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The fighters who attacked the Nine Armies were all eliminated. Those who managed to escape were nothing but lowly minions. What would be Master Loador's and Master Mackenzie's expressions once they heard the news?

At that moment, Master Loador and Master Mackenzie were having drinks together in the Alliance Guard's base camp. They had received news of the victory and how Pavilion Billow Cloud was left with no survivors. It was good news for the Alliance Guard as if a clan stronger than the Nine Armies were eliminated, it was logical for them to think that they were able to eliminate the Nine Armies too.

After picturing Jack White dying at their hands, Master Loador could not help but laugh gleefully. He raised his glass and clinked against Master Mackenzie's.

"What did I say? That brat would surely die at our hands. There was no need to worry after all. He's only at the ultimate god level. No matter how strong he is, he will never win against someone from the soul-penetrating level," said Master Loador in a breezy manner.

Master Mackenzie nodded his head in agreement. "I couldn't agree more! They were truly making a fuss out of nothing. I don't care how much of a talented master he is. He is a useless junk in my eyes as long as he doesn't advance."

The two of them laughed at what they had just said. After a while, Master Mackenzie suddenly asked, "Why is there still no news about the Nine Armies? What's taking them so long? Do you think they've run into some kind of problem?"

Master Loador shook his head at Master Mackenzie. "You should have more faith. They have probably met with some obstruction hence the delay in the news. But even so, I'm sure the obstruction is nothing they couldn't handle so don't worry."

Master Mackenzie gently put down his glass and said with resignation in his voice, "It's not that I want to

worry but I cannot get rid of this sudden anxious feeling.”

Master Loador knitted his brows together, disapproving of how Master Mackenzie was making a big deal out of a small matter. “Enough! There’s no need to get your knickers in a twist. I’ve already specially instructed the men from Blood Stalwart Pavilion to make sure Jack White is eliminated from the face of this earth!”

He then drank two big gulps from his glass and his cheeks started to flush red. “The Nine Armies are small fries compared to the Pavilion Billow Cloud and need I remind you that we’ve managed to eliminate the latter? So don’t worry!”

Master Mackenzie nodded his head and chastised himself for needlessly worrying even though his heart was anxiously beating against his chest.

Suddenly, the sound of footsteps could be heard and a small-eyed disciple crashed in. It was evident something big had happened based on his panicked look. Master Loador furiously slammed down his glass on the octagonal table. “How dare you behave like this? What happened?!” he shouted angrily.

The small-eyed disciple dared not raise his head. His eyes were filled with panic and he gulped before answering, “We have received news that most of the men who were sent to take out the Nine Armies didn’t make it back. Only one or two thousand of them managed to escape the slaughter.”

Upon hearing the news, both Master Loador and Master Mackenzie’s expressions turned ugly. Especially Master Loador’s, the shock caused his eyes to widen greatly. He slammed his hand on the table and roared furiously, “What did you just say?!”

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The news struck them down like lightning. Mere moments ago, they were still in a pre-celebratory mood and now it felt like they were being drenched with a bucket of ice-cold water. This must be a joke!

Master Loador stared at the trembling disciple kneeling on the ground. "Tell me again what exactly happened? How could the Nine Armies be so strong?" His voice, shaky and cold.

The disciple was so frightened that his words started to run over each other. He was clearly aware that he would not be able to leave this secret room alive if he angered the two men in front of him. He managed to get his words out, confirming to both Master Loader and Master Mackenzie that what they had heard the first time was right. That they were not hallucinating after all

It was only normal for them to be livid with rage to discover that all their strongest men had been killed and they were only left with lowly minions. "Get out!" Although the order was said in a raging tone, it was like heavenly music to the frightened disciple's ear. He felt liberated and left the room without looking back.

Master Loador's face turned black with rage and if one looked closely, one could see he was trembling all over. Master Mackenzie knitted his brow together and felt vindicated of the anxiety he felt before. "It's just as I feared. How could we not receive any news about the Nine Armies when it had been a while since we heard about the Pavilion Billow Cloud? And yet you told me not to worry. What do you have to say for yourself now?"

Master Loador took a deep breath as his eyelids kept twitching. He still could not believe what was happening. "There must be some mysteriously strong person helping them. How else could our men be slaughtered so easily? It is simply illogical. Think about it, out of the men we've sent, there were two third-grade soul-penetrating level fighters and three first-grade soul-penetrating level fighters!"

His confidence was not without basis as the fighters he sent were enough to eliminate the Nine Armies many times over and yet these five fighters were all dead. He was unwilling to accept that fact.

Master Mackenzie knitted his brow again as confusion clouded him, but he was slightly calmer than Master Loador. He then said, "No matter what, we have to accept that all our most powerful men had died at the hands of that brat. I've already told you that brat is no ordinary person."

Upon hearing that, Master Loador raised his head and gave out a snort of disagreement. "Why do you keep on praising him? Don't you realize that he is only of the ultimate god level? No matter how

talented he is, it's impossible for him to win against someone from the soul-penetrating level."

Though what Master Loador said was not without its merit, Master Mackenzie's correctly intuit that the reason for their heavy losses in battle had to do with Jack White. "Don't be so quick to refute me. Much time had passed since he was of the ultimate god level perhaps he had already reached the soul penetrating level."

Upon hearing this, Master Loador went back to sit down on the table again. "So what if he did reach the soul-penetrating level? I bet he would still be at the bottom rung of the level." Master Mackenzie had given up explaining as he realized nothing he said could turn around Master Loador's biases against Jack White. He was well aware that Jack White would not be able to overturn the battle with his talents alone.

The seriousness of the problem dawned on him and there was no use arguing further with Master Loador. He walked to the table and took up his glass again.

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Master Mackenzie stared coldly at the empty glass." I don't care what you think about Jack White. I've already made up my mind to do everything in my power to stop him from advancing further."

Master Loador knitted his brow and glanced sideways at Master Mackenzie. "Are you saying that you'll personally handle him?"

Master Mackenzie nodded his head without any hesitation. "You should save your breath trying to talk me out of it with your baseless logic. That brat is not the same puny insect that we can easily squash under our feet. He's more like a tiger now, though still nothing we can't handle."

Master Loador turned around and stared at Master Mackenzie with a grave expression. Master Mackenzie did not bother looking back at him and continued on saying, "If we don't do something about him, it'll be our heads rolling on the ground next. Thus, he should be prevented from advancing further

at all costs. We would need to gather all the Alliance Guard's power to take down the Nine Armies even if others might think we're making something out of nothing."

The high death toll of so many skilled fighters had sounded an alarm bell in Master Mackenzie's mind. He took a deep breath and shouted at the guards outside of the door, "Send the message to all of the higher-level-ups of the Alliance Guard to gather in the meeting room!"

The tension in the meeting room was palpable and it was so quiet that one could hear a pin drop. The higher-level-ups had already received reports from their disciples about the Nine Armies' situation before they gathered. Their expressions all turned grave when they received the news. Alathic Hackford of the Wind Cloud Pavilion, one of the six great clans, was so incensed that his beard curled up onto itself. He could not believe that the Nine Armies were able to eliminate all their skilled fighters.

Master Mackenzie went straight to the point and told them all about his thinking. Master Hackford frowned upon hearing his plan for he did not fully agree with it. "So your plan is for us to leave our base camp and head toward the Nine Armies? Isn't this a bit too much?" Though he was similarly furious about all the dead fighters, he did not think they needed to leave where they were and fight to the death at the enemy's location.

Upon hearing the question, Master Mackenzie rested his cold gaze on Master Hackford. "Too much? How could you ask this under these dire circumstances? The fighters we sent out were the best of the best, yet look at how they've ended up! Even if we send out stronger fighters now they would no doubt be slaughtered too!"

Master Hackford's lips twitched at the reply but did not say anything in the end. Throughout this, Master Lador sat quietly at the head of the table with knitted brows. Nobody had any idea what was going on in his mind for he did not refute or agree to anything Master Mackenzie said, choosing to remain neutral. However, everyone present could sense the anger seething beneath his skin.

While the Alliance Guard was busy discussing how to mount an attack on the Nine Armies, the atmosphere at the Nine Gods Clan was the total opposite. The large group of alchemists brought back by Jack White had created a seemingly-infinite number of pills in just a few days. Thanks to the pills, the combined power of the Nine Gods Clan had drastically increased. Many of the ultimate god level fighters had leveled up to the soul-penetrating status. It seemed like Lady Luck was smiling down on them as

things got better and better.

In the end, Master Zeller and Master Yarbrough decided to stay with the Nine Gods Clan.

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All the elders of Alliance Guard decided to join the battle against the Nine Gods Clan for the Clan association had already become a pain in the *ss to them. Never in history had a Clan association progressed as fast as the Nine Gods Clan had.

Jack White had been working tirelessly without rest ever since he broke through and successfully leveled up to a fourth-grade elementary alchemist. He continuously created pills which he consumed to increase his cultivation level.

In the short span of seven days, he had advanced to the ninth-grade soul-penetrating level from the seventh-grade soul-penetrating level. The ninth grade soul-penetrating level was this world's glass ceiling in power rankings and most of the great Clan association's masters held the same status.

After reaching the ninth-grade soul-penetrating level, Jack White subconsciously clenched his fist and felt an overbearing power flowing from the tips of his fingers. The current Jack White was confident to go head-to-head against a second or third-grade nirvana level fighter. It was a shame that no fighter held the nirvana status which meant he was the strongest in the world of Daxia.

He looked forward to the battle against the Alliance Guard and just when he was daydreaming about it, a panic-stricken Kevin Cabello rushed in with big steps. Once he saw Jack White, his eyes lit up as if he had found his savior. "We have received reports that a large group of fighters had gathered outside of Nine Gods Clan. They did not even bother to control their aura which judging by the feel of it, they plan to wipe all of us out!

Kevin Cabello's expression blanched even more after delivering the news but he was shocked when he saw the playful smile creeping up on Jack's face.' How could he still smile at times like this? Shouldn't

the master be worried about the impending ambush? 'he wondered to himself.

"There's no cause for worry. It's not the first time they have done this kind of thing. They'll surely go back with their tails between their legs again. Just like the last time," said Jack White serenely. Each word of his dripped with confidence.

Kevin Cabello took a deep breath but was still not comforted by his master's words. "I understand that there's a lot of things that can be solved with the master's current power but this is not one of them for the disciple who came back with the news and recognized some of the attackers."

"And who may they be?" asked Jack with a raised eyebrow.

Kevin Cabello took another deep breath as if fearing what he was going to say next would be enough to send Jack White into shock. "The disciple spotted the leaders of the Alliance Guard-Master Loador, Master Mackenzie, and even Master Hackford! All of them had left their base camp for ours!

He collapsed to the ground like a deflated balloon as He had taken his all to report the dire news. The combined combat power of the enemies, not to mention the few ninth-grade soul-penetrating level fighters, could raze any armies to the ground. Though he was confident at Jack's ability, he still felt despair at the impending massacre by the Alliance Guard

He thought that Jack would realize the direness of the situation when he explained everything to him but he was surprised when he saw the playful smile still lingering on Jack's face. It was as if he had never said anything at all.

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Kevin was rendered speechless by Jack. All he could do was stare at his master.

"Go and report what you've just told me to Master Yarbrough, Master Zeller, and the rest of the Clan

associations. Tell them to get ready for the last battle,” ordered Jack calmly.

Upon hearing that, Kevin felt suffocating as if he had swallowed three live flies as this last battle would determine the survival of the Nine Gods Clan. The calmer Jack White was the more anxious Kevin felt.

He did not waste any time in spreading the news. Jack White looked up at the sky above him and though it seemed calm, he could smell a thunderstorm approaching.

“What? The Alliance Guard left their base camp? It looks like they’re betting everything on this last battle.”

“Oh my God. What should we do? Can we win this battle?”

All the disciples of the Nine Gods Clan started to panic once they had received the news. Kevin realized that only Jack was able to stay calm throughout the whole ordeal. Though everyone was aware that they had leveled up, they knew that they were still no match against the Alliance Guard. However, they knew that they did not have a choice but to do their best in the upcoming battle.

As the right-hand man of Jack, Kevin had to do something to motivate everyone. Thus, he found himself standing on a high platform, giving a rousing speech to the disciples standing below.” Heed my every word! Our clan master has advanced to the ninth-grade soul-penetrating level and though the enemies have the same level fighters within them, they are still no match for our master!”

He only said that to assuage the fear in the disciples’ hearts. In actual fact, he was uncertain whether Jack would be able to take on many ninth-grade soul-penetrating status fighters by himself. No matter what, it was obvious his speech had achieved its intended effect. During the last ambush, Jack easily eliminated two third-grade souls penetrating level fighters so it was no wonder to the disciples, he was an unassailable divine God!

The Alliance Guard had reached the gates of the Nine Gods Clan as soon as Kevin had finished his speech. Leading the troops were three ninth-grade soul-penetrating level skilled fighters-Master Loador, Master

Mackenzie, and Master Hackford Their force was like a tsunami blanketing a small island, suffocating those around them.

As soon as Jack noticed them approaching, he flew up into the air and stood eye to eye with them, eager to begin the battle. All the First Elders of the Nine Gods Clan, Master Zeller, and Master Yarbrough had finished their preparation for the battle that would end all the battles with the Alliance Guard.

When Master Mackenzie laid his eyes on Jack, he realized that the latter had already reached the same ninth-grade soul-penetrating level as him and his face immediately darkened. As for Master Loador, he finally realized how naïve he had been to see Jack as nothing more than an insect that he could easily squash. The insect had truly become a sea monster!

Master Loador took a deep breath and rested his majestic gaze on Jack White. If this gaze had rested on any other ordinary person, they would have no doubt shrank and slinked away but the current Jack was no ordinary person. The gaze did not even cause a ripple in his heart. In fact, it pleased him that he could calmly stare back at Master Loador and the rest of the men.

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Master Mackenzie's face appeared ashen, not much better than Master Loadors. The former felt a foreboding premonition that the battle might not turn out in their favor. Before setting out, he swore that he would do anything in his power to claim their victory but he did not expect Jack would be able to advance to the ninth grade soul-penetrating level in such a short time.

To him, it was impossible to advance so fast in such a short time. However, he was not aware of Jack's master talent in making pills. After all, Jack was the only person in all of Daxia who held the status of a fourth-grade elementary alchemist. When Master Mackenzie saw that Master Loador kept staring icily at Jack White, he could not help but say, "Even if you use all your aura to suppress him, he would still not feel a thing. I've already told you that he is much more powerful than you thought and yet you didn't listen to me!" Master Mackenzie rejoiced at his insistence to mobilize all the force in Alliance Guard for it was obvious they would have lost if they only sent out their minions like last time.

That would give Jack more time to advance further which would be disastrous to them. Master Loador's

expression became uglier by the second at the thought of how naïve he had been before. “Who would’ve expected that brat to be able to advance to the same status as us in such a short period of time?”

Master Mackenzie took a deep breath and said in a trembling voice, “I’ve already told you that this brat is no ordinary fighter!” Even Master Hackford felt ashamed at what he had said before—about how Master Mackenzie was making nothing out of something by mobilizing the entire Alliance Guard. Now, all he could do was keep silent.

Jack gave out a cold laugh as their words had traveled to his ear. “Are you all done? If yes, come to me! But let me give you some advice—if you wish to prolong your death, I suggest you fight me one by one.”

Upon hearing that, the ninth-grade souls penetrating level fighters on the Alliance Guard side became even more irritated. Not to mention Master Hackford had become red with fury. How dare this little brat speak to them like that? How dare he act so insolently when their large troops were just outside his gate?

“You insolent fool! Don’t think you can take us all down just because you’ve reached ninth-grade soul penetrating status! We can snuff you out just like that!” Master Hackford was not acting out of bravado, he truly believed that Jack would taste inevitable defeat if the three of them attacked him at the same time.

“Yeah! You won’t be bragging for much longer! You and the rest of the people in there would never live to see tomorrow!” added Master Loador coldly. Then, he rushed toward Jack and unleashed his power. A fire dragon emitting eye-piercing red light appeared on his left hand, displaying the true power of a ninth-grade soul-penetrating level fighter.

The disciples of the lesser realm were forcibly pushed back by the over-domineering force although the attack was aimed straight at Jack who only gave a cold laugh as he clenched his fist tightly. Golden coloured light flowed out of the cracks between his fingers and a loud ear-piercing screech could be heard by everyone in the vicinity. It seemed as if two raging dragons had intertwined themselves along the length of Jack arms and fists.

With a kick from both legs, he sprang forward like a torpedo, aiming straight at Master Loader. They collided at that very moment as the red light and the golden light made a crashing sound. The red light shattered and was swallowed up by the golden light and the next sound that could be heard was the painful scream of Master Loader. He was hit squarely in the chest by Jack which sent him flying across the air like a kite whose string had been cut.

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Fresh blood gushed out of Master Loader's mouth as he arched through the sky. This scene would forever be burned in everyone's minds as they found it hard to believe a person as strong as him was so easily defeated by Jack. However, the stark reality was playing out in front of them as the ragged Master Loader fell onto the ground, creating a large crater upon his impact.

The Master Loader had now lost his oppressive aura and like a drowning dog, struggled to heave himself out of the deep crater. Jack had hit him with all that he got and that punch had broken Master Loader's ribcage. The sharp edges and splinters drove themselves into his organs and his death was inevitable if no immediate medical treatment was administered. It had been years since Master Loader had felt pain like this. He never expected to be so easily defeated by a junior. Yes, a junior. That was what Jack had always been to Master Loader.

Master Mackenzie and the rest of the group, blanched at the sight of Master Loader's condition. Initially, they only felt anger toward Jack's insolent behaviors though they admitted that he possessed talent never seen before. Yet now, they sensed doom at the thought that maybe Jack's words were backed up by his power.

In all of the years, Master Mackenzie was renowned for his ability to keep calm under all sorts of situations and it was no difference this time. "We can't let him win. We all need to attack him at the same time with our combined power!" Then, he rushed toward Jack, building momentum for his attack.

Jack raised his eyebrow and changed his opinion about Master Mackenzie. Nevertheless, it would be foolish of them to assume that he would just stand there and wait to be attacked. He took a deep breath and made an emergency turn in the air. Suddenly, he rushed past the incoming Master Mackenzie and aimed straight for Master Hackford.

Though Master Hackford was the loudest heckler, in the beginning, he was already harboring the thought of running away from the battle after witnessing what Jack did to Master Loador. He never expected Jack White would bypass Master Mackenzie and turned his attention to him instead His face turned green with fear and hatred gripped his heart

He was still a ninth-grade soul-penetrating level fighter nonetheless and he must be skilled enough to reach that status. Unbeknownst to other people, he was holding a dagger in his hand of which he used to slash at the closing Jack.

Jack only laughed coldly at his attempt as he dodged the attack. Speedwise, no one in the battle was able to surpass him. Master Hackford's heart turned cold when Jack dodged his attack so easily. All the energy was drained out of his body and he became incredibly demotivated. He was banking on this chance to create an escape route for himself but never expected Jack to not be obstructed at all. His expression turned uglier." You're a true pain in the *ss!"

With a shout, Jack landed a punch on Master Hackford's face.

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Master Hackford felt as if the right side of his face was slammed against an iron mountain. The force shattered his aura shield also known as 'attached spirit' to the people of the sacred grounds. Once this attached spirit was broken through, Jack's punch landed squarely on his face. All of Master Hackford's teeth were knocked out and his jaw was dislocated causing him to not be able to scream before he was sent flying through the air and finally landed on the ground with a heavy thud.

It was a coincidence he landed not far from where Master Loador was. The rest of the Alliance Guard watched as the scene unfolded before their eyes, their mouths agape. They did not even have time to react—that was just how fast Jack was. The realization that they had heavily underestimated Jack dawned on them and they finally understood how he could be so confident before them.

It seemed to Master Mackenzie that Jack had no intention of giving them time to gather power and his face darkened at this. Master Hackford was the backbone of the Alliance Guard and yet he had been so easily crippled by Jack. Though Master Mackenzie could not imagine the pain Master Hackford was

going through, he knew from his motionless body that he would forever be bed-bound if no high-grade pills were given to him. The same could be said for Master Loador.

Master Mackenzie's expression turned darker than before as he knew Jack would be targeting him next. He took a deep breath and assessed the young man before him, well aware of the terrifying power he possessed. He was proud to fight against Jack but the desire to do so had left him a while ago. His only wish was to escape as far as he could. He would go to the ends of the earth if it meant he did not have to face this abomination. Forget about the Alliance Guard! Forget about honor! All these meant nothing to him anymore.

What was the point in going head-to-head with an opponent stronger than one when death was the inevitable result? Under the surprised gaze of everyone, Master Mackenzie turned 180 degrees and escaped into the distance just when Jack turned his eyes toward him. It was absurd that they thought it was a joke! All the Clan associations' masters swaggered in with their oppressive aura, talking about how they would eliminate their sworn enemies, and yet the result could not be further than the truth.

Two of them were heavily injured and the other escaped with his tail between his legs! The Alliance Guard's elders were livid that Master Mackenzie did not once turn his head back. "Master Mackenzie, how could you abandon us? What kind of leader are you!?" shouted them.

Alas, their beseech did not bring Master Mackenzie back as he was no fool. He was well aware that death was the only choice if he did not escape now that Jack had grown so much! He had already decided to live out his life in a hidden place. To him, it was better to live cowardly than to die valiantly. All shreds of honor had drained out of his body.

Jack knitted his brows together. He had no intention of letting Master Mackenzie escape because he was worried that the latter would seek revenge upon his close friends and families in the future. It was better to take him out now than to dwell in regret if that really happens. He narrowed his eyes and turned to face the Nine Gods Clan' elders. "I'll leave the rest to you all."

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Jack had already eliminated the strongest of their opponents. He was confident that the newly leveled-

up Nine Gods Clan would be able to handle the rest of the Alliance Guard's minions. Not to mention, both Master Zeller and Master Yarbrough would be there as well.

He gave out a cold scoff, activated his Chi, and shot through the sky like an arrow. He was heading toward Master Mackenzie's direction and would be able to catch up to him in no time at his current unparalleled speed. To the rest of the spectators, it seemed as if Jack had disappeared in a blink of an eye.

Master Mackenzie could sense a powerful force coming from behind him. What a leech! Can't he just let me go?' he cursed. He was quaking in his boots. He did not want to die there and then. There were still years left in him and as long as he was careful, he would be able to live out those years.

The desire to stay alive dominated his heart. "Jack, we hold no personal grudges against each other. Let me go and I promise I'll pretend nothing ever happened between us!" he shouted toward Jack while maintaining his speed of escape. "I'll even throw in some treasures for you! I'll give you anything you want as long as you spare my life. I can even be your servant if that's what you want!"

He had given up the last shred of his dignity by offering to be his servant to save himself, but all these only made Jack laugh at the absurdity of it all. The Alliance Guard became dumbfounded. Never did they think they would see the day when the high and mighty Master Mackenzie would be begging for his life.

Jack gave out a cold laugh and decided to drag this out as long as he could. "Master Mackenzie, here I thought you were all high and mighty. An indomitable fighter, strongest of them all! And now, you're nothing but a rat caught in a sewer, willing to do anything for your life to be spared!" On hearing this, a fury of fire was ignited in Master Mackenzie's heart but he was careful not to show it on his face. He knew that it would be all over for him as soon as he displayed any signs of hostility toward Jack. "I meant what I said! We hold on to deep hatred toward each other. Killing me won't assuage the anger in you!"

No deep hatred? Once again, Jack laughed at the absurdity of it all. How dare he even say such a thing like that. "Don't you find it funny to say we hold no deep hatred toward each other? If that was the truth then why did you mobilize all your force against my people? If it wasn't for the fact that I'm strong, our roles would be reversed! So don't try to fool me with your deceptive words! Even a three-year-old would not believe what you've said!"

The deep grievances between Jack and Master Mackenzie were not created in one day. The latter had mounted an attack on Jack numerous times. It was all due to Jack's extraordinary prowess that he managed to keep him and his family safe. Master Mackenzie could not be called a human being if he did not think of that.

Master Mackenzie became even more horrified when he realized it would not be easy to sway Jack. No matter what, he had to try every trick up his sleeve if he wanted nothing more than to stay alive.

Jack narrowed his eyes, unwilling to waste more time on the cat and mouse game. He put his hands together in a hand seal to increase his speed and in a blink of an eye appeared beside Master Mackenzie. Master Mackenzie felt a chill air beside him and the muscle memory honed from years of experience in the battleground caused his body to turn sideways to dodge Jack's attack.

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However, Master Mackenzie's speed was incomparable to Jack White. He suddenly saw a gold light at the same time Jack slammed his fist onto his shoulders causing his joints to shatter with a violent crack. He let out one curdling scream after another as the feeling of pain shot through his whole body. The punch had crippled his shoulder.

Jack White laughed coldly as he raised his left fist again-not giving time for Master Mackenzie to defend himself at all. Gold light flashed on his fist as he slammed it against Master Mackenzie's right chest with a force enough to end anyone's life. The sound of bones breaking sounded again. The punch not only shattered Master Mackenzie's bones but made him unable to activate his Chi so he fell to the ground like a deflated balloon.

Jack was not done with him yet. He followed him down and grabbed hold of Master Mackenzie's collar. The next punch would be on Master Mackenzie's meridian points as he planned to completely destroy his cultivation to ensure he would never have a chance to avenge himself.

Master Mackenzie's fearful eyes were wide open as he knew what Jack had in mind. Infinite despair

filled his heart, he would be left with nothing if his cultivation was completely destroyed. With the last of his energy, he stared at Jack pleadingly and said, "Don't destroy my cultivation. I beg of you. Don't destroy me. I can be your slave! I can do anything!"

'Be my slave?' Jack's cold smile became even more sinister at those words. In his eyes, Master Mackenzie was nothing but a worthless trash. "Do you know how many people are lining up to wait on my hand and foot? You're not even worthy to do so!"

As soon as those words were said, Master Mackenzie felt a fierce force rush through his meridians. The extreme pain of the meridian being cut caused his body to convulse and nearly cut off his air supply. The next second, he was in so much pain that his eyes rolled back and he fainted. Jack did not plan a quick death for Master Mackenzie. How could he when his opponents had tried to ambush him so many times? Master Mackenzie was carried like a dead dog back to Nine Gods Clan.

By the time Jack was back, the battle had already been won. Without their leaders and Jack's prowess, the Alliance Guard's disciples would have lost their fighting spirit and had given in to their fate. The Nine Gods Clan's disciples slaughtered most of their opponents but did not kill those who had thrown their weapons down. Instead, they confiscated the weapons, tied them up, and left them outside the gate. Their fate would be determined by Jack.

Jack smiled coldly at the tied-up Alliance Guard disciples who were kneeling in front of the Nine Gods Clan's gate with their heads drooping. Though he usually did not treat his enemies with mercy, he also did not wish to kill indiscriminately.

Besides, there were more important things he would need to attend to. Kevin Cabello walked unsteadily toward Jack White and greeted him with praises before pointing to the Alliance Guard's disciples. "Master, what should we do with them? I think we should kill them all but their numbers are great. We might anger the gods if we do that."

Jack swept his eyes across the captives who broke out in cold sweat under his icy gaze. They dared not breathe at all. Though Jack was well aware of Pavilion Billow Cloud's dire situation, he would prefer to avoid a genocide if possible. If not, he would not be any different from those Alliance Guard people. He let out a gentle sigh and said, "Let them go. They are no threat to us anymore. They would do well to keep their distance from us if they know what's good for them."

He then tossed Master Mackenzie on the ground as if he was a dead dog. The latter did not even make a sound. Emptiness filled his eyes as he had no future to look forward to now that his cultivation had been completely destroyed.

“Let the minions go. As for these three, they don’t deserve a quick death. I entrust Master Loador, Master Hackford, and Master Mackenzie to you. Master Mackenzie’s cultivation had been completely destroyed and you should do the same for the other two. I’ll leave it up to you to do whatever you want to them after that.” Jack did not wait for anyone’s reply and strode back into his room.

Once in his room, he called for Kevin Cabello. He estimated that it would not take him long to advance to the rank of fourth-grade intermediate alchemist now that he was a fourth-grade elementary alchemist.

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He would be able to make the king pill once he become a fourth-grade intermediate alchemist. His current priority was to break Selena’s curse. He would not rest until then as this matter was like a heavy stone pressing on his heart, suffocating him. The other problems were being solved one by one. The Alliance Guard was of no threat to them now that they had been disbanded. Jack White stood at the world’s peak and no one would be foolish enough to challenge him unless they had a death wish.

As time went on, he finally created a fourth-grade intermediate level pill which meant that he had become a fourth-grade intermediate alchemist. After leveling up, he did not waste any time in creating a king pill. Naturally, he had brought back the Crystal Cloud Clan’s sacred spring water after eliminating the Alliance Guard.

Moreover, after the dissolution of the Alliance Guard, the Nine Gods Clans obtained many treasures after going over their abandoned base camp with a fine tooth comb. One of the treasures was called a Soul Solidifying Spirit Staff. Though it was not useful when it came to one’s cultivation, it could be used to remove any control on a body from the root. Using the Soul Solidifying Spirit Staff, Fernando could be saved. But first, he would still need to consume the resurrection pill. It would not take long for Jack to create such a pill with his current capability.

After five days, Jack White was not only successfully in making a resurrection pill but also a king pill. With all the preparation done, he did not waste time removing the curse on Selena. He quickly instructed someone to bring the Soul Solidifying Spirit Staff and resurrection pill back to the White family to save Fernando Campbell.

Once he had done all that, he took his family to the sacred grounds. The reason he wanted to go back to the sacred grounds was to enter the Sky Gate. According to the sacred grounds' legend, the Sky Gate was a light portal and no one knew where it would lead to. It was completely shrouded in mystery and for that reason, no one dared enter the Sky Gate.

Jack was looking forward to entering the Sky Gate as he believed that with his martial art technique cultivated with the nirvana realm and the moreness realm, he would be able to find a place more suitable for training through the light portal. It was only natural for someone powerful to be curious of what is on the other side of the portal.

However, he wanted to strengthen his cultivation by advancing to the nirvana realm before entering the Sky Gate. His preparation took him three months. After three months, he successfully became the one and only nirvana realm fighter in this world making him more confident to enter the Sky Gate.

Selena and the others wanted to go with him but were dissuaded by him. He was worried that it would endanger his family. He stood under the Sky Gate and felt a mysterious aura blowing into his face.

Chapter 1912

In order to enter the Sky Gate, Jack White made sure he had fully prepared himself. The cultivation level of the nirvana realm would allow him to protect himself in any changing circumstances. After standing under the Sky Gate for four hours, he finally took a few big steps and went in.

The moment he stepped inside, he felt the surrounding space had distorted and that the scenery had changed drastically. After giving it a closer look, he was shocked-even with his years of experience. It turned out there was another world on the other side of the Sky Gate.

It was a place like an abandoned continent. Looking up at the densely packed stars, the barren land was

pulsating with an ancient and majestic aura. There was no grass on the ground instead it was blanketed with fragments of weapons. Upon a closer look, one could even see the dried blood on the weapons, as if the world had experienced a great war.

It seemed that no one had set foot here for tens of thousands of years. Right in front of Jack, something was emitting a bright white light, but he could not make out what it was. He took a deep breath and strode toward it. As he advanced, he felt a strange aura grow stronger.

The aura here was different from the outside world. The Chi in this world carried with it a sense of tyrannical violence. Although the Chi in Daxia was thin, it was not violent. One could certainly damage one's meridians by inhaling the unpurified Chi from here.

"What kind of world is this? Why is the Chi here so violent? What happened here? Why are there so many shattered weapons?" muttered Jack to himself. With a heart full of questions, he slowly approached the object emitting bright white light. He could not suppress his shock once he stood in front of it.

Jack originally thought that this object was a piece of a broken treasure or a huge crystal, but after he saw what was in front of him, he realized he could not be more wrong. The object turned out to be a spirit ship that was more than a hundred feet long. It was a truly majestic spirit ship with many engraved rune seals emitting bright light. The closer he was, the more he could sense the thick aura coming from it.

He had no way of knowing who had left this spirit ship here in this violent world. He closed his eyes and used his divine sense to probe the entire spirit ship. The spirit ship was empty apart from a crystal that was also emitting a faint light. The spirit ship was probably abandoned or its owner had died.

Jack took his time to make sure there were no traps in the spirit ship before stepping in. As soon as he entered the spirit ship, he could feel a thick aura permeating the air. This aura was very different from the aura outside. The aura outside was filled with a sense of tyranny, while the aura in the spirit ship was relatively more gentle and pure. Trying to get to the bottom of everything, Jack entered the spirit ship's bridge. After he entered, he involuntarily gasped because in front of him was definitely not something one could find in Daxia.

The entire spirit ship was engraved with complex rune seals making its extraordinariness easily detectable. Only a person with profound cultivation could build a spirit ship like this. Even the current Jack would not be comparable to the ship's builder. All kinds of mysterious runes seals in the inside and outside twinkled brightly on the spirit ship

Jack felt a headache coming after staring at the rune seals for too long. He could not decipher them at all. Although he did not possess the knowledge when it came to the art of refining vessels, he should at least be able to understand some of the rune seals with his current knowledge and cultivation.

Chapter 1913

Even after studying the spirit ship for a long time, he still could not figure out the meaning of the rune seals. This indeed proved the spirit ship's great power! After making rounds, he went back to the place where he found the six-sided crystal. Inside the spirit ship, it was empty except for the six-sided crystal that seemed to be carelessly tossed aside.

This six-sided crystal was the size of a human head and it was exuding a faintish red light. Jack White scanned it again with his divine sense and did not detect anything dangerous about it so he bent down and picked it up. He brought the crystal closer to his face and examined it carefully. He discovered that there were crystals of various sizes and colors floating within the crystal. These small crystals also happened to be six-sided.

Although the six-sided crystals all had the same shape, their aura could not be more different. The tiny six-sided crystals inside seemed to possess even more mysterious auras. As he was taking a closer look, he felt stabbing pain in the fingers holding the six-sided crystal. Unbeknownst to him, his fingers had been cut open and blood was flowing out.

The six-sided crystal exuded a dazzling light after being stained by his blood. Suddenly, Jack felt his entire body stiffen as a mysterious aura enveloped him.

Before he could react, he had been brought to a mysterious space. Large and small six-sided crystals floated around him and he heard a thought being transmitted into his mind. "These are the soul gathering crystals that took me ten thousand years to refine. It is the treasure of our clan! They now

belong to you and you must avenge us once you have reached the peak!" The message entered Jack's mind with a wave of indomitability and anger.

'So this is called the soul-gathering crystal? That's a strange name. Don't tell me the souls of others are inside?!' He felt a splitting headache as soon as the questions flashed through his mind. More information was forced into his mind. After all that was done, he finally knew what he was holding in his hand. It also explained many mysteries to him! It turned out that the name of this spirit ship was Mustard Seed. It was made by the head of the Divine Void Clan, making it the clan's treasure.

The Divine Void Clan was not from Daxia. The clan belonged to a higher-level world's strongest race! According to the head of the Divine Void Clan, Daxia belongs to the fifth-grade world while the Divine Void Clan lived in a first-grade world which was the best place for martial art enhancement.

The Divine Void World was simply named after the Divine Void Clan which showed just how powerful the clan was while they were still alive. Even so, they ended up being exterminated. What really rendered Jack speechless, was the fact that though the head of the clan promised to make him stronger if he would help them return to their world, he never once told him exactly who he would be fighting against.

The head of the clan kept telling Jack that he would find out who his opponents were once he had gained enough power which made him even more speechless. To him, one should plan properly for a vengeance so deep.

Jack was not the kind of person who would go back on his promise of lending a helping hand after the other party had already given him something valuable. Since he had already been given the soul gathering crystal and Mustard Seed, it was natural for him to fulfill his promise. However, the message left by the head of the clan and the fact that he still had no idea who the enemy was, frustrated him even more.

However, he could not deny the fact that the two treasures he had received were indeed powerful. Especially the soul-gathering crystal which was a hundred times more powerful than Mustard Seed because as he previously guessed, inside the crystal were indeed soul fragments!

Chapter 1914

These soul fragments could not be viewed as common soul fragments. Instead, their original owner voluntarily gave up their self-consciousness, leaving only soul fragments with memories of their origin.

Jack stared at the uncountable hexagon crystals floating around him and could not help but sigh in shock. The memory transmitted to him moments ago described the function of the soul fragments and the process of how these fragments were formed.

Putting the functions aside, the formation process of these soul fragments was not bearable by ordinary people. Several tens of thousand years ago, the Divine Void Clan went through a battle that wiped out the entire clan. To extend the last fire of their clan, Divine Void Clan Master combined the strongest members of their clan and quietly practiced the Soul Secret Skill.

The Soul Secret Skill was unable to raise their fighting prowess and only had a single effect. After the Soul Secret Skill had been trained to the level of completion, the soul would gather even though the body was destroyed. However, the soul lost the possibility of reincarnation even though it would not disperse.

He only kept the refined memories and did not contain any instinct reactions! Such soul fragments could be absorbed by anybody and had no side effects.

Under normal circumstances, a person's soul would be destroyed if that person was killed. All the memories would turn into ashes and disappear from this world. However, after practicing the Soul Secret Skill, the powerful members of the Divine Void Clan became soul fragments after their death and gathered to become hexagon crystals. They were summoned by the soul-gathering crystals and became soul fragments stored in the soul-gathering crystals that could be absorbed by anybody!

Practicing this Soul Secret Skill meant that they were destroying their soul every minute of every day. The pain that went deep into their bodies would penetrate throughout their entire body. They would not have tried to train the Soul Secret Skill if it was not an emergency situation and they wanted to save the last fire of the Divine Void Clan.

The biggest benefit of these hexagonal crystals in the soul-gathering crystal was that they could be absorbed by Jack. These soul fragments would fuse with Jack's soul and the memories stored in these soul fragments would become Jack's memories.

As these soul fragments were voluntarily sacrificed by their owners years ago, they would not affect Jack's body and he would only have an extra memory! This was extremely useful to Jack.

The masters of the first-grade world practiced so many martial art techniques and martial skills throughout the years. All of these would transform into memories and merge into one with Jack!

Jack was extremely excited when he thought of this. However, he noticed that something was wrong after calming down. Accordingly, the self-scarification of so many great masters was to save the fire for the Divine Void Clan. Hence, these things should be kept for the descendants of the Divine Void Clan. However, Jack was not a descendant of the Divine Void Clan.

On top of that, from the way the old voice spoke when he conversed with Jack, he knew that Jack was not related to the Divine Void Clan. Jack was a true Daxia World person.

Then why would they leave such precious items for him? Could it be that these powerful people were extremely sure that Jack would have extraordinary achievements in the future and he would keep his promise to help the Divine Void Clan to return to the Divine Void World?

Jack thought about this from another perspective. If he was the Divine Void Clan Master, he would not simply put his trust in a person who was completely unrelated and was in the lower realm.

However, it was obvious that nobody was able to answer Jack and he would not ask these questions out loud like a dummy. He only secretly paid some attention to this. At that moment, Jack was able to absorb these soul fragments to form hexagonal crystals at will. However, he did not plan to absorb these memories at that moment.

Although the message transmitted into his brain kept telling Jack that these soul fragments were

extremely safe and would not harm his body, Jack was still worried.

Right now, both the soul gathering crystals and Mustard Seed saw Jack as their master. He was able to control these two items at will. With a thought, he was once again covered in energy and he left the soul-gathering crystal's world the next second, returning to the space he was in just now.

Chapter 1915

He was still in the Mustard Seed right now and understood how strong the Mustard Seed was. After knowing that the Daxia was just a fifth-grade world, Jack made plans to leave the place.

He wanted to see the martial art civilization that was truly flourishing and continue to climb the peaks of the martial art world. This world had a lack of Chi and the number of inheritance was also lacking. Apart from wasting his time, there was nothing that he could obtain by staying here.

Right now, the crucial part of him leaving was this Mustard Seed the Divine Void Clan had left him with. Not only could this Mustard Seed contain lots of people and carry out long-distance delivery, but it can also travel through space barriers to enter worlds of other grades.

The interior area of this Mustard Seed was adjustable and could be used as a storage space apart from being a means of transport. It could be considered a huge storage space!

Jack was extremely satisfied with this. After leaving the Daxia World, he had no idea when he would return to this place. He could not bear leaving all his family members here. Hence, he planned to bring his friends and family if he was leaving.

He was unable to bring everybody with him but he would definitely bring those important to him. In that way, he would be at ease when he leaves the place. After all, he had no idea what changes would happen if he were left alone.

The absorption of the soul fragments was delayed as the most important thing right now was to make arrangements for the remaining issues before they left the Daxia World.

He waved his hand as he walked out of the Mustard Seed. The Mustard Seed turned into a bundle of light before being as small as a ring and entered Jack's body. The Mustard Seed had accepted Jack as its master and Jack was able to control it at will in the future.

He once again stood in this deserted space and looked at his surroundings. The dim stars in the sky and the broken weapons on the ground gave a mysterious and ancient aura to this entire world.

The Sky Gate must be something the Divine Void Clan brought over back then. Jack felt that the world behind the Sky Gate must have experienced a life and death battle years ago.

The Sky Gate must be a precious item too. However, the Divine Void Clan Master did not inform Jack what kind of precious item this Sky Gate was? Could Jack use it? He discovered that it was the following day when he exited the Sky Gate.

When he returned to the sacred lands, Selena stood outside the main entrance with a nervous expression on her face. From the look on her face, Jack knew that she had been waiting for him for a long time. The nervousness immediately disappeared when she saw that Jack had returned.

She hurried over and spoke in a slightly pouty manner when she arrived in front of Jack. "Why are you gone for such a long period of time? I was really afraid that something bad happened to you behind the Sky Gate."

Jack chuckled and petted Selena on her shoulder to comfort her. "It's alright. Who would be able to hurt me with my current fighting prowess?"

After he spoke, Jack gazed at Selena's face, which was once covered by a spell. Now that Selena had taken the king pill and sacred spring water, the spell had slowly dispersed.

They could not look down on the power of the spell as the consumption of the king pill and sacred spring water was unable to immediately eliminate the power of the spell. They still needed time to

slowly lift the spell. However, Selena was already satisfied with this result.

Chapter 1916

Jack stretched out his hand and touched Selena's face, which glowed once again. "It'll recover soon."

The corners of Selena's mouth curled up, and a beautiful smile appeared on her face. However, before she managed to say anything, a familiar voice could be heard coming from behind them. The voice was so familiar that it caused a ripple through Jack's usually calm heart.

"Master! I'm back!" Fernando rushed toward Jack, visibly exhilarated.

Fernando had already recovered and returned to normal. As Jack was immersed in training previously, he only asked Kieran and the rest to go back with the Soul Solidifying Spirit Staff and the resurrection pill to rescue Fernando. Although he did not go over personally, he had been secretly worried.

Jack was completely relieved when he saw that Fernando had completely recovered. "It's great that you've recovered!"

Fernando initially thought that he would suffer some after-effects even if he had regained his mobility. Unexpectedly, the Soul Solidifying Spirit Staff and resurrection pill had such powerful effects that no harm was done even though he had been frozen for such a long period.

After Jack decided that he was leaving soon, he did not hesitate and gathered the group for a small meeting. The people who joined the meeting were those closest to him. All of them had different reactions when Jack informed them about this matter.

However, what they worried about was the danger they would meet after leaving this world. None of them mentioned that they wanted to stay. After all, they understood that Daxia World was a fifth grade world after Jack made the introduction.

They also longed to see what the outside world was like. Jack did not ask Daniella to join this meeting as she was in retreat with hopes to break through her fighting prowess.

In the evening, Selena had a chat with Jack over some tea. Recently, Jack had spent most of his time training or in the pill cultivation room.

This caused a great reduction in the time that they spent together, and Selena was delighted with the precious free time they had at that moment. "To be honest, I feel heavy-hearted to leave this place just like this."

Jack raised his eyebrows and said caringly, "It's not like we're never coming back to this place. With the Mustard Seed in our hands, we can come back any time."

Selena nodded and she suddenly realized something. "Daniella is still training right now. I'll inform her of such good news later."

Jack's expression faltered a little at the mention of Daniella's name. "Are we bringing her with us this time?"

Selena was the one stunned when she heard this. "Are we not bringing her with us and leaving her here alone?"

Jack sighed lightly. He had been questioning what happened previously and managed to observe several doubts in their interactions later.

Of course, these were only his suspicions, and he did not have real evidence. However, there was an underlying suspicion in his heart, and he could not resolve this within a short period.

Jack finally realized what happened after Selena asked this rhetorical question. He could not be considered a man if he left with these people and left Daniella here.

Although he was not sure if anything happened between him and Daniella during that evening, he could not separate from Daniella now.

Chapter 1917

Time passed, one day after another. Two months later, Jack led his relatives and friends into the Sky Gate. The Divine Void Clan Master once said that the space barriers within the Sky Gate were the weakest.

If they wanted to leave this place soon, they had to take the Mustard Seed from this place and travel to other spaces. Everybody entered the Mustard Seed with extreme joy and excitement. Jack placed all the spirited stones into the part where the Mustard Seed absorbed energy. Following a loud explosion, the Mustard Seed was driven by the spirited stone and started to exude a bright white light throughout the entire ship.

As they started to move forward, Jack quietly stood in the control room as he watched the surrounding space gradually distort under the drive of the Mustard Seed

Three months later, in a remote inn located in Zenith Sun City, located in West Cercie State of the Hestia Continent, a worker of the inn frowned and looked at the ten premium spirited stones in his hands with disgust.

These 100 pieces of premium spirited stones were the most valuable common currency in the Daxia world, yet they were looked down upon by a worker of an inn in the Hestia Continent.

“Don’t tell me that they’re premium spirited stones. Who in Zenith Sun City still trades with spirited stones? Everybody uses spirited crystals.”

Jack stood in front of this guy from the inn and sighed helplessly. He knew that there were great differences between worlds of different levels, but he never expected such extreme differences.

As the most valuable currency in the Daxia world, It was impossible to use these premium spirited stones to pay for a room here. The worker did not continue to make things difficult for Jack when he saw that Jack was slightly helpless.

“Alright, alright. I’ll take it that you’re from the countryside and have never seen the world. The exchange rate in the market is one elementary spirited crystal for one hundred premium spirited stones, and one elementary spirited crystal can only be used for a ten-day stay in a normal guest room. Don’t look at me like that; I’m not conning you.”

Jack nodded and did not continue to dawdle with this guy. After taking his room key, he went straight to the second floor of the inn. This was Jack’s second day in the Hestia Continent, and everything was new to him during his first day here. After randomly asking a passerby some questions, he learned about what sort of a world the Hestia Continent was.

The Hestia Continent was a third-grade world and was one of the stronger worlds among all the third grade worlds. They had countless masters and were much stronger than the Daxia world in terms of martial enhancement resources and the inheritance of martial skills.

By taking the common currency between worlds as an example, the spirited stones could be used with ease in the Daxia World but were considered something that belonged to the poor in this world.

The common currency of this world was spirited crystals that contained more aura compared to the spirited stone. For some unknown reason, the martial training system of the Daxia world was fundamentally different from that of this world.

In the Daxia world, the nirvana realm was the highest level of fighting prowess. However, that was the beginning of the fighting prowess in this world. What gave Jack a headache was that from the first step into the road of martial arts until the final soul penetrating realm, this series of fighting prowess all belonged to the same realm in the Hestia Continent, known as the acquired level.

The so-called acquired level was to cleanse one’s body and be reborn. The nirvana realm that Jack had entered was the initial stage of the innate level in this world and was just slightly stronger than the average martial artist.

Jack was not discouraged nor shocked when he learned that there were much more powerful realms after this. Instead, he longed for his future with an emotional heart.

Jack had left Selena and others in the Mustard Seed. He turned the Mustard Seed into a ring and wore it, acting like a storage ring.

It was impossible to store living objects in normal storage rings, but the Mustard Seed was a premium spiritual tool. Not only could it allow people to live in it, but they could also even train and meditate while they were in the Mustard Seed!

After all, Selena and the others did not have a high fighting prowess. Jack feared for their safety should they follow him so openly, thus he asked them to train inside until their fighting prowess had improved

In fact, there was no need for Jack to rent a room. After all, he had the Mustard Seed, and he could have entered the Mustard Seed if he needed to rest. That being said, he was a newcomer to this world, and he had to deal with the people here if he wanted to understand this world quickly.

Chapter 1918

Since bygone times, inns and restaurants had been the best places to obtain news. This was why Jack had to get a room in the inn. Apart from some similarities, there were also differences between this world and the Daxia world.

The similarities were that apart from the developed martial art culture, the other parts of the world were incomparable to the Daxia world. The difference was that their martial art culture was much more developed compared to the Daxia world. Even their level of martial skills and martial art techniques were fundamentally different from the Daxia world.

The inn, from both the exterior appearance and interior design, was just a run-off-the-mill inn.

Of course, Jack did not care about this. After all, he was not here to enjoy life. The Hestia Continent was filled with all sorts of clans, and the fights between these powers had never stopped. This place was far more dangerous compared to the Daxia world.

The thought of it conjured uncertainty within Jack, thinking that his journey would not be a smooth one. He had to develop his power within a short period so he could respond to the changes that would happen at any time in this world.

Just as he planned to enter the Mustard Seed and discuss things with his family, noises broke out from outside his room. It sounded like someone had shattered their teacups.

Jack was no busybody, but his refusal to listen to anything when he had just arrived at this place might hinder his path in the future. Thinking things through, he pushed open his door and walked downstairs, toward the hall where the customers ate.

Groups of people gathered at the originally quiet hall, and a man wearing a red robe was glaring at a man with a huge beard. The atmosphere between them was so tense that it looked as if a fight would break out the next second.

The man in the red robe had bulging cheeks as he said to the bearded man angrily, "What do you know?! Don't think that you can show off in front of me with your mere ability! How can a commoner from the countryside like you be worthy enough to snatch a treasure with me?!"

The bearded man was so angry that his mustache started to tremble.

His eyes almost popped out of his sockets. "Farley Haller! You're bullying us, commoner martial artists who rely on your Haller family! I was the one who discovered the spirited herb! I've already collected the items, and you brought a group of people to take the spirited herb from me! I've already told you that this isn't over!"

Farley looked at the bearded man in contempt after he heard this. "So what if I took this from you? Are

you capable of retribution against me? Our Haller family has produced many masters during the recent hundred years, and we're thriving now. A commoner like you that has nobody to depend on is only good at arguing, and there's nothing you can do. Just wait till your next life if you plan on getting revenge!"

Such words were undeniably exasperating, and the bearded man's eyebrows almost turned into a straight line. "Just wait and see, then! I'll make you pay for this when I join the Dual Sovereign Pavilion and become their disciple!"

Farley raised his eyebrows and chuckled after he heard this. Everybody there was able to hear the mockery hidden in his laughter.

"Oh my god! You're making my stomach hurt. You're even thinking about becoming a Dual Sovereign Pavilion's disciple?! Why don't you take a piss and look at yourself? With your current strength, they won't want you even if you want to do odd jobs for them, let alone become the Dual Sovereign Pavilion's disciple!"

What the man said caused the bearded man to be extremely furious. The muscles on his face trembled in anger, face tightening as he glared at Farley.

"I'll definitely become a disciple of the Dual Sovereign Pavilion. Just you wait! The bearded man looked like he did not want to prolong his exchange with Farley. Thus, he took out two spirited crystals from his pocket and slammed them on the table with a thud before he left without looking back.

Farley's mocking smirk never left his face as he watched the bearded man leave.

Chapter 1919

Even after the bearded man left, Farley sneered, "I don't know if this guy is brainless or crazy. The Dual Sovereign Pavilion is an outstanding sect among the third-grade sects. Every time they recruit disciples, the chosen ones must be at least in the initial stage of innate level. As a person who's in the final stage of acquired level, how dare he declare that he's going to become a disciple of the Dual Sovereign Pavilion? I'm going to laugh my front teeth off."

Initially, the people around them said nothing as they watched the excitement unfold, choosing to stay back and whisper among themselves. However, what Farley said caused some good people to speak up.

One of the men, who was handsome-looking and was about 20 years old, said, "You're wrong, Young Master Farley. That burly man wasn't making things up. Did you forget that the Dual Sovereign Pavilion is having an ongoing fight with the Muddled Origin Clan now? Both sects have reached the point where they're incompatible, just like fire and water. They might get into a battle at any time. To be on the safe side, the Dual Sovereign Pavilion has started to recruit a large number of disciples. They even lowered their condition that people in the final stage of the acquired level can join assessment!"

It had been more than a year or two since the Dual Sovereign Pavilion and the Muddled Origin Clan did not see eye-to-eye. The Zenith Sun City was under the Dual Sovereign Pavilion's control and belonged under their influence. Naturally, the people in the city were most concerned about the Dual Sovereign Pavilion

Naturally, they also knew a lot about the long-time enemy of the Dual Sovereign Pavilion, the Muddled Origin Clan. On top of that, they discovered a secretive site for resources near the Dual Sovereign Pavilion some time ago.

The Dual Sovereign Pavilion and the Muddled Origin Clan were located next to each other. The secretive site for resources should be close to the Dual Sovereign Pavilion and was not that far away from the Muddled Origin Clan, too. Upon learning about this, the Muddled Origin Clan immediately started competing with the Dual Sovereign Pavilion over this site for resources.

There had been innumerable grievances between both sects, and this incident became the fuse. Although the battle between both sects had not begun, everyone knew that the battle between both sects would occur at any time if things developed according to this momentum.

The Dual Sovereign Pavilion lowered their conditions of accepting disciples to get sufficient reserved personnel or cannon fodder.

Farley was not surprised after he heard this. After all, he knew a lot about what happened between the Dual Sovereign Pavilion and the Muddled Origin Clan. He remarked with a sneer, "Even if they lowered their conditions in accepting disciples, they only did that to get more cannon fodder. With the level that he's at right now, he'd be killed by the enemy as soon as he enters the battlefield!"

Nobody reacted at that, but most of them secretly agreed to Farley's statement.

Farley's family was considered a well-developed one in the Zenith Sun City, and some snobs wanted to take this opportunity to butter up Farley.

"Even if that burly man becomes a Dual Sovereign Pavilion's disciple, he'll definitely be the cannon fodder among cannon fodders, just like what Young Master Farley said. I heard that Young Master Farley had planned to participate in the Dual Sovereign Pavilion's disciple test this year! Although there will be lots of casualties during this battle, it'll also bring sufficient opportunities. With Young Master Farley's fighting prowess and talents, he'll surely achieve dazzling results!"

Farley's eyes narrowed in satisfaction at those words. He loved to listen to such flattery, regardless if they were truthful or not.

Jack stood at the top of the stairs as he listened to what these people said. A thought suddenly appeared in his mind. He had also heard of the Dual Sovereign Pavilion when he arrived, but he had not much information nor understanding about them.

Chapter 1920

He knew that Zenith Sun City belonged to the Dual Sovereign Pavilion, and every sect had its own jurisdiction. If Jack wanted to enter a sect to practice, the Dual Sovereign Pavilion was a good choice.

The only thing he was unsure of was what sort of issues he would face after entering the Dual Sovereign Pavilion. In fact, this farce came to an end following the departure of the bearded man.

Jack turned to return to his room when he noticed the fun was over. What he did not realize was the

moment he turned around, Farley suddenly turned to look in his direction for a long period as if he had discovered something.

After Jack returned to his room, he immediately entered the Mustard Seed. His relatives and friends in the Mustard Seed were actively practicing as none of them wanted to hold Jack back. They hoped to be of help when Jack had gained a foothold in this world. Nash was already at the soul-penetrating level at that moment. Judging by the standard of Hestia Continent's fighting prowess, he was already in the final stage of acquired level.

He saw the torn expression on Jack's face the moment Jack came in and immediately stopped his training. He pulled Jack to an empty living room in the Mustard Seed and set up a table of wine to chat with Jack.

Jack had nothing to hide from his father and immediately mentioned the doubts he had. Nash let out a deep sigh after he heard what Jack said. "This is nothing to feel torn about. I know that you're afraid of the troubles that you'll face after joining a sect, but you also need to know that you shouldn't hide behind closed doors when you're training. Although you have the memories of great masters from the past, you lack combat and experience. You can only improve your combat skills and gain experience by entering a sect."

Jack was suddenly enlightened after hearing Nash's words. He had become narrow-minded before. Just like what his father said, although he had the memories of those previous great masters, it did not mean that he did not need to do anything and could train by only relying on those memories.

No matter which world he was in, battles and experiences were indispensable! On top of that, this was a brand-new world. If he joined a sect, he would have some support, and that was better than knowing nothing

"You're right. It happens that this time, the Dual Sovereign Pavilion and the Muddled Origin Clan battle lack disciples. I can also take this opportunity to gain some experiences."

Jack did not hide the matter regarding the soul gathering crystals from Nash. After learning about everything that happened, Nash was slightly worried.

“Although these soul fragments gathered by the soul-gathering crystal can provide you with the best martial art techniques and martial skills, does it really affect you after you absorb them?”

When the Mustard Seed broke through the space barrier and shuttled through the world, Jack took this opportunity to enter the soul-gathering crystals to absorb the soul fragments left there by the previous great masters.

In fact, Jack was equally as worried as Nash. After all, these were fragments of the souls, and things related to the souls could not be taken easily. If he was not careful, he might lose his own personality.

However, Jack understood something after he thought about it. There was nothing he could do, no matter how he worried about things. His current fighting prowess could not ensure if any negative effects would be brought onto himself.

To be sure about this, they could only figure things out after Nash personally absorbed the soul fragment. Hence, Jack had already absorbed a soul fragment when he was in the spirit ship.

Fortunately, he did not experience any discomfort apart from an additional memory in his mind after he absorbed this soul fragment. Nonetheless, Nash being Jack’s father-was understandably concerned.

Jack knew his father’s thoughts. “There’s no need for you to worry. I don’t feel any discomfort after I absorb this soul fragment, nor did I feel affected. These soul fragments are indeed just leftover memories.”

The soul fragment absorbed by Nash was the memory of an elder from the Divine Void Clan from the Divine Void World. This elder’s fighting prowess had achieved the Void Breaking level!

Chapter 1921

Even the strongest masters of the Hestia Continent were no match for this elder. The martial skills and

martial art techniques that this elder practiced had far exceeded the level found in this world.

However, Jack was unable to practice many of the martial art skills with his current fighting prowess. He searched the memories to pick and choose. It took him quite a while to choose the martial skills and martial art techniques he could practice!

Nash also knew these things. He glanced at Jack and said, “What level do you think the martial art technique Divine Void Heavenly Path and martial art technique Destroying the Void belong to in the Hestia Continent?”

There was a different way of naming and setting the levels for martial art techniques and martial skill in the Hestia Continent. Both the martial art techniques and martial skills were divided into eight levels.

They were named after the eight characters: ‘Universe’, ‘World’, ‘Chaos’, ‘Ignorance’, ‘Heaven’, ‘Earth’, ‘Red’ and ‘Yellow’. According to their sequence, the ‘Universe’ level was the strongest while the ‘Yellow’ was the weakest. Each level was also divided into elementary, intermediate, and premium grades.

For example, the bearded man Jack had just seen in the inn could only master martial skills of the Yellow level as he was a commoner.

The martial art techniques and martial skills mastered by each sect or other martial enhancement resources were what these martial artists longed for.

The most important aspect of every sect was their Martial Art Techniques and Martial Skills Hall. They thought of the inheritance of these techniques and martial skills as the sect’s livelihood, and everyone was strictly forbidden to leak them.

This was also why all martial artists desperately wanted to join the sects. Jack sighed lightly and warily spoke, “The Divine Void World and the Hestia Continent are inherently different. Their definitions of martial art techniques and martial skills are also different. Right now, the only martial skill I can practice at this moment, Destroying the Void, has no ranking at all! I can only make a preliminary judgement

based on the content. In this world, this is at least a martial skill in the Heaven level.”

Nash was secretly stunned after he heard what Jack said. “The great masters before us are really strong. The simplest martial skill from them is actually at the ‘Heaven’ level in this world.”

Jack nodded and continued, “I can still identify the ranking of Destroying the Void for the time being, but I really can’t guess which ranking the Divine Void Heavenly Path belongs to.”

This time, Nash spoke with certainty, “This martial skill won’t be too low of a level, since it was named the Divine Void Heavenly Path! No matter what, you should start practicing them first. I don’t think you should go out for the time being, you can practice here in the Mustard Seed. You should have a certain degree of self-protection ability before you leave for the outside world, seeing how chaotic it had been lately.”

Jack nodded; he had in his mind too. The Dual Sovereign Pavilion and Middle Origin Clan were about to go to war. Who knew which areas would be affected by this great battle between sects?

Zenith Sun City might be caught up in the midst of the battle. Hence, Jack planned to practice Destroying the Void first and continue to make plans after he had achieved the initial stage of the Destroying the Void skill.

Fortunately, the memories left by the great master not only gave Jack the martial art technique and martial skill. The training experiences were also left behind and were merged with Jack!

Such a fusion of memory was incomparable to others. Even hand-in-hand teaching of famous teachers could not compare to the fusion of memories and experiences Jack experienced.

At this moment, Nash suddenly chuckled and said, “You’ve been practicing recently and haven’t been able to spend quality time with Kylie. After you have completely stabilized, you should take her out for a stroll. She’s a child, and it’s natural for her to be curious about a completely new world. She can be happy for several days if you take her out for a quick stroll.”

Jack nodded, and guilt bloomed in his heart. After all, he did not have the time to accompany his daughter recently. Since they arrived in this new world, he would definitely bring her for a stroll with the money they have. He wanted to broaden her knowledge while making her happy.

Chapter 1922

To have the power of protecting himself soon, Jack once again devoted himself to training. This time, he placed his entire focus on training the martial skill, Destroying the Void. Nonetheless, practicing a martial skill of this level was a difficult feat.

Some martial skills just were not meant to be trained. They required comparable fighting prowess to practice martial skills of the highest level, such as how those who were in the innate level can only practice martial skill of the 'Yellow level and 'Red' level.

The martial skill that was a level higher-the 'Earth' level-was not something someone in the innate level could get involved in. However, it so happened that Jack was able to ignore this rule.

He fused the soul fragments of this great master, his predecessor. Since this great master was able to succeed in practicing this martial skill, Jack only needed to integrate the memories, and he would be able to completely learn this martial skill.

On top of that, the level of Destroying the Void was unknown, and Jack was only making assumptions. The martial skill was at least in the 'Heaven' level, and there were four levels for it. For the time being, Jack tried to practice the first stage where he formed a Soul Sword and had it attached to his hands.

The token of success for the first stage was to form ten Soul Swords and control them to fuse together or separate them at ease. Jack originally thought that it would not be too troublesome for him to form the Soul Swords, seeing as he had the memories of that predecessor fused with his.

However, he had underestimated how difficult it was in training the Destroying the Void skill. Forming the first Soul Sword alone used up two months of Jack's time. Within these two months, Jack had been

training his soul restlessly to form the seal so that his soul could form the Soul Sword.

This was the most difficult martial skill Jack had to practice in this lifetime. If he did not have a strong willpower and the memories of the great masters, he would never be able to form the Soul Sword within two months.

Forming the first Soul Sword only meant that Jack had entered the training of the Destroying the Void and had not even achieved the first grade. He could only be considered as entering the first grade after he managed to form ten Soul Swords and can control them with ease.

However, such progress had already used up most of Jack's mental strength. Nash, Selena, and the rest persuaded Jack to not rush through things. Speed, after all, was the enemy of training.

Nash gave words of warm-hearted advice and encouragement. "I know you want to have a firm foothold in this world, but you also need to know that the martial art culture in this world is so much more developed compared to that of the Daxia world. You know deep down that it'll take an unknown amount of years for you to stabilize your position in this world based on your current fighting prowess. If you continue to rush things, you might g

Jack gave a small nod of response. He knew that what his father said was for his benefit, and he naturally knew how to listen when somebody spoke to him with good intentions. "You're right. No one can grow fat after just having a mouthful of food. What I had been doing was rather dangerous."

Nash stretched out his hand and patted Jack on his shoulder. "How about this: You should rest for these couple of days or bring Kylie out for a walk. Zenith Sun City isn't a big city under the control of the Dual Sovereign Pavilion. Although there are many masters there, you won't be in trouble if you're careful."

In fact, Nash also constantly left for strolls during this period. Of course, the area of his movement was restricted to the inn's surroundings. Jack was also

Father should he have walked too far away.

After all, there were many extremely powerful people in this world, and with his current power, it was impossible for him to do everything as he liked. During this time, Nash managed to obtain lots of news. As Jack had been in retreat for training during the past couple of months, Nash told Jack about everything to prevent any unnecessary trouble.

Chapter 1923

“All the power of this world is in the hands of the sects. I think the strongest martial artist of Zenith Sun City is only in the innate level, and that it’s the city master of the Zenith Sun City, who’s in the intermediate stage of the innate level. The masters who are in the premium stage of the innate level or stronger than this level have remained in the sect. After all, only the sect has a large amount of resources to support their training. To be frank, Zenith Sun City is only a city of commoners.” Jack slowly nodded.

If the strongest people in this city were only in the intermediate stage of the innate level, that was fine for him. With this in mind, he decided to bring Kylie out for fun. As long as he was fully aware of his surroundings, trouble would not come to them.

Kylie was overjoyed when she heard that her father was bringing her out to play. After all, she was just a seven-year-old child. She still grew bored over time, even though she was surrounded by her relatives in the Mustard Seed.

Jack led Kylie out of the inn. The two of them did not go to the busiest street. After all, that place was filled with people, and accidents were prone to happen. Jack merely led Kylie to a street nearby the inn.

Although this was not as busy as the main street, there were still many people who sold nice toys and delicious food. Kylie looked around happily as soon as she got to the street. Although Kylie was young, she knew that her father was not rich after entering this world.

She did not ask for everything. Instead, she only picked a couple of toys and food that had a midrange price. Jack touched Kylie’s head and said, You don’t need to be frugal because of me; they’re just a few toys and food. I’d be doing a poor job if I can’t even pay for you.”

Kylie knew that her father was joking with her and happily chirped, "I'm not saving money for you. I like these small toys more! Those expensive ones might not be fun nor delicious."

The father-daughter pair happily chatted away when a wave of disturbance suddenly happened in front of them. Jack frowned as he pulled Kylie behind him. He looked up and saw a person in tattered clothes and spells on his face stumbling out of an alleyway.

This person looked really pitiful. Their clothes were in stripes as if they had gone through some whipping punishment, turning him into how they were. That person also had black curses carved on their face. These curses looked like earthworms that were alive and crawled all over their face. It looked bizarre and horrifying at the same time.

This person's face was covered by the black curses, making it difficult to distinguish if this individual was a man or woman. Everyone else scattered at the sight of this person as though they had seen the plague.

Kylie stood behind Jack and stretched out her small hand to pull on his sleeve. "That person looks so pitiful, Father. What happened to him? Why does he have that thing all over his face?"

Jack slightly frowned. He would have had the intention to investigate this matter any other day, but Kylie was with him at that moment. He would not look into what was happening if he had such thoughts.

He stretched out his hand and pulled Kylie. It did not matter why that person appeared here. In Jack's opinion, this place had become a place of gossip, and he did not want to remain any longer. However, just as he wanted to pull Kylie away, the person with spells all over their face suddenly raised their head. A hint of hopefulness suddenly appeared in their grey eyes when they saw Kylie.

They staggered toward Jack as they whimpered, "I beg you, please, save me. I've been pitiful all this while, being their captive for many years! They keep starving me! Can I have a bite of the food in your hands?"

Chapter 1924

Jack had bought two sweet buns for Kylie, and she still had them in her hands as she did not have the chance to eat them. Jack subconsciously frowned, but Kylie, with a sincere heart, tossed the sweet buns to the person that had a face full of curses.

That person stuffed the buns into their mouth the moment they got their hands on it. It seemed that this person had not eaten for a long time. "Thank you, both of you," he profusely spoke as he ate, "thank you very much. Can you guys rescue me?"

Kylie was not defensive of them, but Jack was not stupid. This person obviously heard the conversation between them, and that was why he suddenly asked Kylie for help. Did this person have such efficacious ears? Kylie had lowered her voice when she spoke, and they were so far away from this place. However, before he had the chance to think about this clearly, a scoff was heard from afar. "How dare you feed my

Slave!

Daughter duo in a helpless way. A middle-aged woman said to Jack exasperatedly, "Young man, are you new in town? Why don't you know the rules?"

Jack realized that something was wrong after he heard this and subconsciously asked, "What rule?"

The middle-aged woman looked at Jack helplessly. "This person is a slave of the city master's mansion. The curses on his face is the sign of them being a slave, the city master's personal property. Giving them even a glance is a mistake, let alone feeding them!"

Jack glanced at the person once more. They seemed to be mentally challenged and spoke at a childish manner, as if he had turned dumb from being hit by others.

They looked really pitiful...but Jack did not want to offend the city master. He had just arrived at this place, after all

“You truly are daring. Didn’t you hear what I said?! A man in expensive clothing and an unhappy expression on his face hurried toward Jack with two armor-clad guards in tow.

The middle-aged woman immediately retreated to the side after taking a look. She reminded Jack out of kindness before she left. “This person is the first young master of the city master’s mansion, Warren Alexander. You can’t offend him, or you’ll suffer!”

The first young master of the city master mansion? Jack was stumped speechless. Still, he was not a person who would get trampled on. Although this person was the first young master of the city master mansion, what he did was unintentional. With a frown on his face, he said, “I’m sorry. I had no idea that this was your slave, and I also didn’t know the rules of the city master mansion.”

However, such words brought out a negative reaction when Warren heard them. “You don’t know that this is my slave, and you don’t know the rules of the city master mansion? Hmph! Do you think that I’m stupid? Stop making excuses for yourself. I won’t accept any excuses you make!”

Warren glared at Jack after he said this. When he saw Kylie, who was behind Jack, a disgusting smile appeared on his face. “Of course, you can easily make up for your mistake. That young girl behind you seems great. Give her to me so that she can be my maid.”

Kylie was so frightened that her delicate face turned pale. She never expected that her action of throwing a sweet bun would cause her father such terrible trouble. She raised her head to apologize to her father, but Jack was not looking at Kylie.

Jack not wanting to get into an argument with Warren was just to avoid trouble. Jack did not feel that Kylie’s action of giving food to this pitiful person was a mistake.

However, what Warren said had completely angered him.

A cold look appeared in his eyes. To avoid trouble, he had been hiding his aura the entire time. People

that did not have a very much higher fighting prowess compared to him could not correctly identify his fighting prowess.

When Warren saw how Jack stared at him with a cold look in his eyes, he spoke in a manner as if he could care less, "Why? You don't want to? Alright, then! Since you aren't willing to give this young girl to me to be my maid, I'll chop off your hands to make you understand the meaning of rules!"

Chapter 1925

Jack was slightly stunned when he heard what Warren said. He never expected the city master's first young master to have such random powers. He could just chop off the hands of any person he wanted! Warren obviously did not want to waste his time speaking to Jack.

He raised his arms, and a strong aura was exuded from his body.

This person had already reached the initial stage of innate level, and not many people in Zenith Sun City were his match. Noises of people discussing the situation could also be heard at this moment. "The city master's first young master had just been accepted as the Dual Sovereign Pavilion's informal disciple last year. I heard that he caught the eyes of an elder from the Dual Sovereign Pavilion and had been practicing high-level martial skills!"

"This young man has terrible luck, sadly. The city master's first young master has been in a bad mood recently, and this is him wanting to vent his anger on somebody."

All sorts of discussion wafted into Jack's ears and fueled his anger. In fact, Warren was just looking for an excuse to cause trouble, and Jack happened to have made a mistake at the wrong time. Warren took out a silver sword from his storage ring and pointed it at Jack's face.

"I might consider letting you go if you cut off both your hands now and kneel to praise me!"

Jack smirked when he heard this. "You're allowed to act as you please just because you are the city master's first young master? It seems true that there aren't any rules in this world!"

Warren narrowed his eyes, and a dangerous look flashed through his eyes. “How am I not following the rules? You’re the one who secretly fed my slave. Who in the entire Zenith Sun City doesn’t know about the rules of our city master’s mansion?!”

What Warren said made Jack understand that not only masters or those with a higher status could act as they like in this world. The hidden meaning behind Warren’s words was to search for an excuse to push the mistake onto Jack!

Jack did not want to waste time speaking to him. The aura exploded from Jack’s body, and a black ball of light slowly appeared in Jack’s palm. After Jack’s aura exploded, he did not hide his fighting prowess, and Warren raised his eyebrows in surprise. “No wonder you dare act in such a presumptuous manner. Turns out you’re of the same fighting prowess as I am! Still, that doesn’t mean anything! I’m the informal disciple of the Dual Sovereign Pavilion, and I’ve practiced their martial skill! You’re no match for me, even if you’ve broken through into the innate level!”

Jack looked at Warren as if he was looking at a dummy. “Everybody knows how to boast. Get to it if you’re that talented. However, I don’t hold back when I get into action. You can only blame your own stupidity if you die!”

This sentence had obviously struck Warren’s sensitive nerve. His facial expression darkened out of anger. He never thought this guy would speak so crudely, and he refused to chop his hands, too!

It seemed like he had to teach this unscrupulous guy a lesson! With a disdainful sneer, a silver light traveled through his silver sword. Following that, a new moon appeared behind Warren’s back. The cold light of the new moon was reflected on the silver sword.

Warren stepped on the floor with the tip of his toes and went attacking toward Jack like a cannonball. Beware, my Silver Moon Strike!”

The power was really daunting. If he had not absorbed the soul fragments from the great masters, Jack might have been shocked by this wave of power. This strength was something the masters of the Daxia

world could never display!

Many people could not hold back their sound of exclamation when they saw this scene.

“This is a ‘Yellow’ level premium martial skill! This is the first time I’ve seen somebody perform a martial skill of that level. The power released by this martial skill is really strong!”

“Sh*t! This young man is done for this time! If he had just admitted defeat, he might be able to stay alive. Now that he has completely angered Warren, he won’t be able to survive this!”

Chapter 1926

Everybody started to silently mourn for Jack at this point. After all, Warren was a powerful martial artist even if his identity was ignored. He was the Dual Sovereign Pavilion’s informal disciple and practiced Premium yellow level martial skills. Usual commoner martial artists were no match for him.

However, the onlookers were no fools. When they saw how Jack seemed to ignore the powerful martial skill Warren performed, they were curious while they pitied Jack at the same time. Was this young man also a powerful martial artist?

However, such thought only passed through the minds of the people before they silently denied it. After all, Jack was not from Zenith Sun City, and he might not understand the Dual Sovereign Pavilion.

Jack’s lack of expression caused Warren, who was already furious, to seem even more livid. He scoffed coldly and silently delivered Jack his death verdict.

The silver sword in his hands emitted a chilly silver light as it came slashing toward Jack. When the sword light was inspected carefully, there were some ripples flowing in it. This represented the gathering of strong power. The people standing around Jack had proactively distanced themselves. If they were affected by this wave of energy, they might die on the spot!

“Accept your death, you b*stard!” Warren roared angrily, and the silver-colored sword aura swiftly raced toward Jack’s head.

The onlookers saw that Jack stretched out his right hand expressionlessly. A black-colored light the size of a finger floated on top of his right palm. This light looked ordinary and did not carry a hint of power ripples. Jack raised his palm and gathered this black energy on his fingers.

As he pointed forward, the black energy went flying forward and rushed toward the silver sword aura. The silver sword aura was so majestic that it looked like it could split rocks into two. On the contrary, the black colored light Jack flicked out with his fingers seemed to have no power ripples if they did not look a bit carefully.

Naturally, Warren also noticed the black-colored light Jack sent out with his fingers. He only swept through the light with contempt in his eyes. Just by looking at the power ripples on the black light was sufficient for him to decide that it was harmless.

Boom!

The silver sword aura and the black-colored light collided with one another. Everybody thought that the silver sword light would destroy the black light and reach Jack easily.

What shocked them was how Jack’s light instantly broke the silver sword aura. The vast silver sword aura failed to withstand the attack for a breath under the collision of the black light!

Jack smiled coldly. The Destroying the Void was a martial skill great masters in the first-grade world, Divine Void World, trained. This martial skill was at least at the heaven level.

Although Jack had just started training the skill and had not achieved the first stage, a single soul sword was capable of breaking Warren’s sword light easily. Warren’s eyes almost popped out of their sockets when he saw this. The black light was actually capable of destroying his sword aura with such ease.

On top of that, when he was still immersed in his own fear, the black color sword aura had already arrived in front of him within seconds. "I'll cut you into pieces!" roared Warren before he waved his sword for another attack.

His previous attack had been disbursed, yet his new power had not been generated yet. This second sword wave was formed in a hurry, and he could not extinguish the soul swords, even when he attacked with all his power, let alone one that was rushed.

Crack!

With a loud crack, his silver sword started to slightly shatter after it crashed into the black light. The sword could not withstand the black light, resulting in the black light rushing into Warren's arm.

The only thing everyone else heard was Warren's roar of pain. "Arghh! It hurts!"

This heartbreaking cry caused everybody's scalp to tingle.

Chapter 1927

After the black light sliced into Warren's arm, it instantly tore his clothes. The flesh under his clothes was also torn into pieces by this light. In an instant, pieces of flesh and blood flew everywhere, and Warren knelt on the floor in pain.

The pain he experienced was not only physical; it even made him feel like his soul was being torn apart. When everyone saw Warren's tragic situation, their eyes widened and stared at those two in disbelief, especially Jack.

All of them had regarded him as a monster. He was obviously in the initial stage of innate level, but why was there such a big difference between them? Jack had only emitted a black light from the beginning to the end, but not only did he defeat Warren's attack, but Jack also shattered his arm.

Judging how Warren's injuries looked, he could not heal from this in a short time. Jack was not surprised by Warren's tragic situation. Instead, Jack secretly sighed. "My control over this skill is still not good enough, and I didn't control the energy of this attack well. I was aiming for the chest but hit his arm instead.

After all, Jack had just started training. Although he managed to form the soul sword, he had not mastered the skill yet. Hence, he was unable to succeed at such simple controls. Of course, he could only lament this to himself, lest others would be shocked to hear this aloud.

Jack had unleashed the skill albeit not flawlessly. Had he did, he could have killed Warren.

Warren was in so much pain that he broke out in cold sweat. The warriors in silver armor, who had been standing behind him, immediately rushed forward to protect Warren when they saw their young master badly wounded.

Both warriors in silver armor drew their swords at Jack, but the looks at their faces obviously looked slightly guilty. After all, they were only in the final stage of acquired level. How could they challenge Jack when someone in the initial stage of innate level could not defeat Jack?

Kylie stood behind Jack and could not help but whisper, "Father, you're amazing. You beat them in just one move!"

Jack chuckled and glanced at his daughter without answering her. By this moment, the people's murmurs immediately filled the air. After all, it was surprising how Jack, who they thought would have died, destroyed Warren's arm within one attack.

"Who is this person? Where is he from if he's not from Zenith Sun City? He must be from some pavilion with such a powerful strength. The martial skill he used is so powerful. Could it be a red level martial skill? Only a red level martial skill can defeat a yellow level martial skill without fighting back!"

“Who knows? This young man is no simple man. I initially thought that he was so strong against the young city master because he was new and insensible. Now, it seems like it’s just because he’s capable of doing so!”

At this moment, everybody looked at Jack in a different light, and there was a faint hint of worship in their eyes. The Hestia Continent had been a world where the powerful people were respected, and the law of the jungle was deeply ingrained in their mind.

Some of those who originally mocked Jack immediately changed their tone and started praising him. “This is amazing. It’s the first time I’ve seen somebody using the red level martial skill. Who would’ve expected for it to be so powerful? What is that black light? Why couldn’t I feel the fluctuation of power? It has such a powerful lethality!”

After this person aired his comment, the middle-aged man standing beside him snorted coldly. “It’s normal that you can’t feel the lethality. What’s your strength, and what’s his?”

Jack was not in the mood to fight the two warriors in silver armor and just stood there quietly. Originally, Jack wanted to kill Warren, but he knew, after weighing the pros and cons of the situation, that he would be in big trouble with the city master mansion if he killed Warren.

Chapter 1928

The warriors in silver armor were relieved when they noticed Jack standing still, not making a move on them and staring at them silently. The main reason was that Jack had displayed how powerful it was and the two of them were frightened of him.

At this moment, Warren yelled angrily at the two warriors, “Hurry up and find me some pills! Are you two blind?!”

Warren squeezed these words through his teeth. Warren was already in so much pain and was about to faint. His roar caused both warriors in silver armor to tremble before they finally realized that their young city master could not take out the pills he needed.

Only then did those two help Warren up from the ground in a hurry. They then took the holy healing medication out from their storage ring, both for internal and external application, Warren's facial complexion slightly improved after they spent some time tending to the wounds.

Still, his complexion remained pale, and an increased number of people had gathered around to observe what happened. Nonetheless, all of them knew that Warren was in a very bad mood and nobody dared to offend him, so they merely observed from a distance.

Warren let out a deep breath and stared at Jack viciously through his bloodshot eyes. "Who are you, and which pavilion do you belong to?! You're not from the Dual Sovereign Pavilion, 'cause I would've recognized you. Are you a spy from the Muddled Origin Clan?!"

Truth be told, Warren, at this point, was already a little intimidated. After all, he had used all his strength, and he still could not defeat the young man standing in front of him. This person seemed to be an extremely talented person.

Jack raised his eyebrows and scoffed softly before he spoke, "Are you trying to slander me? On what grounds do you think that I'm from the Muddled Origin Clan?"

Warren knew that he was not Jack's opponent, so he wanted to smear Jack's reputation. Since the Dual Sovereign Pavilion and Muddled Origin Clan were at odds, a battle might break out at any time. If he made others think that Jack was a spy from the Muddle Origin Clan, this would get the attention of the Dual Sovereign Pavilion.

It was even possible that the masters would kill Jack. Warren snorted coldly as the hatred in his heart was about to drown him. After all, he was in an extremely shameful situation.

He was originally the Zenith Sun City's young city master. It was extremely shameful that he simply faced someone in the city and was pummeled to the ground by the opponent. He wanted to save his honor and cause Jack trouble.

Sneering, he stubbornly spoke, "I'm sure that you're a spy from the Muddled Origin Clan. Otherwise, why did you come to the Zenith Sun City at this time? Don't tell me that you aren't from any pavilions; I'll never believe that you aren't from any of them. The martial skill you displayed just now is at least in the red level. You must be a genius trained by the Muddled Origin Clan, and you're here in our Zenith Sun City to find news about the Dual Sovereign Pavilion!"

These words were used to slander Jack, but they carried a certain hint of incitement. After listening to what he said, many people around them started to change the way they look at Jack again, and this time, with a hint of doubt.

If this person was a spy from the Muddled Origin Clan, being a spy was also disgusted by others, even though this was a world where they respected the strong and honored martial arts.

Jack sneered. "I didn't come to live in Zenith Sun City. I was just passing by. Stop slandering my name. Why would spies from the Muddled Origin Clan come to such a small Zenith Sun City? What's the point of coming to this place? Do you have masters from the Dual Sovereign Pavilion stationed here? Stop lying without using your brain. I'm telling you now that I passed by Zenith Sun City just to get to the Dual Sovereign Pavilion."

As soon as he spoke, the voices of discussion could be heard again. However, Jack did not care what the people around him thought of him as he only wanted to clear his suspicion.

After all, he was about to join the Dual Sovereign Pavilion's entry assessment. Just like what Jack said, there was nothing to spy on in the Zenith Sun City. After all, this was just a normal city under the ruling of the Dual Sovereign Pavilion. What could a spy do by coming here?

Chapter 1929

The corners of Warren's mouth trembled, and the look in his eyes were like those that belonged to hungry wild wolves. Jack simply ignored how darkened Warren's facial expression was.

Jack smiled coldly and said, "My patience is limited. You better leave now, or I'll kill you and both your subordinates."

What Warren said about making Kylie his maid had angered Jack beyond relief. If Jack was not new to this place and wanted to avoid causing problems, he would have killed Warren on the spot.

Warren's face flushed by such impolite remarks. However, as he looked at how Jack behaved, Warren realized that he might die here if he did not leave. His eyes widened as he stared at Jack's face. He looked as if he wanted to engrave Jack's face in his memory.

"Let's go!" After that, he ordered the warriors in silver armor, and the three of them left in a dejected manner. He was so fast that it seemed like a wild hound was chasing after him.

"Father, you're amazing! You scared that guy witless!" shouted Kylie behind Jack with an excited look on her face.

Jack chuckled and stretched out his hand to brush Kylie's hair. "Alright, let's go back."

In fact, it was not a good thing to let Warren leave. Thinking about it, he was sure that Warren could not quell his anger and would cause Jack some trouble. However, the thing Jack worried the least was trouble.

After all, Warren was not a particularly important figure and was only an informal disciple. He could not do much, even if somebody from the Dual Sovereign Pavilion appreciated him.

Jack was completely unafraid.

After all the chaos and fun, Kylie no longer wished to stay outside. She felt that the outside was not as fun, and it was too dangerous as a minor move could cause a catastrophe.

When Warren left, he did not bring the city master mansion's slave with him as he might have been too embarrassed about what happened. The slave was still squatting on the ground with a pitiful look on their face.

Kylie could not bear to look at their pitiful way and stretched out her delicate hand to tug Jack's sleeves. "Father, shall we help him? He looks very pitiful."

Jack raised his eyebrows; the person was indeed quite pitiful. However, Jack was unwilling to bring them back. After all, it would cause him trouble to bring the slave back with him. He simply took out ten lower-grade spirited crystals and placed them in front of the slave.

"Take these ten lower-grade spirited crystals and leave. You can go to the countryside or wherever you want. You'll only end up dead if you continue to stay here."

The slave's eyes widened as they then glanced at Jack gratefully. They did not continue to pester him and only bowed deeply at Jack before they stumbled away with the ten lower-grade spirited crystals.

After Jack returned with Kylie, he checked out of the inn with the inn worker as he could no longer stay in Zenith Sun City. Although he was not afraid that Warren would cause him trouble, it was better to distance himself away from such matters. After all, Zenith Sun City was not far away from the Dual Sovereign Pavilion. He had already decided that he would be attending the entrance examination at the Dual Sovereign Pavilion and no longer wished to further delay his trip.

The Dual Sovereign Pavilion was located in the Dual Sovereign City. The Dual Sovereign City was the largest city within a diameter of hundreds of miles, and the reason was naturally because of the Dual Sovereign Pavilion's control. After Jack arrived at the Dual Sovereign City, Warren also entered the city with his people.

Chapter 1930

The Dual Sovereign City was bustling because of the Dual Sovereign Pavilion. According to their usual

rules, those who entered the Dual Sovereign City had to fulfill certain terms. They had to be either extremely talented or powerful.

Either that, or they were locals of the Dual Sovereign City. However, because of their fights with the Muddled Origin Clan, the Dual Sovereign City eased off on the terms to enter the Dual Sovereign City.

However, the existence of these terms could not stop the disciples of the Dual Sovereign Pavilion from entering the city. Warren had become a disciple of the Dual Sovereign Pavilion for some time, and he naturally would not be stopped by anybody when he wanted to enter the city.

Although he was just an informal disciple, he was a master at flattery, and riding on other people's coattails was a usual thing for him. Hence, he was doing considerably well in the pavilion.

After he entered the Dual Sovereign City, he went straight to a medium-sized house. The owner of a medium-sized house in the Dual Sovereign City was definitely a person with an extraordinary identity.

After he was invited into the hall, he saw Zeph Griffin, who was sitting by the octagonal table as he drank tea. Zeph did not look up when he saw Warren's arrival and only greeted Warren with a nod.

Warren had a flattering smile on his face and looked like a different person compared to the arrogant manner he had previously. "How have you been, brother Zeph? There must be quite a number of worrisome issues recently."

Zeph replied with a frown on his face, "Don't you know what's happening recently? Deacons like us have been running around busily."

Zeph was not a disciple of the Dual Sovereign Pavilion but a deacon of the pavilion. He was a management personnel of the Dual Sovereign Pavilion and was a level lower than the elders. His main responsibility was to manage the chores of the pavilion.

Zeph was considered a personnel in the mid-range management, and that led to some informal or formal disciples naturally fawning over him.

However, Zeph could not offend the elder disciples or chosen disciples. Instead, he had to fawn over these people. The position of deacons was an embarrassing existence in the Dual Sovereign Pavilion.

Warren purposely bought a number of nice items before he came. There were excellent Epiphany Tea and some snacks made out of precious items collected from nature. Zeph's facial expression slightly improved and finally looked straight at Warren when he saw Warren placing these items onto the table.

He glanced at Warren and said indifferently, "You wouldn't have visited me if you didn't have anything to ask from me. I'm sure you aren't here to observe while I drink tea, am I right? I've been very busy recently, and I don't have time to waste on you. Just tell me what you need."

It was true that Warren came to Zeph with a hidden agenda. A smile blossomed on Warren's face, like a sunflower under the sun. "Brother Zeph, you truly are a straightforward person. It's true that I'm here for a small matter. As we're quite close with each other, I don't feel comfortable going to others for this matter."

Polite words meant nothing to Zeph, but he said nothing. He only raised his eyebrows and looked at Warren as he waited for him to continue.

In fact, Warren did not know Zeph well and only knew that Zeph was not somebody who was easily fooled.

"Brother Zeph, I've been extremely unlucky recently. I've been bullied by a young man of unknown origin. That person is slightly stronger than me and actually took action against me at the perimeters of my house! You have to help me."

Zeph slightly narrowed his eyes after he heard this. "Somebody bullied you? How strong is that person? You purposely came to me with hopes that I'll avenge you? Don't you have quite a large number of

friends and elders who like you? Wouldn't the issue be resolved if you had asked the elder to send a powerful disciple? Is there a need for you to come to me?"

Warren's lips curved slightly into a smile and lamented about how smart Zeph was. He was able to guess what Warren wanted without Warren telling him anything

He took a deep breath and continued, "It's true that I want to regain my honor, but that would give others a chance to talk about us behind our backs. After all, we're disciples of the Dual Sovereign Pavilion. If many people knew what happened, wouldn't they say that we are taking advantage of others?"

Chapter 1931

"I intentionally came to you because I heard the young man say that he's here to join the Dual Sovereign Pavilion's formal disciple assessment? Aren't you the one in charge of this? I made this trip with hopes that you wouldn't admit him after you see him!"

Zeph humphed softly and raised his eyebrows as he glanced at Warren. He knew that this young man had always been a naughty one, how could he come to Zeph with hopes that Zeph would help him out?

Zeph took a look at the nice things placed on the table. Although these were nice gifts, they were not enough to make him hinder the results of the assessment. "This is quite a difficult task. The disciple assessment is an important matter and I'm not the only deacon in charge of this matter. It isn't easy for me to do anything secretly as I might get into trouble if I'm not careful enough!"

A hint of anxiety immediately flashed past Warren's face after he heard this. However, he soon suppressed the emotion. "Brother Zeph, how can I not know who you are and what you are capable of? I wouldn't have come to you if you weren't capable of this! Since I'm here, it means that you are definitely capable of doing this. He's just a person without a clear identity, It's even possible that he's a spy sent over by the Muddled Origin Clan."

Zeph did not pay much attention to what Warren said. When Warren saw how Zeph persisted, he quickly took 500 lower-grade spirited crystals out from his storage ring and placed them on the table

tidily, “Brother Zeph, if you can help me get this matter done, these lower-grade spirited crystals shall be yours!”

The 500 pieces of lower-grade spirited crystals shone a light purple color and Zeph’s eyes shone an interesting color when he saw them. At this moment, a smile finally appeared on his face and he looked at Warren with some emotions on his face. Zeph originally planned to extort more from Warren. However, after he thought about it, Warren might turn to another Deacon if he kept refusing the request and he would be left with nothing. Hence, he stopped when he knew he was far ahead.

“I know that you are good at such things! Just hand this matter to me and I will definitely not allow that young man to pass the test!”

Warren was finally relieved when he heard what Zeph said. At this moment, Jack had already entered the Dual Sovereign City and had no idea of the obstructions Warren had set up for him.

However, Jack would not have cared much about such things even if he knew. He had been through so many obstacles and people going against him throughout the years that he had gotten used to such matters.

If he was strong enough, the tricks used by those monsters were nothing. When he arrived at the Zenith Sun City, Fabe had already changed all his premium-level spirited rocks into spirited crystals.

After all, the spirited crystal was the common currency in this world. However, the exchange rate was really high. He did obtain many spirited crystals after he exchanged all the premium-level spirited rocks he had. He only got his hands on around 1000 pieces of the spirited crystals!

They finally understood the meaning of bustling and overcrowding after they entered the Dual Sovereign City. The city was filled with all sorts of people due to the relaxed terms to enter the city.

However, they had just entered the main street when they were unable to continue walking forward as the entire place was congested! Nash did not stay in the Mustard Seed the entire time. His training had

reached a bottleneck and it seemed better to take a walk outside. Nash came out of the Mustard Seed after Jack entered the Dual Sovereign City.

He could not help but exclaim when he saw the streets were filled with people. "I've really gained some knowledge. The people here generally have such high power and most of them have already achieved the acquired level! If they were in the Cathysia, they would be at the ultimate god level."

Chapter 1932

Nash turned around to look at Jack as he asked, "Where are we going next? Are we heading straight for the Dual Sovereign Pavilion?"

Jack chuckled and shook his head. "We are new here and we will be a joke if we barge into the Dual Sovereign Pavilion when we know nothing. Although we heard the news about how the Dual Sovereign Pavilion is accepting new disciples, we have yet to find out when the admission is and what the conditions are."

Nash thought about it and agreed. "Then shall we ask around about this?" To prevent unnecessary trouble, Nash returned to the Mustard Seed.

Jack had already made up his mind about where to go. It was quite difficult for them to ask any random person about matters in this world. To prevent unnecessary trouble, Jack found an average inn.

However, the inn's server said that their inn was full when he entered the place. Jack was slightly speechless as several inns that he entered were full of people.

He had never expected for the inns of the Dual Sovereign City to have such great business that every single one of them was full! This continued until Jack arrived at an extremely secluded road. The road was an extremely narrow alley and there were not many people when he was walking on the narrow alleyway.

Jack had been asking around when somebody pointed the direction of an inn to him. The inn was

definitely located in a remote area.

The inn's server saw Jack the moment he entered. He looked down and did not look happy as he seemed extremely uninterested.

"Welcome. Are you here for a rest or to stay? We only have one guest room and if you plan to stay, the price is three lower-grade spirited crystals per day. We don't do bargains or give discounts."

Three lower-grade spirited crystals for each day? The price caused Jack to be secretly flabbergasted. However, he did not hesitate for long. He had found this inn with an empty room with much difficulty. If he left because of the price, he had no idea if he would be able to find another inn any time soon.

Jack paid the lower-grade spirited crystals without much hesitation. He had no idea how long he would stay in the Dual Sovereign City hence he decided to pay for ten days. After he paid the spirited crystals, he took another five out and placed them in front of the inn server.

The server immediately understood that this was Jack's reward to him. He finally looked up and spoke politely. From the looks of it, he planned to say something humorous to get into Jack's good books.

However, what Jack disliked the most was useless small talks. Hence, he went straight to the point. "I have a couple of questions that I would like to ask you."

The server immediately stood up straight and a formal fake smile appeared on his face. "Honorable guest, what do you want to know? I'm originally from the Dual Sovereign City and I know quite a lot of things that happen here. However, I might not know some of the unknown secrets if you want to ask me about them."

Jack continued speaking calmly, "It isn't some unknown secret. I only want to ask when will the Dual Sovereign Pavilion accept new disciples?"

The server immediately understood the reason Jack was here. In fact, he had lost track of the number of people who wanted to become a Dual Sovereign Pavilion disciple he served during this period of time.

“You’ve asked the correct person. Something huge happened in the Dual Sovereign Pavilion recently and they changed their rules of accepting disciples once every two years to once every three months. They’ve already carried out the first admission previously and the second admission is in ten days. You definitely have to grab this opportunity. However, I think that the competition is quite intense this time.”

Chapter 1933

Jack raised his eyebrows, indicating the server to continue speaking after he heard this. The server became a chatterbox and started to speak without stopping. “You must have visited many other inns before coming to ours. Recently, almost all of the inns are full because the Dual Sovereign Pavilion is recruiting disciples! Everybody heard that the Dual Sovereign Pavilion is lacking in disciples so they are trying their best to join the admission test at the Dual Sovereign City! More than ten thousand people have come here recently!”

Jack finally understood why every inn was filled with people after what the server said. Turns out, it was not because the inns of the Dual Sovereign City were doing well, it was because the Dual Sovereign Pavilion was recruiting disciples and this attracted a large number of people to visit the city.

Since so many people wanted to become the Dual Sovereign Pavilion’s disciple, the pavilion’s examination system had naturally become stricter.

Even though he heard from others that the Dual Sovereign Pavilion had loosened the terms because they were in a hurry to get disciples. However, it would still not be easy.

The server continued speaking when Jack was deep in his thoughts. “However, not many people can truly become the Dual Sovereign Pavilion disciples no matter how many of them come over. Although the Dual Sovereign Pavilion loosened the terms of recruitment, not just anyone can join the pavilion! You seem to be extremely strong, I’m sure you can become the Dual Sovereign Pavilion’s disciple!”

The flattery in this last sentence was so obvious that Jack only smiled softly without saying anything. The server stopped fawning over him when he felt that his flattery was falling on deaf ears.

It was the admission test for chosen disciples ten days later and it was such a coincidence that he booked the room for ten days. However, he had no idea what the admission test was about and if he was able to pass the test with his current conditions.

Jack actually did not question his ability as he had received the great master's memories and trained in martial skills that was at least at the heaven level. However, absolute strength did not mean that Jack fulfilled the admission conditions of the Dual Sovereign Pavilion.

If there was an age restriction, Jack might not be able to join the pavilion. "I wonder what's the admission requirement of the Dual Sovereign Pavilion? Do you know this?"

The worker nodded heavily as he was extremely familiar with such things. A large number of people had come over to ask for such news during this period of time.

"In the past, the rules of admission were very strict. They did not want those in the acquired level and had to test if the new disciples had a firm belief in martial arts. However, the admission test only had one requirement right now and that is to make the obsidian light up three lights."

Jack subconsciously raised his eyebrows after he heard this. "Make the obsidian light up three lights? What is the obsidian?"

The server continued to speak, "To be honest, I have no idea what obsidian is but I understand its effect well. No matter what a person's fighting prowess is, the obsidian will light up several lights according to the power you used when you hit it. There are five lights on the obsidian and lighting up three lights will be a pass."

After the server explained things to Jack, he had successfully instigated Jack's curiosity. He really wanted to see what the obsidian was. However, Jack felt that something did not make sense after he thought

about it.

Hence, he brought up his suspicion. "It seems fair for them to hit the obsidian with absolute power so that the obsidian will light up the corresponding number of lights. However, this doesn't seem to be the case if we think about it clearly. They do not care about one's fighting prowess when they admit new disciples. Won't those in the initial stage of the acquired level have the upper hand? Is it possible that the Dual Sovereign Pavilion is really admitting people to serve as their cannon fodder?"

The server shook his head after he heard this. "No, my honorable guest. Although the Dual Sovereign Pavilion is recruiting disciples because of the battle, they aren't just looking to get cannon fodders."

Chapter 1934

"That would be too overboard. The recruitment has its own conditions too and the new disciples fighting prowess can't be higher than the initial stage of innate level as this is the best level to train a person. Once a person achieves the intermediate stage of innate level, the value of grooming somebody like that would be far lesser compared to those in the initial stage!"

Jack was stunned after he heard this. He understood that the higher a person's fighting prowess was without the guidance of a teacher, the lower the value was when the pavilion groomed such a person.

Hence, usual pavilions would choose disciples that were still not so strong. However, what Jack did not understand was the big difference between the initial and intermediate stages of innate level. Based on what the server described, the difference was huge and Jack was unable to understand this.

It might be due to his shallow understanding of this world that he was unable to understand. However, Jack did not continue asking to prevent the server from being suspicious of him. After he received news about these things, Jack turned around and went up as he was not curious about the other matters.

He immediately entered the Mustard Seed once he returned to his room. At that moment, he had managed to form the first Soul Sword and he wanted to form the second one within the next ten days.

Although he had no idea if he would succeed in doing so, he had to give it a try. The ten days passed by in a flash and Jack had been consistently training his soul with hopes that he would form another Soul Sword.

However, no matter how hard Jack tried, he was unable to form another Soul Sword for unknown reasons. Although he had the memories the great masters left him, he did not know why he was unable to form the second Soul Sword!

This made Jack question if he had made a mistake. He started to look through the great master's memories and searched for the reason for his mistake.

However, after he spent time looking through the memories and combining them with his training process, he was still unable to find where things went wrong. As the final ten days have passed, Jack could only end his training in retreat helplessly.

Jack suffered a slight blow because of what happened. How could he not as his training was still filled with challenges and he was unable to identify his mistake even though he owned the memories.

After he left the inn, Jack went toward the area where the Dual Sovereign Pavilion's admission test was being carried out following the guidance of the server. The admission test was being carried out at the back door of the Dual Sovereign Pavilion.

Even though this was only the back door of the Dual Sovereign Pavilion, it was a six feet high door with marvelous decorations. The door was filled with the engravings of many runes and these runes gathered to form a magic circle.

With Jack's current fighting prowess, he was unable to identify the function of this magic circle. When he arrived at the place, Jack discovered that at least 2000 people were standing in front of the door.

A large number of people were flabbergasted and just like what the server said, many people were attracted to join the admission test as the Dual Sovereign Pavilion had loosened the terms of the test.

Jack walked over and chose a corner as he stood there in silence while waiting for the test to begin. He was quiet the entire time but the noises of discussion could be heard as if somebody stabbed a hornet's nest.

Standing not far away from Jack, a man who looked younger than Jack said, "My second uncle told me that he's giving me 200 pieces of lower-grade spirited crystals as long as I pass the exam so that I can buy anything I want!"

Another guy standing beside him chuckled and said with a hint of disdain in his tonation, "Can you stop being so naïve? Did you see the large number of people standing here? Do you think that you can pass the test when so many people are fighting for the position with you?"

The young man was unconvinced after he heard this and said stubbornly, "I'm sure you know the rules of the test too. It doesn't matter how many people there are. I'm sure I can become an informal disciple as long as I'm able to make the obsidian light up three lights!"

The guy rolled his eyes at the young man. "Do you think that it's easy to make the obsidian light up three lights? Why don't you consider what sort of a place the Dual Sovereign Pavilion is?! This is a famous third-grade pavilion! How can the disciples recruited by the Dual Sovereign Pavilion, which is one of the top pavilions among the third-grade pavilions, be simpletons?"

The young man seemed to be angered by what this guy said. "So what if it's a third-grade pavilion? Isn't the current situation, a special one? Even a third -grade pavilion had to loosen their terms as the battle with the Muddled Origin Clan is on the verge of happening!"

Chapter 1935

That guy shook his head in disagreement. "You are too young. Why don't you think it through carefully? Do you know the concept of third-grade pavilions? In the West Cercie State that we live in, there are only a handful of third-grade pavilions in such a big piece of land! Do you know how many people there are in the West Cercie State? The amount of people has to be in trillions! How many people among these trillions of people can join the Dual Sovereign Pavilion?"

The young man turned his head away and refused to listen to that person's explanation. "I don't care about all of this. I'm sure that I will definitely get into the Dual Sovereign Pavilion and I might even become an informal disciple of the pavilion. Although I'm only in the final stage of the acquired level, I'm still young. Given some time, I'm sure that I will improve greatly!"

That person instantly rolled his eyes when he heard what the young man said. He looked like he did not want to continue the debate with this young man so he turned his head to look in the other direction.

Jack stood beside them in silence. He gained some new insights about the Dual Sovereign Pavilion after listening to the conversation between those two.

The entire West Cercie State only had a total of five third-grade pavilions. Although he had no idea how big the West Cercie State was, it seemed to be bigger than he imagined from the conversation between those two.

It seemed like he had to read through all the common knowledge of this world after he joined the Dual Sovereign Pavilion or he would seem ignorant.

At this moment, a wave of noise could be heard coming from far away and it seemed to be the arrival of some important people. Jack originally thought that the recruiting team was here. However, when he looked toward the center of the chaos, he realized that it was two rich young masters clad in expensive clothing instead.

The two of them were quite good-looking. Those surrounding them looked at these two people with fear and envy in their eyes. Jack knew that these two definitely had an important identity but he had no idea who they were since he was new to this world.

Just when Jack was puzzled by what was happening, the young man's voice rang out. "Isn't that Morton Ford? He's really here! We are really unlucky to be joining the assessment with him."

The person beside him sighed helplessly. "What was meant to happen will definitely happen. Didn't you say that previously? The number of people has no effect on the assessment."

The young man acted very arrogantly previously but since the appearance of this man called Morton Ford, he wilted like a grasshopper by the end of autumn. "I feel nothing if everybody is at the same level. Morton is obviously so much stronger compared to us and I feel like the mud under his feet when we compare ourselves to him."

Jack grew increasingly curious toward Morton after he heard how these two people described Morton. It seemed like Morton had the absolute strength to be crowned the winner of the crowd, causing everybody else to lose their will to compete.

The sounds of people discussing what happened grew louder after Morton's arrival. Many people lamented while even more of them were envious of them. However, what these people did was unable to affect Morton.

"Look at who it is following behind Morton! Isn't that Gerald Thorton? Who would have expected the two of them to come over together? Are they planning to have a competition in front of the obsidian and see which one of them shall get the reward?"

"We seemed to be blessed with a lively scene this time. Morton is the extremely talented genius of the Ford family while Gerald is also quite a strong martial artist. The two of them once ended in a tie when they got into a fight during a tea party! A person in the final stage of the acquired level was capable of fighting one who was in the initial stage of the innate level. The two of them have entered the initial stage of the innate level at the same time. I wonder what level of combat power they have achieved right now!"

Chapter 1936

What was a tea party? It was another term Jack had never heard before. However, from its literal meaning, it seemed to be a martial art exchange gathering

It turns out that these two people had demonstrated extraordinary talents during the tea party causing

those present to learn their names and admire them from the bottom of their hearts.

Those two stood out among the crowd like cranes standing among a herd of chickens. The people surrounding them proactively made room for these people but those two seemed to dislike them.

Especially Morton as he kept glancing at Gerald from the corners of his eyes. Gerald seemed to be more muscular compared to Morton and the protruding muscles on his arms seemed to be extremely powerful. Hence Morton had always thought of Gerald as an all brawn and no brain person.

The discussion around them started to enter their ears. Gerald did not care about what these people said yet Morton was filled with contempt as he felt that he was much more talented and stronger than Gerald.

They achieved a tie in their previous fight as he was much younger than Gerald. If the two of them were of the same age, Gerald would definitely not be his opponent in the fight.

Morton grew increasingly furious when he heard that the people surrounding them mentioned that they were at the same level and it was difficult to make out who was stronger. He humphed coldly and spoke loudly, "Nobody can snatch the sengen pill from me! The qualification to get a private accommodation shall also be my 50 contribution points and it shall be mine too!"

Gerald humphed coldly after he heard this. He turned around and looked at Morton as if he was looking at a dummy. "Hey, Morton, aren't you afraid that your tongue would suffer a stroke? Do you really think that those things will be yours after you say so?! Do you think that you are more talented than I am? Let me tell you something. I will definitely be number one in this assessment! I will be the only one who can successfully make the obsidian light up five lights!"

Both of them were quite confident about their abilities. They refused to admit defeat to the other in terms of their expression or the way they spoke. The fight between these two caused the surrounding atmosphere to grow increasingly lively.

It was a fight between two masters. Although they were unable to involve themselves in the fight, they were still happy to watch the story unfold on the sidelines!

The young man standing in front of Jack could not help but start to speak in a sourish manner when he heard the conversation between those two. "Things are looking terrific for those who are strong. The two of them are actually competing for first place! They even want to make the obsidian light up five lights! However, what our ancestors said was right as everybody should not speak as if things are absolute!"

The jealousy behind his words was so obvious that the person standing beside him could not help but smile coldly. He stared at this young man in disdain. "Why can't they speak in such a manner? They have the power to say so and you should stop speaking in jealousy!"

The young man slightly humphed and looked like he still wanted to say something. However, he seemed to realize the jealousy in his words and nothing he said meant anything. After all, they were capable people and he could only speak in a sourish manner even though he was unconvinced.

If he continued speaking, he would only capture the despising looks from the others and nothing else. However, he still felt sad when he thought about those rewards.

"That is the sengen pill! It's a premium fifth-grade pill and consuming one could raise a person's fighting prowess apart from washing away the acquired foul air. This can be sold in the market for 2000 lower-grade spirited crystals! Unfortunately, I'm not capable enough and I can only look on as such a precious item lands in somebody else's hands!"

Jack had been standing at one side in silence. His interest was immediately piqued when he heard that the reward was a fifth-grade pill, the sengen pill. It seemed as if getting the first place not only resulted in receiving the glory of being admired by others, they could also obtain some actual benefits.

At this moment, Jack did not want to continue his silent streak. He walked forward and asked the young man politely, "Nice to meet you brother. I would like to ask if the sengen pill you mentioned just now is a price for the person who obtained the first place? On top of that, I heard Morton mention that apart from the sengen pill, they can also get private accommodation?"

Chapter 1937

That person looked at Jack in surprise after hearing his question. He measured Jack up and down before answering with a rude tone, "You don't know this? You don't even know the reward when you want to be a Dual Sovereign Pavilion disciple. You are really free from desire!"

There was an obvious ironic hint in this sentence and Jack chose to ignore him. Then he started explaining things to Jack. "The person will not be rewarded with the sengen pill even though they obtained first place in the assessment. That is a premium firstgrade spirited pill that everybody wants! It's almost impossible to buy the pill with 2000 lower-grade spirited crystals. There were only two rewards for the person who finishes first, 50 contribution points and individual accommodation."

"Even though this is the famous Dual Sovereign Pavilion in the West Cercei State, there aren't enough accommodations as there are too many disciples. Those who are new to the pavilion can only stay in the same room with several others. However, you are allowed to choose an individual room if you manage to get first place. Living alone can resolve lots of problems. It's even difficult to obtain the sengen pill as you have to make the obsidian light up five lights."

Jack memorized everything the person explained as these were attractive things to Jack. The sengen pill was a fifth-grade pill and was worth more than 2000 lower-grade spirited crystals.

This meant that Jack was unable to buy one of such pills even if he sold everything he had. He was sure that the sengen pill would bring him great benefits after he consumed it. The pill might even help him form the second Soul Sword successfully.

The individual room was also extremely important for Jack as he had many secrets and did not like to be disturbed when he was training. He was unwilling to waste time on unnecessary entanglements with other people. Jack was willing to stay in a room of his own even if the room was an incredibly small one.

As he was thinking, he raised his head and took a deep look at the closed doors. It looked like he had to give everything he had this time. He just did not know what his final results would be like!

As time slowly passed by, the number of people gathered at the assessment area gradually increased and there were already around 3000 of them. Even though the place was a big piece of land, it seemed congested as there were many people gathered in that area. However, Jack did not pay much attention to such things and continued to wait in a corner, silently.

After some time, the eighth feet tall back door opened from the inside following a creaking sound.

The noisy crowd slowly quiets down following the creaking of the door. Jack stood on his toes as he looked in that direction. Three people could be seen standing behind the huge door.

The person standing in front had a head full of white hair although his facial complexion looked young. He had a kind expression on his face. He seemed to be a person of high position and might be an elder.

The other two standing behind him were two middleaged men with stern expressions on their faces. They looked at those participating in the assessment with a sharp look in their eyes. Zeph, whom Warren begged him for help, was one of these two middleaged men.

The other deacon standing together with Zeph was Ambrose Adams. Although both of them were deacons, they did not have a good relationship. They wanted to seize each other's shortcomings to relieve the other party from their respective positions.

The person standing in front of them was an elder but he was an informal elder with a slightly lower position. However, it did not matter how low his position was among the elders as those who were capable of becoming an elder were not weaklings.

Elder Lee glanced at those who were about to attend the assessment with a gentle gaze in his eyes as he secretly nodded. "They seem to be quite capable."

Chapter 1938

Zeph and Ambrose both knew that was as high of a compliment as they would get. This spurred them to take their organizer's duties seriously. It was not the first time Zeph was put in charge of announcing the

rules and keeping everything under control. This time around, however, he had the help of Ambrose.

Zeph requested someone to bring over a chair for Elder Lee. The group stood in a line in the middle of the door and started to list the rules to the crowd below. The rules were exactly the same as before that Jack White heard from the others.

Zeph took his time reading out the rules and although the people already knew the rules by heart, they did not show signs of impatience at his agonizingly slow speed. After all, the man before them was the manager of Dual Sovereign Pavilion. He could easily take them out with a single punch. Even the cocky Morton and Gerald listened quietly which pleased Zeph very much.

After he finished reading out the rules, he paused before continuing in a louder voice, "I'm aware that all of you know the rules by heart but what I'm saying next is a new rule passed down from the Clan association so listen closely. Normally, the first place winner will receive rewards, but the Clan association had decided to reward the second to tenth place winners as well. But of course, the rewards will differ vastly from the first place winner. The second to tenth place winners will each get ten contribution points."

The crowd looked at one another. They wanted to discuss the new development but were afraid it would be deemed inappropriate by the elders and organizers. Although the rewards were vastly different from what a first place winner would get, they understood in their heart that it was better than getting nothing at all.

"We will be recording your test result to calculate your ranking and your accommodation will be based on your ranking," continued Zeph.

"Our accommodation will be based on our ranking? Does that mean those at the top of the ranking will get better accommodation?"

"I wonder what ranking I'll get. Oh well, I'll just do what I can and hope for the best."

The crowd found a problem through their discussion and someone piped up, "Excuse me, Sir, what happens if two people managed to light up the obsidian's three lights at the same time?"

The question got to the crux of the matter. Someone would always need to be last when it came to rankings. So who would get the short end of the stick if the three lights of the obsidians were lit up at the same time by two people?

Zeph squinted his eyes at the person who asked the question. He was a bit peeved at him but as an organizer, he must give a thorough explanation. He increased his voice, "Do you think we haven't thought of that? We are well prepared for something like that to happen. The obsidian's lights will only stay lit for ten seconds. So that'll be the deciding factor for the result."

Chapter 1939

"For example, the stronger of the two might be able to light up the third light for six seconds while the weaker of the two can only do it for four seconds. Do you all understand now?" The crowd grasped the simple explanation at once-the obsidian has the ability to measure energy! After knowing of its ability, Jack White became more curious about the obsidian. He wondered how it was created for it to have the ability to accurately measure energy to such a degree.

Zeph did not immediately announce the start of the test but purposely gave the participants some time to discuss amongst themselves. All the crowd's attention was focused on the two strongest men amongst them.

Naturally, Morton chose this very moment to stroke his ego. He glanced sideways at Gerald and said in a haughty voice, "Seems like they specially created this standard so the crowd can find out exactly how much stronger I am compared to you."

Gerald gave out a loud snort, having a view that Morton was nothing but a clown. He did not even turn to look at Morton when he said, "Do you know how many times you've praised yourself since coming here? Who the heck does that? Why don't you prove how strong you really are with your actions instead of your words?"

Morton's face turned purple with rage. He was grinding his teeth as if he wanted to chomp down on Gerald's flesh. "All I'm saying is, I'm much stronger than you. Don't even for a second believe you're my equal after our previous battle ended in a draw. You'll never surpass me in this lifetime and will forever be underneath me!"

Morton hated when somebody compares his power with Gerald's, saying they were of equal ability. Words could not describe how much he despise that feeling. From beginning to end, he felt that he was a lot stronger than Gerald and that the fight between them came to a draw because Gerald had the advantage of being younger.

Gerald rolled his eyes at Morton. "As I've said, prove it with your actions and stop with your womanly nagging."

The crowd tried to stifle their laughter when they heard this. Due to Morton's status, they dared not laugh loudly but the sound of snickering could be heard coming from the people there. This caused the veins on Morton's forehead to burst. The fan that he was holding as a sign of his refinement started to suffer under his tightening grip.

"Just you wait. I'll not let this matter slide easily. Don't forget the second place winner will only get ten contribution points while I still have the sengen pill and other tricks up my sleeves. Once I take the sengen pill, my power will increase tremendously and you will never be able to beat me then!" said Morton.

Gerald rolled his eyes once again. "You make it sound as if you'll definitely get first place while I second. Well, don't you forget that the first place belongs to me! Besides, you might not even get the second place if a dark horse appears."

The two men stared daggers at each other and wished they could start a battle there and then. However, they clearly knew none of them would be the first to deal out the first strike but it did not stop them from peppering each other with derisive insults.

Finally, Zeph announced the start of the test, "We will begin the test now. Please line up. Everyone will have their turns. You will be disqualified if you jump the queue!"

Their discussion died down. Jack could not help but wonder why Zeph purposely gave them time to talk amongst themselves. What benefits could the Clan association possibly reap from this? Just as he was mulling over this, a young man wearing a green shirt started to walk toward the obsidian. It was only natural for him to take the first spot as he arrived the earliest amongst them.

The others were cowed by him and hesitated to be the first for they knew they could not compete against him. After all, the young man was already in the initial state of innate level. Before the young man found his place in front of the obsidian, Ambrose said to him, "You pass the test when the three lights are all lit up. Please stand behind me when you've passed the test."

The young man nodded and took a deep breath to stabilize his emotions. Then, he put his hands together-palm to palm-and a green light started to swirl around his hand as a vine with a neon green glow appeared from his hand.

The vine looked surreal and was imbued with a mysterious energy. The young man shot out his right hand with a cry and the vine rushed toward the obsidian like a poisonous snake. The green vine struck the obsidian violently with an extraordinary force and yet the obsidian did not move an inch. The young man had used all his energy for the attack causing his body to destabilize as droplets of hot sweat trickled down from his forehead. He was gasping for breath and looked exhausted.

The crowd heard some sort of crackling sound as the obsidian started to light up which made the crowd's eyes widen in awe. "One light! Two lights!" The lights paused for nine seconds before turning off. The first light dimmed one second before the third light would light up meaning that the young man's result was two lights at nine seconds. One second more and he would have qualified for the test,

The young man went into a state of shock at the result. His face became as green as the shirt he was wearing. "Impossible! How could I not pass? I should have at least been placed in the first few rankings!" No wonder he volunteered to be the first go. He was supremely confident he would have gotten into the top ten ranking out of the three thousand fighters.

Ambrose ignored the young man's outburst and said, "Two lights at nine seconds. You've failed the test and can leave now." Some of the people pitied the young man. One second more and he would have passed. However, most of the people were rubbing their hands with glee at the young man's result, for they were peeved by his display of cockiness at the start of the test. "Serves you right for being so cocky! You must be delusional to think you can easily pass the Clan association's test!" heckled someone.

Chapter 1941

"He must have come from a backwater town. He wouldn't have been so confident if he was from the city. How ignorant can one be?"

The young man's expression became more twisted after continuous insults floated into his ear. His body began to shake with rage and both of his eyes turned red as he stared daggers at the crowd. However, his effort was futile because no one paid any mind to his anger. He then took a deep breath and felt as if he had been slapped hard by everyone there. The worst thing was he could do nothing about it.

Jack sighed gently at everyone's realistic mentality. Those who are strong will forever be exalted while the weak can do nothing but lick the strong's boots. Then again, the crowd might be right as the young man obviously had not gone through any hardships before so how could he not be ashamed at his outbursts?

After that, everyone did not want to go second. Although everyone laughed at the young man's result, they were also chastened by it, after all, the young man's cultivation level was at the initial stage of innate level. Many fighters were at the final stage of the acquired level wanting to try their luck.

Ambrose scanned the crowd with a frown on his face. "No one wants to go second? No one at all? I'll treat it as voluntary giving up if no one comes up. I don't even know what you all are waiting for. Will waiting give you a better result? Will waiting help you pass the test?"

Although what he said was a tad mean but it had its intended effect. The crowd realized what he said was right-waiting would not help them pass the test. A few seconds later, Beardie walked up to the obsidian as the crowd followed him with their eyes.

Although he was sporting his beard, they could tell that he was not that old. "Since you young ones would not come up, I have no choice but to go second. I don't even know what you all are scared of," he said once he was standing in front of the obsidian

The crowd started to jeer at him. "You big mustached hooligan! What are you talking about! You're the scaredy-cat here."

Beardie did not even look back at the crowd when he said, "Who are you calling a scaredy-cat? Why don't you come up here now? You cowardly mouse! Do you think you can get a good result with such weak determination?"

The crowd was silenced by his retort. Beardie ignored them and focused his gaze on the obsidian as if it was a gift from the gods. His eyes were bright and shiny when he said, "Behold and witness my strength for I will definitely pass the test!"

He was yet another fighter who was confident of his own strength. Only time would tell whether he had the right to be this confident. He gave out a loud shout and clenched his fists. A golden light started to flow above them. There were two big golden snakes faintly rotating above them, enveloping the Beardie's fists with thick energy.

Beardie squinted his eyes, gritted his teeth, and roared. Under the gaze of everyone's attention, he punched the obsidian in front of him. The obsidian made the pinging sound again as the lamp above the obsidian lit up.

Chapter 1942

The third light lit up for a second but no matter what that was enough for him to pass the test. Ambrose's voice rang across the crowd once more, "Third light one second. Please stand behind me so I can put down your registration later."

"Thank you organizer!" said Beardie, grinning from ear to ear as he went to stand behind Ambrose. The crowd was looking at him with envy and all the doubts they had about him disappeared completely. However, the cocky expression on the big man's face made them wish they could slap the smirk out of

his face with their own hands.

Power was everything in this world and the big man had used his strength to prove that he could pass the test. That alone made him stronger than most of the people present. However, a young man who was standing in front of Jack was still unconvinced of the big man's power. "Why are you acting so proud? The third light lit up for only one second. You've barely passed the test! You're acting as if you lit up the fourth light!"

Beardie turned his gaze toward the young man. The young man did not bother to hide his cultivation and Beardie could easily sense that he was at the final stage of the acquired level. He stroked his beard and laughed. "And here I thought it was some strong man making a fuss down there. But it was merely a fighter of the final stage of the acquired level. What rights do you have to doubt me, a fighter at the initial stage of innate level and the person who had passed the test."

"I'm at this level because I'm still young. I'm sure by the time I'm at your level, I'll definitely be stronger than you," said the young man roughly.

Beardie laughed again and his eyes filled with derision. "You can say whatever you want, but then again, I can also say I'll become invincible once I progress to another level!"

The young man turned purple with rage and green veins were popping out from his forehead. He gritted his teeth and started to walk toward Beardie but was stopped by those around him. The organizers turned a blind eye to all that was happening before them. They chalked it down to the young man's immaturity.

The organizers' behavior was different from what Jack expected. He had always thought the organizers would not allow anyone to cause trouble during the test. It was already weird enough the three organizers did not stop the fight but it seemed as if they were wishing for this kind of incident to happen. Jack started to wonder if they were harboring any ulterior motives.

The fight only started to die down when the third person took the stage. The test went smoothly from there on and nothing of interest happened. Out of five hundred participants, only one managed to light up the fourth light. Jack was not in a rush to take the test and he had been patiently doing maths in his

head.

Out of five hundred participants, about forty to fifty people passed the test meaning to say out of the total three thousand participants, there would only be around three hundred of them left in the end. Although the percentage of ten percent seemed low, in the end, there really were only three hundred of them who would be recruited into the Dual Sovereign Pavilion.

Chapter 1943

It was no wonder the Dual Sovereign Pavilion was facing a shortage of rooms. This test would bring in three hundred or more new disciples and coupled that with the existing disciples, there would be a total of a thousand disciples.

However, Jack knew that these three hundred new disciples might be sent to battle and who knew by then how many of them would come back alive. The higher-ups in the Dual Sovereign Pavilion were not stupid. They of course had their own plans.

Initially, Morton planned to be the second to last assessee but he could not wait anymore as time ticked by. Many of the people present were overly ambitious and thought they would be able to perform well in the test and forever have their heroic act imprinted in others' minds. However, the truth could not be further than that.

Even those that managed to pass the test never lit up beyond the three lights. Those who managed to light up the fourth light were in the minority. Even so, the latter group was regarded as a genius amongst all geniuses, and the crowd could not help but sigh with admiration.

"I thought I would pass the test for sure but I've only managed to light up two lights with the second one being lit up for only five seconds. I'm even worse than the first young man. I've highly underestimated the Dual Sovereign Pavilion's test"

The man standing next to him was shaking his head because he did not pass the test as well. "I wonder if there's anyone amongst us who could light up the fifth light. It must be very difficult to do that. If not they would not have given out the sengen pill as a reward for doing that. I fear amongst the three

thousand people present here, no one would be able to do it.”

“No one? Are you sure? What about Morton and Gerald?”

The discussion became even more lively as everyone started to guess whether Morton or Gerald could light up five lights. At the beginning of the test when they still had no idea how the obsidian worked, they were confident both Morton and Gerald could easily light up five lights and be rewarded a sengen pill each, but now they were not so sure.

After all, they had first-hand experience of the test. “The two of them must be under a lot of pressure. Out of three thousand of us, only four or five managed to light up the fourth light for two seconds. That’s still a long way from lighting up five lights,” said someone in a low voice.

The crowd immediately nodded in agreement. “It’s not that I don’t think they’re strong. It’s just that the obsidian requires so much power! I still think they will get a better result than all of us here but it’s impossible for them to light up five lights.”

“I think so too! It’s too difficult. I bet they never plan to give out the sengen pill and only want to whet our appetite with it.”

Although the discussion was conducted in nearly a whisper, Morton and Gerald could still hear what they were saying with their extremely good hearing. Morton had always hated it when other people doubted him. He had set the goal of lighting up five lights. Even after all this while, he still believed he could do it.

Chapter 1944

Morton’s clan was naturally inferior in comparison to the Dual Sovereign Pavilion. Nonetheless, his clan was one of the few great clans in his city and he had been brought up with the belief that he was chosen one, carrying the burden of making his clan proud.

Then there was the fact that he had never faced failure before so it was no wonder he was extremely

confident in himself. He felt he was unique and was not nurtured by the Dual Sovereign Pavilion only because of his age. However, he believed that once there, he would surely advance quickly in a short time. He would climb the metaphorical ladder and use the position of the internal disciple as a stepping stone. In good time, he would be promoted to an elder disciple, and then there's no stopping him to become a chosen disciple.

He might even hold important positions within the pavilion. His clan would surely be proud of him then. That was why he was unwilling to be deemed equal to Gerald—partly because of his confidence and partly because of his inferiority complex.

This little test was akin to an entrance exam so how dared they think he would not be able to light up the five lights. He had never been so humiliated before. Morton gave out a loud snort and turned his gaze to scan the crowd. "You all listen closely now. Don't you dare use your level to judge me! I've already said that the sengen pill was specially prepared for me so don't blame me for hurting you if you all continue to talk like that."

Immediately, the crowd went dead silent. However, he could not stop them from what they were thinking. There was no denying Morton was very powerful and most of the people present there would not be able to win in a fight against him but this did not mean that he would be able to light up five lights.

Everyone had seen for themselves just how difficult it was to light up five lights. It was truly beyond anyone's level. Initially, Gerald did not want to bother Morton with his illusory grandeur and annoying talk. Gerald was the complete opposite of him, he liked to get straight to the point so there was no fun in talking to Morton.

However, Morton had gone overboard this time to the extent that even Gerald could not keep his mouth shut. He turned to face Morton and said with a mocking smile, "Why don't you give it a rest? You're making it sound as if the sengen pill is already in your possession. Am I invisible to you?"

Morton laughed coldly and raised an eyebrow as he looked at Gerald. "Of course not but I would say you're close. In my eyes, you're only a tad bigger than a grasshopper."

Gerald was itching to give Morton an *ss-whooping. "I would have whooped your *ss if it wasn't for the rules imposed on us. Don't you feel any shame at all? Why don't you show us what you're really made of? Who knows you might be able to change my mind," said he in a louder voice.

Their bickering had turned white-hot and they might even really end up in a fight if the situation continued on the way it was. Ambrose had no choice but to step in though he must admit he was enjoying the show. "No fighting during the test. If the two of you want to give it a go, you should go to the pavilion's battle arena after passing the test."

It was only natural they would listen to Ambrose as the consequences of not doing so were not something they could afford. Both of them gave out a scoff at the same time and turned to look away.

It seemed like Morton had really gotten under Gerald's skin and the latter thought he should get this over with. "Who's next? I'll go if no one wants to go next!"

It was better to prove to Morton that he was indeed much stronger than him than to stand there and listen to him yap away. He planned to shut Morton up for good-that good for nothing brat.