

MY FGB 281

Chapter 281

Kayson looked at Claude. "Your poison energy is indeed something of substance."

Claude was shocked. He had absolute confidence in his poison energy. When he was a late stage master level fighter, he had relied on his poison energy to assassinate a grandmaster,

Now that he was in a different league, his poison energy was much greater than before. He believed that no grandmaster could withstand the power of his poison energy.

"Young man, you can only blame yourself for serving yourself in a dish. I had initially planned to get my hands on the Hamilton-style swordsmanship manual before taking you out."

Kayson seemed to be tired. His body was shaking, and it seemed like he would fall any moment now. He gnashed his teeth and asked, "Hamilton-style swordsmanship? What is it?" Claude let out a chuckle.

"The Hamiltons' previous head of the family, the father of Zephyr Hamilton, was a master-level practitioner when he was young. In fact, he majored in swordsmanship. His skills are known to be on par with the current number one in swordsmanship, Ezekiel Turner!

"As such, the Hamiltons have had numerous issues facing vultures interested in the Hamilton style swordsmanship. The previous head of the family had to take on those challenges, and over time his health deteriorated due to the injuries sustained. In the end, he died in the hands of Dr. Ewell, who did not manage to save him.

"It is just too bad that he did not pass down the Hamilton-style swordsmanship to either his son or his nephews. It was also rumored that the manual is also one and only, and he destroyed it in front of everybody as he knew what danger it could bring."

Kayson could not resist asking, "Since the manual has been destroyed, why are you still killing the Hamiltons?"

Claude calmly said, "It is because I heard that the Hamiltons have a secret hiding place. I suspect the manual that contains the Hamilton-style swordsmanship has not been destroyed and is hidden somewhere in this hiding place. The Hamiltons are tight-lipped, and none would tell me where the secret hiding place is."

Kayson couldn't help but laugh and straighten his body after listening to the whole story. "I think I know what is going on now." "Huh!?" Claude observed that the poison was receding from Kayson's face. He was shocked." How can you be alright?" Kayson smiled. "I will have to thank Fernando Saul for the Exradere I managed to get from him."

"What do you mean?" Claude was shocked and slightly turned pale.

Kayson removed a silver needle previously poked in an acupuncture point around his wrist. A stream of poison was guided out through the needle hole. When the poison was fully removed, Kayson aimed the needle at Claude and shot it toward him.

Claude raised his hand and released another poison energy fist. The poison energy blasted the needle away

A stream of grayish black lightning energy could be seen gathering on Kayson's palm. Kayson seemed happy. "I guess I will need to thank you. Your poison energy was used to purify and improve my lightning energy. It has brought my lightning energy to the next level."

Claude was surprised.

Kayson jumped up and sent a bolt of lightning over at him. The lightning appeared in front of Claude in just half a second. "Try the fourth level of my Novem Lightning Zero Impact!" Kayson initially could only use the skill up to the third level. However, as his lightning energy improved, he was now capable of using the fourth level. Claude felt a great threat by instinct. However, he did not dare run off and expose his back to Kayson, so the only other way was for him to retaliate.

As Kayson and Claude's fists connected, four strikes of thunder echoed. Claude's arms exploded four times.

"Arghh!" Claude was pushed back by the immense energy and hit the concrete wall behind. However, he was not done, and he came down on his feet. The poison energy from Claude cracked the floor beneath him and rushed toward Kayson.

At the same time, Kayson also exerted lightning energy from his legs, and the whole yard was shaking like an earthquake was happening. The lightning energy wiped out the poison energy. "How is that possible?" Claude resisted the immense pain. He could not believe his poison energy was easily defeated and eliminated. Kayson sighed. "This poison energy is so strong that even half of my lightning energy was used up!" Claude asked, "Who are you... How could you be so power—"

Chapter 282 Kayson emitted two more streams of lightning energy and abolished **Claude's powers right** before Claude fell to the ground.

Claude stared at Kayson hatefully. "If you dare to kill me, my mentor will take revenge on **you.**"

"Oh? Your mentor?" asked Kayson.

Claude explained, "Yes. My mentor is the one I mentioned earlier. Skyriv's number one swordsman, Tre-strike Turner, also known as Ezekiel Turner!"

Kayson was slightly surprised. "Do you mean Tony Turner's brother, Ezekiel Turner?"

"Do you know Tony Turner?"

Kayson nodded. "Yes. I killed Tony."

Claude was stunned for a while before he started laughing like a madman. "You are finished! Kayson, my mentor will find and kill you. Tony was his only brother!"

"Oh? Is that so? Then I will wait for him to come and kill me," replied Kayson. "Your time will come!" Just as Claude spoke, his waist exploded, and a glimmer of golden energy flew toward the sky. Claude spat out some blood and died on the spot.

“Is that an energy mark? The energy mark seems to emit strong sword energy. Seems like he really is Ezekiel Turner’s mentee.”

Kayson was indifferent. Whether Ezekiel knew or not was unimportant to him. His priority was to see how the Hamiltons were coping. Glancing around, he noticed that plenty of people had been poisoned, and some were already dead.

“The Hamiltons are in quite a deep sh*t...” Kayson grumbled under his breath. He knew that even if Zachary were here, he would be sad to see what had happened.

What really made Kayson curious was, since the previous head of the Hamiltons was still alive, why did he not come out to rescue the Hamiltons during this difficult period? Was it that he was just cold in nature? Or was he worried about exposing the Hamilton-style swordsmanship? At this time, Shyla walked in and saw many Hamiltons lying on the floor. “What happened here? Have the Hamiltons been wiped out?”

Cecilia paled when she saw the bloody sight in front of her. She turned around and prepared to vomit.

On the other hand, Shyla was fine, as she had more experience than Cecilia. Kayson walked into the living room, found a pen and paper, and wrote up a list of herbs.” Shyla, try to procure everything on this list.” Shyla did not dare to procrastinate and went to fulfill her task.

Meanwhile, Kayson started to treat them one by one with his acupuncture skills. Although some people **were dead, there were still** people who were alive that needed his help.

After going a few rounds, Kayson met the current head of the Hamilton family, Zephyr Hamilton. Zephyr was not in good condition. He was easily emotional and had not led his family in a prosperous direction. Now that the Hamiltons were attacked, they would most likely slide another rung down the ladder in terms of their influence.

“I will do Dr. Ewell a favor and save you.” Kayson shook his head before using the Penta resuscitative Needling technique on him.

When Shyla got back with the herbs, he concocted a mixture before feeding Zephyr the concoction. Shyla tried her best to be of help. She was smart and could follow Kayson’s pace. There were just too many Hamiltons that were injured. Kayson could not heal them all without someone to help him.

It was at this time that he thought about Lindsay. If only Lindsay were there, that would be awesome.

As the day darkened, Zephyr awoke. Looking at Kayson, he stammered, “You... Why are you here!?”

Chapter 283 Kayson looked toward Zephyr Hamilton, who had just woken up from his slumber, **and said** indifferently, “I accidentally saved you all.” Zephyr **was** about to argue when he noticed that Kayson and Shyla were indeed busy working around. Thus, he kept his mouth shut. Looking around, he saw Claude lying motionless on the floor, and his pupils constricted. “Did you kill him?” “Who then if not Kayson? If it were not for Kayson, do you think anyone from the Hamiltons would still be alive?” responded Shyla. Zephyr could not believe it at all. “Why would you help me? I mistreated you and Dr. Ewell at the Roselle Lodge.”

Kayson rose up and proceeded to head to another injured to heal him. “I did it for Dr. Ewell.”

This response stunned Zephyr.

Suddenly, **a series of footsteps were heard** to be heading toward them. A group of serious looking men then walked in. There were seven men, and the weakest of them was an energy fighter! The group leader frowned and questioned, "What happened here?" Zephyr was about to reply, but the leader looked at Kayson and asked, "Who are you? Tell me, what happened here?"

Kayson replied, "These people have been attacked." The leader frowned. "Attacked? My name is Shien Cooke. I see that your healing abilities are impressive. May I know who your mentor is?"

Kayson replied, "My name is Kayson. My mentor does not allow me to expose his identity."

Shien Cooke frowned. The energy fighter standing right beside Shien got angry and shouted at him, "There is nobody in the world that can hide their identity from the Admiralporium! You **have to answer everything** my team leader asks. We will arrest you if you dare to hide or lie about any information!"

As he was talking, his other companions' body language indicated they were about to take **action**.

Kayson saw how rude they were and decided to ignore them.

The energy fighter got even more furious. "Hey, you! We are talking to you! Are you deaf?"

Shien was also getting unhappy. He stared at Kayson with an unpleasant glare. They were actually here at the Hamiltons to seek help. Now that the Hamiltons had been beaten up into pulp, how would they be able to help them?

"The Admiralporium is questioning you. But you dare to look down on us and ignore us. This is challenging our authority. We shall arrest you!" The energy fighter rushed forward and attempted to hit Kayson.

Kayson was just about to raise his hand to block when a sharp, piercing noise suddenly echoed. **Subsequently**, a white flash shot straight at the young officer!

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The team leader shouted, "Dodge! Fast!"

At the same time, he also made a move and punched out. An enormous stream of **steel energy** gushed out and hit the white flash, and a blast occurred. The Admiralporium team leader's fist had some cuts, and **blood was seen everywhere**. Meanwhile, the junior member's face had turned pale. He knew that he had just escaped death.

The team leader asked politely, "May I know this master's identity? If we have *offended* you in any way, we apologize for it." "Cough... Cough... Cough..."

A series of coughing sounds could be heard. Then, a figure jumped from the back of the house and landed on the roof. An old man with a sword at his waist appeared. Maybe it was due to his old age or his body leaning forward, but he looked relatively weak and thin.

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Kayson turned his head and glanced upward. If he were not mistaken, this man should be the previous head of the Hamilton family, Zephyr Hamilton's father,

"I am Delmont Hamilton. This young man over here is the savior of our family. I would be grateful if you all left him alone."

The Admiralporium team leader was shocked to hear this. "Are you... *Are you* the late Delmont Hamilton?"

Delmont chuckled and said, "Yes. That is me."

The Admiralporium team leader was shocked. 'So, it seems that the **previous head of the** Hamilton family is still alive.'

"We are sorry to have offended you. We will leave immediately!" The Admiralporium team leader bowed before getting his team members to leave immediately.

Delmont said quietly, "The Hamiltons do not welcome the Admiralporium. Do not ever set foot in our residence again, or the sword on my waist will not sit in its sheath."

The Admiralporium team leader felt a chill run down his spine. He left immediately without making any other noise.

After he left, Delmont addressed Kayson properly. He sincerely said, "Young man, thank you for saving my family from this calamity. Your kindness will never be forgotten!"

Kayson accepted the statement with grace. "Sir, I see you faced some difficulty during your practice. Is there a problem with the Hamilton-style swordsmanship?" Delmont squinted and became excited. "Young man, I'm surprised that you could see through it! May I know if you can heal me?"

Kayson nodded. "I can try, but I only have a 70% chance of succeeding." Kayson now understood why Delmont had not surfaced even when the Hamiltons were facing a calamity. It was because the most powerful man from the Hamiltons was ill!

Delmont took a deep breath. "That is enough for me! I have tried to find famous doctors from all over. Even the one with the highest qualification only ever had a 10% chance of success."

"Let me heal the others first. You may wait for a while," Kayson told him.

"Sure!" Delmont did a small jump and landed right in front of Zephyr.

Zephyr had a whirlwind of emotions. "Dad!" Zephyr could not believe that his father was still alive!

Delmont looked at his son with disappointment and said in a dejected tone, "I thought that under your management, even if the Hamiltons were not able to flourish, we would still be able to sustain our previous strength. I cannot believe that the few of you did not **even manage to meet** my *minimum* expectations. I am sad about what has transpired."

Zephyr lowered his head in shame. He did not dare to argue or quibble.

"*We are* lucky that Kayson came just at the right time. If he did not come, we would be done *for*. The Harniltons would have ended under your hands!" Delmont **observed as Kayson and**

Shyla were busy healing the injured from day till night. Shyla wiped the sweat off her forehead. "Being a nurse is tough and tiring!"

Kayson smiled and kept quiet. At that moment, Delmont invited Kayson. "Kayson, I have prepared dinner. How about we have a meal first?"

Kayson was feeling tired, so he did not reject Delmont's invitation. At the dining table, Kayson munched a few bites before asking, "Mr. Hamilton Sr., am I correct to say that your pain arises from the circulatory system being abused by some sword energy?"

Delmont laughed bitterly. "Kayson, I really am impressed with your observational skills. You are correct. For the past two years, I have been bearing the pain caused by the sword energy. The pain is torturing, such that I have felt like committing suicide. And it has just gotten worse. Initially, there would only be an hour or two of pain, but now I feel the pain almost every hour. It has greatly affected my rest and my body condition." Delmont raised his glass toward Kayson. "Kayson, if you can solve the problem that I have, I, Delmont Hamilton, am ready to be at your service forever, willingly!"

Chapter 285 Kayson stood up. "Mr. Hamilton Sr., you are too humble."

Delmont sighed. "This is nothing. I have a feeling that if this issue is not resolved, I will die soon."

Kayson did not deny it. He knew that Delmont's condition was bad right now. Zephyr, on the other hand, got worried. He pleaded with Kayson to help. "Dr. Kayson, if you can heal my father, the Hamiltons will obey all your instructions!"

Zephyr initially thought that his father had passed away. Today, he got his father back. He did not want to lose his father again. Although the Hamiltons were one of the more influential families in Northspring, they were on the road to being eaten up by other up-and-coming powers. They desperately needed his father to bring them back to the peak.

Kayson asked, "The healing process is actually not too complicated. However, will it bother you if your condition deteriorates to worse than before? After all, the healing process is not foolproof."

"It would not bother me. After all, I had planned to commit suicide when it became too painful to bear," replied Delmont.

Kayson smiled. "Okay then. Please bring the herbs stated in my list over to me."

Zephyr took the list and went to prepare the herbs required. Meanwhile, Kayson got Delmont into a seating position and instructed him to undress his upper body. Delmont's body was skinny, and it appeared to be just like a bag of bones. This was because his internal energy was weak, his circulatory system was affected, and his muscles contracted and weakened.

Kayson frowned. Among all the patients he rescued, Delmont was by far in the worst condition he had seen. Delmont was the very definition of being in front of death's door!

Kayson started his acupuncture procedure. Meanwhile, he asked, "Mr. Hamilton Sr., why did you not give out the Hamilton-style swordsmanship? Since others wanted it so badly, you should have just given it to them. Don't you think your family's lives are more important than some swordsmanship manual?"

Delmont sighed, "Lives are indeed more important than swordsmanship. However, people wouldn't believe I had done so even if I did pass down the swordsmanship."

Kayson was surprised. "Why do you say so?"

Delmont keenly explained the whole problem. He had obtained the swordsmanship manual from a cave he had passed by. After fully absorbing the information from the manual, the words in the manual disappeared, and he was just left with a book filled with empty pages. It was like the words had never existed! However, he did not dare to throw the book away but **kept it safely tucked somewhere safe.**

He then used this style of swordsmanship to challenge various swordsmen and made a name out of it. It was only until he met Ezekiel that he had met his match. **Everyone was crystal clear** about how strong and fast Ezekiel's sword was. Thus, when Delmont fought with Ezekiel, **everyone's eyes were on them.**

Soon, everyone learned that Delmont had one of the greatest swordsmanship styles, and **many people** wanted to obtain this style.

Delmont had been challenged multiple times and had stopped many strong enemies, but he had accumulated a ton of side effects from the injuries. In the end, he had to pretend to be killed just to stay safe.

Kayson asked, "Mr. Hamilton Sr., I heard you told others that the swordsmanship manual had been burned. Is that true?"

Delmont chuckled. "How can that be true! That piece of news is definitely fake! Plenty of others speculated the news was fake. If not, they would not have continued coming to our residence to keep challenging us. However, only Dr. Ewell knew that I had faked my death. It seems that you are acquainted with him?"

Kayson nodded. "He is one of my acquaintances." Delmont looked on happily. "Ah, I see! I have the original manual on hand, and what I burnt away is the fake version."

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Delmont said, "If you're interested, I can show you the Swordsmanship manual. It's just that there are no words on it, so I'm afraid you won't get anything useful out of it either."

Kayson smiled. "I'm sure there are words on it. It's just that those words are hidden through some special tricks."

"Really? There is a trick like that?" Delmont was stunned.

Smiling, Kayson did not beat around the bush and said, "You can show it to me if you don't mind, Mr. Hamilton Sr. Maybe I know how to make the words reveal themselves."

"Of course, I don't mind! If you want it, I can give it to you!" If Kayson could save his life, he would be his savior. He would give him everything he wanted, let alone a swordsmanship manual.

After a short while, Zephyr came with the herbs. Kayson hesitated for a while before he made up his mind to use the Evergreene Bark. After all, it was an expensive herb.

Roughly two hours later, energy started to circulate at a faster and smoother pace in Delmont. His skin became ruddy, and it looked as if he had regained his youthfulness.

“Hahaha! Yes! I’ve recovered!” Delmont was beyond excited. He kicked the ground slightly and propelled himself several feet high into the air. He did a few somersaults in succession, and a powerful surge of energy emanated from him.

He suddenly remembered something, and his face turned stern. He walked up to Kayson and gave him a bow.

“Kayson, you’re my savior. I’ll never forget everything you’ve done for the rest of my life!”

“Don’t mention it, Mr. Hamilton Sr.,” Kayson replied with a grin.

After that, they came out of the room and arrived in the parlor.

When Zephyr saw that his father had high color on his face and had regained his former vigor, he was filled with so much joy that he trembled.

The Hamiltons were recovering at a rapid pace with Kayson’s treatment method.

Other than William and Theodore, the rest of the Hamiltons were here.

When they saw Delmont, they bowed at him reverently.

Since all of them were there, Delmont announced, “Dr. Yarde is my savior. From today onward, in the Hamiltons, his orders come first, and mine come second!”

The rest of the Hamiltons nodded in assent as none of them dared to say anything in return.

Delmont frowned and asked, “Where are Theodore and William?”

Before anyone could reply, a series of footfalls rang out from outside. All of them turned their **heads to** see Theodore and William walking into the parlor, with the latter lying on a gurney.

Theodore entered the parlor, and just when he was about to greet Delmont, he saw Kayson, and his pupils constricted. He pointed at him and growled, ‘What the hell are you doing

here!?”

Delmont’s face sank, and he walked forward to slap him across his face before snarling, “How dare you talk like this to Dr. Yarde, you b*stard? He saved my life. You need to treat **him with** all your respect!”

Theodore was in his 40s, and he was stunned when Delmont slapped him across his face.

“Uncle Delmont—”

“Kneel!” growled Delmont.

Theodore did not dare to say anything back in return anymore. He got to his knees and fell to the floor with a plop.

Delmont turned around and bowed at Kayson, “Dr. Yarde, I hope you can forgive my nephew for his ignorance.”

Kayson was caught between tears and laughter. This was a little bit too much for him, and he couldn't get used to it.

Kayson returned to the guest room as the rest of the Hamiltons watched on. He pulled out the wordless swordsmanship manual and put it on the table.

Chapter 287 It was a **very** ancient swordsmanship manual. The pages were yellowed and looked no different from those that had aged.

However, Kayson noticed at first glance that the papers were made from special materials. As long as nobody tried to damage it, it wouldn't decay for thousands of years.

"A wordless swordsmanship manual?" Kayson chuckled as he injected his energy into it.

This swordsmanship manual was not wordless. It was just that the words were hidden through a special method

He surmised that Delmont could read the words back then because the swordsmanship manual had absorbed a large amount of energy from him.

The words and diagrams on this swordsmanship manual would only manifest themselves when it had absorbed a large amount of energy, or the owner had injected high-quality energy into it.

However, normal folks wouldn't notice it. After all, no one would waste their time and inject energy into this seemingly useless book. As Kayson injected more energy into the wordless swordsmanship manual, the words and diagrams on it slowly appeared before his eyes. "Heavenless? What a name!" Kayson exclaimed as he looked at the name of the swordsmanship manual. Even though it was just a swordsmanship manual, he could feel the powerful sword energy that seemed to burst out of it. 'This sword technique is really something!' Kayson said inwardly. After that, he began to read through the Heavenless.

What surprised him the most was that both body and energy practitioners could practice this swordsmanship manual. In addition to the normal sword training for normal fighters, there was a clear introduction on how to channel energy within one's body for the energy practitioners.

Normal body practitioners only needed to focus on the sword stances and the auras. Energy practitioners had to concentrate on the flow of energy and the essence of the sword. Regardless of which path one chose, this Heavenless was extremely powerful. It went without saying that Kayson was going to cultivate both paths. He had very high expectations, and there were very few fighting methods that could capture his attention. Therefore, he had to admit that this swordsmanship manual was truly good. 'Ezekiel must be very good with the sword since his sword techniques can compete with Heavenless,' thought Kayson. He had heard of Ezekiel's great name several times, and people always said that no one could survive the third strike from him. Since he had killed Tony, it was inevitable that they had to fight with each other in the future.

There was a sword beside Kayson. It was a gift from Delmont. Although **it was a normal sword**, Kayson felt it was sufficient since he would use it for practice only. **There was no need for him** to use a high quality sword,

Soon, Kayson finished studying Heavenless. The energy he had injected into the **swordsmanship** manual must have been used up because the words and diagrams disappeared again.

The silver lining was that Kayson had a good memory. He had ingrained every word and diagram in his mind, so it wouldn't affect him even if it became a wordless swordsmanship manual again.

After that, Kayson decided to start practicing the sword techniques. He was going to take on the body practitioner's path first and practice the sword stances and auras first.

Once he could master all the sword techniques and stances, he would become a master-level swordsman.

Kayson kept brandishing his sword in the Hamiltons' practice room, and it didn't take long for him to become completely proficient in the sword stances.

However, it was not that easy to master the aura part. He had to keep brandishing the sword until he could cut through the air.

Since it was peaceful in the Hamiltons, Kayson stayed up all night practicing for a day. Shyla and Cecile were having a good time in the Hamiltons. The Hamiltons might not have everything in their house, but there was one thing that they didn't lack—yards and villas. Both of them were given a courtyard to rest in.

As for Delmont, he was reorganizing the Hamiltons while settling some miscellaneous matters. The more he went through the stuff, the more disappointed he was with Zephyr.

When he heard that Zephyr had nearly killed Zachary, he couldn't hold himself anymore and slapped Zephyr across his face, causing him to lose a few teeth.

Zachary was the one who had saved his life in the past. He would never allow the people from the Hamiltons to disrespect him. As such, Zephyr was grounded for seven days.

Chapter 288 As for Theodore and William, they were ordered to kneel in front of the door to the place **where Kayson** practiced his sword techniques **for one day and one night**.

Even though the Hamiltons were reluctant to do it, there was nothing they could do. They could not go against Delmont's orders, and it **was apparent to them that Delmont was going to** make the Hamiltons Kayson's supporters.

Kayson practiced all night long in order to master **the sword aura**. **He did not even eat** anything, and Delmont dared not disturb him.

One day passed.

The next day, while Delmont was reading through a document, he suddenly **sensed a sword** aura in the air.

Smack!

He pressed the document on the table and rose to his feet.

“It’s from the training room?” Delmont sucked in air through his teeth hard. He became a lot stronger with Kayson’s help and reached the grandmaster level. He also took on the body practitioner’s path, and he had mastered the sword aura. Therefore, **no one was more familiar** than him regarding Heavenless’ sword aura.

However, he also knew better than anyone else how difficult it was and how much effort and time it took to practice the sword aura.

He had acquired Heavenless when he was in his 20s, but it took him a decade to master the sword aura.

What about Kayson? How long had it been since he gave him the wordless swordsmanship manual!?

He had only given him the manual yesterday. He did not even know if Kayson was **able to make the words** and diagrams on the swordsmanship manual manifest themselves, and now Kayson **had already mastered the sword aura.**

He exited his room as he wanted to check on Kayson.

After a short while, he arrived in front of the training room. He waited until the overwhelming sword aura gradually calmed **down before knocking on the door.**

“**Kayson, can I come in?**”

“Yes, Mr. Hamilton Sr.”

Delmont pushed the door and entered the training room. The first thing that captured his **attention after entering the room was the sword in Kayson’s hand. He remembered that when he gave Kayson the sword** as his gift, it **was just a normal sword. However,** right now, **the sword seemed to have become sharper and shinier.**

Delmont was shocked as he asked, “Kayson, are you the one who unleashed the sword aura

just now?” Kayson nodded. “It’s nothing worth mentioning. I hope you won’t laugh at me, Mr. Hamilton Sr.”

Delmont shook his head in shock and continued. “Laugh at you? Of course, I wouldn’t do that. I’m truly amazed that it only took you one night to master the sword aura.” He was not lying

There was always someone better than you. He suddenly had a feeling that he was really such an idiot since he had only mastered the sword energy after a decade.

Kayson sighed. “But I can barely gather the sword energy. I can’t keep it for a long time.”

Delmont smiled bitterly, “Please stop, Kayson. The more you talk, the more I feel I don’t deserve to practice this swordsmanship manual.” After he finished speaking, an idea popped up in Delmont’s head. He did not feel it clearly enough earlier, and since he was here now, he wanted to test how powerful Kayson’s sword **aura was.**

“Kayson, let’s have a match. With only our sword auras!” Kayson was momentarily stunned when he heard what Delmont said. After that, he nodded and said, “Alright then! I hope you can give me some

guidance, Mr. Hamilton Sr.!" Delmont let out a chuckle and said, "I don't think I have anything to teach you at all. Anyway, don't underestimate me, Kayson. Although I'll try to suppress my sword aura, I have more experience than you in using it."

Kayson nodded and replied, "Just come at me with everything you got, Mr. Hamilton Sr.!"

"Alright! Here I come!"

With that, Delmont roared and unsheathed his sword. As soon as he pulled his sword out, a surge of sword aura that could make anyone cower in fear poured toward Kayson.

Kayson brandished his sword, sending a gush of sword aura that seemed to be glowing **forward**.

A loud explosion occurred when two sword auras collided with each other, sending a shockwave that caused both sides of the walls to collapse.

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Delmont sheathed his sword, and a faint wound appeared on the area between the thumb and

index finger

He exclaimed, "Excellent! Although you formed your sword aura not long ago, in terms of power, it is comparable to the all-out attack of a master-level swordsman."

Kayson did not expect his sword aura to be so powerful since he had only formed it not long ago. But why was it so powerful?

Both of them were practicing the same swordsmanship manual.

Could it be the difference in strength?

Delmont said, "Kayson, you're more suitable than me to practice this swordsmanship manual."

Kayson smiled. "Mr. Hamilton Sr., you should keep this swordsmanship manual. It's no use to me anymore."

Delmont did not take the swordsmanship manual. Instead, he said with a serious expression, "If you don't mind it, you should keep the swordsmanship manual, Kayson."

"Since you know how to make the words and diagrams show themselves, it means both of you are fated. If I keep this swordsmanship manual to myself, it'll be nothing but a pile of useless papers. Kayson chuckled. "You're worried that people might come after it after learning that you aren't dead yet, right?"

Delmont was not going to beat around the bush and said honestly, "You're right, Kayson. I'm not strong enough. If I keep this swordsmanship manual, it'll only bring nothing but disaster to my family and me. "If I was all alone, I wouldn't care about it. But I have a family right now. I can't put them in a dangerous situation. "But you're different, Kayson. You're powerful. Even a poison master like Claude was no match for you, so I doubt there will be any master-level fighters that will stand a chance

against you.” Kayson thought for a while and said, “I’m afraid no one will believe in you, and people will still come after you and your family even if you tell them that.

“How about this? You should announce to the public that you’re going to set up a battle ring, and the person who wins the match will get the swordsmanship manual.”

Delmont’s expression changed, and he asked, “Will you take part in the match too, Kayson?”

“I will.” Kayson nodded. “By doing this, not only will it solve your problem, but I will also have the intention of taking the swordsmanship manual.”

Delmont felt Kayson was right. He nodded and decided to do as Kayson said.

Kayson was going to keep on practicing his sword aura. Delmont stayed in the training room **to observe Kayson’s sword aura,**

Everyone had a different understanding of sword techniques, so the sword aura each person formed was different.

Some of them were stronger, while the others were weaker.

Therefore, observing other people’s sword aura could sometimes give one some enlightenment on how to proceed in one’s practice. Kayson brandished his sword in a few quick successions, leaving several afterimages in the air, and his sword aura was getting stronger and stronger.

Several hours later, Kayson was sweating profusely, but he refused to stop as if he was not tired at all.

Suddenly, his phone rang.

It was a call from Rowena, and he picked it up.

“What’s wrong, Rowena?”

Rowena was sobbing so much that she could barely finish her sentence on the other side of the call.

However, Kayson was able to understand the whole thing. When he learned something had happened to her brother, he asked where they were and headed toward the destination. At the Northspring General Hospital... Other than Rowena, many people were standing in front of the emergency room. Some of them dressed like the people from Admiralporium that barged into the Hamilton manor the other day. Rowena threw herself in Kayson’s arms when she saw him. “Kayson, my brother is dying!” Kayson comforted her and asked, “What happened? How did he get seriously injured?”

Chapter 290 Sobbing, Rowena said, “My brother got ambushed by his enemy when he was carrying out mission. The doctor said he’s in a grave situation right now.”

Suddenly, a middle-aged man with a pale complexion came forward. He had lost his left arm and the wound on it suggested that he had lost it not long ago.

“Let me explain the details.”

Kayson looked at him, and the man introduced himself, “My name is Campian Wolke. I’m the captain of the eighth division for Admiralporium’s Skyriv Department.

“May I know your name, sir?”

“You can call me Kayson Yarde.”

Campian continued. “Mr. Yarde, are you Ms. Hendery’s boyfriend?”

Kayson hesitated for a while before nodding.

Then, Campian filled Kayson in on everything that had happened.

It turned out that a few outlaws had been causing havoc in Northspring these few days, and their appearance had put the safety of the ordinary people at risk.

What’s more, the strongest of them was a master–level fighter, and the weakest was an energy practitioner at the middle stage. If no one was going to do something about them, they would soon grow into a terrifying force.

The eighth division led by Campian was ordered to apprehend these outlaws, and today, they had locked onto a master–level fighter.

Therefore, he had led his team to arrest him. They had set up traps around the criminal, so even if he managed to find an opening and break through their formation, the traps would buy them enough time to catch up with him.

However, an accident happened, and this criminal became a late–stage master–level fighter at the last minute.

Campian was also a late–stage master–level fighter, but the criminal was more agile than him. He was poisoned by the criminal and almost killed by him. If Hendery had not stepped in and taken the blow for him, he wouldn’t have been able to take the criminal down.

Kayson said, “The poison is known as Exradere. Once the poison hits you, you will lose all your power for a short amount of time.” Campian was slightly shocked as he said, “Impressive, Mr. Yarde. I didn’t expect you to tell what kind of poison it is with a glance.” Kayson did not say anything and asked, “In other words, other than sustaining some injuries, Hendery is poisoned as well, right?” Campian was stunned and nodded, “Yes! You’re right!” Kayson asked, “Have you guys searched through the criminal? Did you find anything?”

Campian nodded. “Yes, we found a few poisons on him, but we don’t know which poison he used. We have already taken Hendery’s blood for testing, and my **people are working** on the antidote,”

Kayson fell silent for a while after what Campian said. “Can you show me all the poisons? I should be able to find the poison Hendery is suffering from immediately.” Campian’s face turned stern as he said, “Mr. Yarde, we should let the experts do their job. We’re equipped with professional pharmacists in our team.” “If it’s a fast–acting poison. By the time they finish the analysis, Hendery will be dead,” said **Kayson.**

A member of Admiralporium snarled, “Our pharmacists will be able to come out with an antidote soon. You’re an outsider, so you should just keep your mouth shut!”

“Shut up!” growled Campian. Then, he looked at Kayson and asked with a serious voice, “Mr. Yarde, are you sure you can get it down in the shortest amount of time?” “I just need to smell it,” Kayson said indifferently. The members of Admiralporium were rendered speechless. ‘What do you think you are? A dog? Even a dog wouldn’t be able to know that by just smelling it.’ Campian took a deep breath and said, “Alright! I’ll make a call and ask them to bring the poisons here immediately.”

After making the call, he looked at Kayson skeptically.

Roughly 15 minutes later, Kayson heard a series of footsteps from afar.

Four people appeared at the end of the corridor. The person walking in the front of the group was a serious-looking woman in a white coat with her hair up. She had a beautiful face, but her **eyes seemed** to be spewing fire right now.

She walked over with a medical case and asked without looking at Campian, “Which one of you is Kayson? You can determine which kind of poison it is just by smelling? Hurry up and step **forward**. I’d like to see what kind of person you are to make such a bold statement!”