"

...

Many were more than ready to kick a man when he was down.

In this world where the powerful are respected, cowards are the most despised.

Gray Dunn's refusal to fight sparked disdain.

As Gray Dunn heard the mocking voices around him, his face turned from pale to green, yet he had no response.

He truly feared Wyatt Barnes.

In their previous encounter, he had been defeated by Wyatt without even touching his garment; had Wyatt not held back, he wouldn't be standing here today.

Just now, the coldness in Wyatt's eyes when he looked at him was starkly clear.

He knew that once he accepted the challenge, his life would no longer be in his own hands.

So, to live well, he dared not accept the challenge and conceded directly.

For him, that was the wisest choice.

"Thanks," Wyatt deeply looked at Gray Dunn, thanked him, and then returned to Winnie Romero's side.

For a moment, Gray Dunn was infuriated; his face turned from green to white.

Then, the holder of token number 2 took the stage.

The holder of token number 2, Marshall Tyler, a young prodigy of the Great Turdo Dynasty, now also a personal disciple of Vice Fort Master Yael Zafar of Grimm Wolf Fortress.

"I heard that Marshall Tyler has been taken as a personal disciple by Vice Fort Master Yael."

"After Wyatt Barnes, he's the second person to pass through the 'Mystic Underground Palace'... To be taken as a personal disciple by Vice Fort Master Yael, he must be extraordinary too."

...

Many eyes fell on Marshall Tyler, discussing.

After Marshall Tyler entered the arena, his gaze fell on the owner of token number 50, a young man in green clothes, and he spoke lightly, "Token number 50 owner."

The young man in green, named by Marshall Tyler, felt a surge of fear from his heart, but still gritted his teeth and flew out to confront Marshall Tyler.

If it hadn't been for the scene of everyone mocking Gray Dunn earlier, he might have simply conceded as well.

Now, with that example before him, for the sake of his dignity, he didn't do so.

"If I can't win, I will concede."

The young man in green secretly decided.

He had made up his mind that if he couldn't match Marshall Tyler, he would concede immediately.

Conceding like this was still more dignified than Gray Dunn's behavior.

After all, Gray Dunn didn't even have the courage to enter the arena.

"You dare to enter the arena?"

Seeing the young man in green not conceding voluntarily but daring to face him and prepared to exchange blows, Marshall Tyler's expression immediately darkened.

His arch-enemy, Wyatt Barnes, challenged the owner of token number 17, but the latter lacked even the courage to show up and surrendered directly.

Now, as he challenged the owner of token number 50, he assumed that this opponent would also be too afraid to face him, probably leading to another immediate surrender.

That way, he wouldn't lose to his arch-nemesis Wyatt Barnes.

However, things did not go as planned.

The owner of token number 50, upon being called out for the challenge, calmly entered the ring, seemingly unafraid of him, which greatly shocked him and filled him with violent rage.

"No matter what, I have to give it a try,"

said the young man in green, clenching his teeth.

"Sometimes, one wrong decision can cost you your life!"

Marshall Tyler's eyes were filled with a bloodthirsty murderous intent; the owner of token number 50 made him lose face, so he decided to make him pay with his life.

"Ha!"

On hearing Marshall Tyler's words, the young man in green paled, but still steeled himself and leaped forward, his spiritual weapon in hand, his entire Origin Force unleashed, and his realm following like a shadow.

The young man in green used every move at his disposal, provoking a vision in the sky that formed the spiritual shadows of more than fifty ancient Horned Dragons...

First Layer of the Cave Void Realm!

A First level Cave Void realm!

A rank-four spiritual weapon!

Whoo!

Facing the young man in green's assault, Marshall Tyler's expression remained unchanged. With a lift of his hand, an extremely ancient guqin appeared in his grip.

As Marshall Tyler lifted his hand, Origin Force enveloped him, and above his head in the void, the spiritual shadows of thirty ancient Horned Dragons appeared, revealing his current level of cultivation:

Second Layer of the Cave Void Realm!

"Marshall Tyler has made a breakthrough?"

Wyatt's pupils constricted.

If he remembered correctly, just yesterday, Marshall Tyler was still at the First Layer of the Cave Void Realm. How had he broken through to the 'Second Layer of the Cave Void Realm' overnight?

"It seems that Yael Zafar gave him some benefits... perhaps, he made his breakthrough after consuming a spiritual fruit,"

Wyatt guessed easily.

Seeing Marshall Tyler display the cultivation of the Second Layer of the Cave Void Realm, the complexion of the young man in green changed, his movements suddenly slowed, and he began to slow down.

At the same time, he opened his mouth, "I acknowledg..."

Unfortunately, the word 'lose' was destined never to be spoken by him.

Twang!

As Marshall Tyler's hand came down upon the guqin, its strings vibrated dynamically, suddenly emitting a piercing loud noise.

At the same time, a tangible cyan crescent-shaped ripple, entwined with a strand of scorching hot fiery aura, swept out, directly targeting the young man in green.

Midway, the fiery aura grew more intense.

Fire aided by Momentum Wind!

Second Layer of the Cave Void Realm cultivation, an intermediate realm of the Wind, stirring up the lower realm of the Fire, along with the rank-four spiritual guqin, endowed Marshall Tyler with the strength of over seventy ancient Horned Dragons.

Hum!

The crescent-shaped ripple emitting strands of scorching fiery aura, split the young man in green in two before he had a chance to utter the word 'lose'.

Twang! Twang! Twang! Twang! Twang!

...

Then came a series of piercing guqin sounds again, with wave after wave of ripples carrying fiery aura, forming a dense net that enveloped the two halves of the young man in green's corpse.

The next moment, nothing but a rain of blood filled the air, and after the blood rained down, the corpse of the young man in green was nowhere to be found.

Hiss! Hiss! Hiss! Hiss! Hiss!

...

Above the arena, a series of gasps filled the air, with many people looking at Marshall Tyler with eyes full of fear.

Some female warriors turned pale from fright.

When had they ever seen such a bloody scene?

"That owner of token number 50 died unjustly!"

"Yes, he was about to surrender... yet, he was killed before he could even speak the word 'lose'."

"However, Marshall Tyler is just a Second Layer warrior of the Cave Void Realm? Besides, it seems that the only realm he has mastered is the 'First level Cave Void realm' of Wind, and his Fire realm is only at the 'entry realm'."

"He doesn't even have a rank-three spiritual weapon. How did he become the second person to break out of the 'Mystic Underground Palace'?"

...

While many were lamenting the unjust death of the owner of token number 50, they began to doubt Marshall Tyler's strength.

In their view,

given the ordinary strength and techniques displayed by Marshall Tyler just now, logically, he probably wouldn't even be able to secure a spot in the top twenty tokens.

Yet, Marshall Tyler had secured the number 2 token!

"If he truly only has this much strength.. it's impossible for him to have the number 2 token!"

As the bearer of the number 3 token from the Great Mini Dynasty, Jaxxon Spacewood, unconsciously felt that Marshall Tyler had definitely held back during his earlier move.

And he had held back a lot!

"Hmph! Perhaps he found some shortcut... after all, he is from the Great Turdo Dynasty, and three people from the Great Turdo Dynasty bagged tokens in the top ten,"

not far from Jaxxon Spacewood stood Seth Cooper, the bearer of token number 4 from King Cooper's dynasty, who snorted in disdain after hearing Jaxxon's muttering.

More and more people began to wonder if Marshall Tyler had obtained token number 2 by some opportunistic means.

"I always said, Wyatt Barnes and Winnie Romero from the Great Turdo Dynasty, being twenty-eight and twenty-five years old, respectively, how could they possibly have tokens number 1 and 7, unless the people from the Great Turdo Dynasty had access to some cheating method."

"With Marshall Tyler's limited ability working enough to get token number 2, it's hard to believe that Wyatt Barnes and Winnie Romero could be much stronger."

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Chapter 813: A Woman of Stunning Genius

"It's all because Gray Dunn of the Great Mini Dynasty was too afraid of the No. 1 token in Wyatt Barnes's hand; he lost the courage to even take the stage and conceded... Now, he must be regretting it deeply, huh?"

"If Wyatt Barnes challenged me, I would definitely accept the challenge! Not only would I accept the challenge, but I would also defeat him and seize the No. 1 token from him."

"If I could get the No. 1 token, that would be awesome... From then on, I could challenge whomever I want, pick on the easy targets, and entering the top ten of the Ten Dynasties Martial Competition would be effortless."

...

At this moment, many young talents were looking forward to Wyatt Barnes and Winnie Romero challenging them.

In their eyes, the No. 1 token in Wyatt Barnes's hand and the No. 7 token in Winnie Romero's hand weren't obtained through real skill but rather through opportunistic tricks.

Of course, some people who were familiar with Wyatt Barnes and Marshall Tyler knew that the tokens in their hands were definitely not acquired through tricks.

After Marshall Tyler, the holder of the No. 2 token, stepped down, it was Jaxxon Spacewood, the holder of the No. 3 token, who went up next.

With the power of the No. 3 token, Jaxxon Spacewood naturally wouldn't waste it and directly chose the holder of the No. 49 token.

The opponent conceded.

Then, Seth Cooper, the holder of the No. 4 token, went up, and his opponent also conceded.

Wood Town, the holder of the No. 5 token, and Rhodes Collins, the holder of the No. 6 token, followed suit, and their opponents lacked the courage to fight them as well.

Next, it was Winnie Romero, the holder of the No. 7 token's turn.

Winnie Romero leaped out and chose the holder of the No. 45 token, a young man nearing middle age with unkempt hair hanging over his shoulders and a tall, sturdy build.

The young man was over two meters tall, standing in front of Winnie Romero like a giant statue.

"The little lady is quite pretty... but it's a pity that you got the No. 7 token through cunning tricks, you're doomed not to be my match! Hand over the No. 7 token and admit defeat," said the giant-like young man in a deep voice, "Otherwise, don't force me to ruthlessly destroy a flower!"

"Haha... Big guy, you need to be gentle, she's just a little girl who's only twenty-five," someone managed to laugh.

For a moment, many people began laughing along.

These were the people who thought Winnie Romero didn't have much strength.

"If you want the No. 7 token, come and take it yourself."

Faced with the young man's arrogance, Winnie Romero remained composed, standing in the air. The red robe on her body fluttered without wind, as if she had transformed into a burning flame.

"The little lady really doesn't know what's good for her! Since that's the case, let me teach you a lesson properly," the young man said with a wicked smile at the corner of his mouth. In the next moment, his large and robust frame shot out. His seemingly clumsy figure did not affect his speed in the slightest.

As he swooped towards Winnie Romero, a massive Wolf's Tooth Club appeared in his hand, flickering with Origin Force, which then materialized into a tangible flame.

Nearly sixty ancient Horned Dragon illusions burst forth with it.

Although he looked down on Winnie Romero, in the Ten Dynasties Martial Competition, he did not dare to be careless and went all out from the start.

"Power Resounding through Mountains and Rivers!"

The young man suddenly shouted loudly as the Wolf's Tooth Club in his hand, now burning with fierce flames, descended upon Winnie Romero with the force of nearly sixty ancient Horned Dragons.

Many of the young talents present cursed the young man for not knowing how to treat a woman gently. At the same time, they couldn't help but close their eyes, not wanting to witness the beautiful lady fall.

However, they quickly opened their eyes again, with genuine astonishment on their faces.

"Ah!!"

The reason they opened their eyes was due to the young man's piercing, agonized scream.

When they opened their eyes, they saw a scene they would never forget: there stood the red-clothed woman, like a fire spirit, unmoved.

And that young man who had swung his Wolf's Tooth Club, intending to obliterate the woman in red, was now flying backward like an arrow released from its bow.

As he flew backward, he screamed in pain while spitting out blood.

At this moment, not only was the Wolf's Tooth Club in the young man's hand knocked away, but even his tangled hair was burned to ashes, leaving him completely bald.

"What just happened?!"

The young talents who had closed their eyes, unable to bear the thought of Winnie Romero's demise, snapped back to reality, all talking at once, asking what had happened.

They never imagined that the woman who was only twenty-five could defeat the giant-like young man.

"So strong!"

"Just one palm strike, without even using a spirit weapon, and she heavily injured and sent the holder of the No. 45 token flying!"

"Her strength is at least that of the Second Layer of the Cave Void Realm... Besides, the fire she controls is even more solidified than that of the No. 45 token holder, at least a 'Second-Layer Intermediate Fire Realm'!"

"Is she really only twenty-five?"

...

The strength of Winnie Romero caused a stir among the crowd.

A woman only twenty-five years old, showcasing such cultivation and realm, made them feel embarrassed, wishing they could dig a hole and crawl into it.

"What a pity... She only took action momentarily, and that vision of heaven and earth didn't have enough time to form before dissipating again."

"Even though the vision didn't fully materialize, one thing is certain... She is a martial artist above the Second Layer of the Cave Void Realm and has realized an 'Intermediate Fire Realm' that is beyond the Second Layer!"

"For a woman to have such talent and achievement is enough to make countless men feel ashamed."

...

The entire sky above the dueling ring boiled over due to Winnie Romero's ephemeral strike.

"Such a powerful girl!"

Even Yael Zafar, the Vice Fort Master of Grimm Wolf Fortress, could not help but take several more looks at Winnie Romero, and as time passed, his eyes brimmed with murderous intent.

Having such a heaven-defying talent and insight, if a genius martial artist like her could not join their Grimm Wolf Fortress, he would rather she die an untimely death than let her live.

Such a monstrous existence would become a major threat to the Grimm Wolf Fortress if she ever stood against them in the future.

That was something he did not wish to see.

"Marshall, if this woman passes the third round of selections and advances to the fourth round... you must kill her!"

Yael Zafar turned to Marshall Tyler and commanded with his Origin Force concentrating his voice.

"Yes, Master."

At those words, Marshall Tyler's gaze, filled with coldness, landed on Winnie Romero and a flash of killing intent was revealed.

"That Yael Zafar, he wants Marshall Tyler to kill Winnie?"

Wyatt Barnes had exceptional observational skills and easily noticed the flickering murderous intent in the depths of Yael Zafar's eyes when he looked at Winnie Romero, and he caught the reaction that Marshall Tyler displayed after Yael Zafar glanced at him.

He guessed Yael Zafar's intentions.

"Let's see whether it will be you, Marshall Tyler, who kills Winnie, or Winnie who kills you, Marshall Tyler!"

A cold smile played at the corners of Wyatt Barnes's lips, as his mind filled with strategies for dealing with the situation.

Winnie Romero, in her battle against the youth who was like a giant, inflicted a severe blow on her opponent who had no strength left to fight again, securing her victory.

Sigh!

A moment later, Winnie Romero returned to Wyatt Barnes's side.

"Winnie, when did you comprehend the 'Second Layer of Mid-level Fire Realm'?"

Wyatt Barnes couldn't resist asking through his Origin Force condensed voice.

Perhaps to others, who saw Winnie Romero's move without forming a specific phenomenon, they couldn't confirm her cultivation level and realm.

But Wyatt Barnes, with the memories and experience from two lifetimes as a Martial Emperor, could tell at a glance that the Fire Realm demonstrated by Winnie Romero was clearly already at the 'Second Layer of Mid-level Fire Realm.'

This revelation filled Wyatt Barnes with shock.

"It was also during the 'Mystic Underground Palace' incident... In the 'Fire' section, I entered a brief state of sudden enlightenment, and when I came to my senses, I had comprehended the 'Second Layer of Mid-level Fire Realm.'"

Not surprised by Wyatt Barnes's ability to see through the level of her Fire Realm, Winnie Romero felt no astonishment.

On Wyatt Barnes, there were too many miracles and mysteries for her to be bewildered any longer. To her, her Brother Barnes was capable of the impossible.

"You are truly deserving of being a Fire Spirit Body, it's so freakish!"

Upon hearing this, Wyatt Barnes was at a loss for words while his heart was filled with shock.

He knew that Winnie Romero's various encounters in the Mystic Underground Palace were all because she was a 'Fire Spirit Body' by nature.

If it were anyone else, such treatment would have been impossible.

At this time, the remaining three holders of the top ten tokens initiated their challenges.

Those they named as opponents conceded before even setting foot on the stage.

Next, the holder of the eleventh token launched his challenge; the eleventh token holder was ranked just before Walter Simmons, a youth dressed like a litterateur.

The one he challenged, the owner of the forty-first token, was severely injured upon entering the arena and had no strength left to fight.

Then, it was Walter Simmons's turn as the holder of the twelfth token. His opponent was injured by his sword, and had Walter Simmons not switched the blade of his sword with its flat in time, his opponent would have undoubtedly died.

"Thank you for showing mercy!"

Walter Simmons's opponent conceded with heartfelt respect and gracefully stepped down.

The third round of selections continued.

Before long, it was Brian Graham and Kase Dragonsmith's turns, and they each achieved victory.

Soon, after one round, twenty-five out of the fifty young talents were eliminated—some killed, some maimed, and others admitting defeat of their own accord.

After one round, not a single person with a top ten token was replaced, indicating their strength corresponded well with their tokens.

The remaining twenty-five young elites continued with the second round of name-calling challenges.

As the holder of the first token, Wyatt Barnes once again took the stage first.

After entering the stage, Wyatt Barnes called out the owner of the twenty-fifth token, a youth with a ferocious face whose eyes constantly flickered with fierceness, as if everyone were his enemy.

In the central area of the dueling sky, Wyatt Barnes stood opposite the youth with the ferocious face, and the atmosphere fell silent for a time.

The silence did not last long before it was replaced by a bustle of noise.

"That Winnie Romero from the Great Turdo Dynasty has proven her strength to some extent. Now, it remains to be seen whether Wyatt Barnes, who hasn't made a move from the beginning, can also prove his strength."

"If he is defeated by this twenty-fifth token holder, he will become the biggest laughingstock of this 'Ten Dynasties Martial Tournament!'"

"He's about to take action... I'm really looking forward to it."

...

Everyone present was keenly anticipating Wyatt Barnes's next move.

Chapter 814: Top Ten, The Last Chance!

"Token owner number 1, I'll soon tear you to shreds and take your place!"

The young man with a fierce face licked his dry lips with his tongue, and his cold eyes were fixed on Wyatt Barnes like a venomous snake lying in wait.

"Well, that depends on whether you have the ability or not."

Wyatt Barnes said indifferently, his expression unchanged.

The fierce-faced young man before him, the owner of token number 25, had been clearly observed by Wyatt when he previously made his move against the owner of token number 26.

The other party had tried to beg for mercy, but he had forcibly clutched their throat, preventing them from making a sound.

In the end, the owner of token number 26 was torn apart by his bare hands!

His spirit weapon was a fourth-grade spirit glove, which he wore on his right hand.

"You will know soon enough."

The fierce-faced young man's cold eyes flashed, then his figure moved, turning into a viper bursting forth violently, biting viciously towards Wyatt Barnes.

His gloved hand suddenly reached out to grab Wyatt, with deadly flames leaping and taking shape around it, resembling the open mouth of a viper.

Above the void, nearly seventy ancient Horned Dragon phantoms swept towards Wyatt, displaying his astonishing strength.

Cave Void Realm Second Layer!

First level mid-tier Wind realm!

Fourth-grade spirit weapon!

The fierce-faced young man could be said to have used every trick in the book, attacking swiftly with a killing move, intending to slay Wyatt Barnes.

"You want me dead?"

Murder filled Wyatt's eyes, and he moved his body to meet the challenge at a measured pace.

In the eyes of the onlookers, it was as if Wyatt was delivering himself to the door.

Just when some thought Wyatt's action was suicidal, a sword suddenly appeared in his hand, a third-grade spirit sword.

Nine Dragons Flash!

Wyatt shook the sword in his hand, his Origin Force merging with the 'Second Layer mid-tier Wind realm', turning into a cyan gang wind that wrapped around the sword, howling out violently.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Two fully-formed Divine Dragons, along with one that couldn't fully form, roared forth, and upon their appearance, they successfully attracted everyone's attention.

Dragons, the legendary divine beasts, had never been witnessed by anyone.

Of course, from ancient times to the present, there were various totems and embroideries of dragons, like the dragon robes worn by emperors of great dynasties, which were embroidered with golden Five-Clawed Divine Dragons.

However, living Divine Dragons formed by condensed Origin Force were extremely rare.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

While most people's attention was on the three Divine Dragons, the eyes of the two fully-formed dragons suddenly shot out a burst of extreme brilliancy.

Four streams of extreme brilliance met the fierce-faced young man with terrifying speed.

Splat!

The first stream of extreme brilliance, like cutting through rotting wood, entered the young man's hand that reached out to Wyatt like the mouth of a viper, piercing through the fourth-grade spirit glove and leaving a bloody hole.

Blood splattered!

Splat! Splat! Splat!

The other three streams of extreme brilliance, one pierced through the young man's forehead, another his neck, and the last went through his heart.

The young man didn't even have time to cry out in agony or groan before he was completely silenced, his body carried by its momentum and flung outward.

Like the wind sweeping the leaves!

Wyatt made his move, intercepting the corpse that continued to charge toward him even after death, and kicked it away, sending it crashing onto the fighting platform with a 'boom'.

Above the void, the phantoms of the eighty-one ancient Horned Dragons formed by the power of heaven and earth dissipated gradually as Wyatt sheathed his sword.

"Cave Void Realm Second Layer!"

"Second layer mid-tier Wind realm!"

"Although the martial skill displayed by this Wyatt Barnes isn't bad, with his strength, it seems he's not quite qualified to possess the number 1 token, right?"

...

After witnessing Wyatt's strength, many people couldn't help but express their doubts, questioning his qualification for owning that number 1 token.

More people believed that the number 1 token was obtained through Wyatt's opportunistic tricks.

In fact, Wyatt did indeed engage in opportunism.

With the lifetime Inscription memories of the reincarnated Martial Emperor, plus his own spiritual force, to temporarily shut down the Inscription formations along the way in the mysterious Underground Palace, if not for opportunistic tricks, what was it?

Of course, such opportunism was also something not just anyone could achieve.

"I thought this Wyatt Barnes was strong, but that's all there is to it!"

Token number 4 owner, Seth Cooper, snorted coldly and looked disdainfully at Wyatt.

"Since he was able to get the number 1 token first and make his way out of the 'Mysterious Underground Palace', he must have something exceptional about him... It seems he still has a Trump Card he hasn't shown."

Token number 3 owner, Jaxxon Spacewood, murmured to himself.

Following Wyatt was the number 2 token owner, Marshall Tyler, taking the stage.

Marshall Tyler challenged the number 24 token owner. Although the opponent's strength was decent, it was still inferior to his, and he was instantly killed by the Wind Blade played from his zither-style guqin.

The nomination challenge continued.

The owners of the top ten tokens won one battle after another.

Soon, it was the turn of token number 7 holder, 'Winnie Romero.' According to the order of challenges by the previous six people, she should have challenged the holder of token number 19.

However, the holder of token number 19 was Kase Dragonsmith. Out of respect for Blade Five, Winnie did not challenge him, but instead chose the holder of token number 18.

The holder of token number 18, with a cultivation at the Second Layer of the Cave Void Realm and an understanding of the realm to match, was a formidable opponent.

Just when everyone thought Winnie would face a stalemate against her opponent, she swiftly and powerfully defeated them.

This time, Winnie used a magic weapon, a third-grade Spiritual Whip.

With just one strike of her whip, she heavily injured her opponent.

The phenomena of heaven and earth had no time to fully manifest before dissipating again, leaving Winnie's true strength a mystery to most people apart from Wyatt Barnes.

"To possess such a level of cultivation at only twenty-five years old is truly astonishing!"

"If she continues to advance at this rate... give her another ten years, and stepping into the Transforming Void Realm will be without any suspense!"

...

Many who were shocked by Winnie's strength couldn't help but exclaim.

Winnie's performance gave them a new understanding of female martial artists.

"Winnie Romero!"

Token number 9 holder, another female contender who secured a top-ten token before the martial arts tournament, Ella Wood from the Great Truam Dynasty, looked at Winnie with complicated eyes.

At Winnie's age, she hadn't even managed to Enter the Void Realm.

Though reluctant to admit it, she knew that Winnie's talent and understanding were indeed superior to hers.

"However, if I were to face her now, I am still completely confident!"

Ella Wood was brimming with self-assurance.

"Winnie, you should have given that kid a good lesson for me."

After Winnie returned, Blade Five spoke as if he deeply regretted that Winnie did not choose to challenge Kase Dragonsmith.

Following Winnie, it was the turn of token number 8 holder, 'Wes Yez' of the Great Truman Dynasty.

Wes chose to challenge token number 19 holder Kase Dragonsmith.

Kase Dragonsmith, a disciple of the Vice Sect Leader of the Blade and Sword Sect, was on the threshold of Sword-person Unity, but due to the gap in cultivation and difference in realms, he was defeated by Wes.

Out of fear for Blade Five, who was behind Kase, Wes also did not deal a ruthless hand.

After returning, Kase Dragonsmith stood dejectedly next to Blade Five. "Master, I am sorry, I've let down your expectations for me, not even making it into the 'top ten.'

"Humph!"

Blade Five let out a cold snort. "After we return to the Sect, I will use the way of the Blade Sect to properly temper you."

Towards the end of his words, Blade Five's lips curled into an odd smile, sending a shiver down Kase Dragonsmith's spine.

Phew!

After Wes, it was Ella Wood, the holder of token number 9, who stepped up and chose to challenge the holder of token number 17, winning the challenge.

Immediately after, token number 10 holder 'Azriel Lee' challenged the holder of token number 16 and won.

From then on, not a single one of the top ten token holders had been replaced.

The holder of token number 11, a young man dressed like a literateur, named his challenge against token number 15 holder Brian Graham.

"Brother Graham has encountered a formidable opponent!"

Wyatt Barnes's eyes flickered as he muttered to himself.

As Wyatt had said, Brian Graham and the holder of token number 11 were evenly matched, thanks in part to the third-grade spirit sword Wine Gourd made for him by Wyatt.

The young man dressed as a literateur had astounding strength.

In the end, Brian Graham narrowly defeated his opponent by a small margin, taking his place and obtaining token number 11.

"Brother Graham, impressive!"

Wyatt's eyes lit up, and he smiled.

Soon, it was time for Walter Simmons, the holder of token number 12, to issue his challenge, choosing the holder of token number 14. Walter brandished his sword thrice and won with ease.

The holder of token number 13 had a bye.

"What's next?"

At this moment, only thirteen contenders remained in the third round of selection, causing many to lift their heads and look towards the two Vice Fort Masters of Grimm Wolf Fortress.

"Now, we shall proceed to the last part of the third round of selection... In this round, holders of tokens number 11, 12, and 13 will consecutively issue challenges against the top ten token holders."

"Should they succeed, they may replace their opponents and take their tokens, entering the 'top ten' of this martial arts tournament hosted by Grimm Wolf Fortress."

Yael Zafar spoke out with clarity.

Immediately, Brian Graham, Walter Simmons, and the holder of token number 13's eyes shone brightly.

First up was Brian Graham, the holder of token number 11, to issue the challenge.

There was only one opportunity, if not seized, the 'top ten' of the martial arts tournament would be out of reach.

Brian Graham's gaze swept over Wyatt and the other nine, finally settling on token number 7 holder, 'Winnie Romero.'

Among the holders of the top ten tokens, even Aziel Lee with token number 10 was at the Third Layer of the Cave Void Realm.

Only Wyatt, Marshall Tyler, and Winnie were at the Second Layer of the Cave Void Realm.

Knowing he was no match for Wyatt or Marshall Tyler, Brian Graham chose to challenge Winnie.

"Brother Graham has really hit a snag this time."

Wyatt, aware of Winnie's true strength, couldn't help but chuckle to himself.

Chapter 815: Walter Simmons' True Strength

"Winnie."

Brian Graham stood opposite Winnie Romero, looking embarrassed. After all, challenging Winnie Romero by name seemed like an act of bullying due to the disparity in their stature.

"Brother Graham, you don't need to hold back, just go all out," she said.

Since Brian Graham was Wyatt Barnes's good friend, under the principle of love me, love my dog, Winnie Romero also regarded Brian Graham as a friend and treated him with courtesy.

"Alright!"

Brian Graham nodded, his expression becoming slightly more solemn as he dared not take the matter lightly.

Although he had now comprehended the 'Second Layer Intermediate Earth Realm,' and was a Cave Void Realm Second Layer martial artist, based on the strength that Winnie Romero had shown earlier, she was no less than him.

Maybe even stronger.

"Winnie, be careful!"

Brian Graham shouted explosively and struck like lightning, swinging the Wine Gourd to smash it out.

The Wine Gourd hung suspended in the air, enveloped by a layer of solidified 'Earth Realm,' and fell towards Winnie Romero's head, heavy as a mountain.

Boom!

A loud noise shattered the silence, the terrifying blast causing the eardrums of the onlookers to tremble.

At the same moment above Brian Graham's head, the void began to twist, and an extraordinary phenomenon took shape, condensing into the phantoms of eighty-one ancient Horned Dragons, sinuous and lifelike as they descended.

The Wine Gourd that Brian Graham smashed down contained the force of eighty-one ancient Horned Dragons. Had it struck a mountain, that mountain would likely have crumbled.

Now, the Wine Gourd was smashing down on Winnie Romero's head. If it struck true, even ten Winnie Romeros might not survive.

Many couldn't help but feel a chill on behalf of Winnie Romero for a moment.

Wyatt Barnes smiled as he watched the scene, seemingly not worried at all.

Whoosh!

Facing the Wine Gourd that was smashing down upon her, Winnie Romero's expression remained unchanged as a long whip appeared in her hand out of thin air — the 'Third-grade Spiritual Whip' crafted by Wyatt Barnes for her.

Immediately afterward, Winnie Romero herself seemed to transform into a blaze of fire, soaring into the sky.

In an incredible move, she charged towards the falling Wine Gourd!

Winnie Romero's figure moved like fire, and within moments, a solid layer of flames coiled around the Third-grade Spiritual Whip in her hand. She lashed out fiercely at the Wine Gourd.

Swish!

The whip cracked through the air, like a python snapping its tail, containing a terrifyingly powerful force when it fiercely struck the Wine Gourd.

Crack!

A resounding crash tore through the air, stirring currents that whistled like winds through reeds.

Then, in full view of the crowd, the bottom of the Wine Gourd cloaked in solidified Earth Realm was split open by a single whip strike, slowing its descent.

Whoosh!

Winnie Romero flicked her wrist, and the Third-grade Spiritual Whip was briskly retracted.

Swish!

The next moment, the retrieved Spiritual Whip lashed out again, swift as a fiery serpent.

Crack!

With another loud crash, this time the Wine Gourd was sent flying, its surface Earth Realm completely shattered.

"Wow!"

Brian Graham, who was controlling the Wine Gourd with his Origin Force, was instantly struck by the backlash of his force, his face paled, and blood spurted from his mouth like an arrow.

"Four... Four layers of Intermediate Fire Realm!"

Watching the celestial anomaly above Winnie Romero's head manifesting twenty more ancient Horned Dragon phantoms than his own, Brian Graham collected back his Wine Gourd with a wry smile.

Had he known Winnie Romero's true strength, he would never have foolishly challenged her.

Their cultivation levels were on par, as were their spirit swords.

He had assumed that their understanding of the realm would also be equal, which led him to challenge Winnie Romero.

He never expected her 'realm' understanding to not only be vastly superior to his own but also to surpass him with the strength of an entire twenty ancient Horned Dragons!

Such a gap was like a chasm, insurmountable.

"I concede."

Brian Graham opened his mouth, a bitter taste to his words.

"Brother Graham, you've been generous," Winnie Romero said with a slight smile as she returned to Wyatt Barnes's side.

"When Winnie Romero took action earlier, the celestial anomaly didn't even have time to take shape... This time, the celestial anomaly has finally formed solidly, but I never imagined she had comprehended the 'Four Layers Intermediate Fire Realm'!"

"Only twenty-five years old with a cultivation of Cave Void Realm Second Layer and having grasped Four Layers Intermediate Fire Realm — Winnie Romero is simply a monster!"

"Has there ever been a monster like her in the history of the Ten Great Dynasties?"

"To speak nothing of the Ten Great Dynasties, for a monster like her to be this rare even in the 'outside territory' is telling... And she's from the Great Turdo Dynasty. If she had been born in the 'outside territory', there's no telling how terrifying she would be."

...

For a while, the entire dueling arena was abuzz with excitement. Winnie Romero had become the center of attention.

Such talent, such understanding, was truly heaven-defying!

"She actually comprehended the Four Layers Fire Realm?!"

Ella Wood's pupils shrank, and now, even she did not dare claim she could definitely defeat Winnie Romero.

"Winnie, when did you comprehend the 'Four Layers Intermediate Fire Realm'?"

After Winnie returned, Taoi Romero stared at her, completely stunned.

Sword Thirteen and Blade Five weren't much better off, though they had long known that Winnie Romero was a "Fire Spirit Body" and, in addition to her stunning martial talent, had a unique perception of the "fire realm."

But they had never imagined that Winnie Romero could comprehend the "Second Layer Mid-Grade Fire Realm"; this level of understanding had already far surpassed her talent.

"I comprehended it yesterday in the 'Mystical Underground Palace.'

Winnie Romero said.

"Wyatt, did you know this all along?"

Taoi Romero noticed Wyatt Barnes' calm demeanor from the beginning and sensed this.

Wyatt Barnes smiled and nodded.

Seeing this, Taoi Romero sighed, "They say girls are more outgoing; it seems to be true... If she gets married, I as a father will become even more superfluous."

"Dad, what are you talking about? Brother Barnes figured it out on his own; I didn't tell him."

While feeling somewhat speechless, a touch of crimson color rose to Winnie Romero's pretty face, like a shy bud about to bloom.

"Continue!"

Yael Zafar's voice fell from the sky, shifting everyone's attention away from Winnie.

Brian Graham failed the challenge.

Now only Walter Simmons, the holder of the number 12 token, and the holder of the number 13 token remained. If they succeeded in their challenges, they could be ranked in the 'top ten' of the Great Turdo Dynasty Martial Competition.

Walter Simmons leaped into action, his gaze immediately fixed on the owner of the number 10 token, Prince Aziel Lee of the Great Turdo Dynasty.

"I challenge the holder of the number 10 token!"

Walter Simmons issued his challenge.

Instantly, Aziel Lee also flew forth, facing Walter Simmons with disdain, "An insignificant Cave Void Realm Second Layer martial artist is no match for me."

"Whether or not I'm your match, we'll only know after trying."

Walter Simmons spoke calmly, as a third-grade spirit sword appeared out of thin air in his hand, exuding a fierce aura; it was the essence of the "sword realm."

"Cave Void Realm Second Layer, comprehending 'Second Layer Mid-Grade Sword Realm,' your strength isn't bad... It's just a pity that my cultivation is a level higher than yours, making my victory inevitable!"

Aziel Lee narrowed his eyes and spoke, his knowledge of Walter Simmons' capabilities apparent in his words.

However, his narrowed eyes suddenly widened in disbelief, as if he had seen something astonishing.

At that moment, above Walter Simmons' head in the void, forty ancient Horned Dragon phantoms appeared out of nowhere.

This was the power contained in the "sword realm" shown by Walter Simmons without using Origin Force.

"Third Layer Mid-Grade Sword Realm... did you just comprehend it?"

Aziel Lee took a sharp breath and asked in surprise.

"Make your move."

Walter Simmons spoke indifferently, his three-foot green sword trembling as Origin Force poured into it.

In an instant, the vision above the void changed.

Beside the forty ancient Horned Dragon phantoms, thirty more ancient Horned Dragon phantoms suddenly appeared, followed by another twenty.

Ninety ancient Horned Dragon phantoms were poised for battle, ready to fight alongside Walter Simmons at any moment.

"Hmph! You think this makes you my match?"

Aziel Lee sneered, "Even if my realm isn't as advanced as yours, my cultivation is one level above you. Along with the boost from a third-grade spirit weapon, my power is still far superior to yours!"

As his words fell, a seven-foot spear appeared in Aziel Lee's hand; Origin Force flowed over it and then solidified into a substantial "earth realm."

Whoosh!

A vision of heaven and earth emerged in the void.

First, thirty ancient Horned Dragon phantoms appeared, followed by forty, and then twenty-seven more.

Aziel Lee, possessing the cultivation of Cave Void Realm Third Layer and comprehending 'Second Layer Mid-Grade Earth Realm,' held a third-grade spirit spear with power comparable to ninety-seven ancient Horned Dragons!

He outmatched Walter Simmons by a whole seven ancient Horned Dragon forces.

And it didn't stop there; as a faint blue energy appeared on the seven-foot spear in Aziel Lee's hand, three more ancient Horned Dragon phantoms materialized above his head.

Third Layer Low-Grade Wind Realm!

The most potent force Aziel Lee now wielded was comparable to a hundred ancient Horned Dragon forces!

"I'll show you that the difference of ten ancient Horned Dragons is enough for me to completely crush you!"

Aziel Lee shouted, his whole body launching forward, his seven-foot spear piercing through the air like a Flood Dragon exiting its cave, creating piercing sonic booms.

Whoosh!

The spear aimed to shatter the heavens.

This strike seemed strong enough to pierce a hole in the sky, let alone human flesh.

"A hundred ancient Horned Dragon forces? Is that strong?"

Walter Simmons met the attack without hurry, holding the sword with both hands, suddenly lifting it over his head.

In an instant, Origin Force surged around him, enveloping both man and sword as if transforming into a primed colossal sword.

After the colossal sword appeared, the milky white exterior, characteristic of Origin Force, underwent a drastic change.

In a blink, it turned into rippling azure waves, pulsating rhythmically.

"Substantiated water realm! Walter Simmons, have you been hiding this skill all along?"

Wyatt Barnes' eyes widened in surprise.

Swish!

Almost simultaneously, the 'water-blue colossal sword' formed by Walter Simmons and his weapon shot across the sky, targeting Aziel Lee.

Chapter 816: Extreme Cold Desolation Sword

At this moment, above the void, the natural phenomena between heaven and earth underwent a drastic transformation.

On one side of the ninety ancient Horned Dragon phantoms, twenty more ancient Horned Dragon phantoms appeared, vividly life-like, their momentum as magnificent as a rainbow.

First level mid-grade Water Realm.

A giant sword filled the sky, containing the power of a hundred and ten ancient Horned Dragons!

"A hundred ancient Horned Dragons' power? Is that strong?"

At this moment, not only was 'Aziel Lee' extremely shocked, but the words Walter Simmons had just said were echoing in his ears.

Around him, the group of onlookers couldn't help but remember Walter's words.

Everyone didn't expect that Walter, right from the start, had indeed been holding back, capable of unleashing a formidable force comparable to one hundred and ten ancient Horned Dragons.

In front of the power of one hundred and ten ancient Horned Dragons, the force of a hundred ancient Horned Dragons indeed seemed insignificant.

Man merged with sword!

The giant sword fiercely collided with the seven-foot-long spear in Aziel Lee's hands, causing the spear to shudder; the hands gripping it nearly split open, blood splattered, and his face turned utterly pale.

"Wow!"

Aziel Lee struggled to open his mouth and spat out a strikingly stunning mouthful of blood.

And as he spat out this mouthful of blood, the giant sword struck again!

Boom!

With one strike, the long spear in Aziel Lee's hands was knocked away, and the terrifying force hit him, sending him flying backward, helplessly awkward in his motion.

When he regained his footing, his body was completely unsteady, leaving him incapable of fighting any longer.

"You... won."

Aziel Lee, his face colorless, coughed several times, and with each cough, more blood spurted out, indicating he had sustained serious injuries.

Aziel Lee stared at the giant sword standing in the distance, the jade-like exterior of the sword, and the fierce aura it emitted, which brought him immense pressure.

He knew clearly that his opponent had shown him mercy a moment ago.

If his opponent had not withheld his strength in time, he would have already been obliterated by that sweeping giant sword.

Woosh!

After Aziel Lee admitted defeat, the giant sword, completely materialized through the 'Water Realm' combined with Origin Force and sword realm, immediately vanished, revealing Walter Simmons's proud figure.

"He mastered two mid-grade realms... this Number 12 token holder, also seems to be from the Great Turdo Dynasty!"

"In the top ten, one person was replaced, and the person replacing him is from the Great Turdo Dynasty... Hence, among the top ten, four seats are held by individuals from the Great Turdo Dynasty."

"The Great Turdo Dynasty is defying the heavens!"

...

As many people sighed, they couldn't help but draw a sharp breath.

The Decennial Martial Meet was originally the stage for the young talents of the ten Great Dynasties, yet now in the top ten slots, the Great Turdo Dynasty occupied four of them.

Even if the remaining Number 13 token holder, by challenging any talent from the Great Turdo Dynasty successfully, in the end, three people from the Great Turdo Dynasty would still be among the top ten in the Decennial Martial Meet.

"Walter Simmons, this guy, has really kept a low profile."

Wyatt Barnes shook his head slightly, seeing Walter display the 'Water Realm' for the first time, which, although not as good as his 'Sword Realm', was not much worse.

"There's something I'm curious about."

Suddenly, Aziel Lee, having just taken the Pill Medicine and his injuries slightly eased, looked at Walter Simmons, took a deep breath, and asked, "If you were fully utilizing your strength, comparable to the power of one hundred and ten ancient Horned Dragons... why did you take so long to come out of the 'Underground Palace', and only obtain the number 12 token?"

Aziel Lee asked the question that, including Wyatt, most people wanted to ask.

For a moment, their eyes were all curious, wanting to know how Walter would answer.

"I wanted to see how many tokens I could get without using the 'Water Realm'."

After Walter lightly responded, he soared away and quickly rejoined Sword Thirteen, standing there quietly.

Walter's response caused Aziel Lee's mouth to twitch involuntarily.

Had it been another person in that perplexing Underground Palace, they would have likely exhausted all their methods early on.

But this Walter, he still hid his skills.

"Capricious!"

For a moment, the same thought involuntarily popped into the minds of most people present.

Walter's action was undoubtedly 'capricious', but he had the capital to be capricious!

"Hahahaha...."

The Emperor of the Great Turdo Dynasty, after staring blankly for a moment, burst into laughter, his laughter unrestrained and exuberant.

His Great Turdo Dynasty had brought ten young talents, and four had made it into the 'top ten' of the Decennial Martial Meet. As the Emperor of the Great Turdo Dynasty, he felt proud.

"Number 13."

Yael Zafar glanced indifferently at the holder of token number 13.

Suddenly, the holder of token number 13 sprang into action.

The one who was lucky enough to have a bye in the previous match, holder of the 13th token, was a plain-clothed young man with an expressionless face, his ordinary eyes occasionally flashing with sharp brilliance.

"Number 1 token holder!"

After the plain-clothed young man appeared, he directly targeted Wyatt Barnes, manifestly, like most people, questioning the 'authenticity' of the number 1 token in Wyatt's hands.

Being named in the challenge, Wyatt although surprised, was not unexpected, and simply flew out to face the plain-clothed young man.

Between raises of his hand, the young man produced a sword, a scarlet-red sword.

"A third-level spirit sword!"

With just one glance, Wyatt Barnes recognized the sword in the hands of the man in plain clothes as a third-level spirit sword; the man, like Walter Simmons, was a sword cultivator.

Attack!

Without any warning, the man in plain clothes made his move, striking first to gain the upper hand. His entire being transformed into a sharp arrow shot from a strong bow, locking onto Wyatt.

Whoosh!

A sword from the west brought with it a coldness that seemed capable of withering everything, easily breaking down anything in its path.

Extreme Cold Desolation Sword!

The moment the man in plain clothes made his move, Wyatt's pupils involuntarily contracted,, not because of anything else, but because of the sword technique the man wielded.

The "Extreme Cold Desolation Sword," a low-tier heavenly sword technique, once cultivated, allows the fierce 'realm of the sword' to generate extreme cold, as cold as ice but not ice itself.

When the sword is drawn, all things wither, hence its name.

This sword technique was the first heavenly martial technique encountered by the "Martial Emperor of Reincarnation" during his first lifetime. In his youth, he had become the foremost among the younger generation in a certain region outside the territory by relying on this technique.

Although he rarely used this technique later on, the Martial Emperor had never forgotten this sword technique, which held significant meaning for him.

As the man in plain clothes launched his attack, the phantoms of ninety ancient Horned Dragons and thousands of ancient giants appeared, causing the air to surge and whip up gusts of wind that rustled the clothes of the people above the arena.

However, at this moment, no one paid attention to this detail.

Apart from a group of people who knew the background of Wyatt, everyone else was intently watching the man in plain clothes.

They were all curious if the man in plain clothes could truly defeat Wyatt and usurp the number one token from him.

"Perhaps... I can give it a try."

Facing the onslaught of the man in plain clothes, Wyatt murmured to himself and made a bold decision.

The next moment, a sword appeared out of thin air in Wyatt's hand, a third-level spirit sword.

"Let's try it, then, whether the 'Extreme Cold Desolation Sword' driven by the 'realm of the sword' that breeds coldness, or by the 'realm of the wind' is stronger!"

Wyatt whispered, his gaze suddenly sharp, piercing towards the man in plain clothes.

Whoosh!

Wyatt's figure shifted, his sword quivering as he instantly unsheathed it to meet the chilling, withering sword in the hands of the man in plain clothes.

Extreme Cold Desolation Sword!

The same technique, effortless in Wyatt's hands.

To anyone with clear eyesight, it was apparent that the sword technique Wyatt was now employing surpassed that of the man in plain clothes.

He outclassed the man in plain clothes in terms of realm!

The sword of the man in plain clothes, within its 'realm of the sword,' emitted a chilling coldness and was rich with an intense notion of desolation, as if it could wither everything.

Wyatt's sword, within its 'realm of the wind,' was even colder, and its sense of desolation completely overshadowed the desolation within the sword of the man in plain clothes.

As Wyatt unsheathed his sword, above his head in the void appeared the phantoms of ninety-one ancient Horned Dragons, all thundering forth.

The power of Wyatt's sword, compared to the power in the man's sword, was stronger by the might of thousands of ancient giants.

This difference in power was almost negligible.

However, when Wyatt's sword met the man's, the chilling coldness and the sense of desolation of the 'realm of the wind' effortlessly crushed it! Completely crushed it!

With just one sword strike, the man's sword was knocked away, and he himself was blasted away by a tremendous force.

At the same time, a remarkable change occurred in his sword-holding hand; the young, strong hand began to wither, suddenly looking like the hand of an old man who had one foot in the grave, old and frail,

The withered hand was permeated with a hint of desolation, which continued to spread up his arm.

In a moment, half of the man's arm was wrapped in the desolation, turning it akin to withered wood.

If this continued, it would only take a moment for his entire arm to be ruined... and possibly even spread throughout his body, reducing him to a lifeless piece of withered wood.

Whoosh!

Just as the man in plain clothes gritted his teeth, torn between decisions, hesitating whether to discard his hand, the fleeting sound of a sword's cry changed his expression drastically.

Pu-chi!

The sword light flashed, severing the completely withered half of his arm, which appeared as rotted wood.

The person who unsheathed the sword was Wyatt Barnes.

Wyatt Barnes made the decision for the man in plain clothes.

"Thank you."

A bitter smile crossed the lips of the man in plain clothes. Although the person before him had defeated him and even severed his arm, he felt no resentment, only gratitude.

He knew that if it weren't for the decisive action of the other party, his entire arm would have been ruined.

"Your 'Extreme Cold Desolation Sword' is well cultivated. You won't need long to break through to the 'fully accomplished realm'!"

Wyatt stood there, speaking slowly, with an air of pointing out the vast landscape.

"I want to know if your 'Extreme Cold Desolation Sword' has already been fully accomplished?"

The man in plain clothes took a deep breath and asked.

"No,"

Wyatt shook his head.

While the man in plain clothes was still stunned, Wyatt had already soared away, and at the same time, a clear voice reached his ears.

"What I just deployed was the fully accomplished realm of the 'Extreme Cold Desolation Sword'!"

Chapter 817: Baldy? Monk?

Complete mastery?!

The youth in plain clothes shrank his pupils, his face showing incredulity.

You must know that even the predecessor who had taught him the Extreme Cold Desolation Sword had only cultivated it to an advanced stage.

And this young man, only twenty-eight years old, claimed he had already cultivated the Extreme Cold Desolation Sword to complete mastery?

"Once the sword is drawn, the essence of desolation integrates into my sword as naturally as decay turns to dust, and almost instantly, it pierces my hand like a bone-deep carbuncle... Perhaps, he truly has achieved complete mastery of the Extreme Cold Desolation Sword!"

Taking a deep breath, the youth in plain clothes stepped back.

Above the arena, the spectating crowd buzzed with excitement.

"The Extreme Cold Desolation Sword, I have heard of it... it's a terrifying low-tier celestial sword technique. Once swept by its unique desolation aura, one's life withers away and turns to deadwood!"

"That Wyatt Barnes, to think he has cultivated the Extreme Cold Desolation Sword to complete mastery, it's truly unimaginable!"

"Yes, celestial martial arts, even if it's just a low-tier celestial martial art, cultivating it to complete mastery usually takes decades of hard work...it's nearly impossible... Wyatt Barnes' prowess in martial arts is simply defying the heavens!"

...

The crowd exclaimed in amazement, all stunned by Wyatt Barnes' accomplishment in the Extreme Cold Desolation Sword.

Only Wyatt Barnes knew that the reason he could execute the Extreme Cold Desolation Sword with complete mastery was because the Martial Emperor, having lived through two lifetimes, had seriously studied this sword technique.

Precisely because of this, Wyatt Barnes, with the memories of the Martial Emperor's two lifetimes merged, could wield the Extreme Cold Desolation Sword effortlessly and without pressure.

If it were any other martial art, Wyatt Barnes might not have been able to achieve this.

"Brother Barnes, you can actually perform the same sword technique as him."

After Wyatt Barnes returned, Winnie Romero expressed her surprise.

"Wyatt Barnes, how long have you been practicing this sword technique?"

Sword Thirteen asked with a grave face; his eyes gleaming as if the person before him was no longer a human, but an incomparable treasure.

"Master, Wyatt Barnes had not even understood the 'Void Realm' a year ago."

Before Wyatt Barnes could speak, Walter Simmons had already responded.

Celestial martial arts require the understanding of the 'Void Realm' to be successfully executed, a timeless rule passed down in the Cloud Skies Continent.

"Less than a year, to cultivate a celestial sword technique to complete mastery?"

Blade Five gasped, looking at Wyatt Barnes as if he were a monster.

Not just him, Taoi Romero, and even Kase Dragonsmith, who always had issues with Wyatt Barnes, looked at him with a similar expression.

This level of comprehension couldn't even be described as 'demonic' anymore; it was downright monstrous, a kind that defied all norms!

"You are simply a born sword cultivator!"

Sword Thirteen sighed.

Upon hearing Sword Thirteen's words, Blade Five's eyes went red with envy.

Although he had known that Wyatt Barnes would eventually join their 'Blade and Sword Sect' and ultimately choose the 'Sword Sect', seeing Wyatt Barnes' comprehension now, he couldn't help but feel jealous. Compared to Wyatt Barnes, all other talents seemed like mere trash!

Look at Wyatt Barnes, and then at his own disciples.

Smack!

The more Blade Five thought, the more irritated he became; he raised his hand and slapped Kase Dragonsmith on the back of his head, cursing, "Useless! You are useless!"

Kase Dragonsmith shrank away, feeling wronged. Who had he provoked? Standing quietly to the side, he still got hit.

Seeing Blade Five's actions, Wyatt Barnes and the others couldn't help but laugh.

"The third round of the Decenary Tournament selection ends today. Tomorrow, at the same time, the fourth round of selection will take place, which is also the final round... At that time, the specific rankings of the Decenary Tournament 'Top Ten' will be determined!"

Yael Zafar withdrew his cold gaze from Wyatt Barnes, looked around, and loudly announced.

No sooner had he spoken than he left with Marshall Tyler.

Thiago Relief followed closely with Rhodes Collins.

As for the others, after glancing a few more times at Wyatt Barnes, they finally dispersed.

Over these two days, the most attention-grabbing individual was undoubtedly Wyatt Barnes, having secured the 'Number One Token' during the second round of selections and subsequently displaying a level of martial comprehension that could shock anyone.

As for being the center of everyone's discussions, Wyatt Barnes was indifferent, as if he had long been accustomed to it.

The next day arrived as scheduled.

Early in the morning, representatives and young talents from the ten great dynasties, including Wyatt Barnes, gathered above the arena outside Grimm Wolf Fortress, waiting for the appearance of the two Vice Fort Masters of Grimm Wolf Fortress.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

In a moment, Yael Zafar and Thiago Relief, the two Vice Fort Masters of Grimm Wolf Fortress, appeared with Marshall Tyler and Rhodes Collins following behind, arriving above the arena.

"Today, the fourth round of the Decenary Tournament selection will take place, which is also the last round."

Yael Zafar scanned the surroundings, then firmly announced.

"Young talents ranked in the 'Top Ten' of the Decenary Tournament, according to their rankings, will receive different rewards from Grimm Wolf Fortress... So, I hope all ten young talents will give their best effort!"

Yael Zafar spoke again.

Suddenly, including Wyatt Barnes, the eyes of ten talented youths lit up.

The rewards of Grimm Wolf Fortress were not ordinary, they thought.

"After today's Martial Emperor Tournament ends, representatives of the ten dynasties present will also receive rewards from our Grimm Wolf Fortress... Of course, the rewards will vary."

Yael Zafar continued.

Upon hearing this, many dynasty representatives appeared expectant.

Especially the emperor of the Great Turdo Dynasty, who smiled so much that his eyes squinted. With four participants from the Great Turdo Dynasty ranking in the 'top ten' of the Martial Emperor Tournament, their rewards were expected to be the most substantial among all dynasties.

"The rules of the fourth round of selection will still be that the holder of the number 1 token initiates the challenge. The holder of the number 1 token may challenge anyone starting from the holder of the number 2 token. The holder of the number 2 token, except for not being able to challenge the holder of the number 1 token, may challenge anyone starting from the holder of the number 3 token... and so forth. The holder of the number 10 token has no choice but to be chosen."

"Once a named challenge fails, the challenger will be replaced by the opponent, and their tokens will be exchanged... until no one responds to the challenge, the 'top ten' rankings will be listed according to the token numbers they hold."

Yael Zafar slowly said, "Additionally, those who have competed in the previous round can refuse to accept a challenge in the next round by citing the need for rest!"

Wyatt Barnes raised an eyebrow, looked at the number 1 token in his hand, and a radiant smile appeared on his face.

It seemed, this number 1 token would be very useful in this fourth round as well.

With the number 1 token, no one could challenge him; they could only be nominated by him for a challenge.

Of course, Wyatt also understood that if he wanted to win the 'first place' in this Martial Emperor Tournament, he must keep the number 1 token in his hand throughout.

That is to say, he only needed to challenge the other nine people and win nine consecutive victories to claim the 'first place' in the Martial Emperor Tournament.

"Any questions?"

Yael Zafar scanned the surroundings, his gaze sharpened, and he asked in a deep voice.

The group of talented youths shook their heads one after another.

Today, besides Wyatt, the ten young talents who had qualified to participate in the fourth round of the Martial Emperor Tournament, those young talents who were eliminated yet survived yesterday were also present.

However, today they had no chance to compete; they could only act as spectators and witness the ten youths who held tokens number 1 to number 10 vie against each other.

"Then, I declare..."

Just as Yael Zafar was about to announce the start of the fourth round of the Martial Emperor Tournament, he suddenly discovered something and abruptly stopped speaking.

Right after, he sharply raised his head and looked into the sky, his gaze slightly cold, he shouted, "Who is it? How dare you intrude into my Grimm Wolf Fortress?!"

As Yael Zafar raised his head, Thiago Relief also raised his, his gaze sternly fixed on the sky.

And before Yael Zafar had raised his head, Wyatt Barnes noticed that Sword Thirteen and Blade Five had already looked up into the sky, and he followed suit.

"Amitabha... Vice Fort Master Zafar, this humble monk has behaved rudely."

Just as everyone in the arena looked up at the sky, a middle-aged man with a shaved head and wearing a big red cassock suddenly emerged from behind the clouds.

Above the head of the bald middle-aged man, there were six scars.

"Is this... a monk?"

Seeing the bald middle-aged man, Wyatt Barnes was stunned.

This image was all too familiar to him; those monks on Earth who practiced abstinence and recited Buddhist scriptures had exactly this appearance.

At that moment, Wyatt Barnes couldn't help feeling a sense of kinship.

Not for any other reason, but because of the monk who appeared before him.

"So, monks also exist in this world... Right, when Senior Relief and Thru East saved me under their protection previously, they seemed to have mentioned something about a 'bald donkey', could it be referring to monks?"

For a moment, Wyatt Barnes couldn't help but recall the scenes when Thiago Relief and Thru East came to find him, with every word from Sword Thirteen to Thiago Relief clearly remembered.

"As far as I know, apart from our Blade and Sword Sect, those bald donkeys also knew it..."

That was the exact words of Sword Thirteen at that time.

Back then, Wyatt never linked Sword Thirteen's 'bald donkey' with 'monks'.

Of course, that was due to his preconceived ideas.

If it had been on Earth in his previous life, had someone mentioned 'bald donkey' in front of him, he would have immediately thought of 'monk'.

But in this life on the Cloud Skies Continent, prior to this, he had neither seen a monk nor even heard of their existence.

Now, watching the cassocked, bald middle-aged manion right before him, Wyatt Barnes realized that monks also existed in this world.

Moreover, they were not ordinary monks.

"Bright, you really did come at the right time... And the two bald donkeys following you, aren't you going to let them reveal themselves?"

Sword Thirteen looked at the middle-aged monk who had just emerged from behind the clouds and spoke indifferently.

"Sect Leader Sword, this humble monk pays respects."

Despite being addressed as 'bald donkey' by Sword Thirteen, Bright did not take offense. He clasped his hands together in a salute and then moved suddenly, descending from the sky.

Simultaneously, another middle-aged monk and a young monk appeared behind him, quickly following down.

For a moment, the three monks became the focal point of everyone's attention.

Chapter 818: Young Master Flame 'Flame Graham'!

"Who are these people? Their clothes are so strange."

"I've never seen such people before, not only have they shaved their heads bald, but they've also scarred their foreheads... They really must have too much time on their hands!"

"They claim to be 'monks'? And what does that 'Amitabha' mean?"

...

Representatives and young talents of the major dynasties murmured among themselves.

They had never seen people dressed like this before.

Of course, a few representatives of the dynasties furrowed their brows, as if they had suddenly remembered something, and murmured:

"I've heard that there are some powerful sects outside the territory where everyone is bald and their heads are marked with scars... They avoid desires and meat, dedicating themselves to martial dao, their martial power is mysterious and profound!"

"Yes! I have heard about them too... Supposedly, ordinary people outside the territory call them 'Saint Monks,' but warriors from outside territory generally refer to them as 'monks'."

"I never thought monks actually existed... I wonder if they truly avoid desires and meat! The thought of living without the pleasures of men and women, without fine meats, makes me uncomfortable just thinking about it."

...

The voices of several dynasty representatives clearly reached the others' ears.

Monks?

They avoid desires and meat?

Aside from Wyatt Barnes, other representatives and young talents from the ten major dynasties were stunned.

"There are actually people like this... who avoid desires and meat, dedicated to martial dao, if they don't become powerful warriors, then there truly is no justice in this world!"

"I wouldn't want to be such a powerful person even if it were offered to me!"

"To each their own, naturally our thoughts differ."

...

For a time, the scene became noisy with the arrival of the three monks.

Looking at the three monks, Wyatt Barnes couldn't contain his curiosity. His spiritual power swept out, first touching upon the young monk who was the weakest among them.

The young monk appeared to be about thirty-five years old, with delicate features and a calm gaze. He seemed aged beyond his years, as if he had seen through the worldly matters of life.

"Cave... Cave Void Realm, sixth level?"

Upon ascertaining the young monk's cultivation, Wyatt Barnes's pupils involuntarily shrank. He had never imagined that this monk, who was about the same age as most of the young talents from the ten major dynasties, was actually at the sixth level of the Cave Void Realm.

This was truly beyond comprehension!

"Where did these monks come from? If a young monk is so strong, then those two middle-aged monks must be..."

Before Wyatt Barnes could finish his thought, his spiritual power, which had started to reach toward the leading middle-aged monk 'Bright,' suddenly halted, then vanished as if sinking into the sea.

"Young benefactor, it's surprising that someone of your young age possesses such spiritual power accomplishments."

At the same time, a voice reached Wyatt Barnes's ear—it was Bright's voice.

Wyatt Barnes couldn't help but take a deep breath, his eyes filled with wariness.

He knew that this monk Bright must be a powerful warrior on the same level as Yael Zafar and Sword Thirteen, an existence above the 'Transforming Void Realm' seventh-order.

Moreover, behind Bright, there must be a colossal entity that could stand on equal footing with Grimm Wolf Fortress and Blade and Sword Sect.

After giving Wyatt Barnes a friendly glance, Bright then looked at Blade Five, "Vice Sect Leader, it has been a long time. Are you well?"

"As well as a monk like you could expect."

Blade Five snorted, seemingly not too fond of Bright.

Bright did not get angry, and then turned to Thiago Relief, greeting him, "Vice Castle Master, your humble monk offers his respects."

"Bright, Pure, take that little bald monk with you and hurry away... Our Grimm Wolf Fortress doesn't welcome you!"

Thiago Relief said sternly, at the same time, he glanced over at Sword Thirteen, as if to remind him of something.

"Bright, your intention is very clear to us... but Blade and Sword Sect and Grimm Wolf Fortress have already made an agreement, and your Cloud Sky Temple probably won't be able to share in the profits."

Sword Thirteen looked at Bright, slowly saying.

His voice was not loud, but it carried an undeniable tone.

"Vice Sect Leader Sword, if your humble monk showed himself, then he naturally has confidence in intervening."

Bright said with a faint smile, his normally placid face tinged with a hint of self-assurance.

Upon hearing Bright's words, whether it was Grimm Wolf Fortress's Vice Fort Master Yael Zafar, Thiago Relief, or Blade and Sword Sect's Sword Thirteen and Blade Five, their expressions changed instantly.

Simultaneously, they all looked up into the sky.

"Since you came, why hide and sneak around?!"

Yael Zafar said loudly.

Almost at the moment Yael Zafar's words ended, from behind the clouds in the sky, a plainly dressed middle-aged man appeared, gliding into view.

The middle-aged man looked ordinary, but he exuded a formidable aura that seemed to keep others at bay, clearly indicating the uniqueness of his training.

The middle-aged man had a calm face, neither happy nor angry, with eyes that were so dull they seemed even more detached than the monks'.

"Magnus Patel!"

Upon seeing this plainly dressed middle-aged man, Yael Zafar and Thiago Relief's faces visibly darkened, and even Sword Thirteen and Blade Five appeared displeased, obviously not expecting this person to come.

Whoosh!

The middle-aged man moved, gracefully descending from the air.

Behind him, in the clouds, another person appeared, a calmly faced, plainly dressed young man who closely followed the middle-aged man down.

"It's him!"

As soon as the young man appeared, Wyatt Barnes's pupils involuntarily shrank, and he looked on in shock.

He knew this young man and had even interacted with him before.

Yet, he never expected the man to appear here.

Shock and disbelief were not exclusive to Wyatt Barnes, even Marshall Tyler and Kase Dragonsmith were similarly aghast, as if they had seen a ghost.

"How can he be here?"

Both harbored the same thought in their hearts.

"Wyatt Barnes... he... wasn't he one of the 'Five Young Masters' of the Green Forest Royal Country, known as 'Young Master Flame'?"

Walter Simmons, standing beside Wyatt Barnes, asked somewhat hesitantly, not knowing when he had appeared there.

Walter Simmons remembered it distinctly.

Initially, when he participated in the 'Genius Competition' of the Green Forest Royal Country, he had seen this unadorned youth descending from the sky, who seemed to be the Young Master Flame from the five great princes of the Green Forest Royal Country.

His name seemed to be 'Flame Graham'!

Youth Master Flame, Flame Graham!

He also remembered that during the 'Genius Competition', of the five spots available, due to his arrival, Flame Graham was eliminated and couldn't go to the Black Stone Empire to participate in the 'Empire's Youth Talent Competition'.

This Flame Graham, shouldn't he be living an obscure life back in the Green Forest Royal Country?

How could he possibly appear here?

Moreover, following a strong individual who even his master seemed to be somewhat wary of; an individual who invokes his master's apprehension is undoubtedly a remarkable figure even 'outside territory'.

"Sect Leader Patel!"

Bright and Pure pressed their palms together in a salute and slightly bowed to the unadorned middle-aged man.

"Sect Leader?!"

Hearing what the two monks said, Sword Thirteen, Yael Zafar, Blade Five, and Thiago Relief were all taken aback.

Clearly, they all hadn't expected the unadorned middle-aged man in front of them to have already become a 'Sect Leader' of that Sect.

They were crystal clear about what this implied.

"Magnus Patel, have you... have you stepped into that realm?"

Blade Five drew in a breath of cold air. Although he had some suspicions, he couldn't help but ask.

Magnus Patel looked towards Bright and Pure, nodded slightly, and then gazing at Blade Five, he spoke slowly, his voice calm and hollow, "Blade Five, it seems you haven't made much progress these years?"

Blade Five's face flushed with anger, yet he was rendered speechless.

If it were someone else, he would've struck with his blade long ago, but this unadorned middle-aged man before him was not someone he could contend with.

As someone from the same era, the halo around that person shone even brighter than his own disciple, 'Sword Thirteen'.

Sword Thirteen was considered the top figure of the Blade and Sword Sect in their time.

"Who are you? How dare you insult my master!"

Before Blade Five could react, Kase Dragonsmith, enraged, stepped forward, glaring at Magnus Patel.

In his heart, his master was beyond reproach and desecration.

Slap!

The crisp sound of a slap echoed, Kase Dragonsmith's head jerked to the side, his face now bearing the scorching imprint of a hand.

At the same time, an unadorned young man appeared before Kase Dragonsmith, gazing at him expressionlessly.

The person who had just slapped Kase Dragonsmith was none other than him.

"Flame Graham, you're courting death!"

Kase Dragonsmith, still dazed from the slap, became furious once he regained his senses, his face twisting into a fierce scowl. He swung his hand, brandishing his blade towards the man before him as if to cleave him in two.

Whoosh!

Kase Dragonsmith, fuelled by anger, attacked with all his might. Displaying his Second Level Cave Void Realm cultivation and the First Layer of blade realm mastery, combined with a third-grade spirit blade, he harnessed the power of seventy ancestral Horned Dragons from the forces of heaven and earth.

Facing the strike infused with the power of seventy ancestral Horned Dragons, Flame Graham remained expressionless, as if he hadn't even noticed it.

Just when many believed Flame Graham would be bisected by Kase Dragonsmith's strike.

Clang!

A loud clang reverberated, plunging the scene into dead silence.

Under everyone's watchful eyes, Kase Dragonsmith's full-force attack, charged with the power of seventy ancestral Horned Dragons, was caught by the unadorned youth barehanded.

Moreover, with just two fingers, the thumb and forefinger.

Wrapped in a layer of physically manifested 'Water Realm', those two fingers pinched the blade, blocking Kase Dragonsmith's wrathful strike.

"Hah!"

Kase Dragonsmith shouted explosively, attempting to withdraw his third-grade spirit blade only to find that Flame Graham's hand was like a vice, preventing him from retrieving his blade.

"How is this possible?!"

For a moment, Kase Dragonsmith's pupils contracted, shock written all over his face, disbelievingly staring at the expressionless Flame Graham before him, "You... how can you possibly possess such formidable strength?!"

At this moment, it wasn't just Kase Dragonsmith who was shocked.

Wyatt Barnes, Marshall Tyler, and Walter Simmons, anyone who knew of Flame Graham's past, were utterly astonished by the strength he was now displaying.

"Just a few years have passed... How could this Flame Graham possess such incredible power?"

As Wyatt Barnes gazed above Flame Graham's head at the empty space, where the phantom of one hundred and fifty ancestral Horned Dragons danced, he felt his heart beating frightfully fast.

When he extended his spiritual sense, he probed into Flame Graham's current cultivation.

"Cave... Cave Void Realm Sixth Order?!"

Wyatt Barnes's face changed slightly, never having imagined that in just a few short years, Flame Graham could have achieved such an overwhelming level of cultivation.

The force of one hundred and fifty ancestral Horned Dragons.

With a cultivation at the Sixth Order of the Cave Void Realm accounting for eighty of those.

Meaning that Flame Graham had also comprehended the 'Second Layer Medium Stage of the Water Realm'.

Chapter 819: Marshall Tyler Admits Defeat

In Wyatt Barnes's mind, the memories related to "Flame Graham" still linger from years ago.

Back then, in the Imperial City of Green Forest Royal Country, Flame Graham had fought with Marshall Tyler's sister, "Sophie Tyler," and afterward, due to Sophie's hatred toward him, there had been some conflicts between them.

Of course, those were all trivial conflicts, not worth mentioning.

At that time, Flame Graham's strength was far inferior to his.

Even the "Genius Conflict" of Green Forest Royal Country, which led to the "Ten Dynasties Martial Tournament," Flame Graham hadn't managed to secure one of the final five spots.

He never imagined that such a person, someone eliminated during the "Genius Conflict" of Green Forest Royal Country, would reappear with such terrifying strength.

Flame Graham's strength now had comprehensively surpassed his own, even if he used all his techniques and the Soul Technique "Thousand Illusions," he was no match for Flame Graham.

"What on earth happened to this Flame Graham to become so strong?"

From a distance, Marshall Tyler gazed at Flame Graham, his face also filled with confusion.

With the strength that Flame Graham now displayed, even if he let Elder Ghostly's remnant soul possess him, it was likely only enough to fight Flame Graham to a draw.

Unless he could break through to the "Third-Order Cave Void Realm," by then, defeating Flame Graham would become easy for him.

Because by then, once possessed by Elder Ghostly, he would possess the strength of the "Seventh-Order Cave Void Realm."

In his view, by then, being equivalent to a Seventh-Order Cave Void Realm warrior, defeating Flame Graham wouldn't be a difficult task.

"This Flame Graham, compared to when I first met him, seems like a completely different person."

Walter Simmons took a deep breath, astounded by the strength Flame Graham now possessed.

"Considering we are from the same Green Forest Royal Country, I won't kill you."

Flame Graham flicked his fingers, effortlessly repelling the third-grade spirit blade in Kase Dragonsmith's hand, and then moved quickly to stand quietly behind a common-dressed middle-aged man.

"Magnus Patel, is this your disciple? He is really well-trained!"

Blade Five's expression darkened. How could he not be furious when his own disciple was reprimanded right in front of him?

"Blade Five, it's better to let the young ones resolve their own matters... Or perhaps, you wish to stand up for your disciple by confronting mine?"

Magnus Patel said indifferently, "You, Blade Five, surely haven't fallen so low, have you?"

At those words, Blade Five was momentarily speechless, unable to retort, only giving Kase Dragonsmith a resentful glare that only deepened the bitterness on Kase's face.

"Bright, you are ruthless!"

Yael Zafar glared bitterly at Bright, never expecting that Bright had seemingly already known that the Blade and Sword Sect would stand on his side and had also sought additional help.

Now, even if Grimm Wolf Fortress and the Blade and Sword Sect joined forces, they wouldn't be able to drive them out.

"Yet another 'Heartbreak Sect' coming to share a piece of the action."

Sword Thirteen shook his head, then, as if recalling something, muttered, "But it doesn't matter... the three of them should be enough."

Toward the end of his muttering, Sword Thirteen glanced at Wyatt Barnes, Winnie Romero, and Brian Graham, growing more satisfied the more he looked.

Standing to the side, Wyatt Barnes was filled with confusion.

First, three monks arrived, followed by a plain-dressed middle-aged man who brought Flame Graham with him.

Moreover, this plain-dressed middle-aged man seemed to be a Sect Leader, and also Flame Graham's mentor.

What exactly was going on?

Wyatt Barnes was utterly baffled.

"Amitabha, Vice Fort Master Yael, you need not worry about us monks; just go about your business... As for Sect Leader Patel, my two fellow brother monks and I will take care of him," Bright said with a grin, looking utterly provocative.

Yael Zafar was so infuriated his face turned ashen, but with things having developed to this point, he couldn't really say much more. Looking around, he solemnly declared, "The fourth round of the Ten Dynasties Martial Tournament begins now!"

Just as Wyatt Barnes was about to ask Sword Thirteen about the three monks and the plain-dressed middle-aged man, he heard Yael Zafar's voice. For the moment, he temporarily suppressed his inner turmoil and launched himself into the air.

When Wyatt Barnes reached the central zone in the sky of the arena, representatives and young talents from the ten great dynasties also regained their senses.

The appearance of the three monks and that plain-dressed middle-aged and young man also puzzled them.

They could tell that whether it was the three monks or the plain-dressed middle-aged and young man, they all had extraordinary origins; otherwise, the two Vice Fort Masters of Grimm Wolf Fortress wouldn't have lost their composure.

Now that Yael Zafar had announced the start of the fourth round, they also set aside their confusion and turned their attention to Wyatt Barnes.

"I wonder who Wyatt Barnes will challenge first," someone remarked, filled with curiosity.

"He shouldn't challenge the holder of the tenth token first since he's a friend... I think he will choose the holder of the ninth token," speculated many.

Many eyes turned to the camp of the Great Qing Dynasty, resting on Ella Wood.

Under many scrutinizing gazes, Ella Wood seemed eager to be challenged by Wyatt Barnes, hoping perhaps to seize the number one token through this challenge.

Unfortunately, Wyatt Barnes didn't even glance at her.

"I challenge..."

Wyatt Barnes slowly began, paused for a moment, then continued, "the holder of the second token, Marshall Tyler!"

Marshall Tyler!

When Wyatt Barnes spoke, the scene erupted into whispers.

Most people had not expected Wyatt Barnes to challenge Marshall Tyler, and only those aware of the conflict between Wyatt Barnes and Marshall Tyler understood his choice.

For a moment, many eyes turned to Marshall Tyler, curious about the true strength of this "Marshall Tyler" who was taken as a direct disciple by the Vice Fort Master of Grimm Wolf Fortress.

Based on Marshall Tyler's previously shown strength, he shouldn't have been able to obtain the number 2 token.

Yet, since he had obtained the number 2 token and managed to become a direct disciple of Vice Fort Master Yael Zafar, it was proof enough of his extraordinary capabilities, perhaps he had concealed his true strength from the beginning.

"Marshall Tyler, a direct disciple of Vice Fort Master Yael... and Wyatt Barnes, the man who refused to become the direct disciple of Vice Fort Master Yael. Their showdown will definitely be spectacular."

"I think that Wyatt Barnes might have also concealed his strength... Every move he makes seems to reveal just the tip of the iceberg."

"I have the same feeling... Considering he got the number 1 token, he must truly be skilled."

...

Unknowingly, many began to change their opinions about Wyatt Barnes, no longer unanimously thinking he had obtained the number 1 token by fluke.

A direct disciple of Yael Zafar?

The surrounding murmurs caught the attention of the two middle-aged monks, Bright and Pure, who instinctively followed the crowd's gaze towards Marshall Tyler.

Even the commoner middle-aged Magnus Patel, master of Flame Graham, now fixed his gaze on Marshall Tyler.

"Marshall Tyler!"

Flame Graham remained expressionless, but a hint of surprise was evident deep in his eyes.

Clearly, he had not anticipated encountering Marshall Tyler here.

As for Wyatt Barnes, he had seen him upon his arrival, and although he was somewhat surprised by Wyatt's presence, he wasn't overly shocked.

After all, back in Green Forest Royal Country, Wyatt Barnes had already demonstrated tremendous talent, so his current achievements were not surprising.

Seeing Wyatt Barnes again, his hostility from before had vanished, possibly because he had completely 'let go' of past emotions.

Previously, he had devoted his heart to Marshall Tyler's sister, Sophie Tyler, though it all ended up in vain.

From the moment Sophie Tyler vowed through the 'Ninety-Nine Thunder Tribulation' to never love him, he was heartbroken, even contemplating death.

Unfortunately, he did not succeed.

Later, by a fortuitous encounter, he met a disciple of the Heartbreak Sect out to clear their mind. Sharing similar miseries and finding solace in each other's company, he joined the Heartbreak Sect with them.

There, he found his ultimate sanctuary.

His condition at the time perfectly aligned with the principles of the Heartbreak Sect, enabling rapid progress in his cultivation. Later, he caught the eye of Vice Sect Leader Patel and became his direct disciple.

Years of cultivation, along with the limitless resources provided by Patel, saw his cultivation soar, and his understanding of the realm deepened significantly.

Currently, even throughout the Heartbreak Sect, there was no other disciple among the younger generation who could surpass him.

Recently, his master had made a breakthrough in cultivation and smoothly succeeded as the new Sect Leader of the Heartbreak Sect, elevating his status in the sect and solidifying his reputation as the next potential Sect Leader of the Heartbreak Sect.

...

Because of this, when Flame Graham saw Wyatt Barnes again, he bore no trace of his previous hostility.

Wyatt had noticed this change earlier.

However, he was unaware of the reason.

"I surrender!"

In front of everyone, Marshall Tyler, called out by Wyatt Barnes for a challenge, surrendered without any hesitation.

Surrender?

Instantly, the scene erupted into whispers again.

Apart from the few who knew that Wyatt Barnes could overpower Marshall Tyler, everyone else was puzzled, not understanding why Marshall Tyler lacked even the courage to face Wyatt Barnes.

"Could it be that Wyatt Barnes is really that powerful? Even Marshall Tyler doesn't dare to fight him."

"I think Marshall Tyler let him win... But, they don't seem to get along very well, and since he is a direct disciple of Vice Fort Master Yael, it wouldn't make sense for him to just let Wyatt win."

"Regardless, lacking even the courage to step up, this Marshall Tyler is really too cowardly!"

...

A wave of unrelenting ridicule reached Marshall Tyler's ears, turning his complexion utterly grim.

He dared not accept Wyatt Barnes's challenge, naturally, there was a reason for it.

He knew well that with Wyatt's hatred towards him, once he stepped into the arena, Wyatt would certainly kill him without mercy.

Though he held the trump card 'Elder Ghostly,' his trump card was unfortunately suppressed by Wyatt, rendering it useless.

And facing Wyatt with his own strength, Wyatt could execute his "Illusion Soul Technique" and could easily kill him before he had a chance to surrender.

Therefore, surrendering was his only choice, and indeed, the best choice.

Only by doing so, he could stay alive.

Chapter 820: Left by the Martial Emperor?

Watching his own direct disciple being mocked by others, Yael Zafar remained unfazed, as if he had not heard the disparaging remarks at all.

Of course, the reason he could remain so composed was that he had already learned from Marshall Tyler that Wyatt Barnes could restrain him.

Marshall Tyler naturally did not say that the 'Demon Sealing Monument' in Wyatt's hands could restrain him, but followed the same line he had previously mentioned to Thiago Relief, saying that Wyatt was the same 'Odd Species' as him, perfectly able to counter his 'Innate Divine Ability'.

No matter what, Marshall Tyler conceded defeat.

And thus, Wyatt Barnes emerged victorious in his first battle.

Whew!

Wyatt Barnes returned to Winnie Romero and the others, his first action to look towards Sword Thirteen and inquire with Origin Force condensed into sound, "Senior, who exactly are those three monks and that Magnus Patel? What are they doing at Grimm Wolf Fortress?"

Wyatt was genuinely puzzled by this.

"They came to Grimm Wolf Fortress for you," Sword Thirteen's voice projected by Origin Force entered Wyatt's ears, answering his question.

"For us?"

Wyatt Barnes looked puzzled, having no clue what Sword Thirteen meant by that.

Sword Thirteen continued, "Some things no longer need to be concealed at this point... Do you know why Grimm Wolf Fortress organized this 'Ten Dynasties Martial Tournament'?"

"Why?"

Wyatt Barnes shook his head, naturally unaware of the reason.

Of course, although he didn't know, deep down he felt something was amiss.

In the history of the Great Turdo Dynasty, there had never been a grand event like the 'Ten Dynasties Martial Tournament'.

Moreover, the fact that an 'outside territory power' like Grimm Wolf Fortress was hosting such an event specifically for the young talents of ten great dynasties made it even more puzzling.

If one were to say that Grimm Wolf Fortress had no ulterior motives, Wyatt Barnes certainly wouldn't believe it.

After all, for this 'Ten Dynasties Martial Tournament', Grimm Wolf Fortress promised many rewards, which motivated all ten dynasties to flock towards it.

Otherwise, the ten dynasties wouldn't have paid any attention to Grimm Wolf Fortress.

Initially, Wyatt Barnes also thought that perhaps Grimm Wolf Fortress sought to use this 'Ten Dynasties Martial Tournament' to recruit disciples.

But then, he thought again and found something wrong.

Even if Grimm Wolf Fortress wanted to take in disciples, there seemed to be no need to organize a 'Ten Dynasties Martial Tournament'; they could simply send people to the ten great dynasties and spread the word.

Once that happened, as long as the talents from the Ten Dynasties Martial Tournament were outstanding enough, they would definitely be interested.

In that case, Grimm Wolf Fortress wouldn't need to offer any 'rewards' to the ten dynasties.

Even though the 'rewards' Grimm Wolf Fortress was prepared to give the ten dynasties were negligible for them, a small mosquito is still flesh; the logic of saving where possible is understood by all.

Since Grimm Wolf Fortress was willing to offer quite handsome rewards, from the perspective of the ten dynasties, for the 'Ten Dynasties Martial Tournament,' they surely wouldn't make a loss.

Of course, all these were just Wyatt Barnes's own conjectures.

Soon, Wyatt Barnes found out his guess wasn't wrong.

"Grimm Wolf Fortress organized this 'Ten Dynasties Martial Tournament' to select outstanding young warriors from the ten dynasties... These young warriors will bring significant benefits to their Grimm Wolf Fortress. As for what those benefits are, I am not at liberty to discuss with you now, but you will soon find out," Sword Thirteen said to Wyatt Barnes.

Wyatt Barnes realized what was going on and immediately asked, "Does this mean, Senior, that you have come here to share in the spoils with Grimm Wolf Fortress, looking to take away half of the outstanding young warriors?"

"That's right."

Sword Thirteen nodded. At this time, there was no need for further secrecy, "Even the Bright monk from Cloud Sky Temple and Magnus Patel from Heartbreak Sect have come for you outstanding young warriors."

"Originally, my plan was to join forces with Grimm Wolf Fortress to make the monks from Cloud Sky Temple back down... but who knew they would bring someone from Heartbreak Sect!"

Towards the end, Sword Thirteen sounded somewhat helpless.

After listening to Sword Thirteen, Wyatt Barnes could now roughly understand the situation:

For some reasons, whether it be Grimm Wolf Fortress, Blade and Sword Sect, or even Cloud Sky Temple and Heartbreak Sect, they all wanted to find a group of outstanding young warriors.

And Grimm Wolf Fortress, to find these outstanding young warriors, organized the 'Ten Dynasties Martial Tournament' because doing so would be the most efficient way to achieve their goal.

"Senior, if I haven't guessed wrong... The reason why your Sects want to find outstanding young warriors is that you intend to send us somewhere to seek benefits for you? And that place should have an 'Inscription Formation' prohibiting entry to warriors over forty years old. Is that correct?"

Wyatt Barnes had a flash of insight, vaguely guessing something, and asked Sword Thirteen through Origin Force condensed sound.

All of this was his speculation based on the requirements Grimm Wolf Fortress had for participating in the 'Ten Dynasties Martial Tournament'.

He still remembered, just before the start of the 'Ten Dynasties Martial Tournament' a few days ago, the first talented youth who was determined by the 'Age Testing Pearl' to have reached forty was killed by Thiago Relief in anger.

Clearly, Grimm Wolf Fortress highly valued the age of the young talents participating in the 'Ten Dynasties Martial Tournament'.

"You... how did you know?"

Upon hearing Wyatt Barnes's guess, Sword Thirteen was utterly astonished.

"I guessed."

Wyatt Barnes smiled and then continued, "Additionally, I can guess that the place you several Sects plan to send the outstanding young warriors to... must have been left behind by a Martial Emperor!"

Sword Thirteen was completely speechless.

He knew of Wyatt Barnes's martial talents and insights which were against the heavens, but he never imagined Wyatt's thoughts to be so meticulous, able to deduce so much from a few small clues.

Correct!

The place the Blade and Sword Sect intended to send the outstanding young warriors was indeed left behind by a Martial Emperor.

And that place did indeed have age restrictions for those entering.

Warriors over the age of forty entering will undoubtedly die!

Seeing Sword Thirteen freeze, Wyatt Barnes knew that his guess was correct.

"A place left by the Martial Emperor and with such an 'Inscription Formation'... There must be many treasures inside! I never expected the Grimm Wolf Fortress to hold the 'Ten Dynasties Martial Arts Competition' for this purpose."

Wyatt sighed, feeling a thrill of excitement.

Perhaps, before getting his hands on the 'Big Treasure' left by the Reincarnation Martial Emperor, he could make a fortune first, as that place seemed to hold many treasures.

Otherwise, why would external forces like the Grimm Wolf Fortress, Blade and Sword Sect, Cloud Sky Temple, and Heartbreak Sect flock to it like moths to a flame?

After all, no one is foolish, and no one would engage in thankless endeavors.

Meanwhile, Wyatt's gaze fell on the center area above the arena, where Marshall Tyler, who had conceded voluntarily after being challenged by him, was standing.

As soon as Marshall Tyler appeared, his gaze immediately fell on Wyatt's side.

To be precise, on Winnie Romero.

"Hmph!"

Seeing this, Wyatt's face darkened, and a cold light flickered in his eyes. This Marshall Tyler actually intended to go after Winnie.

"I challenge the holder of the number 7 token, Winnie Romero!"

Marshall Tyler spoke up, directly challenging Winnie Romero.

Winnie Romero leaped out, standing opposite Marshall Tyler, her pretty face calm and composed.

Whoosh!

Instantly, the scene became aflutter with astonishment.

"This Marshall Tyler conceded to Wyatt Barnes earlier, and now he wants to challenge Winnie Romero... Does he think Winnie Romero is weaker than Wyatt?"

"The strength shown by Wyatt Barnes so far seems to be far less than Winnie Romero's, doesn't it?"

"Up to this point, Wyatt Barnes has shown a Second Layer Cave Void Realm cultivation, and a mid-stage Second Layer Wind Realm... while Winnie Romero has not only shown Second Layer Cave Void Realm cultivation but also a mid-stage Fourth Layer Fire Realm!"

"Marshall Tyler, Wyatt Barnes, and Winnie Romero are all from the Great Turdo Dynasty... Logically speaking, he should understand who is stronger between Wyatt and Winnie. Since he chose Winnie, he must know her strength is weaker than Wyatt's."

"It must be so."

...

The representatives and young talents of the various dynasties discussed animatedly, turning the space above the arena into a bustling marketplace.

"Second Layer of the Cave Void Realm? Mid-stage Fourth Layer Fire Realm?"

Hearing the discussions around them, whether it was the three monks from the Cloud Sky Temple or Yael Zafar and Flame Graham from the Heartbreak Sect, all looked at Winnie Romero in astonishment.

This woman, she seemed to be barely over twenty.

She, not only a Second Layer Cave Void Realm warrior but has also comprehended the 'mid-stage Fourth Layer Fire Realm'?

"Vice Fort Master Yael, how old is this young lady?"

Bright looked at Yael Zafar, asking curiously.

"Hmph!"

Yael Zafar let out a cold snort, "Twenty-five years old."

Twenty-five years old?

As soon as Yael Zafar's words fell, not only were Bright and Pure and the young monk behind them greatly shocked, even Magnus Patel and Flame Graham were also taken aback.

Of course, although Magnus Patel and Flame Graham were shocked, they did not show it on their faces, only a flash of astonishment passed through their eyes.

The people of the Heartbreak Sect, heartless and emotionless, would remain calm even if the sky were falling.

Looking at Winnie Romero, Marshall Tyler's lips curved into a cold sneer.

He had no grievances with Winnie, but because she was close to Wyatt Barnes, he regarded her as his enemy in his heart.

Now, since his master ordered him to kill Winnie, he gladly took the opportunity to prepare to kill her.

"Unleash your 'secret technique'."

Winnie stood opposite Marshall Tyler and spoke indifferently.

Secret technique?

The words of Winnie Romero rendered the onlookers momentarily stunned.

"It seems that Marshall Tyler has really hidden his strength."

Many regained their senses and commented.

Just as everyone's gaze was on Marshall Tyler, he laughed coldly, "As you wish!"

In the blink of an eye, a small black dot appeared on Marshall Tyler's forehead, clearly exposed under everyone's scrutiny, and then the black dot grew larger and larger.

Eventually, it turned into a black flame mark.

"What is this...?"

The scene before them left the onlookers taken aback, completely clueless as to what had happened.

The changes in Marshall Tyler looked too eerie for those observing.

"Huh?"

Standing afar in the sky, the Sect Leader of Heartbreak Sect 'Magnus Patel' frowned slightly, filled with confusion, "What's going on? Why does he seem like he has turned into a different person?"