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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 Loader, 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.

Chapter 1945

He strode forward in big steps and his sturdy appearance made him seem full of energy as if a single punch from him would be enough to kill two fighters at the final stage of the acquired level. The crowd parted to make way for him and watched him take the stage.

Once there, Gerald took him time to size up the obsidian, as if he wanted to burn the image in his memory. He touched the obsidian lightly and said casually, "I'll show you all the real meaning of genius and power." The previously silent crowd roared at this. Even Jack found the corners of his lips started to creep up into a smirk.

At first, Jack felt that Gerald was much better than Morton. At least Gerald did not boast about himself. Unlike Morton who always talked about how strong he was, making him seem frivolous. Even if Morton

was actually that powerful, it was still a disdainful thing to do. Now, what Gerald did was like the pot calling the kettle black.

The fact that Gerald did not boast about himself did not mean he was not confident about himself. He was also boastful, even more, boastful than Morton. He wanted to show what a true genius was- nothing could be more boastful than that.

However, no one present refuted him. After all, Gerald's strength was indeed extraordinary. Jack raised an eyebrow and stared at Gerald with wide open eyes as he took a deep breath and made a seal with his hands. Everyone heard a low hum as if a beast was inhabiting Gerald's body, and a mustard yellow rune started circling between his fingers as a layer of apparition appeared behind him.

This layer of apparition did not look solid at all and judging from its shape, it seemed to be a big tortoise. However, it was no ordinary tortoise, for it was looking at everyone as if they were beneath him. Not to mention there were scales and dragon horns on his head.

Jack stared at the apparition curiously and tried to guess what exactly it was. Before he could make heads out of tails, someone beside him said, "This must be the Thorton family's elementary red level martial art technique, the Dragon Tortoise Fist that was passed down from their ancestors."

"Yes, that must be it. The Thorton family is famous for their elementary red level martial art technique. Even the Dual Sovereign Pavilion finds this Dragon Tortoise fist valuable. I wonder how Thorton's ancestors managed to get their hands on it. The fact that he could summon the apparition alone is enough to qualify him to join the Dual Sovereign Pavilion."

'So that is an apparition of a Dragon Tortoise,' thought Jack. The only thing he knew about Dragon Tortoise was that it came from one of the dragon's bloodlines though its pureness was debatable. Nonetheless, it possessed huge power and was a guardian of the earth element's fighters.

Other than that, Jack knew nothing else about it. Anyone with a bit of status here came from well known families though compared to the Dual Sovereign Pavilion, there was still a big difference. Naturally, having an elementary red level martial art technique put Gerald far ahead of anyone else.

Most of the people there only possessed elementary yellow level martial art technique which was another world away from Gerald's elementary red level martial art technique. The crowd's discussion was cut short by Gerald's roar as he slammed down his fist on the obsidian.

The punch carried mind-numbing power and even caused a windstorm. It did not take much to know that ninety percent of the people there would die from that single punch.

Chapter 1946

Four lights immediately lit up which caused the crowd to gasp. However, it was impossible for Gerald to be satisfied with only four lights. His eye nearly popped out from their sockets as he willed the fifth light to light up. However, he was destined to be disappointed as eight seconds passed and the fourth light turned off.

His result was the best so far. Anyone would be happy to get this kind of result but Gerald found himself unable to smile at all. His face looked as if someone had smeared ash all over it.

"Fourth light eight seconds. Please come and stand behind me," said Ambrose. There was a hint of pity in his voice. Although Gerald's result was really impressive, it was obvious it was not up to his expectations.

"Four lights only? I'm a disappointment," said Gerald angrily. His entire face had become red and both of his hands were shaking. "This is impossible! There's no way my power is only this much." He was preparing to have another turn when Ambrose stopped him. "Everyone only gets one turn. You're no exception. Your result is already quite exceptional and the second time won't be any different. Come and stand behind me now!!

Gerald felt as if he had eaten something disagreeable. A burst of mocking laughter escaped from Morton's mouth and after that, he could not stand straight from all the laughing he was doing. It was obvious to the crowd Morton was enjoying Gerald's humiliation.

“Oh wow, I can’t believe you would be so shameless enough to boast about yourself with this kind of result. You can say bye-bye to the sengen pill now. You can’t even light up the fifth light. If I were you now, I would find some hole to hide myself in,” said Morton with his face red from laughing.

Gerald turned back his head quickly and stared at Morton with gritted teeth as if he was a bloodthirsty beast. He would have shredded Morton to pieces if it was not for the rules. Morton was not afraid of him at all as he nonchalantly fanned himself. Everyone there possessed the ability to control their body temperature so there was no need for a fan at all. However, that was the kind of image Morton liked to project to the world—an image of the son of a wealthy family.

Morton laughed even more as he looked Gerald up and down. “What? Am I wrong? Are you still going to boast about how strong you are? For a moment there, I really thought you were as powerful as you said from the way you were boasting about yourself. It’s laughable you’ve only managed up to the fourth light. I really wonder where you get your confidence from.”

Gerald, of course, would not take this lying down. He felt as if he was being stomped on by Morton. He tried to calm himself down. “Yes, you’re right in the sense that my result is not up to my expectations. However, there’s no denying two seconds more and the fifth light would have lit up. Didn’t you say just now you’ll definitely get the sengen pill and take the first place? You haven’t even done your test yet so what gives you the right to laugh at me?”

Chapter 1947

Morton’s fan snapped to a close. “What gives me the right to laugh at you? It’s because I’m stronger than you, of course. That gives me the right to laugh at you!”

Gerald laughed coldly. “As if. Why don’t you go next? That’ll settle this once and for all.”

Morton scoffed and strode steadily toward the obsidian as if victory was already in his hands. When one looked at him, it brought to mind a peacock strutting around looking for a mate.

The crowd watched them bicker quietly. “I wonder if Morton can really light up five lights,” whispered someone.

“I think so. He’s not a fool. He won’t say all that if he wasn’t confident about himself. His ego is the most important for him.”

Many people nodded in agreement with the second speaker’s analysis. Yes, Morton might be boastful but he would not do anything that would hurt his own reputation. If he said he could do it, then he could do it.

By then, Morton was already standing in front of the obsidian at the exact same place as Gerald previously did. He gave the obsidian a good look before depositing his fan in the storage ring. There was a rule saying no weapons were allowed—the assesses could only attack the obsidian with their energy. Although it might not look like it, Morton’s jade folding fan was actually a weapon belonging to the hidden weapon first class category.

Morton gently exhaled and slowly closed his eyes to stabilize his emotions. Although he was acting all crazy and boastful below the stage, he turned strangely calm when faced with the obsidian. This changed the crowd’s perspective of him- they did not think he was a senseless second-rater anymore.

With a flick of his wrists, a blinding gold light appeared above his right hand. The golden light radiated purely but there was no energy fluctuation to it. Jack stared at the light unblinkingly and wondered what Morton would do next.

The golden light became more and more dazzling. Suddenly, with a cracking sound, it began to dim.

“Look at his hand!” cried someone.

Morton’s hand was completely covered in a layer of golden armor with a flashing rune on it. It halflooked like a weapon.

“What is that? How did he do it? The golden scales on his hand look like some beast’s claw,” said someone.

“Oh, don’t you know? They’re real scales of some beast but I’m not sure which one. Haven’t you heard of the Ford family’s most powerful skill that is passed down through generations from one ancestor to another? Both the Ford family and Thorton family came from a long line of ancient ancestors with deep backgrounds. Morton’s skill is definitely the famous Golden Armor Hand.” Another elementary red level martial art technique.

Chapter 1948

Jack quietly listened to the crowd’s discussion.

At that moment, Morton was ready to give out the punch but then he went and did something stupid. He turned around and looked at Gerald with eyes full of provocation which caused Gerald to roll his eyes at him. Then, in a cold tone, he said, “Feast your eyes on my supreme power!”

Upon saying that, he then slammed his fist covered in golden scales violently against the obsidian. The force was so strong that everyone could hear the rattling sounds coming from his bones. The obsidian pinged and the light immediately lit up. The strength of Morton’s attack was similar to Gerald with his being more fanciful.

Everyone was staring at the lights with eyes wide open. They had been witness to their constant bickering and could not wait to see Morton’s result. If Morton was really more powerful than Gerald, then Gerald might have to eat his own words.

Morton was in no rush to see his result. However, the crowd could clearly see only four lights were lit up. He had used all the energy in his body and though the fifth light showed signs of lightning up, in the end, it remained dimmed.

Jack counted the seconds. The fourth light stayed lit for nine seconds-one second more and the fifth light would have lit up. What a pity. The sound of the crowd talking floated into his ear and he quickly raised his head to look at his result.

His eyes were full of disbelief. Never in his life would he expect that the fifth light would stay unlit. The shock became unbearable to him and he was trembling all over. "Impossible! Impossible, I say! There must be something wrong with this obsidian." He refused to believe it but there was no changing the fact.

Ambrose's expression changed when he heard Morton's accusation. He raised his eyebrow and said coldly, "There is nothing wrong with the obsidian. The fact that the fifth light didn't light up just means you don't possess enough power to do so. It's illogical to simply blame the obsidian for your limited power."

Morton's face flashed green and purple. All the words he said before surged back in his mind and reality slapped him in the face. He had bested Gerald's result by one second. It was true. However, that did not change the fact the fifth light did not light up. The sengen pill was out of both their reach.

"Haha, I bet you regret what you said now," said Gerald with a cold smile on his face. "You're full of hot air! I thought you would at least light up the fifth light for two or three seconds but it seems like you boast better than you fight!"

Chapter 1949

Morton's face turned beet red and he was breathing heavily. He pointed toward Gerald and said, "Even though I didn't light up the fifth light, I'm still stronger than you. My fourth light stayed one second longer than yours!"

Gerald did not take what he said to heart. "A mere second longer. Don't make it sound like you can take me out in one punch. Even if you're a little stronger than me, you're still no match when it comes to a real battle. You will not last if we really go head to head."

Gerald had the utmost confidence in his battle experience. Since young, he had followed his elders for training and had sparred with many others. He had won some and he had lost some. All these experiences had made him who he was today.

Morton's childhood was completely different from Gerald's. Although he had some sparring experience,

it paled in comparison to Gerald's. He knew that fact himself. "Don't try to twist the fact that I'm still stronger than you. I've earned the right to stomp you to the ground!"

Gerald glanced at him. "Since we both passed the assessment, why don't we find out who's really stronger in the battle arena?"

Ambrose frowned. He was not willing to listen to their bickering anymore. He put up his hand to stop them. "I don't care what happens to the two of you but don't waste other people's time now. Those who haven't taken the test, please come up!"

The test had been going on for quite a few hours by now. There were only ten or so people left including Jack, who still had not taken the test. He was not being coy or anything. He simply wanted to see what skills the fighters of the Hestia Continent had to offer.

Jack looked to his left then to his right and discovered everyone around him had already taken the test. He did not dally anymore and walked straight up to the obsidian. To the crowd's eyes, he was neither outstanding nor conspicuous. No one knew who he was since he had just arrived in Hestia and it was only natural no one paid any attention to him after the thousands that went before him.

However, he heard a crisp voice calling his name once he took to the stage.

"You must be Jack White." It was a statement, not a question. Jack raised his head and saw Zeph staring at him with a stern expression. An eyebrow shot up and he neither refuted nor confirmed Zeph's words. Zeph took a step toward him and sized him up as if trying to peer into his very soul.

"You're not allowed to take the test nor join the Dual Sovereign Pavilion," said Zeph.

His words shocked the crowd. Until now, no one had ever been barred from taking the test. Even Elder Lee and Ambrose were looking at Zeph with odd expressions on their faces.

Jack narrowed his eyes. Things quickly became clear in his mind. “Why can’t I take the test? Have I broken any rules? No. According to the rules, my age is within the range and I’m in the initial stage of innate level so I fit all the requirements. Or are you implying that your ruling is more important than the rules?”

Zeph was puzzled at Jack’s calm demeanor. He seriously thought that Jack would have panicked at the turn of the events.

Chapter 1950

Jack’s calmness made Zeph change his perspective on him for the better. Nonetheless, he had already accepted the money on the promise of taking Jack out. Therefore, there was no way in hell he would let Jack participate in the test nor let him leave this place alive.

Zeph laughed coldly and turned to face the crowd. “Of course not! The reason I’m not allowing you to participate in the test is that you’re a spy sent by the Muddled Origin Clan.”

A collective gasp escaped from the crowd’s lips as they turned to look at Jack with suspicions in their eyes. The fact that the accuser was Zeph made the accusation extremely believable. After all, why would someone of his status in the Dual Sovereign Pavilion lie about such a thing? What benefit could he possibly gain from doing so?

Ambrose had no idea whether what Zeph said was true but he had always been the kind to play devil’s advocate to whatever position he held. He sneaked a glance at Jack and was similarly impressed by his calmness. ‘If he’s really a spy, he’s definitely not your average run-of-the-mill spy,’ he thought with a faint smile.

He was originally standing next to Elder Lee but moved to be closer to Jack. Then he turned to Zeph and said, “You say he’s a spy from the Muddled Origin Clan? I wonder where you get your intel from. Surely the Muddled Origin Clan would have done everything in their power to keep the identities of their spy a secret.”

Although Zeph was not surprised that Ambrose would choose to go against him, his face still darkened

nonetheless. "I wouldn't have accused him without showing any proof. As a person who pledged their loyalty to the Dual Sovereign Pavilion, I would not allow any harm to come to it. Therefore, we must not allow him to participate in the test," he said while still facing the crowd. Ambrose smiled nonchalantly at what he said while still keeping his eyes focused on Jack whose expression never changed.

Jack stared icily at Zeph. Before coming, it had crossed his mind that Warren might send someone to come after him but he never expected that person to be someone from the Dual Sovereign Pavilion." And what is this proof you speak of? You said that someone reported me to you. How do we know for sure that person is a reliable source? Besides, why would the Muddled Origin Clan send an initial stage of innate level spy? What is their motive? It's not as if I can influence the outcome of the battle or uncover the pavilion's confidential information."

Accusing Jack of being a spy was the perfect solution to Zeph's problem. This way he not only prevented him from ever joining the Dual Sovereign Pavilion but also turned the crowd against him. No one would have come to his rescue as they would be punished too if they were found to be associated with a spy.

Once someone has been accused of being a spy, the onus falls on them to prove their innocence. Jack clearly understood that it would be difficult for him to prove his innocence and this was exactly what Zeph was banking on. Unless he possessed some extraordinary abilities, there was no way in hell Jack would be able to disassociate the word spy from his name.

However, his calmness made everyone think twice. After some careful consideration, they discovered Jack's word to be logical as to why would the Muddled Origin Clan send an initial stage of innate level to spy on the Dual Sovereign Pavilion? It would take a long while for a fighter this level to rise up to the ranks of an internal disciple even if he successfully join the Dual Sovereign Pavilion and only those of the ranks of internal discipline would have access to slightly more useful information or be of help to the higher-ups.

Chapter 1951

After all, they had a great number of informal disciples to act as cannons in the war between Clan associations. Something flashed in Zeph's eyes as he raised an eyebrow. He did not expect Jack to come up with a plausible explanation so quickly. However, no matter how quick-witted he was, he would still not be able to stop Zeph. He chuckled softly and turned to face the crowd.

“I’ve received a report from one of my runner disciples. He saw you having a meal with a disciple from the Muddled Origin Clan. Besides that, Warren can also testify that he had seen you in the Muddled Origin Clan before. Your argument is useless when there are testimonies from two witness.” Zeph’s words sounded logical and those who did not know better began to believe him.

The crowd looked at Jack with derision in their eyes. “You despicable spy! Two-faced people are the worst! The secret place filled with resources was discovered by Dual Sovereign Pavilion and stolen by the Muddled Origin Clan! You should be ashamed of yourself!” shouted someone.

“Yes! The Muddled Origin Clan is truly despicable and shameless!”

“What do you expect from them? Take this guy, for example, he looks decent but hides an evil heart in him. Don’t even think you can get out of here safely, you Muddled Origin Clan dog! We might not be disciples of the Dual Sovereign Pavilion but we grew up under their protection. We’ll make sure you won’t get away so easily!”

The clamor coming from the crowd was endless and people were shouting indignantly. They were itching to rush up to the stage to punish Jack. However, Jack remained calm in the face of all this. He remained quietly standing in front of the obsidian as if all the ruckus had nothing to do with him. Zeph narrowed his eyes at him and his evaluation of Jack went up a level more. He knew he would not be able to stay as calm as Jack if their roles were reversed.

“You kept on saying that your disciple saw me having a meal with people from the Muddled Origin Clan or that Warren saw me hanging out with them and yet you’ve never mentioned where they had seen me or other specific details. Why don’t you ask him to come up here to tell us the whole story? After all, I have done nothing wrong and is innocent,” said Jack calmly with a hint of coldness in his tone.

Zeph laughed coldly. Zeph was impressed by Jack’s calmness but thought that he was naïve enough to think he could escape this accusation that Zeph planted on him. His goal had been achieved— Jack would not be allowed to take the test. He would arrange for somebody to take him out when all of this was over.

“Ask the disciple to confront you? What wishful thinking. Why would I accuse you of something that you

didn't do when my duty is to ensure the safety of the Dual Sovereign Pavilion? It's only fair for me to forbid you from taking the test when there's something fishy about you. You're not really as important as you think you are. I suggest you leave this place immediately and give up your useless argument" said Zeph.

Chapter 1952

Ambrose raised his eyebrow, he felt pity for Jack for what Zeph said was true. With or without Jack, the Dual Sovereign Pavilion would still go on as ever. There was also the matter of Zeph having most of the decision making power in the Dual Sovereign Pavilion.

Jack was only a candidate for the assessment and he did not have the power to veto Zeph's decisions. Ambrose wanted to put in a few good words for Jack but he did not want to take the risk as what Zeph said about Jack being a spy could turn out to be true after all and he would be branded as a traitor for helping Jack. Thus, he kept quiet and quietly observe the unfolding of the events.

Jack's expression became chillier by the moment. It had finally dawned on him that this matter would not be easily solved. Zeph walked toward him with a n eyebrow raised and whispered into Jack's ear," Give it up, you little brat. As a Dual Sovereign Pavilion officer, if I say you can't take the test then you can't take the test. This is what you get for messing with the wrong people."

Even if Zeph did not tell him that, Jack had already guessed what was going on. He laughed coldly and looked sideways at Zeph, who was looking at him as if he was nothing but an ant underneath his booths. No matter how strong Jack was, there was no way he would let him take the test.

Jack laughed coldly and put some distance between the two of them. He turned his head to look at the angry mob, then he looked at Ambrose who had been standing quietly all this while, and finally at the silent Elder Lee. He made sure everyone's gaze was on him and spoke, "I knew you would cause trouble for me today. Don't think I don't know what you're doing. I knew all about the deal you've made with Warren. You must have known I would get my hands on the sengen pill so you wanted to stop me. After all, you've been lusting over the sengen pill for the longest time."

His words shook everyone and they could not process the new information. What did Jack mean? What was the deal Zeph made with Warren? Was it true that Zeph was specifically targeting Jack? Zeph was

staring at Jack thinking he must be the most foolish person in the world. He knew Jack would not give up that easily but he did not expect him to take it this far- when did he ever think that Jack had a chance to get his hands on the sengen pill?

He did not even know Jack that well. He knew as much as what Warren had told him albeit very ineloquently. He had never ever stopped and thought about Jack's cultivation level at all. All he needed to know was he was definitely much stronger than Jack. After all he was an officer of the Dual Sovereign Pavilion and him, merely just a boy.

"One shouldn't lie even if one is trying to get out of a situation. Where did you even get the confidence to say that you'll definitely get your hands on the sengen pill?" asked Zeph with a cold laugh.

Chapter 1953

"What a joke. Who do you think you are? You're a measly fighter at the initial stage of the innate level. Do you really think you can surpass the two geniuses before you and light up the obsidian's fifth light?"

Ambrose and Elder Lee exchanged glances with each other. They were thinking the same thing—that things were about to get even more unpredictable, Beneath the stage, the crowds had picked up their discussion again. The majority of them had the sentiment that Jack was missing some brain cells. How dare he so cockily declare that he was going to win first place?

"You must be delusional to think you can light up five lights and get the sengen pill. Do you really think you're a genius? If you are, how come I've never heard of you before?"

"Yeah! You should come up with something a little more believable than this! You don't strike me as someone who can light up five lights. You should count yourself lucky if you can even light up the third light for five seconds."

"I know it doesn't take much to lie but this is just too much. He's the biggest idiot I've met in my life, Even Morton and Gerald could not light up the fifth light. I will run around the square naked if you get your hands on the sengen pill."

Morton was laughing too. He was enjoying the whole drama. "You're either naïve or blind! I've used up all my power and only managed to light up the fourth light for nine seconds. Do you really think you're stronger than me?"

"He's a total second-rate piece of sh*t." Even Gerald, who usually kept to himself in situations like this, had joined in the fun.

Jack ignored all the noises from the peanut gallery. His gaze remained on Zeph. "I know my own strength. I just want you to know that I know you want the sengen pill for yourself. I overheard Warren mentioning that you will sneak the sengen pill into your pocket at the end of the test. The sengen pill is useless to you of course but it's not really for you, is it? It's for that lover of yours."

His words caused another ruckus in the crowd. "What is this guy talking about? What lover? Sneak it into my pocket? What nonsense is this?" thought Zeph.

Ambrose was rendered speechless by Jack's words as well. What he said might sound far-fetched but it could very well be the truth. After all, truth is sometimes stranger than fiction. He would not put it past Zeph to come up with a plan like this.

Zeph did not know whether to get angry or laugh at the accusation. "Nonsense! Utter nonsense! I have no lover and have no intention to take the sengen pill as my own. Besides, this sengen pill is already registered in the records. It's impossible for me to take it," said Zeph with a smirk.

"Impossible or not, that's really up to you to say, isn't it? All I know is Warren said that you can pull some strings to make the sengen pill yours without any fear of retribution from the Dual Sovereign Pavillion." The way Jack spoke made it seem believable. It was as if he was seeing the situation playing out right in front of him. This planted a seed of doubt against Zeph in the crowd's mind. To them, Zeph was like a celebrity and their favorite entertainment had always been to listen to celebrity gossip. They were secretly wishing for things to get worse but of course, they dared not say it out loud.

However, Jack was altogether of a different pedigree. He did not come from a prestigious family nor possess a high level of cultivation so of course he was ripped for their insults. Zeph clenched his fists tightly. He would have shut Jack up with a punch on the face if it was not for the last shred of reasons controlling him.

He had become a laughing stock and he would do anything to stop Jack from creating more malicious gossip. "Do you think you can turn things around by slandering me? Where's your proof?"

Jack smiled lightly and straightened himself up." Ditto. Where's your proof? You say you received the reports of me being a spy from your disciples. Then summon them here for an interrogation! I would like to know just where I met up with the people of the Muddled Origin Clan too."

Zeph took a deep breath and there seemed to be electricity flashing in his eyes. He had a lightbulb moment- the malicious gossip was just a means to the end. He was impressed by Jack's quick-witted thinking. It was a classic case of 'if you can't beat them, join them.

Zeph scoffed coldly and turned his head away. "Of course I can summon them here but why should I? I have the final say in this matter and I say you're a spy and thus, forbidden to take the test. There's no need to waste any more time on you who is merely just a test-taker. Everything I do is for the good of the Dual Sovereign Pavilion." He was banking on his status to prevent Jack from taking the test and had decided that he would personally end his life after all the dust had settled.

"Just admit that you don't want me to win the sengen pill," said Jack, without even bothering to look at him.

Zeph roared with laughter at his words. He turned around and stared at Jack with hawk eyes. "You kept on saying you can win the sengen pill. Is this your humble way of calling yourself a genius?"

"I've never said that. I just say I can get the sengen pill. Why don't you let me take the test if you don't believe me," he said, not backing down one bit. "If I don't have the ability then it means I was lying, and I fi do, it means that I was telling the truth all along. How about it?"

All along, he aimed to find a way for Zeph to let him take the test. There was no way Zeph would disregard his question now that he had forced him into a corner and judging from the cold beads of sweat rolling down his forehead, the words had achieved their intended effect. He was going to refuse Jack's request but what was the worst that could happen if he let him take the test? The chances are, Jack would fail so horribly and be branded as a spy forever.

"Fine, you can take the test but remember what you said," Zeph said finally. He and the rest of the crowd did not doubt that Jack would not be able to light up the fifth light. After all, three thousand people had already tried and not one of them succeeded. Thus, what could an initial stage of the innate level fighter possibly do?

Chapter 1955

Morton had remained standing next to Zeph all this while. At Jack's words, the corners of his lips began to creep up into a mocking smile. "I can't believe this guy is trying to save himself by digging his own grave. He must not be right in the head if he really believes he can light up five lights and get the sengen pill. What a joke!"

"Yeah, he must have knocked his head when he was a baby. Couldn't he use a more normal way to prove his innocence? Does he think he can be the firstplace winner? Ptooeey! What an idiot!" echoed the crowds.

Even till now, Jack ignored their remarks and remained calm as both Ambrose and Elder Lee stared at him with an odd expression on their faces. Although Elder Lee held the highest position, he was also the one who spoke the least. He chose to quietly observe all that was happening as if he was an outsider in this matter. Jack found his behavior odd but he had more important matters in his hand than to figure out what was going through Elder Lee's mind. He should make a move since he had been given the green light to take the test.

Once again, he found himself standing in front of the obsidian. He took a deep breath, a bit unsure whether he could light up the fifth light. He did not know the extent of his own power. However, he was sure he would have no problem lighting up four lights and that alone would be enough to give him grounds to go another round with Zeph.

Jack's martial art skills were no ordinary skills for they were at least at the ultimate god status, putting him far above those present. Those elementary red level or yellow premium level martial art skills were nothing compared to his ultimate god status skills. It was a shame he only managed to condense one Soul Sword as a newbie. He closed his eyes, stabilized his mind, and performed a hand seal which immediately caused a black light to shoot out from the middle of his palm.

Even if one were to use their divine senses on the blacklight, they would come away with its unremarkableness. It was near impossible to perceive the energy fluctuations of it. Zeph, who was standing by his side and watching all this quietly, stared at this black light and sneered. Although he agreed to let Jack take the test, he could not help but worry about the outcome. It would be the end of the road for him if Jack really lights up the fifth light. However, his worries were washed away after seeing the black light.

In all his experience of being an officer of the Dual Sovereign Pavilion, he had seen all kinds of martial art skills, and Jack's skill would not strike fear in anyone's heart. The more powerful a martial art skill is, the higher the energy fluctuation would be. He had never seen a martial art skill with energy fluctuation as weak as the one before his very eyes.

Jack raised his right hand, squinted his eyes, and pushed the Soul Sword forward with all his strength. Immediately, the Soul Sword hit the obsidian like a feather gently floating in the wind. His way of displaying his martial art techniques was for sure different from others. The way he was hitting the obsidian was like tickling it with a feather as if the obsidian was a fragile thing one needed to be careful of. The crowd felt their suspicions had been confirmed there was really something not quite right with Jack's mind. Even Ambrose was shaking his head with pity at the poor soul.

The crowd then roared with laughter. "What is this? Can you even call that a martial art skill? Is he performing some kind of magic trick? I would be surprised if he even managed to light up one light."

Chapter 1956

The sound of their insults echoed through the air. All of them were looking at Zeph with derision in their eyes. Suddenly, a shout could be heard amongst the din of the crowd. Instantly, they all went silent for they all knew there was only one thing that could elicit a response like this.

“My god, my eyesight must be getting bad. Did the the fifth light just light up? This can’t be right!”

“Beats me! It could be a trick of the eye. There’s no way something as outrageous as this can happen.”

The area began to echo with the sound of shock and most of them had their jaws dropped to the ground. Jack really did it—he really lit up the fifth light by a far margin. They were quietly counting the seconds in their mind. “One second, two seconds... eight seconds. It’s still lit up! Nine seconds!”

Finally, the fifth light extinguished itself at the nine-second mark. The result shocked everyone present. Jack not only lit up the fifth light but it managed to stay lit for nine seconds, making it the highest score amongst them all. The crowd had to pinch themselves to check if they were dreaming. How was it possible for a nobody to achieve something that even Morton and Gerald could not do? Even the informal disciples of the Dual Sovereign Pavilion could not achieve such a result. Where did Jack White come from? How did he get so strong? Was this really happening?

The young man, who was previously standing in front of Jack, was manually pushing his jaws close with his hand. “Someone pinch me quick! I must be dreaming. Is he really that strong?” His sentiment was exactly the same as the rest of the people there.

Zeph’s eyes nearly popped out from their sockets and his mouth was wide open as he stared at the obsidian with disbelief. It was a long while before he recovered himself. He had a rousing suspicion that the obsidian had gone haywire if not, how was it possible for the fifth light to light up? He wished vehemently for his suspicion to be true. After all, this would not bode well for him.

Finally, Elder Lee deigned to rise up from his chair. He walked slowly toward Jack while keeping a steady gaze on him. “Your result is certainly impressive. Even amongst the informal disciples, you will be in the top three hundred rankings.” His evaluation shocked Jack for there were a total of three thousand informal disciples in the Dual Sovereign Pavilion and each of the three thousand was a handpicked elite from all of West Cercie State.

Elder Lee’s evaluation of him was high praise indeed. It would not take him long to advance to the rank of a formal disciple and in a few years’ time, to a rank of felder or chosen disciple. By then, Jack’s status would be so high even he had to fawn over himself from time to time. Jack certainly had an immensely

bright future to look forward to.

Chapter 1957

Ambrose was left speechless by Elder Lee's evaluation of Jack. However, it was not the same for Zeph. He did not for a second believe Jack would forgive him for what he had done to him today. He took a deep breath but his expression remained darkened. It was general knowledge that most of the fighters have some blood on their hands.

Ambrose's speechlessness turned into happiness when he saw the darkened expression on Zeph's face. They were always at odds with each other and Ambrose wished every day that Zeph would one day be gone from his sight. Seeing him like this made him smile with glee.

He walked up to Jack and patted him congratulatory on the shoulder. "Elder Lee doesn't give out praises easily. You're called Jack White, right? You might even surpass me in the future," joked Ambrose. The din of the crowd started again once the words were out of Ambrose's lips. Every one of the test-takers was filled with unquenchable jealousy.

"I heard the Dual Sovereign Pavilion has around three thousand informal disciples. This Jack White I s not even a real informal disciple yet and he already ranked in the top three hundred, meaning to say that he is stronger than the other ninety percent! I bet under the nurture of the Dual Sovereign Pavilion, he would surely become a mainstay of theirs in no time at all."

"It's so frustrating how strong he is! Joining the Dual Sovereign Pavilion as an average informal disciple is already hard enough as it is and yet this guy passed the test with flying colors. They would surely pile on the pills and martial art technique on him once he officially becomes an informal disciple."

Envy and amazement flooded the hearts of everyone in the crowd. Both Morton and Gerald, who had planned to laugh at Jack once he failed the test, were standing stock silent with a twisted expression on their faces. Morton's face, especially, had turned purple with rage. Compounding on the humiliation brought on by Gerald, he felt Jack had humiliated him even more. He was trembling all over and the fan he was holding in his right hand began to shake as well. The shock in his eyes slowly turned into hatred.

He thought that today would be his day of glory. He would be the one to subdue Gerald with his aweinspiring result and at the same time, catch the attention of Elder Lee. Now, all that had been stolen by Jack. He gnashed his teeth and said, "Where did this brat come from? How come I've never ever heard of him before?"

Everyone was actually thinking of the same question as he was. This was the first time anyone had heard of the name Jack White. They thought that he was a nobody. In the end, he might turn out to be the firstever initial stage of innate level fighter who could light up the obsidian's five lights.

Today's disciple recruitment was born out of desperate times as a desperate measure but even in the normal recruitment disciples test, Jack's result would still put him in the top three rankings. Even Gerald's face had turned purple with rage. He was so confident of his own ability but compared to Jack's, It was like heaven and earth—that was to say, incomparable.

"It's just as he said...the sengen pill belongs to him now," said Gerald. At this, Morton realized that no one would be able to surpass Jack now.

Chapter 1958

Not only would Jack receive a sengen pill, but also a single residence, and fifty contribution points. "D*m n him! He's dead meat for stealing what should have been mine!" shouted Morton. He was raging with jealousy and wanted to take him down there and then but alas he did not have the power to do so.

Jack was unaffected by Morton's outburst. He was too relieved at having his own question—of whether he could light up the fifth light—answered to be bothered about others' opinions. He was also happy at the fact that his 'Destroying the Void' skill was much, much stronger than those who have taken the test, even if he managed to condense one Sword Soul only. However, now was not the time for celebrating, he had more important things to take care of.

Jack turned to look at Zeph coldly and a smile began to creep upon his face. "Officer Griffin, I have proven my ability which means I was telling the truth all along. You should admit to your own wrongdoings as well."

Jack's words brought Zeph back to the present. He suddenly remembered that a few moments ago, they were engaged in a battle of the tongue. Jack's words floated back into his mind-"If I don't have the ability then it means I was lying, and if I do, it means that I was telling the truth all along". His result had made it clear that he was telling the truth.

Instantly, Zeph's face darkened for there was no way he was going to plead guilty to Jack's accusations. All those slandering words-going after the sengen pill to give to his lover-were utter bullsh*t. He would lose his position if he admitted to all that. At this, he started to panic.

"Winning first place only proves that you have a strong ability. It doesn't prove that you're not a spy. Your accusation of me was meant to be used as a distraction for your own wrongdoing. I would have never agreed to let you take the test if I knew about your power."

Jack laughed at Zeph's desperate attempt to dig himself out of the hole he had dug for himself. In his eyes, he was as good as trash. "You reluctantly agree to let me take the test because you're not sure of my power. You won't dare to do the same thing to Morton and Gerald because they had the backing of the clan and some influential people. However, I'm a nobody and you wanted to get rid of me once you knew about my power. You knew that I would not be able to fight you if you accused me of being a spy."

Zeph gritted his teeth and glared at Jack. He so badly wanted to tear into Jack's flesh with his teeth. "Your power proves that you're a spy from the Muddled Origin Clan! In order to win the battle, they spared no effort to send a talent like you to the Dual Sovereign Pavilion! You're a spy through and through!"

Chapter 1959

Jack could not hold in his laughter anymore. "If what you said is true, then Muddled Origin Clan must have really thought this through because, to be honest, it's better to keep their best talent back at the headquarter. Why would they single-handedly deliver me to you? I swear I'm innocent. If you don't believe me, you can go check it out. I'll be here waiting for you."

What he was doing was the best way to prove his innocence. No one would be magnanimous if they were really a spy. It would have been difficult for him to turn this around if he had not captured the attention of the higher-ups of the Dual Sovereign Pavilion through his display of power then Zeph would

be able to do anything to him without anyone knowing better.

However, it was different now. He had proven his worth so the Dual Sovereign Pavilion higher-ups would definitely intervene in the matter. Besides, he was sure of his innocence. There was no way any evidence against him would turn up.

Jack turned to face the crowd and said, "I do have an enemy. I've mentioned him before and his name is Warren Alexander. He's the one behind all this. I'm sure you'll find evidence of their collusion once an investigation is underway. The truth must be sought no matter what."

Elder Lee looked at Jack with an unfathomable expression and said, "I will send someone to conduct an investigation right away. If what you say is true, we will be sure to clear your name. As for you, Officer Griffin, you're to stay in the Clan association with no contact with the outside world."

At this, Zeph's face darkened as if he had eaten something disagreeable while Ambrose was smiling like the first flower to blossom in spring. "I agree that an investigation should be conducted but the test must go on too. Those who still haven't taken the test please step up to the stage. If there's no one else, we will wrap up the test now."

One by one, the nervous test-takers went up the stage to take their place in front of the obsidian. As for Jack, it was only natural for him to stand behind Ambrose for no matter what was said, he passed the test and is officially an informal disciple of the Dual Sovereign Pavilion.

After this, they would need to give him the reward and arrange for his accommodation. Jack was standing not far from Morton and Gerald. Their expressions were bitter as they felt themselves to be the laughing stock of everyone. All that bragging and only four lights light up. What was worse was they were upstaged by an unknown nobody. Their anger flared up again when they thought about this.

Morton glowered at Jack. He had transferred all his hatred for Gerald to Jack-who he had deemed as his number one public enemy. "Don't even think for a second everything will be smooth sailing for you now that you've been recruited into the Dual Sovereign Pavilion. Accidents can happen anytime, anywhere."

His tone and eyes filled with hatred left Jack with no room for doubt as to what he meant. However, he had never paid him any mind and he was not going to start now. It was true Morton was a strong fighter but his narrow-mindedness was a huge turn off for anyone. Jack would never give in to him for he knew if he gave an inch, he would take a mile. Besides, why should he give in when he really should kick him to the ground?

Chapter 1960

Jack laughed coldly, not backing down from the provocation. "Who can really predict what's going to happen in the future? I know I can't. However, I can say with certainty that everyone has seen how you failed to light up the fifth light after all your bragging. It sounds like you're jealous of me. But what's the use of being jealous? You have no right to speak to me like that after failing to light up the fifth light. The sengen pill, the contribution points, and the single residence-I've earned all that with my own power."

Morton's face darkened even more as if someone had forced him to eat sh*t. No one had spoken to him like that before. Ever. Each of Jack's words was like a knife stabbing through his heart. He was trembling all over and the corners of his lips began to twitch uncontrollably. He glared even more fiercely at Jack.

However, Jack remained unbothered no matter how much Morton glared at him. Throughout his experience, he had met countless insignificant people like Morton. He would not take what they said to heart no matter how much they tried to provoke a reaction out of him.

On the contrary, Gerald was silent throughout Jack's and Morton's whole exchange. From time to time, he would throw an unfriendly look in Jack's direction but other than that Jack had no idea what he was thinking. He was better at keeping his emotions under control than Morton. He was not going to be like that foolish Morton-an open book.

After the test, Ambrose led the newly recruited informal disciples to their accommodation and to get their jade identification cards. The jade identification cards were used to identify themselves and for the collection of the contribution points. They would only need to show their jade identification cards if they wanted to exchange something from their contribution points. It was handy and practical, a must for any Clan association.

As an informal disciple, Jack finally got to experience the majesty of the Dual Sovereign Pavilion. There

were innumerable buildings inside, countless luxurious rooms, and a double corridor packed with Clan associations. There were disciples going to and fro everywhere and each of them was wearing the same uniform and accessories which enhanced their gentlemanly and extraordinary refinement.

After thirty minutes of walking, the newly recruited informal disciples finally arrived at the more remote parts of the area. In front of them were some low, uniform buildings. They needed no introduction to know that the buildings would be their new accommodation from now on. Although the buildings were not as luxurious as the ones they saw on their way, they were at least very clean.

Most of the newly recruited informal disciples came from prestigious families meaning they were used to staying at a much better accommodation than the buildings in front of them. They started to complain internally to themselves at how they had to downgrade their living standards after being an informal disciple.

It did not matter to Ambrose what they were thinking. He laughed coldly and turned around to look at the newly recruited informal disciples. "As the newly recruited informal disciples, you all rank the lowest of the lowest in the Dual Sovereign Pavilion. If you want to live in a big house or even a palace, you have to prove that you deserve it, otherwise you can only live in this kind of place. There are many detached houses and even palaces here, but only the most powerful disciples can stay there."

Chapter 1961

Ambrose paused for effect before continuing on, "Actually, you all are just a little stronger than the runner disciples. If within a period of time, you don't level up or achieve a certain quota for the contribution points, you will immediately be deemed worthless and be relegated to the position of a runner disciple. Do you know what it means to be a runner disciple? Why? They're nothing but servants of the Dual Sovereign Pavilion. By then, even this place will be too fancy for you!"

As soon as Ambrose had finished saying that, apart from the few disciples who were very confident of their own ability, most of the other disciples had already started panicking. They were well aware that they would be competing against each other. Their ego would suffer a heavy blow if they were ever relegated to the position of a runner disciple.

"Only Jack will get a room to himself. The rest of you will be sharing a room. According to the order of

your ranking, the top hundred disciples will stay in a two-person room and the rest will stay in a threeperson room,” continued Ambrose.

Instantly, everyone turned their envious gaze toward Jack. Even though they were all staying in the same type of buildings, they would give an arm and leg for a space that were theirs alone. Squeezing two or three people into a room would make the already tiny space even tighter not mentioning the lack of privacy. It was natural for every one of them to want to keep something of theirs, a secret. Sharing a room with others would take a mental and physical toll on them.

“There are a lot of rules in the Dual Sovereign Pavilion and you can find the rules recorded in your jade identification card. You only need to use your divine senses to read them. That’s all there is for now. We’ll begin the room assignment now,” said Ambrose with a raised eyebrow.

Jack’s room assignment was the easiest. He would be staying in the first building in the first row. When he was walking to his room, he could feel their hot gaze on him. He did not even need to turn around to sense the hatred in their hearts.

Just when he was about to enter his room, Morton could not help but say, “Don’t get carried away, Jack. You’re not the only informal disciple to get his own room. The other informal disciples who have been here longer than us also have their own room. I’m sure the others are vying for your room so you better make sure you don’t lose this privilege.”

There was, of course, a hidden meaning in the message. Morton knew more about the inner workings of the Dual Sovereign Pavilion than Jack. He subconsciously furrowed his brow and realized that taking first place in the test might bring him more trouble than it was worth. However, he decided not to take it to heart. Ambrose had already passed him the sengen pill and the fifty contribution points meaning to say he had safely received all the rewards promised to the first place winner.

Jack had some free time after that. He went into his room and swept his eyes over it. The room was not big, maybe around five hundred square feet or so. However, it was well furnished. There was even a kettle and mugs on top of the table. It was definitely fancier than the inns he was staying in before. He did not have the mood to admire the room. He quickly pulled out the straight-backed chair, sat on it, and took out his jade identification card. Although he was officially an informal disciple of the Dual Sovereign Pavilion, the next challenge would be even more difficult for him so it was imperative for him

to memorize all the rules of the pavilion to prevent any unnecessary troubles.

Chapter 1962

The jade identification card listed out all the rules in the Dual Sovereign Pavilion with a detailed explanation. It even pointed out the important things to remember. Everything Jack needed to know could be found inside. For example, he wanted to know how to advance to the position of a formal disciple from the position of an informal disciple and found out that he only needed to level up to the initial stage of the acquired level. He had always thought that he would need to go through a series of tough tests to become a formal disciple.

“I only need to level up to the initial stage of acquired level to become a formal disciple? Isn’t this a bit too simplistic?” muttered Jack to himself. After all, the initial stage of the acquired level was only two small levels away from the initial stage of innate level. Two small levels within a bigger level, was that what really separated an informal disciple from a formal disciple? Jack could not help but feel that the Dual Sovereign Pavilion must be pulling his leg.

He could not understand the reasoning behind it so he decided to enter Mustard Seed and invited Nash to have a discussion about this. He figured that two heads would be better than one. Since he had just arrived, he wanted to take some time to observe his fellow recruits before deciding who to befriend. Therefore, he only had his family to turn to when he wanted to discuss problems like this.

Nash did not think there was a problem at all after Jack had told him about it. “You can’t judge the workings of the Hestia Continent using the perspectives of the Cathysia World. You’re operating in a completely different world now. Do you remember how we divided up all the levels in Cathysia and only found out that the Hestina Continent had lumped all the smaller levels into one big level when we first reached here? It may seem like the initial stage of the acquired level is only two levels away from the initial stage of the innate level but when seen from the perspective of Cathysia, they are oceans apart.”

Jack understood Nash’s explanation instantly. He chastised himself for his own stupidity and narrow-mindedness. The Hestia Continent had combined all the little levels into the acquired level which meant that the gap in between was much bigger than he thought. He feared that even breaking through the initial stage of intermediate level from the initial stage of innate level would be a difficult feat for him.

Jack nodded his head and said, “No wonder the person working in the café said it would require great cultivation to advance to the initial stage of intermediate level from the initial stage of innate level. I understand now that there’s a huge difference between the two after all.” He initially thought that it would not take him long to move up two levels but it was obvious he had underestimated the division of levels in this world. Going by the new division, it would at least take him a few years to move up now.

Nash sighed with admiration after he was done reading the content in the jade identification card with his divine senses. “I wouldn’t expect any less from the Dual Sovereign Pavilion. Their knowledge of the resources secret palace, martial art techniques, and pills put ours to shame. Not to mention the many, many rules of theirs. However, it’s true what they said-nothing can be accomplished without norms or standards. I have no doubt that was how they managed to nurture all the genius to carry on the torch for them.”

Jack nodded, and too, sighed with admiration at the all-powerful Hestia Continent. Any one of the people from the Hestia Continent could easily become the strongest person in the Cathysia World.

Chapter 1963

It looked like he was right to leave Cathysia World for he would have remained a country bumpkin if he did not come here. Nash glanced at Jack and said, “ Here it says that there are quite a number of informal disciples of the initial stage of intermediate level who have been promoted to the position of formal disciples. Also, you can exchange your position with a formal disciple of the initial stage of acquired level if you defeat him in a fight. The loser will take on the position of an informal disciple and the winner the position of a formal disciple. Ah, that explains all the fights happening in the Dual Sovereign Pavilion.”

Jack had first-hand experience when he had discovered that Officer Briggs, Elder Lee, and the others implicitly gave their acquiescence when it came to the bickerings and almost-fights that occurred during the talent test. When it came to fights, the higher-ups would always give them a wide berth, which proved that they highly encouraged fights to break out between the Clan associations. It was as if the fiercer the fights, the more prosperous the Clan association would be.

“This is akin to the voodoo practice of keeping bugs whereby all the bugs are thrown into a vessel to fight to the death amongst each other with the lone survivor being the king of all bugs,” said Jack after giving it some serious thought.

Nash smiled lightly. He nodded his head and then shook his head. "Your metaphor is only half right. It's true the Dual Sovereign Pavilion encourages fights amongst the Clan associations but the fighters are not allowed to take each other's lives. The fights are meant to motivate them to level up but killing each other is a big no-no for them."

Jack nodded his head. If a Clan association disciple continued to scheme against each other after leaving the Clan association, wishing the other party to die before them, then the days of the imminent collapse of the Clan association would not be too far off too. Each of the Clan associations was well aware of this unspoken rule.

Nash took out the paper, calligraphy brush and ink from the desk's drawer and began to write something. Jack glanced at what he was writing and saw three words-wager battle arena. He was immediately filled with awe.

"The Dual Sovereign Pavilion had taken the pains to set up a battle arena to encourage fights amongst the Clan associations. However, the battle rules are numerous. This is to prevent the disciples from getting out of control. As long as you're a disciple-be that an informal, formal or even an elder disciple-you will need to participate in a fight in the wager battle arena once a month.

"The wager must be decided before the fight and could be anything such as treating the winner to a meal or handing over contribution points with the maximum limit of one hundred. Anything more than that would run the risk of the disciples being addicted to fighting in the wager battle arena.

"During the fights, there are two important things to keep in mind-you cannot cause permanent damage to the other party or take the other party's life. I'm sure you'll discover just how handy the wager battle arena would be. You can decide when and who the opponent is going to be but it must be consensual.

"You won't gain any combat experience if you keep on training by yourself. This will cause you to have many shortcomings. I'm sure the Dual Sovereign People set up the wager battle arena specially to prevent this from happening. It's really ingenious of them."

Jack nodded at his father, agreeing wholeheartedly with his words. In a nutshell, the wager battle arena's main purpose was to foster the competitive spirits amongst the Clan associations' disciples and for them to gain actual combat experience.

Nash then took up the calligraphy brush to write something again-Wooden Spirit Hall and Golden Spirit Hall.

Chapter 1964

He spoke as he wrote, "This world is different from the previous world we were in. They even provide a special place to increase a person's training speed in order for them to complete a martial skill speedily. Those who practiced martial skills that belong in the wood attribute can experience the wooden conception in the Wooden Spirit Hall. Those who practiced martial skills that belong in the gold attribute can feel the golden conception in the Golden Spirit Hall! By the way, the martial skill you are practicing belongs to the soul attribute. I wonder if the pavilion has a place specially set up for the soul attribute?"

Jack curled the corners of his mouth in excitement when he heard this. This was the place he needed the most right now. After all, he was unable to improve after he managed to form the first Soul Sword.

This caused Jack to question his abilities and also wonder if he made a mistake somewhere. However, the Dual Sovereign Pavilion had such a place.

"Isn't there a Soul Hall written on the jade strips? That place is where a person can focus on improving martial skills of the soul attribute. I really want to take a look at the Soul Hall now and see how they train." Jack was about to turn into a curious baby. Although he did not join the top pavilion in West Cercie State, the pavilion was reckoned as an outstanding one. The various equipment inside were naturally of medium to high-end condition.

He wanted to see what was actually in the Soul Hall, How did they improve the speed of a person training the martial skill of the soul attribute?

Nash confidently knew what his son was curious about. He stretched out his hand and petted Jack on his shoulder while saying helplessly, "Don't you forget that entering this place requires a lot of contribution

points. Although you have been rewarded with 50 pavilion's contribution points, I don't think these contribution points are enough for you."

Jack could not help but to start feeling an indefinable sadness when the contribution points were mentioned. The most important thing for the disciples in the pavilion might not be the martial art techniques or martial skills they owned. Instead, it was the pavilion contribution points.

Almost every pavilion has set its own contribution points. In order to exchange relevant items in the pavilions, spirited crystals or stones were not required but only pavilion contribution points.

They had to pay a certain amount of pavilion contribution points when they wished to attend classes by the elders. Every pavilion had elders in charge of teaching classes that answered some of the questions the disciples had when they were practicing the martial art techniques or martial skills.

However, the disciples had to pay a certain amount of pavilion contribution points for every visit. On top of that, they also needed a large amount of pavilion contribution points when they visited the Martial Art Techniques and Martial Skills Hall.

There were also some martial art techniques and martial skills that were unretrievable with the pavilion contribution points. A relevant position was required for those.

On top of that, the disciples could use their pavilion contribution points to exchange for spirited pills and spirited herbs that could be used to increase their fighting prowess. The pavilion contribution points were used in everything. This meant that Jack had to spare a lot of time to earn pavilion contribution points during his training life later.

Nash raised his eyebrows and said, "In actual fact, there isn't much use for you to earn the pavilion contribution points. After all, you don't need a famous teacher to teach you because the experience in the soul fragments is sufficient for you to comprehend them. You don't have a shortage of martial art techniques and martial skills either. On top of that, the martial art techniques and martial skills you own are several times better than those in the Dual Sovereign Pavilion's Martial Art Techniques and Martial Skills Hall. You only need to spend the pavilion contribution points at those places that can increase your speed of training in martial skills. If not, you can use those points in exchange for some spirited pills and

herbs.”

Jack nodded. This was a comfort for Jack as the others had to attend the elder’s classes and ask the elders about their inquiries on the martial skill or martial art techniques they were practicing.

However, there was no need for Jack to do this. After he integrated the memories of the great master, the experience appeared in front of him without any holdbacks.

This was several times better compared to being taught by those elders. However, Jack was still stuck without any improvement under such conditions!

Chapter 1965

Nash picked up the identity jade strips placed on the wooden table. He took a look at the entire thing and could not contain his surprise as he spoke. “Even the collection of spirited herbs can earn you pavilion contribution points. Aren’t these the jobs of workers or servants?”

There were many ways to earn the pavilion contribution points. They could hunt for monster beasts in the ancient forests and obtain the spirited cores from the beasts. They could exchange these spirited cores and other parts of the monster beasts that could be sold for money for contribution points of the same amount.

They could also help the elders of the pavilion to do things average people were unable to do. For example, they could help cultivate liquid medication or tempered weapons with their aura. These were also activities that could be used in exchange for pavilion contribution points.

Even the collection of spirited grass and flowers in the mountain could be used to exchange for contribution points. However, the activity that resulted in the highest amount of pavilion contribution points was to complete the secret missions the pavilion announces.

The identity jade strips did not clearly mention what these secret missions were. However, he could sense how difficult it was to complete these secret missions from the descriptions about them.

Nash said in a slightly worried manner, "You will definitely accept missions in the future. You need to be even more careful then. After all, who knows how many times more dangerous this world is compared to ours."

Jack nodded as he knew clearly in his heart about these things. "I think there will be a chance to earn a large number of assignment points soon."

Nash looked up at Jack in a surprised manner after he heard this. Jack chuckled and continued speaking, "I mean the battle with the Muddled Origin Clan. When the battle starts, there will definitely be a large number of casualties. According to the survival of the fittest attitude this world has, it's estimated that they will use the number of people killed in exchange for the assignment points."

Nash nodded in agreement. He had forgotten about this. Previously, Jack was accused of no reason when Zeph said that Jack was a spy from the Muddled Origin Clan with no supporting facts. By looking at this, they were able to determine that both pavilions had reached the breaking point and the battle would happen at any time.

Nash shook his head and said with a heavy heart when he thought of this, "If both pavilions start a battle, I hope that you don't join the battle. If we put other things aside, you might become one of the cannon fodders in the battle just by considering your fighting prowess."

In the West Cersei State, the people were commonly in the acquired level and only geniuses were capable of achieving the innate level. However, there were so many geniuses in every pavilion.

Jack was only in the initial stage of innate level at the moment. Even if he practiced a strong martial art technique and an extremely powerful martial skill, he might not be able to stay alive in such battles. This was what Nash was worried about.

Jack nodded as he knew how much his father worries about him. "Don't you worry. I will act according to circumstances and I will not let myself get caught in the dangerous swamp."

Nash had always been confident in Jack. He knew that Jack had his own plans when he heard what Jack said. Nash chuckled and continued speaking, "Let's stop talking about this. Why don't you tell me what you plan to do next? Warren will definitely cause you trouble in the future. How do you plan to handle that later on?"

Jack raised his eyebrows and said without much care, "Warren was unable to defeat me previously and he wouldn't be my opponent in the future. He's just a nobody and he wouldn't be an issue to us. On top of that, I will deal with him even if he does not cause me any trouble. This time, if I did not act smart and did things the other way, I won't be able to join the admission assessment or join the Dual Sovereign Pavilion!"

Chapter 1966

Jack was not a person who muddled along. If he let things go when Warren spent so much effort to go against him, what was the difference between him and a useless person?

He had to make Warren pay dearly since Warren dared to take action against him in such an unscrupulous manner. Just as Jack was thinking of how he could get back at Warren, there was an abrupt knock on his door.

Jack quickly asked Nash to enter the Mustard Seed before tidying his clothes and opening the door. Standing outside was, in fact, Ambrose.

As the Dual Sovereign Pavilion's deacon, Ambrose was normally burdened by odd errands. He would not come to Jack if nothing had happened. On top of that, Ambrose had a smile on his face and seemed to be in quite a good mood.

Before Jack was able to ask about it, Ambrose started, "You don't need to invite me in; I'm just here to inform you about some things. Just now, Elder Lee personally investigated the grudge between you and Zeph. Zeph is currently detained in the elder council, awaiting his sentencing."

Jack relaxed when he heard this. Although Ambrose did not tell him the findings of their investigation, he knew that they had a thorough investigation regarding what happened between them and did not wrong him.

Ambrose then continued, "I had never imagined that Zeph would be such a shallow person. He was bought over with just five hundred spirited crystals. This matter had touched the bottom line of the pavilion. It's a big issue for a person to misuse their position to fulfill their personal desire. Elder Lee had personally ordered for him to be relieved of his position today."

In fact, there were one or two similar cases in every pavilion with regards to what Zeph did. If Jack was just a usual participant in the assessment, it was not a big issue for somebody to misuse their position and power. Most of the time, the pavilion would turn a blind eye from this. However, this was not a simple matter. Jack could be considered a genius with his talents. If Zeph managed to pull off what he did, it would mean that the Dual Sovereign Pavilion had lost a genius.

If they considered the matter from this point of view, this was no small matter, and it was enough to get the attention of those with a higher position. Ambrose was naturally happy that Zeph could not cause any more issues.

After all, the two of them did not like one another and had caused trouble for each other. Ambrose wished for Zeph to be hung tomorrow. That was why Ambrose had gotten happier when he looked at Jack, wanting to call him his brother so badly.

On top of that, Jack would definitely get an important position in the Dual Sovereign Pavilion with his talents.

"This issue happened because of a problem that happened with the Dual Sovereign Pavilion's management team. I'm sorry that you have to suffer such grievance. Hence, Elder Lee purposely gave you those five hundred spirited crystals to compensate for the inconvenience." Ambrose took out a box that contained 500 lower-grade spirited crystals after he reached into the space ring.

“I have something else to attend to now. I’m just here to tell you this, apart from sending you the spirited crystals. Well, that is all. I’ll be leaving now.” It seems like Ambrose truly had taken some time off to do this. In fact, he could have ordered his subordinate to do this errand of telling Jack some news and delivering the spirited crystals. However, Ambrose was delighted to share this news with Jack, which was why he personally delivered the crystals.

Jack nodded and thanked Ambrose before he placed the spirited crystals into his Mustard Seed. The Mustard Seed was not only a means of transportation, but it was also a large storage unit. It was several times bigger than usual space rings.

At this moment, many of the informal disciples who joined the pavilion were standing outside. These disciples had just joined the pavilion, and they, of course, did not want to remain in the pavilion all the time. They came out to enjoy some fresh air and conversations about how they should train later.

The Dual Sovereign Pavilion had a free range policy when it came to training their disciples. They were allowed to do anything they wanted as long as they had sufficient contribution points. It did not matter if they visited the Martial Art Techniques and Martial Skills Hall to choose martial art techniques or martial skills. They could also visit the Wooden Spirit Hall or other places!

With this, they overheard Ambrose and Jack’s conversation. Many of these people looked at Jack enviously, but Jack merely ignored them, not wanting to entertain them.

Chapter 1967

Just as Jack turned and was about to close the door, he heard someone calling out, albeit rather meanspiritedly, “You’re Jack?”

Although this was a question, it seemed to be more like a jeer. Jack slowly turned around and saw a man with a short beard and a scary look in his eyes, standing not too far away.

While Jack did not recognize this man, he wore clothes that indicated that he was an informal disciple. This man must be an informal disciple who joined the pavilion via the usual recruitment process. According to seniority, they should call him their senior brother.

Nonetheless, Jack could not address the man as such, seeing as he obviously did not come bearing kind intentions. In fact, Jack would have ignored him based on his temperament. Jack was new here and did not want to seem impolite.

He only nodded as he responded. Wesley Sayer gave Jack a glance-over before he looked at the individual house behind Jack, his eyes gleaming with envy when he did.

“I don’t know how the pavilion decides things. There are only thirty private accommodations, and they actually gave it to cannon fodder like you!”

Not only Jack, but even the disciples who just joined the pavilion surrounding them also realized that something was wrong with Wesley’s words. What did he mean, cannon fodder like him?

Frowning, Jack asked, “What do you mean? We’re both informal disciples. What do you mean by cannon fodder?”

Wesley sneered and a disdainful look appeared in his eyes. He took a glance at all the newly joined disciples and crassly spoke, “I’m saying that you’re cannon fodder. Don’t you know how you were recruited? How is it possible for them to only put an obsidian as the assessment tool during usual recruitment? You guys are recruited to make up the numbers. Are you guys really thinking of yourself as informal disciples of the Dual Sovereign Pavilion? Let me tell you: none of you are qualified to think so.

“When we accepted the assessment back then, we had to go through the assessment alone three times, and we’d be eliminated if we failed any one of those assessments. It isn’t as easy as the assessment you guys had. If the fight between pavilions weren’t happening soon, do you think you’ll be able to join the pavilion?”

Frankly, Wesley was correct. The Dual Sovereign Pavilion recruited disciples once every two years, but due to the possibility of a battle with the Muddled Origin Clan happening anytime soon and they wanted to expand their reserve army, they altered the period from two years to three months.

However, all the new disciples present were especially confident with their strength. What Wesley said was no different from slapping everybody in their faces several times. Many of them were so angry that their faces turned purple as they glared at him angrily.

Wesley sneered disdainfully and looked at the new disciples like they were bedbugs. "Are you guys unconvinced? If you're that unsure, let's go have a fight at the wager battle arena. All this crap talk isn't as simple as a real battle. I'm sure all of you don't really think that your strength is the best among all the informal disciples, do you?"

Wesley truly was too far up in his head. Although he was an informal disciple recruited under normal circumstances, this did not mean that he was superior over everyone else in that place.

Some of them could not help but speak loudly, "We had just become informal disciples, and it's natural for us to be not as strong as you who had trained in the pavilion for a long period. However, there are also geniuses among us! Jack is the strongest among us. Elder Lee once said that his strength places him at the top three hundred among the informal disciples!"

Wesley glanced at Jack and spoke loudly after he heard this, "That's just a general assumption by Elder Lee. However, my strength has been verified, and I'm in the top two-hundred!"

Chapter 1968

Everybody quieted down after they heard what Wesley said. Although there were around 3000 informal disciples, the top 300 were a large number of people. Compared to the 3000 disciples, the top 300 was just one-tenth of the total number of people, but it was still a large number of people.

Sure, Elder Lee ascertained that Jack should be in the top 300 among the informal disciples, but Wesley had a point—that was just Elder Lee's deduction. As for Wesley, he had proven that he was top 200 among the informal disciples through his strength.

It was not surprising for Wesley to be so pompous as he could, in fact, walk the talk. Of course, he was

able to defeat the newly recruited informal disciples with his strength. Many people had been unable to voice out their objections by the fact that he was among the top 200.

However, there were still people who were not afraid of power and yelled at Wesley loudly, "You can't say that. You've been an informal disciple for a period of time. After such a long time of training and grooming, it's normal for you to be stronger than us. If we trained for the same period of time as you, it'll be difficult to say who's strong and who's weak."

Wesley glared at the people disdainfully, listening as they spoke. He looked at the person as if he was looking at a dung shell beetle who had just climbed out of a manure tank.

"You're very boastful. How dare you say something like this. You dare say that you'd be as strong as I am if you trained the same time span as I had? Why don't you take a look and see how many people are able to become one of the top 200 when there are a total of 3000 informal disciples? Your ignorance truly shocked me. On top of that, I didn't train any much longer than you as I've just joined the pavilion six months before you."

In fact, without the battle between pavilions, the pavilion would not have recruited this new batch of informal disciples. Without them, Wesley and his batch of newcomers would be the newly recruited informal disciples.

No wonder Wesley did not like them, that the disdain came from the bottom of his heart. At this moment, a wave of footsteps could be heard as they walked over from some distance away. Several informal disciples who were dressed the same way came rushing over from some distance away with a smile on their face.

Although they seemed to be at ease, they had a sarcastic look in their eyes in the way they glanced at the newly recruited disciples. The place they were at was where the newly recruited disciples stayed.

These senior informal disciples would not have come for no reason. Jack glanced at the trio. The person standing in the middle had the fiercest look on his face as he had a pair of triangular eyes. Judging by his facial expression, he did not look like a nice person.

The person with triangular eyes immediately smiled flatteringly when he saw Wesley. "It seems that you're here, Senior brother Wesley. We were looking for you. Didn't you go to the Martial Art Techniques and Martial Skills Hall to choose a martial skill?"

Jack could not help but sneered when he heard what the person said. He did not believe that this guy with triangular eyes had no idea that Wesley was here. They obviously knew that Wesley was near where they stayed; they purposely came here looking for him or for trouble. All that, yet they pretended as if they knew nothing.

Wesley turned around to glance at the guy with triangular eyes and nodded. This guy was the leader among those three informal disciples who had just arrived, and the remaining two seemed to be his subordinates.

However, from the way this guy spoke to Wesley, they knew that the guy with triangular eyes did not have a higher position than Wesley. Everybody could hear the flattery in his voice when he spoke to Wesley.

The guy with triangular eyes glanced at the newly recruited disciples after he arrived beside Wesley. "I heard how you lot spoke so arrogantly from a distance away. You guys are so shameless that you say you'd be able to surpass senior brother Wesley if you're given enough time. How dare you people say such things?"

Chapter 1969

"Even us who joined the Dual Sovereign Pavilion the usual way dare not claim that we can become one of the top two-hundred informal disciples within six months."

After the man with triangular eyes spoke, the two followers immediately chimed in, "That's right! You're just ignorant people who know only to talk boastfully. You're even being unrealistic in what you're proclaiming. How dare you dubious cannon fodder compare yourselves to senior brother Wesley? Let me tell you: The battle between the pavilions is about to happen, and we're not even sure if we can manage to stay alive. I do wonder who gave you the guts to act in such a boastful manner?"

The guy with triangular eyes sneered coldly and looked at the newly recruited informal disciple with a disgusted look in his eyes. "Young man, let's not even talk about competing with senior brother Wesley. I'll give you six months before you fight my junior brother in the wager battle arena. You might not even be able to withstand five moves from him, even if we give you a chance to have three attack moves before him."

The newly recruited informal disciples flushed in anger when they heard what he said, but none of them dared say anything. Even the informal disciple who gathered the courage to refute also kept quiet and flushed a purple color.

After all, he did not dare to do anything. If he continued, he would have to compete with the informal disciple standing beside the guy with triangular eyes. Gallant as he was, he just was not capable of doing that.

With this, the momentum of the newly recruited informal disciples had completely disappeared. They felt uncomfortable but did not have the courage to have a duel with these people.

Wesley did not pay much attention to these people around him from the start as all his focus was on Jack. Jack, on the other hand, eyed the four of them coldly.

Although these four exuded a stronger momentum compared to usual informal disciples, Jack did not pay much attention to them. Wesley raised his eyebrows in surprise when he saw how calm Jack was.

He initially thought that Jack would be surprised and would look away after he told Jack about his power. Unexpectedly, Jack did not respond.

Wesley sneered coldly as he remarked, "It is true that the ignorant ones aren't afraid of anything. You're getting so arrogant just because Elder Lee slightly praised you. How brave are you for looking directly at me!"

Jack was able to identify the enigmatical words Wesley said but he did not get furious. Instead, he wondered why Wesley came to say such words.

Jack was not somebody that allowed others to insult him, thus he sharply bit back, “You were the one who never stopped running your mouth from the start, while I said nothing. You came looking for trouble as if you have nothing better to do. Just tell me what you want.”

Wesley’s facial expression immediately changed when he heard what Jack said. He originally had an overbearing aura that seemed to be suppressing everybody present. However, Jack’s words were like the needle that popped the balloon. Wesley’s indifferent, suppressing aura immediately disappeared.

He roared loudly, “What did you say? How dare you chide me?!”

The man with triangular eyes also flipped out as if what Jack said was offending him. “Where did this dumb*ss come from? How dare you disrespect Senior brother Wesley? Are you suicidal?!”

Jack did not even look at the two of them. He looked away. “I think that you two are silly. Why did you come here to show off yourselves? We’re newly recruited informal disciples, and we’ve only joined the Dual Sovereign Pavilion for one day. If you people really want to show off, why don’t you go to where the other informal disciples are?”

Chapter 1970

What Jack said immediately caused a ripple effect among the newly recruited informal disciples. Those who were originally quiet immediately acted as if they were full of beans.

“That’s right! Do you guys feel proud for humiliating us without any reason? Although you’re a strong person and are one of the top two hundred among the informal disciples, we’ve just joined the pavilion. Did those senior brothers who’ve joined the pavilion for a long time humiliate you when you were a new member of the pavilion?”

“That’s right! All you people know is bullying us!”

Wesley was furious when he heard these words. He scoffed and haughtily raised his head, saying, "Don't compare me with you people. Do you think you are worth it? You people are just special products of a special period. If a huge battle isn't happening between the Muddled Origin Clan and the Dual Sovereign Pavilion, do you think people like you would be given a chance to join the Dual Sovereign Pavilion?!"

Wesley then spun his head toward Jack, and the hatred in his eyes pierced through Jack like poisonous swords. However, Jack did not seem affected at how Wesley looked at him and remained calm.

Wesley suddenly stretched out his finger and pointed at the room behind Jack. "You're unworthy of owning an independent room. There are only thirty independent rooms for informal disciples in the entire Dual Sovereign Pavilion. What virtues or capabilities do you have to own a room?"

Jack immediately understood what was going on after he heard this. He had been wondering why a person like Wesley would purposely come here to humiliate them without any reason. After all, it was extremely shameful for him if others learned about what happened here.

That was, of course, unless Wesley was an extremely conceited person and needed to fulfill his vanity and satisfaction. Jack had the right guess as Wesley was not here because he did not have anything better to do. Instead, he wanted this individual room that Jack owned.

There were only 30 independent rooms among the informal disciples, and Jack owned one of them. The other 29 rooms were definitely inhabited by other extremely excellent informal disciples.

Just like what Morton said previously, the fact that Jack owned a private room was provocative to other informal disciples. Unexpectedly, somebody had come to instigate a fight in less than a day.

Wesley held his head high and continued to speak, "Fifty lower-grade spirited crystals, and I'll have a duel with you at the wager battle arena this month. We'll wager on this independent room."

A fox would definitely show their true colors sooner or later. He had such a good plan in mind. It was

definitely against the rules if he forced Jack to give up the room. However, if this room was used as a wager in the wager battle arena, it would be perfectly justifiable if he managed to win the room.

He only planned to pay Jack 50 lower-grade spirited crystals for this, and this was more insulting than dismissing a beggar. After all, which of those people standing here did not have 50 lower-grade spirited crystals?

There were finally some changes on Jack's originally calm face. A chilly smile appeared at the corner of his mouth, and chills ran down everyone's spines. Jack also glared at Wesley coldly.

"Do you think that I'm dumb? You want me to go to the wager battle arena with only fifty lower-grade spirited crystals?"

Wesley nodded. "Aren't you a proud person? Don't you feel that you can compete with me based on your identity? No matter how proud you are or what thoughts you have in your mind, why don't you join me on the wager battle area to prove yourself?"

The man with triangular eyes chimed in, "In our opinion, you people are just a group of cannon fodder, and you're just a slightly bigger cannon fodder among these people. Of course, that's what we're thinking. If you want to refute our claims, why don't you prove yourself with actual actions? Joining Senior brother Wesley on the wager battle arena will prove your strength."

Chapter 1971

Such an obvious dare used in such a despicable way. Jack could not help but laugh coldly after he heard this. Such a challenge was useful to others, but just not against Jack.

The other newly recruited informal disciples were spirited after they heard this and looked at Jack excitedly, wanting him to accept the challenge. To these people, Jack was capable of fighting Wesley.

Thinking Jack would not agree to the wager with the way how silent Jack was save for his sneer, Wesley frettingly added, "You're the number one disciple among those who are newly recruited. If you're

terrified now, what do you think others will think about you in the future?”

Jack spoke in a low-voice, “I do not care about how others think about me. Don’t you wish to fight me in the wager battle arena? I’ll grant you your wish, but I’m not doing this because of what you’ve said. I just feel that you deserve to be taught a lesson.”

A smile immediately appeared on Wesley’s face when Jack agreed to it. However, the last sentence Jack said was like pouring a bucket of dogs’ blood on his face, and the delighted expression immediately disappeared.

Wesley stared at Jack with gritted teeth, wanting nothing more than to rebuke him loudly. If the pavilion did not have rules that prevented them from fighting in private, he wanted to fold his sleeves and teach this gallant man a lesson.

This guy dared say that he needed to be taught a lesson. Nobody dared humiliate him in such a way throughout the years!

“Listen carefully, you b*stard. I’ll make you pay dearly.”

Jack raised his eyebrows and looked at Wesley calmly. “You can keep those fifty pieces of lowergrade spirited crystals as gifts for this faithful dog you have beside you. I’m not taking them. Let’s set the wager battle at the end of this month.”

It was the beginning of the month, and Jack kept enough time for himself by setting the wager battle at the end of the month. However, the time period that Jack thought to be sufficient was just a blink of a naye in other people’s opinion.

After all, the time period of a month was still quite short, and it would not increase Jack’s fighting prowess much. What Jack had said not only slapped Wesley, but he also included the man with triangular eyes.

The man with triangular eyes was so furious that he pointed at Jack and trembled, almost lambasting him right then and there. However, Wesley stopped him.

Wesley turned around and spoke with narrowed eyes, "Alright! We'll go according to the timing you set. You'll have to remember it well, though. Don't be so terrified that you don't show up by then."

Jack returned to his room without looking back after he finished speaking. He closed the room door with a slam without replying to Wesley.

In Wesley's opinion, such actions were no different from slapping him on the face. He was so angry that his entire body trembled. The man with triangular eyes started yelling, "Does this guy even know how to follow the rules?! What a b*stard; he doesn't understand the immensity of heaven and earth. Senior brother, you can't let this guy off the hook easily when you guys meet in the wager battle arena!"

The corners of Wesley's mouth curled into a ruthless sneer. "Don't you worry. I'll teach this guy a lesson within the margins allowed by the rules. I'll show him who he can offend, and those that he can't afford to."

He waved his sleeves with a cold scoff before he left. The man with triangular eyes and the others also followed after Wesley like they were his henchmen.

The newly recruited informal disciples who originally came outside for a chat were in no mood to continue staying outside. What Wesley and the others said caused them to be quite upset. Some of them were so angry that their entire body quaked, but there was nothing they could do.

Chapter 1972

As they did not have the strength to defeat Wesley, they could only look forward to Jack avenging them. The news of Jack and Wesley meeting in the wager battle arena traveled as if they had wings on them. All the informal disciples learned of the news within an hour.

Hence, everybody waited for time to pass, anticipating the lively battle. Jack once again asked Nash to

come out after he entered his own room and gave him a brief explanation about what had happened.

“I know that you’ve always been confident about your own strength, but it won’t be easy to go against Wesley,” fretted Nash. “Although Elder Lee praised that you should be one of the top three hundred informal disciples, Wesley is one of the top two hundred. Are you that confident in this duel with him?”

Jack shook his head, “I’m not a hundred percent confident right now.”

Nash naturally got nervous when he heard this, and he instinctively sat up straight. “Then why did you agree to it?”

Jack pulled the teapot on the table over to pour two cups of tea for himself and his father. “I mean that I’m not a hundred percent confident now, but that doesn’t mean that I won’t be confident one month later. On top of that, I’ll have to face more trouble in the future if I don’t agree to it today. Just like what Wesley said, there are only thirty individual rooms like the one I’m staying in among the informal disciples. It’s possible that these people think that I’m not worthy of the room. If I don’t prove myself with my strength, there will be endless trouble in the future. It’s best to just solve the issue once and for all.”

Nash naturally knew about the helplessness Jack was feeling. This world had always followed the survival-of-the-fittest concept, and only those with sufficient power could take more resources. Jack understood this concept, and that was why he forcefully accepted this challenge from Wesley.

Jack drank a mouthful of tea and continued, “Nonetheless, I’ll investigate him before the fight. I need to at least understand why he’s the one who came instead of the others. Does he have any people supporting him, or was he ordered to do so by somebody else?”

Nash nodded and focused his eyes on Jack. “Then, how do you plan to train during the coming month?”

Jack drank his tea and exhaled before he said, “How can I train? I definitely have to enter the Soul Hall. I still have fifty pavilion contribution points with me, although I have no idea how long I can train in the

Soul Hall with fifty contribution points. However, I'm sure it's enough for me to give it a try. I need to at least know how the Soul Hall helps raise the speed of training for soul attribute martial skills."

The Soul Hall was located at the west side of the Dual Sovereign Pavilion and was not very far away from where Jack stayed. After all, he was new here and only knew the general direction of the Soul Hall but had never visited the place. Hence, he simply pulled a runner disciple to lead the way for him.

This runner disciple was Brook Davis. A runner disciple was someone whose strength was not at the level of an informal disciple but still wanted to join the pavilion to train.

These people normally lacked the support from their families, and their lives were not enjoyable even if they did not join the Dual Sovereign Pavilion. It was better if they joined the pavilion as a runner disciple. Although they had a slightly exhausting life, they were given the resources to support their training.

Brook naturally knew about Jack. Although Jack was not well-known among the higher level disciples as they might not know who he was, he was quite famous among the informal and runner disciples.

After all, he was about to challenge a person who was in the top 200 among the informal disciples by the end of the month. Brook dared not look down at Jack as there were some differences between their positions.

After a simple inquiry, Jack learned that Brook had been in the Dual Sovereign Pavilion for four years, and he knew a lot about the things that happened in the pavilion.

Jack took this opportunity to ask about Wesley. Brook had a flattering smile on his face. "Not only is Senior brother Wesley stronger than usual informal disciples, but he has a strong background. Senior brother Wesley will break through into the initial stage of acquired level soon and become a formal disciple. He'll then become Elder Sayer's elder disciple."

Chapter 1973

Jack looked at Brook in surprise when he heard this. He could sense that Brook meant something else

from the way he spoke, and with a small frown, Jack asked, "He'll become an elder disciple after just becoming a formal disciple?"

The steps in becoming a formal disciple had been noted in the jade identification card, but nothing was written in the jade strips about how to become an elder disciple or chosen disciple. Jack knew that the elder disciples were one level higher to usual formal disciples, but they were not much higher.

The most important disciples in the entire pavilion were the chosen disciples as they were the cream of the crop. Only those who were promoted to the chosen disciples level could train the martial art technique and martial skills of the highest level.

However, Jack had no idea how to become a chosen disciple.

Brook smiled politely; he must have realized that Jack did not know much about this stuff. Hence, he explained patiently, "Actually, the so-called elder disciples are when those informal and formal elders choose a disciple among the formal disciples as his chosen disciple, Senior brother Wesley is from the Sayer family, which is very famous in the Dual Sovereign City. The strongest master in the Sayer family happens to be the informal elder of our pavilion.

"Elders from usual pavilions will get members from their family to be their chosen disciples. In fact, the elder disciples might not be any stronger than other formal disciples. The only distinction is just their identity."

Jack finally understood what the elder disciples meant after he heard what Brook said. The action of Elder Sayer taking in Wesley as his chosen disciple was, in fact, just taking the younger generation of his family under his wing. After all, this was the only way Wesley would get better grooming.

This would strengthen their family's power, and it made sense why Wesley did not care if Jack would have a high achievement in the future. After all, he had Elder Sayer as support. He felt that even if Jack was able to go one step higher and take up an important position in the pavilion, Jack would not make things difficult for him because of Elder Sayer.

Jack sneered at the thought of this. If this was what he had in mind, Jack could only say that he was too self-righteous.

Jack was not the kind of person who would muddle around. Those who dared go against him had to be prepared that he would retaliate against them. He walked with Brook as they conversed.

Jack asked one last question as they approached the Soul Hall. "Do you know how to become a chosen disciple?"

This was the million-dollar question Jack, one that Jack was focused on all this while. The pavilion would only focus on grooming a person after a person became a chosen disciple. Others would not dare trouble him because of his identity too.

Although Jack was not afraid about others causing him trouble, he wanted to focus more time on training

Brook replied, "There aren't many obstacles to overcome if you want to become a chosen disciple. There's no need to go through different layers of screening, but there's only one word that you need to obey."

Jack raised his eyebrows in surprise after he heard this. "Which word?"

"Fight! There are a total of ten chosen disciples, and they're the strongest disciples among all disciples. If you think that you have the strength to challenge the chosen disciples, you only need to challenge one of them. If you manage to defeat them, you become a chosen disciple."

This did not scare Jack. Instead, a burning spark was ignited in his heart.

After absorbing the soul fragments of the great master, Jack experienced an even more vast world. Although the Hestia Continent was much stronger in terms of training when compared to the Cathysia world, they were still incomparable to the Divine Void World.

It was just the position of a chosen disciple in a small pavilion located at West Cercei Island of the Hestia Continent. Jack did not pay much attention to it. Brook raised his head and glanced at Jack before he secretly shook his head helplessly.

He was able to see how determined Jack was in wanting to be a chosen disciple. Throughout the years, he had interacted with an uncountable number of disciples, and he saw the same expression on their faces.

However, the determination to win would wear off within a year or two. It was really difficult to get to that position as the chosen disciples were the ten strongest people in the entire pavilion.

Although the Dual Sovereign Pavilion was nothing in the Hestia Continent, it was one of the top pavilions in West Cercei Island. The pavilion recruited many of the geniuses from the West Cercei Island, and this was a concentration camp for prodigies.

To step on the shoulders of these geniuses to become one of the top ten among them would require a high amount of talent and strong willpower. Too many disciples had failed as they tried to climb into the position of chosen disciples, accepting their fate when they realized the lack of talents.

Jack was definitely different from the others; he was several times more talented than Brook. However, Brook felt that he was still not qualified to become a chosen disciple. Jack might be able to shine brightly among the formal disciples, but he would not be able to become one of the chosen disciples.

Nonetheless, he had a great impression on Jack. Some of the informal or formal disciples would look down on his identity as a runner disciple during their interaction. They would even yell at him and speak to him condescendingly.

That never happened with Jack, and he looked at Brook as his junior brother. He could not help but remind Jack, "All our disciples can't have a fighting prowess higher than the innate level. The stronger a person is doesn't mean that he'll get a higher position."

Jack nodded. He also noticed this from the jade identification card. After all, when a pavilion groomed disciples, they would want to groom them during the time when they were worthy of grooming. The innate level was a level separation in West Cersei State.

All the disciples could not have a fighting prowess higher than the innate level. Once they break through the innate level and achieve the spirit assemblage level, they would leave the identity of disciple and take an important position in the pavilion.

Zeph and the rest were also in such a situation. They used to be disciples from the Dual Sovereign Pavilion, and they started taking important positions in the pavilion after they broke through into the spirit assemblage level. They broke away from their identity as disciples and became administrative members of the pavilion.

This meant that even the chosen disciple with the highest fighting prowess would only be in the initial stage of acquired level, not breaking through into a higher level. Jack slightly nodded. He was able to identify the hidden meaning behind Brook's words. He was secretly reminding Jack that he could decide on the strength and talents of those chosen disciples in the way he usually thought.

"Thank you. I have one last question: Who's in charge of the Soul Hall?"

Brook replied with a smile, "The Soul Hall doesn't have any person in charge. They only have disciples who accepted missions. This is an opportunity to earn contribution points in a more laid-back manner."

Jack immediately understood what was happening after he heard what Brook said. The masters who had broken through into the spirit assemblage level definitely could not be in charge of gathering the contribution points in the Soul Hall. That would be like making a fuss over a trifling matter.

Instead, the disciples who wanted to earn contribution points could help do the job. They could collect the contribution points and turn on the equipment in the Soul Hall.

The door of the Soul Hall seemed to be painted with black ink. Jack could feel his soul trembling from afar.

Chapter 1975

When Jack opened the door to enter the hall, he could not tell if his mind played tricks on him, or if he truly felt it: He felt a wave of wind blowing toward him and went straight into his soul through his body. It unnerved him.

The hall had very simple decorations, and there were several small doors at the back of the hall, the height of a man. All sorts of charms and markings were drawn on these doors, and with just a glance at these things, Jack felt his eye hurting so badly that he could not look at them.

A table was placed in front of these doors, and a disciple was dozing off behind the table. Jack knew that he was also an informal disciple from the way he was dressed, but Jack did not recognize him. He also knew that such assignments would not be given to newly recruited informal disciples. This must be an informal disciple who was his senior. That person supported his face with his hand and was so drowsy that his eyelids drooped.

Compared to other training grounds, not many people frequented the Soul Hall. After all, not many people practiced martial art techniques or martial skills of the soul attribute.

Noel Karl barely raised his head as he might have heard the footsteps or felt that somebody had entered the hall. He had a cold expression on his face, lazy as he was, though that did not upset Jack.

He raised his head and spoke in a clear voice, "Greetings, Senior brother Noel."

Before entering this place, he had asked Brook who it was on duty at the Soul Hall. Noel had the same identity as Jack, but he had joined the pavilion for two years.

Two years was enough time for many informal disciples to become formal disciples, but Noel's talents were limited. Noel seemed to be extremely tired. He raised his eyebrows, frowning as he sized up Jack.

"You must be the newly recruited informal disciple, are you?"

Jack nodded. There was no need to hide this fact, and he could not hide it even if he wanted to. Noel scoffed, seemingly derisive.

"What a rare sight for newcomers like you to visit the Soul Hall. The Soul Hall seldom receives visitors. Who would've expected for a newly recruited informal disciple to come here when I'm on duty today."

Noel emphasised the last sentence, and Jack understood what he meant. In the minds of these disciples who joined the pavilion via the usual assessment, those who came in due to 'special conditions were a joke. Putting all of them on the same pedestal was insulting to these informal disciples.

Noel's words might sound bad, but they were not as sharp as those spoken by Wesley.

Jack raised his eyebrows and said calmly, "Does our identity matter when it comes to practicing martial art techniques and martial skills of the soul attribute? Are newly recruited informal disciples not allowed to enter the Soul Hall?"

These questions might have been asked with a calm tone, but there was also a hint of Jack's temper in the way he uttered them. Noel realized that this disciple was not a simpleton, and he did not have such an important background as Wesley did.

He was just a very common informal disciple. He did not have outstanding talents nor a bright future. Noel had not even broken through into the final stage of innate level at this moment.

Even if he managed to break through into the final stage of the innate level, he would have to accept the challenges from the disciples who have not broken through into the final stage of the innate level the moment he became a formal disciple. By then, he would only be forced to give up his position and return to the embarrassing identity of an informal disciple.

Chapter 1976

“You don’t have to speak to me like that; I have a reason for saying what I said. Martial art techniques or martial skills with the soul attribute can be considered one of the more difficult to practice. I wouldn’t have any questions if you’ve practiced martial art techniques or martial skills of the five elements attributes. Think of this as me persuading you. Even the geniuses in the pavilion don’t simply train for the martial art techniques or martial skills with the soul attribute, let alone those like you, a newly recruited informal disciple.”

Noel did not exaggerate in his words. Among all the martial art techniques and martial skills, those that belonged to the five elements were the easiest to be practiced.

Even though the power unleashed after they achieved the level of completion was not as strong as the martial art techniques and martial skills of other attributes, it was easy to practice those, and the possibility of success was also much higher.

Noel rubbed his slightly red eyes and leaned back in his chair, unhurriedly continuing, “Throughout the years, those who were able to achieve the level of completion when practicing the martial art techniques or martial skills with the soul attribute are those extremely talented formal disciples. Even the chosen disciples wouldn’t simply try this unless your soul is very special, or you’re just extremely talented. I don’t think you’re any of those, though. Why else did you not join the proper informal disciple assessment and join the pavilion in such a way?”

For disciples like Noel, assessment for the informal disciples previously could not be considered as a usual way of assessing disciples. They could only describe this as an unusual way to do things at an unusual time.

Jack did not want to continue an entanglement on this issue with Noel, thus he calmly interjected, “I just chanced upon this opportunity. You don’t have to teach me these things, Senior brother Noel. I came to

o the Soul Hall to increase my speed in training the martial skill, and I've already made up my mind. These words won't affect my decision."

Noel raised his eyebrows and chuckled in contempt. He was not that involved with Jack; he just wanted to remind him out of goodwill. He would not waste time talking to Jack, then, since Jack was not appreciative.

He raised his chin toward Jack. "As per our usual rules, training for a day costs you ten pavilion contribution points. It doesn't matter how long you stay inside throughout the day-it'll still be counted as one day."

Ten contribution points each day?! This meant that the reward Jack obtained could only pay for five days in the hall!

Jack could not help but secretly exclaim at the thought.

This was quite expensive, more so than what he imagined it to be. He initially thought that the 50 pavilion contribution points he had were enough to support him to train for one month, but it seemed like wishful thinking at this point.

Noel seemed to have realized the slight surprise on Jack's face. With a cold smile, he commented, "Ten pavilion contribution points a day isn't expensive. You need to think about it: The Soul Hall requires the support of power while you're training, and this uses up a lot of spirited crystals. As payment for the power consumption, you only need to pay ten contribution points a day. Even I feel that this is quite a small amount that we need to pay."

Before he arrived, Jack had already heard that the Soul Hall was actually a large formation, and its function was to raise the speed of somebody practicing the martial art technique or martial skill that belonged to the soul attribute. Since it was a large formation, it required power to run itself, and this meant that a lot of spirited crystals were required. Considering this, ten contribution points a day could not be considered a huge amount.

Noel looked up and continued speaking, "I need to inform you something beforehand. I don't care if you stay inside for as long as a joystick burns or as long as somebody drinks a cup of tea, but you have to pay me ten contribution points. Although ten contribution points isn't a large amount, it's great fortune enough for newly recruited informal disciples like yourself. Let me give you another piece of warning: People that are untalented like yourself shouldn't waste time on martial art technique or martial skill with the soul attribute. The soul is something illusory and hard to understand."

Chapter 1977

"Stop thinking that you're stronger than any other person. Many had the same train of thoughts like you do, but they were examples to those who came after them that this is wishful thinking." Noel was not reminding Jack; he was taunting Jack for overestimating himself. Just like what he said, there were so many disciples in the pavilion, but only a very small number of people practiced the martial art techniques and martial skills of the soul attribute.

After all, the soul was an illusory thing, and it was untouchable like the five elements. Numerous seniors had trained the gold, wood, water, fire, and earth elements, and they could be used as references.

Jack merely gave a small nod wordlessly, to which Noel chuckled without a care and continued, "Since you insist on going in and wasting those ten contribution points, there's nothing else I can say."

Noel did not believe that Jack would be capable of hastening his mastery over his martial art techniques or martial skills after he entered the hall. To Noel, that was impossible. It might be possible if Jack had broken through into the intermediate stage of innate level, but judging Jack's fighting prowess, he knew Jack had just achieved the initial stage of the innate level. He did not have the strength to have a soul enlightenment.

"I won't waste my time talking nonsense with you. Pick a difficulty level-there are seven of them. The easiest one is level one, and difficulty level seven is exceptional. In fact, I don't even have to ask you this. The most you can do is stay in difficulty level one, probably lasting as long as somebody finishing their tea or a joystick burning." He lazily stood up from his chair and picked up the formation jade strips in front of him, adding a couple of runes that Jack did not understand on the jade strips.

Just as Noel was about to inject energy, however, Jack interrupted him.

“I’d like to train in difficulty level two.”

“What? You want to go for difficulty level two? Young man, can you not rush in when you know nothing? Even chosen disciples won’t be able to stay inside for longer than the time taken to finish tea if I start difficulty level two, let alone you!” Noel was borderline yelling at this point, looking at Jack as though he had gone crazy.

Exasperatedly, Noel added, “You shouldn’t think that there isn’t a big difference in the levels when there are only seven difficulty levels. I’m telling you that there’s a big difference, and opening the difficulty level two has a stronger effect on the soul that’s several times more than difficulty level one. People like you won’t be able to take it once you enter the formation. You’ll be forced out by the strong souls inside, and you might change the level later. You have to be joking with me right now.”

Even after Noel finished his rant, Jack’s expression did not change much. “I want difficulty level two.”

Noel was rendered speechless instantly, and the corners of his mouth twitched. He felt that not only was this guy’s brain filled with water, he probably had been kicked by a donkey, too. He spent his energy explaining things, only for it to be wasted as this guy ignored everything.

He chuckled and felt that Jack was absurd. “Young man, do you think that I’m joking with you? If you can’t take it, your soul might be wounded. A soul wound isn’t funny, and I need to be responsible for that. It doesn’t matter if you end up dead or disabled for life, but you might cause me to be punished by the upper management. Who did I offend to end up with this?”

Chapter 1978

Noel grew increasingly angry as he spoke. He could not help but rush forward to slap Jack harshly on his naïve-etched face so that he would wake up from his daydream. He would not have said so much to Jack if he would not be severely involved if Jack’s soul was hurt.

“Do you know what you’re talking about? Adjusting the difficulty level to level two, and I’m sure that

you won't last longer than a person drinking their tea. You'll come running out with your tail between your legs after I take several breaths." Noel looked at Jack like he was looking at a stubborn fool. Jack sighed lightly, knowing very well that his actions must translate to him being an idiot in the eyes of people like Noel.

However, he did this because he did not want to waste time. After all, the usual difficulty would not be a huge improvement to a martial skill at the level of the Destroying the Void. In fact, he asked Noel to adjust the difficulty to level two because he did not understand if this was useful to him under such difficulty.

Jack said helplessly, "You don't need to worry. If anything happens to me when I'm inside, I'll inform the elders or deacons that I did this on my own will, that it had nothing to do with you. I'll make sure that this won't implicate you."

Noel lightly curled the corners of his mouth, no longer knowing what to say. He rolled his eyes and said, "Nevermind. Since you insist on ignoring my persuasion and ignore the possibility of wounding yourself, there's nothing much that I can say. I need to tell you, though, that the wounds to the soul can't be stopped by common pills, and it'll directly affect your training in the future. You shouldn't lose your future because of your temporary curiosity or because you want to act tough to me."

Jack raised his eyebrows and said calmly, "You don't have to worry; I'm in no mood to act tough in front of anyone. You can just adjust the difficulty level to level two."

Noel scoffed, thinking to himself that Jack would not give up unless he faced the consequences. From the insufferably arrogant expression on Jack's face when he spoke, he seemed to think that he could stay in the difficulty level two area for one to two days.

He wanted to see the expression on this guy's face when he could not stand it anymore and came out himself. Noel stretched out his hand, harrumphing as he declared, "Hand over your identification card. I'll deduct the contribution points to pay for one day."

Jack nodded and handed Noel his identification card obediently. Noel proficiently deducted ten of Jack's contribution points. Although it was merely ten points, Jack still felt unhappy about it.

There were only 40 pavilion contribution points left on his identification card, and he would finish the remaining 40 points soon. If he wanted to continue training, he had to make time and earn himself some contribution points.

“Alright, I’ve arranged the difficulty and set the time. You can go in now. Let me just make something clear: If anything happened to you inside, it has nothing to do with me. I’ve already persuaded you and all, and you should stop acting tough. Just get out if you can’t handle it. Don’t force yourself to withstand things as it isn’t worth it when your soul gets wounded, turning you into a dummy.”

Jack nodded as he put his identification card away. He walked toward one of the small doors that was onemantall behind him. However, Noel spoke up again behind him as he was about to cross the threshold,” You need to understand that even chosen disciples have a record of staying inside for a maximum of three days and three nights. If you turn into a dummy because of your impulsive moves, I’ll be affected by your actions.”

Noel felt his head hurt when he thought of this possibility. This newly recruited informal disciple is like an idiot who could not be stopped even if ten bulls were pulling him back.

If something bad happened to Jack inside, Noel would be implicated if he could not explain that he had already persuaded Jack but Jack insisted on entering the room. He could be punished if it was something minor, or he could be imprisoned if it was something serious.

He felt his stomach hurt when he thought about this.

Jack nodded without turning back. He understood that Noel was telling him all this crap because Noel was worried for his personal gain, but that was understandable.

Chapter 1979

This was a pitch-black world, and it made a person’s heart tingle. Everything around him was enveloped in darkness. Jack stretched out his hand and subconsciously groped around him, but there was nothing

around him. It did, however, make him feel as if it was difficult to walk.

The space he was in was very different from the space outside, and the darkness in this place was also very much different compared to the darkness outside. If he compared the space outside like a clear spring in a stone pond, this area was like a pot of cooked porridge as it had an unspeakable stickiness to it.

He balled both his hands into fists, and it seemed like he had caught the space around him in his hands. This was the true center area of the Soul Hall, and it was also the place that could help him improve his training of martial skill.

In fact, he was able to recognize from what Noel said that it was not easy to train here. However, he did not back away and continued to walk two steps ahead. As he was about to walk forward again, the abrupt sound of gusts blowing over treetops subconsciously startled him.

Following that, another wave of wind came blowing toward him. This gust was different from the usual wind outside. It blew straight toward Jack, ignoring the skin and bones, blasting straight against his soul. The wind felt like sharp knives, and it was an unspeakable pain. It was so painful that Jack could not stand, causing him to kneel.

“Why is it so painful?” Jack subconsciously wailed. The strong wind continued to blow toward him, blasting right against his soul. It felt like a large ax was dealt against his soul.

This hurt several times more compared to the attack against Jack’s body. Jack had a higher pain endurance compared to common folk, but he still wailed out in pain. His breathing also slowed down. Was this what it meant by the second level of difficulty?

No wonder Noel repeatedly said that this level of difficulty was not something usual people could withstand, and what he said seemed to be true. Jack dared not delay and started activating Destroying the Void. He allowed the activation tactics of Destroying the Void to continuously course in his body.

After three turns, Jack managed to slightly subdue the soul-stabbing pain. Jack had to thank the fact that he did not practice a common martial skill, but a martial skill that was at least at the heaven level.

Activating usual martial skill would also make it difficult to withstand such impacts on the soul. Following the suppression of such pain, Jack also started to understand the waves of soul power lashing out on his body.

It turned out that the wind blowing toward his body was not wind. In fact, they were soul-shockwaves formed by the coagulation of souls. These soulshockwaves were not aggressive and seemed to be formed by the gathering of actual souls. He could even feel the last wails of these souls to the world before they physically perished.

“Let go of me! I don’t want to die!”

“You b*stard! You filthy, worthless *sshole! I’ve groomed you with so much care throughout the years, and you repay me by betraying me! You even killed me!”

“I’m sorry... Can you please let go of my child? You only hate me, but this has nothing to do with my child. My death would’ve paid for all my debts.”

The last words of the dead had been integrated into the souls. These words rang incessantly in Jack’s ears as the souls transformed into soul-shockwaves that flurried toward Jack. The desire to stay alive and the fear of death continuously challenged Jack’s determination.

Chapter 1980

The shockwaves formed by the concentration of souls kept rushing into Jack’s soul. Although the activation of the Destroying the Void by Jack withstood the pain brought on by these soulshockwaves, he was not entirely immune to them. The soul-shockwaves came rushing toward him continuously and caused Jack’s soul to feel waves of stabbing pain.

This, however, did not trouble Jack—he was, in fact, delighted. After all, he had finally found the crucial

reason as to why he could not form the second soul sword. In the past, Jack's soul had been extremely stable, and he would not feel anything extraordinary if he was not stimulated.

Just like what Noel had said, the soul was an illusory item. Without special stimulants, Jack was able to feel the soul but was unable to feel many other things. However, these soul-shockwaves kept charging against Jack's soul, inflicting impact after impact. Jack also used this opportunity to master the motion of his soul.

Forming a soul sword happened to require the soul motion and everybody's soul motion was different. This was why the great master's perceptions and experiences were unable to help Jack in forming the soul sword.

The great master had a different soul motion compared to Jack, and when he practiced Destroying the Void, he was extremely powerful. Hence, it was a simple thing for him to feel his soul motion, which was completely different for Jack. Jack was not so strong at the moment, and he was unable to feel or master his soul motion as easily as the great master,

However, Jack was able to slowly do it under the attack of the soul-shockwaves. He held his breath and gathered his attention, allowing the soulshockwaves to continuously attack his soul. He then activated the Destroying the Void and continued in his attempt to form the second soul sword!

In the Soul Hall, different disciples were in charge of the matters there at different time periods. Noel would be the Soul Hall's minor steward for 20 days, and unless something unexpected happened, he would be the highest person in charge of the Soul Hall.

Of course, Noel was not the only one guarding the Soul Hall during this period. Two other runner disciples were in charge of the hall's cleanliness, and the person in charge of cleaning this day was somebody Noel was very familiar with, Zayn Allen.

The two of them were relatives, and even though they were not as close, they shared a much better relationship than the others.

Zayn made his way into the Soul Hall in a familiar manner with the cleaning tools in his hands. He immediately saw Noel standing in front of the Array Eye Door in an upright manner, which puzzled him.

Normally, Noel would be sleeping on the table when he had some free time. Zayn seldom saw Noel standing in front of the Array Eye Door with his eyes fixated on the door as if he was studying something.

Zayn raised his eyebrows and subconsciously asked, "Senior Brother Noel, what are you looking at?!"

Noel was obviously startled by Zayn's voice as his entire body trembled, his expression contorted darkly. "What are you yelling for? Is there something wrong with you?! You frightened me!"

Zayn, meanwhile, seemed to have had his fair share of teachings from Noel during normal days, and he seemed unfazed by these horrible words. He continued to look at Noel in curiosity.

There was nothing different with the Array Eye Door. There were still runes and seals that he did not understand on the door. Was Noel investigating the formation on the Array Eye Door?

Chapter 1981

Was Noel studying the possibility of a second career after he failed to have impressive breakthroughs in his training?

Zayn pointed at Array Eye Door and asked, "Senior Brother Noel, do you plan to learn about formations?"

This was the only explanation Zayn could think of. After all, a person who could practice the martial art techniques and martial skills of the soul attribute was no common person. Only extremely powerful formal or chosen disciples would try to practice it.

There was only one possibility for Noel to stand in front of the Array Eye Door like this: The person

training inside was a top chosen disciple from the pavilion. Noel wanted to fawn over this disciple, which was why he waited politely in front of the door. However, Zayn felt that there was a small possibility of this happening as he could not make out the expression on Noel's face.

There was a hint of surprise among the confusion, and there also seemed to be slight helplessness shown on his face. After hearing what Zayn said, Noel replied to him, even though he was reluctant to speak, "It isn't a chosen disciple. How can they be inside when none of the ten chosen disciples practiced the martial art techniques and martial skills of the soul attribute recently? It's a recruit who's inside. A very, very new recruit."

Noel emphasized the last sentence, which Zayn noticed. An exceptionally new recruit? Was there not only one type of extremely new recruit in the Dual Sovereign Pavilion? They were the newly recruited informal disciples.

Was it possible that the person training inside the Array Eye Door was one of the newly recruited informal disciples? If that was the case, Zayn was even more confused.

After all, Zayn had been staying in the Dual Sovereign Pavilion for several years and had a great understanding of their rules. These newly recruited informal disciples were cannon fodder recruited due to the battle that was about to happen, and there were not many of them who were talented in training. If not, they would have joined the pavilion through the usual recruitment. Zayn was slightly surprised that somebody among these newly recruited disciples was practicing martial art techniques and martial skills of the soul attribute.

What surprised him even more was that a complete newbie caused Noel to stand in front of the Array Eye Door.

Zayn was so curious that he asked, "Is there something weird about this guy? You seemed to be very interested in him."

Noel subconsciously narrowed his eyes and took a deep breath in before he said, "I can't blame you for thinking that I'm acting weird, but do you know something? This guy had already been there for a day!"

Even Noel felt something was wrong after he said this. A normal person could never persist for an entire day. He had also entered the formation, and he knew the pain the soul-shockwaves could cause the soul. It was difficult for disciples to persist after they felt the pain.

Before Jack entered the formation, Noel told him that he was quite strong if he managed to stay inside as long as a joystick burned or as long as somebody drank a cup of tea. This was not to intimidate Jack, though-this was a fact.

Chapter 1982

Noel had seen people that had just started practicing martial art techniques and martial skills of the soul attribute enter the Array Eye Door to train in the past. However, none of those people managed to stay inside for more than an hour.

Persisting for more than one hour meant that this person had extremely strong fighting prowess...but that Jack guy had gone in for one whole day. If the formation was not running normally, Noel would have suspected that this guy had died inside.

After all, that guy acted so stubbornly. If Jack had only persisted for a couple of hours in the formation, Noel would have suspected that this guy insisted on staying, acting all tough for him to see.

However, he denied his previous thoughts when an entire day had passed, and there was no sign of that person coming out. If he insisted on staying inside without concerns of his soul being hurt, Noel would not be able to persist for such a long time. Zayn gaped upon hearing this.

He also knew that somebody once broke a record in the Array Eye Door by staying inside for three days and three nights. However, this person was one of the top chosen disciples.

Although it was surprising that Jack was able to persist for such a long time in the Array Eye Door, it was not something incredibly astonishing. However, when Noel said that the person training in the Array Eye Door was a newly recruited informal disciple, Zayn was so surprised that his jaw dropped.

“What?! A newly recruited informal disciple stayed inside for one whole day?! Oh my god, this guy is really strong! It looks like he’s extremely talented in training for martial art techniques and martial skills of the soul attribute. Sure, he’s not at the level of the chosen disciples, but this is a great feat already!”

No wonder Noel stood before the Array Eye Door in a silent daze. He seemed to have been surprised by this young man’s talents.

Zayn did not expect the soft sigh from Noel, who seemed surprised and somewhat confused altogether.

After some time, Noel slowly opened his mouth and muttered, “You’re wrong.”

Zayn’s eyes widened when he heard this. He made a mistake? What did he say wrongly? Was there something else to this young man?

“Senior Brother Noel, what was I wrong about?”

Noel exhaled deeply and said, relatively reluctant, “This young man is already much more talented than the chosen disciple with the highest record.”

Zayn almost bit his own tongue when he heard this. This guy was even more talented than the chosen disciple? How? Had he not just stayed inside for a day? How could he be more talented than the extremely talented chosen disciple?

Noel continued to speak word by word when he saw that Zayn could not wrap his mind about what was going on, “That guy activated the difficulty level two.”

The previous chosen disciple stayed in the Array Eye Door for a total of three days and three nights. Although it was astonishing, he only activated the level one difficulty...while Jack activated the difficulty

level two.

Level two was several times more difficult compared to level one. How could a normal person stay inside for one whole day? This was what Noel had to acknowledge, even though he was reluctant to do so. Zayn was so surprised when he heard this that his eyebrows almost flew out of his face.

What?! This guy activated the level two difficulty?! Regular disciples would never activate the level two difficulty unless they were about to break through into the spring solidifying realm. No matter how strong a newly recruited informal disciple was, he should be in the initial stage of innate level.

A disciple in the initial stage of innate level had gone into the level two Array Eye Door of difficulty level two?!

Zayn felt that his mind could not process what was happening

Chapter 1983

Noel glanced at Zayn and scoffed lightly, though he understood why Zayn's face seemed to have frozen. Zayn's disbelief was also the representation of his inability to believe in what was happening. Noel took a deep breath and slowly said, "No wonder that guy could talk to me in such a way. It turns out that I've bumped into an exceptional genius, after all."

Zayn was unable to contain his surprise. "Who's this person? Which newly recruited informal disciple is he?"

Noel frowned as he spoke, "You might not know who it is if it was just some random person, but I'm sure you've heard of him. He's Jack, the person who agreed to fight Wesley on the wager battle arena."

The fight between Wesley and a newly recruited informal disciple spread like wildfire among the informal disciples, and this was treated like gossip. After all, nobody thought that Jack would be able to defeat Wesley-it was impossible. What Wesley did was despicable, but he did not seem to be fazed, seeing as he had a strong background.

On top of that, the fact that Jack had an individual room was a cause for jealousy. Even if Wesley did not come forward to do this, there would be other disciples fighting against Jack for the room.

Noel also had the same thoughts in the past, but he had already denied these ideas. "It looks like Wesley is going to suffer this time. This young man is no regular man."

Zayn slightly nodded before he quickly shook his head after he heard this. He thought about it carefully and said, "We can't say that for sure. After all, Wesley had been training in the pavilion for some time, and he's one step ahead in both talent and strength. Although Jack is quite talented in the soul attribute, we're not sure how long he's been training the martial art techniques and martial skills for. If he's new at this, Jack would never be Wesley's opponent."

Noel subconsciously raised his eyebrows after he heard this, but he eventually nodded after carefully thinking about it. What Zayn said made sense; there were some differences between their capabilities.

It was true that Jack was quite talented in the soul attribute, but they had no idea how long he had been practicing the martial art techniques and martial skill of this attribute. If he had just started, he was no match for Wesley. Noel sighed softly in understanding when he thought of this.

"No wonder that guy agreed to the fight without any hesitation. It seems that he's absolutely confident about his talents. However, he had underestimated the strength of our disciples from the Dual Sovereign Pavilion. Even though he's talented, the difference in realm is there, and it isn't so easy for that guy to cross over so easily."

Zayn nodded in agreement and commented, "That's true. Shall we inform Wesley about this and ask him to be careful? After all, the martial art techniques and martial skills of the soul attribute are mysterious and unpredictable. Normal people will get hurt easily if they aren't prepared."

Noel frowned. He knew that if he informed Wesley about this news, he was doing Wesley a favor. Unfortunately, that would also mean offending Jack at the same time. Offending a newly recruited informal disciple was nothing in the past but Jack was not a normal new recruit. The others might not

know this, but he was able to see this.

Thinking things through, Noel shook his head decisively. "We can't allow this news to spread. Even if fathers learn about Jack's talents, it can't be coming from the both of us."

Chapter 1984

"Wesley is such an arrogant person, and he never pays attention to others. Even if we did this favor for him, he might not remember us. We'll probably offend Jack in the process, though, which isn't worth it." Noel decided to keep his mouth shut after he thought about it. Although this would be huge news if people learned about this, it meant nothing to the others who did not benefit from this, and Noel was not willing to take this risk. Zayn kept quiet, but his gaze darted around as he entertained the idea.

Noticing Zayn's silence, Noel turned to look at him, only to see from Zayn's expression that he knew he was up to no good.

Noel instantly grew angry for his stupidity, snapping, "What are you thinking about? I know you want to get acquainted with Wesley, seeing how well-known he is as compared to you, and you might have a great future if you manage to get into his good books. However, you need to understand that Wesley isn't someone you can fawn over just because you wish to do so. Apart from that, he's not the brightest bulb out there. He's all pompous and haughty because he has somebody to rely on. Even if you tell him about this, he'll repay you with some benefits, but nothing exciting. On the contrary, you might offend Jack because of this."

Zayn frowned as he felt that what Noel said made sense. However, this did not dismiss Zayn's desire to climb the social ladder.

Noel exhaled deeply. He would not have spent the time to say such things if this was somebody else, but this was Zayn, his relative. If news of this spread, Jack would suspect that he was the one who did it. He did not want to offend Jack because of this.

He turned around and said righteously, "If you tell anybody about this, I'll be the first one to teach you a lesson. Have you forgotten how Wesley treats runner disciples like you? Do you think that he'll look at

you differently just because you informed him about this? If I was you, I'd pray for less trouble. Even if you plan to be somebody's follower, you need to see who that person is."

These words reminded Zayn about how hard it was to get along with Wesley. He also recalled how Wesley used to order around runner disciples like him. In fact, he would also hit them as it was not a big deal to the pavilion if informal disciples hit runner disciples, so long as the person was not badly wounded. Recalling these, Zayn shook his head and decided that it was best to keep this news hidden.

In the Array Eye Door, Jack could feel his soul motion under the stimulation of the soulshockwaves. The second soul sword that he struggled with, one that he could not form before, was slowly taking form.

After a day and a half, Jack finally managed to form the second soul sword. He had great improvements on his training of Destroying the Void. Raising his hand, two streaks of black light slowly appeared in Jack's hands, though one of them was still lighter in color.

This was the second soul sword that Jack had just succeeded in forming. He continuously drew runes with his fingers, and these two soul swords moved continuously by following the runes.

The swords were not moving speedily, but his control was much stronger compared to when he first mastered the soul sword. If Jack was asked to fight Warren with a single soul sword at this point, Jack might not miss his target again.

Jack exhaled deeply. These two soul swords existed independently, and if Jack was able to merge them together, the power would be several times stronger. Unfortunately, Jack could not achieve that just yet.

Jack raised his head and took a look at the pitchblack surrounding when he thought of this. The area still had a stickiness to it, and this seemed to be an independent space. Soul-shockwaves filled the entire area.

Jack did not feel much under the soul-shockwaves. After all, the success in forming the second soul sword meant that Jack had improved greatly. His control over his soul and the stability of his soul had

also become much stronger.

Chapter 1985

The effect of the soul motion at this level did not have much effect on Jack. He slowly stood up from the ground and walked toward the direction where he came from, where he entered, before he felt blocked off after a few steps.

He stretched out his hand and pushed, feeling the surrounding space becoming sticky again, one that instantly enveloped around Jack. However, Jack had returned to the Soul Hall within a breath.

He saw Noel, who was standing in front of the Array Eye Door deep in his own thoughts. Noel was shocked by Jack's sudden appearance and subconsciously took a step back. As a day and a half had passed, Noel's initial surprise had gradually dissipated. He was still standing in front of the Array Eye Door to observe when Jack would come out.

He initially thought that Jack would be in a flustered, tired state after he came out from the Array Eye Door. However, Jack looked very energetic at that moment, as if he had a good night's sleep. The corners of Noel's mouth twitched as he inwardly sighed about how crazy this young man was. The contemptuous expression he originally had on his face disappeared with a twitch of his mouth.

"You're finally out! I wondered if something was wrong with the formation if you continued to stay inside." Many people would be astonished by the news of him spending a day and a half in the Array Eye Door with the level-two difficulty.

This guy finally could not stand it anymore. If he continued to train in the formation, Noel would have really doubted if something was wrong with the formation. He would wonder if the powerful soulshockwaves inside had disappeared.

Jack nodded. He took a deep look at Noel and suddenly said, "You didn't spread news about this, did you?"

After understanding the Soul Hall's level of difficulty, an idea formed in Jack's heart. He absolutely could not allow this news to leak out. After all, Wesley would be prepared if that happened. Wesley had people supporting him, and if he asked Elder Sayer to provide him with some defensive weapons, Jack would lose the upper hand.

The corners of Noel's mouth twitched. Fortunately, he did not leak the news. Jack was much more vigilant and had a scheming heart compared to what he had expected. Sure enough, talented people with great fighting prowess were very smart.

He coughed softly and deliberately suppressed the emotions in his eyes as he spoke calmly, "Don't worry. I won't leak news about this, and nobody will know as long as you don't let others learn of what happened by accident. I've already ordered the runner disciples working here to not say a word."

Jack felt better about Noel upon hearing his response. This guy was smarter than he had anticipated. Jack nodded. "Thank you for that." Jack did not have any friends in the pavilion. From what he observed about Noel, he seemed to be a person suitable to be his friend.

Noel took a step back, turned, and walked toward the table.

Since Jack came out from the Array Eye Gate, he had to shut down the formation. After all, activating the formation meant a constant consumption of spirited crystals. Although the Dual Sovereign Pavilion was a large pavilion in the Wet Cercei Island, it could not afford such a high consumption rate.

After all, there were so many disciples in the entire pavilion, and the combined consumption of all these disciples was definitely no small amount.

"You were there for a day and a half, so I need to deduct 20 contribution points from you. I've already deducted ten points previously, so you need to pay another ten." He raised his hand to activate the formation, but Jack raised his hand to stop Noel's actions. 1

Noel looked up in surprise as Jack spoke calmly, "I didn't come out to stop practicing. On the contrary,

difficulty level two was too weak, and I need you to adjust the difficulty level. You can adjust it to level four straight away.”

Chapter 1986

Noel almost thought there was something wrong with his ears when he heard what Jack said. He subconsciously asked, ‘What did you say? What do you want to adjust?’

Jack subconsciously touched his nose when he saw Noel’s shocked expression. He had thought about whether Noel could accept it if he acted overly exaggerated before he came out. If the incident with Wesley did not happen, he might stop to think about the consequences. However, Jack was obviously not in the mood to think about this.

He softly exhaled before repeating himself, “I said that I want to adjust the difficulty to level four. Please do the adjustments for me.”

This time, Noel heard what he was saying very clearly. At the same time, his expression turned rigid as he opened his mouth widely while his eyes almost popped out of their sockets.

The corners of his mouth slightly trembled. “Have you gone crazy? Are you crazy or am I crazy? You want to adjust it to difficulty level four? Do you understand what the concept of level four is? Even the deacons of the pavilion dare not simply challenge this difficulty. You might become a dummy from the soul-shockwaves after you go in.”

Jack raised his eyebrows and slightly nodded. “I know and I have my own plans. You just need to help me make the adjustments.”

Noel felt that his entire body was about to turn rigid. He realized that everything he said did not work on Jack. If he had not seen Jack’s talents with his own eyes, he would definitely suspect if Jack had gone crazy. If not, why would he say such crazy things? He softly inhaled as he looked at Jack up and down several times with a tangled expression on his face.

“I know that you are very talented and you’ve surpassed all of us. Even the chosen disciples might be incomparable to you in terms of the soul attribute. However, this doesn’t mean that you can simply challenge the difficulty of the Soul Hall. If I really adjust the difficulty to level four, you might just die inside. Do you understand?”

Jack nodded and said truthfully, “I’ve considered these things, don’t worry about it as I’m confident in myself.”

The corners of Noel’s mouth twitched and he finally understood. Jack would ignore him even if he tore those words apart and placed them in front of Jack.

He slightly swallowed his saliva and it had been years since he was appointed this errand. Throughout the years, he had seen many talented disciples training in the Soul Hall. However, he had never seen anyone adjusting the difficulty to level four. Even masters who had achieved the spring solidifying level would not simply try it. After all, the soul-shockwaves at level four would directly tear the soul.

There were no changes in Jack’s expression when he said those words just now. Until this moment, Noel finally realized that Jack would never listen to anything he said no matter how much he persuaded Jack.

He sighed while shaking his head. He stretched out his hand to pick up the array board. The runes on the array board kept changing and were showing different colors. Adjusting the formation only required changes of several runes and it was a simple task for an informal disciple. He stretched out his slender fingers and plucked the array board on the formation that caused clicking sounds.

After several breaths, Noel suddenly raised his head to look toward Jack as if he had completed something important in his life. “I’ve made the adjustments. To be honest, this is the first time I’ve adjusted the difficulty to level four and you’ve done something unprecedented. Anyways, I’ve already done all the persuasion I can and there’s nothing I can do if something really happens to you inside.”

Jack slightly nodded and only said, “I have my own considerations.”

Chapter 1987

He turned around and walked toward the Array Eye Door after he finished speaking. His steady steps and indifferent facial expression caused Noel to be stunned on spot once again. In Noel's eyes, Jack's image had completely changed. He was like a rock that never changed, regardless of wind and rain. Maybe this person could really create miracles. However, he subconsciously shook his head when he thought about how crazy the soul-shockwaves of difficulty level four were.

It was still an area of sticky darkness and it was even more viscous compared to the difficulty level two previously. This time, the space even blocked Jack from walking forward. He felt the space surrounding him seemed to be filled with two buckets of glue and they were sticking to every single corner of his body, preventing him from moving forward.

However, the resistance was not extremely strong. After he exerted twice the strength he exerted previously, he was still able to walk three steps forward. This was where he stood the last time.

At that moment, the familiar creaking sound could be heard again. A strong soul motion came blowing over with a swooshing sound and it was so strong that it made it difficult to breathe. This soul shockwave was obviously several times stronger than the previous soul-shockwaves. It ignored Jack's body and directly hit on his soul.

This time, the attack not only caused a tingling sensation on the soul but also blurred his spirit. It felt like a thousand ants were biting his soul and they were dragging him into the abyss while eating him.

Jack once again screamed in agony. He thought that after his first experience, he would be able to persist during his second time of facing the soulshockwaves, even though the intensity was several times stronger. However, it seemed like he had underestimated how terrifying the level four soulshockwaves were! With a muffled bang, Jack's legs turned into jelly and he directly fell to the ground.

He was still capable of supporting himself the first time he fell. However, the impact this time took away all his strength and he fell straight to the ground. What scared Jack the most was the fact that the soul-shockwave was invading his soul and changing his soul motions. This caused Jack to be on alert.

Under the attack of such strong soul-shockwaves, Jack became mentally ambiguous. However, he was extremely sure of one thing. If he did not quickly make the adjustments, he might end up like what Noel said.

He would die in this place!

He forcefully inhaled and bit his own lower lips with his last bit of energy. The pain allowed him to keep his consciousness. He used all his strength to support his body as he continuously wrote out the runes to activate the Destroying the Void with his hands!

Two black lights gradually gathered in his palms and they were the soul swords he successfully performed previously. Both soul swords were held by Jack in his palms. He lightly gripped onto them and both soul swords turned into a layer of thin mist, covering Jack's body. They withstood the strong soulshockwaves on behalf of Jack!

This was truly a Heaven-level martial skill as it was still able to withstand the attack while facing such strong soul-shockwaves. Although it was just a barrier formed by two soul swords, it was strong and persistent, just like crested dogs' tails under strong wind!

With this layer of protection, Jack was finally able to relax. What he had to do right now was to form the third soul sword. If he could only form two soul swords, Jack was not certain that he could completely defeat Wesley. After all, Wesley could be considered a genius disciple and could not be looked down upon.

However, forming the third soul sword was not an easy task. Under the continuous impact from the souls, Jack felt his soul motion with much difficulty and used it to successfully form the soul sword.

Chapter 1988

Jack was gritting his teeth, not wanting to give up. At the same time, Wesley had entered the Seven Stars Hall and was greeting the other disciples. He was becoming quite the celebrity there. Although he provoked a newly promoted informal disciple, and it was not good to talk about it, Wesley did not feel disgraceful in doing so, because he did it under the pretense of so-called uprightness. He told anyone

within earshot that an incompetent person like Jack did not deserve to have his own room and he did so under the name of justice.

“Brother Chaz, are you here to get an assignment too? Did you come across any new and interesting assignments? I just spent the last of my three hundred assignment points. I plan to go to the Martial Art Techniques and Martial Skills Hall to redeem an elementary red level martial art technique once I have enough points,” said Wesley.

Chaz turned around, glanced at Wesley, and said, “No, I didn’t. I don’t think there will be any good assignments since the Clan association is getting ready to go into battle with the Muddled Origin Clan. We’ll have to wait for that to end before any good assignments will come our way.”

Wesley sighed gently and in a resigned tone said, “I really need to get a good assignment since I’m so broke. I originally planned to level up as much as possible before the battle but now it seems like I have to fill my hunger first.” Of course, by ‘hunger’, Wesley did not mean hunger for food but hunger for martial art techniques and martial skills.

Chaz raised an eyebrow. “I would have believed those words if it came out of anyone else’s lips but definitely not from yours. I trust that Elder Sayer ensures you’ll get a constant supply of martial art techniques and skills.

Wesley chuckled and said in a dignified tone, “Although he’s an elder of my clan, he’ll never break the rules of the Dual Sovereign Pavilion for a junior like me.” Every Dual Sovereign Pavilion’s disciples had to redeem the martial art techniques and skills with their own assignment points; if Elder Sayer broke the rules for Wesley, it would surely bring dishonor to Sayer’s family name.

Chaz’s eyebrow shot up again but he remained quiet out. He cupped his hand in salute and made his way to the exit. The Seven Stars Hall was situated in the middle of the Clan association and was only one road away from Martial Art Techniques and Martial Skills Hall. From this alone, one could tell just how important the Hall was in the Dual Sovereign Pavilion. There were always disciples going to and from in the Seven Stars Hall to get assignments so they could earn some points to redeem martial art techniques and skills. Unless one became the chosen disciple, then no disciple would survive long without assignment points.

Wesley glanced at Chaz's retreating figure and scoffed, "What gives him the right to be so cocky! He's only in the top thirty ranking for informal disciples. There are more disciples who are stronger than me. Gah! He's so infuriating!"

Chaz would feel wrong if he had heard what Wesley said because he had done his best not to cause any offense to him already. Wesley did not say it to his face because he wanted to be on Chaz's good side as he was stronger than him. Although it was true that Wesley had the backing of his clan, he should still tread carefully as his ranking was in the top two hundred, a far cry from Chaz's.

However, Wesley never thought that the difference in power between them was due to talent but time. He strongly believed that given more time, he would surely surpass Chaz and would not need to act all polite in front of him anymore. Suddenly, he heard his name being called and he did not even need to turn his back to find out who it was. If Jack was there, he would surely have recognized that person too as he was the man with triangular eyes who caused trouble for him and the person who sucks up to Wesley the most.

Chapter 1989

The man with triangular eyes smiled and said, "Brother Wesley, I've been looking all over for you! The young servant said that you've gone to the Martial Art Techniques and Martial Skills Hall. It took me a while to ask around before the people there told me you've come to the Seven Stars Hall."

Wesley raised his eyebrow and did not even turn around to look at him. "What do you want? Let me put this out first, I'm very busy so you better not bother me with trifling matters!" he said in a low voice.

The man with triangular eyes did not take Wesley's tone to heart as if it did not diminish his desire to please him one bit. "You've asked me to keep an eye on Jack White and now I'm here to report that he had gone to the Soul Hall!"

Wesley snapped his neck to look him up and down when he heard that. "Did you say Jack went to the Soul Hall? Isn't he at the Martial Art Techniques and Martial Skills Hall to redeem some martial art techniques or skills with his fifty points? What is he doing in the Soul Hall anyways? Is he planning to cultivate his soul?"

Wesley found this funny and the man with triangular eyes nodded his head. "He definitely went to the Soul Hall and from what I've heard, he entered the Array Eye Door so there's a high chance he went there to cultivate a soul attribute martial art techniques or skills."

Wesley could not hold back his laughter anymore as if he had heard the funniest joke in the universe. He laughed so hard that he was clutching his stomach while bent over and his laughter made the other disciples look over. "Oh my god! There must be a screw loose in his head. Did he go mad from my tauntings? I would be more scared if he had gone to the Wooden Spirit Hall or the Golden Spirit Hall, but the Soul Hall? Pure madness! Doesn't he know how hard it is to attain a soul attribute skill? I admit the attack power of a soul attribute skill is powerful and not many people can neutralize it but this also means not everyone can attain the skill. He has definitely gone mad."

The man with triangular eyes smiled and said, "I totally agree with you but I'm curious where he got the soul attribute skill from." By logic, Jack's soul attribute skill could never be a match to all the skills in the Martial Art Techniques and Martial Skills Hall. Most new disciples would accept as many assignments as they could to earn points to redeem the skill and not many would be like Jack, who had chosen to focus on his training as the skills attained outside the Hall were incomparable to those attained within the Hall.

Wesley recalled that Jack was awarded fifty contribution points for getting first place and he felt that it was a waste. He had asked himself what would he do if he was Jack after he had agreed to a fight in the wager battle arena and the answer was he would have come to the Seven Stars Hall to get as many assignments as he could and use the points to redeem some powerful skills. Only then would he have the chance to defeat his opponent but contrary to his belief, Jack did not do so.

Chapter 1990

Instead, Jack went to the place where he could level up his skills faster! Only the disciples who had been in the Dual Sovereign Pavillion long enough would do such a thing. Wesley scoffed and said, "Oh well, he might be putting on a show. He should be honored about the fact that he'll be standing in the same arena as me..."

Meanwhile, Jack was close to reaching the climax. Condensing three Soul Swords was not a walk in the park at all. On one hand, he had to endure the soulshockwave, and on the other hand, he had to cast the Void Cutting spell to condense the three Soul Swords. However, he finally understood one thing-why

the Soul Hall could speed up the leveling of soul attribute skills. The logic was simple, one could be likened leveling up a weapon or skill to the carving of a jade.

At the beginning of cultivation, it was equivalent to a n unpolished piece of raw jade, and continuous cultivation was equivalent to constant polishing and carving of the raw jade. The soul-shockwave was equivalent to an ax that could help the cultivator carve the raw jade faster, but the process could be quite cruel. One could easily die in the process if a mistake was made.

As time passed, Jack was oblivious to the time he had been there, he just felt a large amount of his true energy and spirit energy had been consumed as he continued to resist the soul-shockwave. The soulshockwave disappeared on the fifth day of training and the thick darkness around him seemed to have melted away. He was dazed when he noticed this and slowly stood up from the ground. He only managed t o condense a prototype of the third Soul Sword. It would take a few more days of training for the third Soul Sword to be completely condensed.

When Jack stepped out of the Array Eye Door, he saw Noel, who was pointing at the array board in his hand. "Sorry, your time is up." Jack simply nodded. At this time, Jack was looking a little more haggard compared to when he entered. It was not surprising because after all, a soul-shockwave of difficulty level four was no laughing matter. Coupled with the need for him to condense the third Soul Sword, it consumed his spirit energy even more. Jack would have surely not been able to withstand all that if he had not absorbed the powerful soul fragments of the senior.

Noel raised his eyebrows and was actually relieved when he saw Jack's haggard look. If Jack's appearance remained unchanged, it was as if he went in and just took a nap. Noel would not be able to accept that as it would have meant Jack was not human at all.

Noel coughed slightly. "To earn more points and come again." What else could he say? After all, Jack only had fifty contribution points which allowed him to stay inside for five days.

Jack nodded with resignation. He was back to being a pauper again. After taking back his jade identity card, he glanced at it and saw that the number of points had returned back to zero. He rubbed his forehead helplessly. It seemed as if the rest of his time there would not be easy on him. He stayed and talked for a little while with Noel before leaving the Soul Hall.

Chapter 1991

However, Noel called out to him before he walked out of the door. "I heard you'll be going against Wesley in the wager battle arena soon?"

Jack raised his eyebrow and turned back to glance at Noel. He was sure Noel did not mean it as a question as almost all the disciples there knew about this. He also knew that the other disciples treated this piece of news as something to talk and laugh about after dinner. Therefore, he did not answer him but waited for him to continue.

Noel pressed his lips and said, "You must be lacking in contribution points right now and it seems like you're willing to have another go in the Soul Hall."

Jack nodded. There was no doubt about it. If conditions allowed, he was even willing to stay there for a month, soul-shockwave be damned. He could feel his power growing stronger little by little and though he did not see Wesley as his rival, he needed to be cautious as he was still not strong enough to defeat him.

Noel coughed lightly and seemed to be embarrassed about what he was going to say next but still, he straightened him up and said, "Do you know that new informal disciples can enjoy certain benefits?"

No, Jack did not know. He had kept to himself all this while so did not hear anything about that. Now that he had thought about it, Noel was the only person he had spoken the most with and Noel knew that. He sighed and said, "It's been less than a month since you've joined the Dual Sovereign Pavilion so you're still eligible for the benefit. You're entitled to exchange fifty contribution points for five hundred low-grade spirited crystals. Your deacon should have told you about this so I'm not sure why

Jack raised his eyebrow at the implication Noel was making. There must be a hidden reason as to why Deacon Ambrose did not share this benefit with the new informal disciples. He turned around to fully face Noel with a grateful look. "Thank you, Brother Noel, for telling me all this. Where should I go to do the exchange?"

Noel smiled faintly. "You don't have to go there yourself. Although there's still a slight difference in status between the new and old informal disciples, you could still ask the runner disciples to help you do the exchange. You'll only need to pass him the five hundred low-grade spirited crystals and your jade identity card and he'll do the exchange for you. After that, you can come back here to enjoy another five days of training."

Jack became very excited at that. It was important for Jack to train as much as possible before the fight with Wesley and earning points through assignments would take up too much of his time. He would have preferred to avoid taking that course if possible.

Noel coughed lightly and in a nonchalant voice said, "Wesley has reached high attainment in his gold attribute martial art skills so it's better if you don't fight him head-on. Keep in mind that gold attribute techniques or skills possess much higher attack power than other attribute skills."

Although this kind of information could be gotten easily, Jack was still very grateful for Noel's favor.

Jack nodded his head vigorously. "Thank you, Brother Noel. I'll keep all of this in mind. I'll surely repay you one day."