

Chapter 1992

When Jack got back to his room, he immediately sent for Brook to do the exchange at the Seven Stars Hall. A runner disciple's duty was to run errands for the formal and informal disciples and Brook was considered a veteran in these matters. He quickly made his way to the Seven Stars Hall with Jack's jade identity card and spirited crystals, leaving Jack to wait for him to be back.

Jack could have gone to do the exchange himself but he did not like crowds. Besides, he was quite the celebrity amongst the informal disciples and it would be best to avoid getting into an argument with Wesley. He knew that Wesley would never let an opportunity of talking smack to him go and he did not want to waste his breath on such a person.

Brook came back an hour later and gave Jack back his jade identity card which had been successfully updated with fifty contribution points. He looked at Jack with an expression hinting that he had something to tell him but did not know whether he should

Jack raised his eyebrow. He invited Brook into his room and poured him some tea. "Spit it out, why don't you? Did you run into some trouble during the errand? Or did somebody bully you?"

Brook shook his head and accepted the tea from Jack. "I wasn't bullied. I've been in the Clan association for many years, and though the formal and informal disciples look down on us runner disciples, they wouldn't dare to bully a veteran like me. It's just that I felt something was off when I was doing the exchange."

A hint of curiosity flashed across Jack's eyes and he waved for Brook to continue on. Brook breathed in lightly and furrowed his brow. "I've done this kind of exchange many times before as all the new informal disciples would exchange their five hundred lowgrade spirited crystals for the fifty contribution points the very next day after joining the Dual Sovereign Pavilion because it's not as if they lack the spirited crystals to do it. The place to do the exchange is at the Seven Stars Hall assignment submission area and I'm very familiar with the person-in-charge."

"The person-in-charge? I thought all the assignment submissions were handled by the disciples?" asked Jack. To ensure that the disciples could earn contribution points, Dual Sovereign had set up different posts for the disciples to take up. Jobs like this were normally handled by a formal or informal disciple

but judging by what Brook had said, the person in charge of the assignment submission did not seem to be a disciple.

One look at Jack's expression and Brooke knew what he was confused about. He chuckled softly and said, "It's true the Seven Stars Hall belongs to the Dual Sovereign Pavilion and its importance is only second to the Martial Art Techniques and Martial Skills Hall. Therefore, the posts there are not normally given to the disciples for fear they would embezzle the points. After all, contribution points could make or break a disciple's career here. These positions are generally administered by the deacons personally. Each deacon has his own minor steward. These minor stewards are also former disciples, but their cultivation level has not yet reached the level of a deacon so they could only be minor stewards."

Ye Fan nodded in understanding. He was not very familiar with the administrators of the Dual Sovereign Pavilion. He knew that there were elders besides the heads. The elders were then divided into the formal elders and informal elders with the formal elder's qualifications and power much stronger than those of the informal elders. He also knew that the deacons held many important positions and some trivial matters were all placed under their jurisdiction. However the deacons could not handle everything without the help of the minor stewards and though the minor stewards' status was a little lower than the disciples, they were still the management nonetheless.

Chapter 1993

"The minor steward in charge of the assignment submission is Steward Fleming and he works under Deacon Ambrose. He immediately shook his head when he heard that I've gone there to exchange the five hundred low-grade spirited crystals for the contribution points. He said that the benefits did not apply for the new informal disciples this time and his expression was a little off when he said that," said Brook.

Jack furrowed his eyebrows. He recalled what Noel had said to him previously and still could not figure out what was going on. Maybe Noel was trying to tell him that the Dual Sovereign Pavilion was treating this batch of new informal disciples differently than all the previous batches. Coupled that with what happened with the contribution points, Jack told himself he should be more cautious from now on.

Could it be that even the administrators deliberately looked down on their new batch of informal disciples? If that was the case, no wonder the older disciples looked down on this new batch of informal disciples so much. However, Jack did not really think that was the case. After all, the Dual Sovereign

Pavilion was also ranked as the number one Clan association in West Cerie State. This kind of behavior would be frowned upon and create resentment in the new informal disciples.

Jack pointed to the fifty contribution points added to his jade identity card and asked, "How did you get these points if this year's benefit has been canceled?"

"We can thank Deacon Ambrose for that. I was about to give up because Steward Fleming was really insistent that the benefit had been canceled. However, Deacon saw your jade identity card in my hand just when I was about to leave and excitedly asked me what I was doing there. I explained everything to him and he instantly reprimanded Steward Fleming for speaking nonsense and that's how I've managed to get the points."

The lines on Jack's forehead became even deeper. Ambrose Adams left a good impression on him. The reason Ambrose had helped Jack grease the wheels a little must be because Jack had helped him out with Zeph and it was public knowledge that they were mortal enemies. Even so, if the benefit was really canceled, then what Ambrose did was break the rule and anything to do with the contribution points was a serious matter.

Ambrose would never openly violate the rules just to help Jack out. Besides, he said that Steward Fleming was speaking nonsense meaning to say that the benefit was not canceled at all. There must be a reason as to why Steward Fleming had said that. Trying to make heads or tails out of the whole situation was giving Jack a headache. He was feeling as if there was a thick pool of glue sloshing in his brain.

The whole thing was getting more and more complicated. No wonder Noel told him to put the whole matter aside if he could not figure it out, after all, his priority should be leveling up. Thus, with the newly gotten fifty contribution points in his card, he rushed to the Soul Hall again whereas usual, Noel was found sitting behind his long desk with a dead look on his face. He managed to come alive a little when he saw Jack entering the place.

Also, as usual, he asked Jack how many days he would like to stay there to which Jack answered by holding up five fingers. Then, he placed his jade identity card on the table. Noel heaved a sigh and with a face filled with admiration said, "I don't know what advice I can give to a genius like you. Your talent is truly enviable. You could not imagine how shocked the others would be if they knew that you've entered a difficulty level four Array Eye Door."

Chapter 1994 Jack chuckled softly and said in a gentle tone, "I don't think I'm a genius. I guess I'm just a little lucky when it comes to spirit attribute skill cultivation."

Noel shook his head and there was a little melancholy on his face as if he had suffered a huge blow from Jack's words. He gestured to the Array Eye door with his chin, leaving him with no doubt that he did not wish to speak to Jack anymore.

Jack chuckled softly again and entered the door. Before he came, he wondered whether he should increase the difficulty level but after carefully thinking about it, he decided not to. There was still some way to go before he could fully adapt to difficulty level four and if he rashly raised the difficulty level, it would surely increase his burden. The excessive impact from the soul-shockwave would not do him well.

After the array was activated, the soul-shockwave filled the room again. Jack closed his eyes and performed several hand seals with both hands. Two black Soul Swords immediately floated up and down in his hands. This time his goal was to condense the third Soul Sword within five days and also keep track of the time inside his heart instead of wholly immersing himself in training. The last time, he had no experience, and the soul-shockwave rushed away without any warning. Fortunately, at that time, his true energy and spirit energy were all used up and now he had recuperated. It would definitely deal a huge blow to Jack if the array was suddenly closed during the most critical breakthrough moment. After all, the opportunity for breakthroughs does not come by every time. If it was rashly interrupted, it would throw a spanner into his training and he would have to wait for a long time for such an opportunity.

Minutes and seconds ticked by and the third Soul Sword slowly solidified and on the dawn on the fifth day, he finally condensed the third Soul Sword. He was panting heavily while excitedly staring at the third Soul Sword floating in his palm. With the previous two successful experiences, Jack found it easier to condense the third Soul Sword this time.

However, to his dismay, he discovered that it would be more and more difficult from this point onward to cultivate Void Slaying. It did not take him long to condense the first Soul Sword but it would surely take him a long time to condense more swords further down the line. Not to mention the amount of spirit energy and true energy he would need to expand

Jack was experiencing splitting headache, bloodshot eyes, and trembles after he had exhausted his true energy and spirit energy. The soul-shockwave was still impacting his soul and the stabbing pain became even more intensified as the barrier made by his spirit energy slowly diminished.

“I would waste ten contribution points if I go out now,” muttered Jack. He started to do calculations in his head—he had been here for four days and one hour. According to the Soul Hall’s rule, even an hour would be charged at a full day’s rate so if he were to go out now, he would have wasted ten contribution points. The emotional pain of that was more horrible than the physical pain he was feeling right now.

However, if he continued to train, his spirit origin might be damaged and that was something he could not let happen. Thus, he had no choice but to leave. He heaved a sigh, slowly got up from the ground, and walked out of the door in one breath. Noel, who was sitting with one leg up and eating sunflower seeds, immediately stood up when he saw Jack’s pale face and bloodshot eyes as if he was terminally ill.

“Oh my god, are you okay? How did you end up like this? Isn’t the difficulty level the same?”

Chapter 1995 Noel had no doubts about Jack’s skills after witnessing his first five days in the Array Eye Door difficulty level four but this time it seemed to have taken an emotional and physical toll on him. Noel quickly walked up to catch him before he fell. Jack exhaled gently and in a tired tone said, “Don’t worry about me. I’m not hurt. It’s just that I’ve exhausted my spirit energy and true energy.”

Noel raised an eyebrow and lightly pressed Jack’s meridian point with his finger and just as he expected, the true energy inside Jack’s meridian points had all been used up, and there was only a little spirit energy left. This made him become even more speechless.

“What could you possibly be doing inside to have used up all your true energy and spirit energy?” Asked Noel.

Jack chuckled softly and told him the truth. “I’ve broken through a bottleneck. That’s all.”

At this, Noel immediately raised his eyebrow. “I must say you’re both high in talent and courage. The soul-shockwave for difficulty level four in the Array Eye Door was enough to kill anybody and yet you’ve come out of it alive after breaking through a bottleneck. Anyone would have tread carefully but you didn’t seem to be afraid that the soul-shockwave would damage your soul origins.”

It did cross Jack’s mind but he was so intent on condensing the third Soul Sword that he threw it to the back of his mind. It was only when he was out, that he felt afraid of what he had done. He made a note to himself that he should not do that anymore.

Noel shook his head. His understanding of Jack told him that some advice would just bounce off Jack. “Forget it. I’m just wasting my breath here. By the way, I’ve just received some news you might be interested in. Wesley is going to the wager battle arena tomorrow and his opponent is Dale Woodward who ranked 143rd place. I thought you might want to observe the battle so don’t forget to go.”

Hearing this made Jack straighten his body and laugh coldly. It seemed Wesley did not view him as a worthy opponent at all. If not he would not have gotten into another battle just before his battle with Jack.

“Thank you, Brother Noel, you’ve been such a great help to me these past few days,” said Jack.

Noel shook his head humbly and said, “It’s no skin off my back. I’m only passing on what I know.”

They talked for a bit more before Jack went back to his room. Ah, the beauty of having an abode to oneself—nobody could disturb you and there was no need to fear of one’s secret being exposed. The ten days of training had consumed all his energy, both spirit and truth, and not to mention the emotional toll on him.

He fell asleep as soon as his head hit the pillow. Ever since embarking on the road to cultivation, he had not had opportunities to sleep on a real bed and had to resort to meditation to rest his body. Therefore, it was no surprise that he slept a total of one day and one night and when he woke up, it was already noon the next day.

His true energy and spirit energy was fully charged but he did not continue on with his training as he knew that there was no overnight success in this field and that he would only enter a dead-end if he immersed himself too much in training. Nash Wood had been a bundle of nerves ever since he knew of Jack's battle with Wesley so it was only natural that he would come out of Mustard Seed now that Jack had a little bit of free time on his hands.

Chapter 1996

Nash patted Jack on the shoulder and in a slightly pained tone said, "You should take more rest and take things slower. There are still two more weeks to go. You'll snap if you wound yourself up too tightly."

Jack nodded and knew that his father was just worried about him. "Don't worry, Father. I know what I'm doing. It's true Wesley is a formidable opponent but not one that is worth me breaking my back over. He accounts for only a tiny part of my motivation for training this hard. My biggest motivator is that I might be sent to the frontline when the war breaks out. I can only sleep in peace if I keep on leveling up. Besides, I don't know why but I can't shake the feeling that the Dual Sovereign Pavilion is planning something fishy for us, new informal disciples."

Jack had very good reasons to feel that way, one being Noel's implications, and two was what had happened with the contribution points exchange. Moreover, Jack was well aware of his position of not being able to change anything in the Pavilion and should focus more on finding ways to protect himself by leveling up so he would be worthy to them.

Nash nodded. He clearly knew that things were not the same as when they were in the Cathysia World. He might have been able to support Jack then but now that Jack had surpassed him in terms of ability, he could only let Jack do things his own way. "That Wesley is an intermediate stage of innate level which is one level above yours. I've been researching the difference in cultivation levels and one thing I'm sure of is although the intermediate stage of innate level is only one level higher than yours, the potency and reserve of true energy is more than double of yours!"

Nash became even more worried and shook his head lightly. His eyes were filled with concerns for Jack, I know you have the soul-gathering crystals, have absorbed a vast amount of the seniors' soul fragments, and don't lack any martial art techniques or skill but there still possesses an ocean-wide gap difference in power between Wesley and you. Please don't underestimate him. I have been worried sick about you ever since I found out just how strong fighters in the intermediate stage of innate level are."

Jack nodded slightly. He had given some thought to all these before but found nothing to be worried about. "Apart from increasing one's cultivation level, what else do you think can increase the potency and reserve of one's true energy?"

This question did not stump Nash. He laughed and in a buoyant voice said, "Did you really think your old father would not know the answer to a basic question like this? Why the answer has to be the skills you're cultivating. The higher the level of skills you're cultivating, the more potent and more reserve you'll have of true energy."

Jack nodded and smiled. "That's right. Wesley might be one level higher than me but we're cultivating different techniques. If I go by that vein, I might even come out stronger than him!"

Nash, of course, had thought about this but still could not shake off his worries. "I know you're cultivating Divine Void Heavenly Path and that this is the ultimate technique in the Divine Void World, stronger than any of the techniques in this thirdworld but you still lack the experience to wield this technique. Even if you have the experience of the seniors, it still doesn't absolve the fact that you're starting from square one. Tell me honestly now, can you say you're confident about your own cultivation on this Divine Void Heavenly Path?"

The corners of Jack's lips went rigid. He had been focusing on Void Slaying and had put the Divine Void Heavenly Path on the backburner. Therefore, there was no way he could answer his father's question with confidence. "No, I can't say that with confidence but nonetheless, I have grasped some of the Divine Void Heavenly Path and I'm sure that the potency of my true energy is stronger than an average fighter of the intermediate level of innate stage."

Chapter 1997

"That, I'm confident about. Besides, the Divine Void Heavenly Path comes with a handy function. As long as I have that card to play, I believe I can beat Wesley."

Nash raised his eyebrow. His curiosity had been stroked. "What kind of function?"

“Cultivating the Divine Void Heavenly Path not only increases the potency and reserve of my true energy but it also gives me a preliminary grasp of the laws of space because the Path itself contains the laws of space,” explained Jack patiently.

“Laws of space! This was the first time Nash had heard of this term. He could understand the meaning based on the words themselves but did not have a physical experience of it.

Jack sipped his tea and said, “As I’ve mentioned, I only have a preliminary grasp of it. I’ll show you what I mean once I’ve got a complete grasp of it.”

Nash nodded his head, still not convinced Jack would be all right in the battle with Wesley. He sighed lightly and said, “I know you know your own strengths the best but I must say this, sometimes the difference in cultivation level could not be crossed at all. If Wesley is one level higher than you, then he is one level higher than you. Even if your technique is higher than his, it doesn’t make you stronger than him.”

Jack nodded. He knew this more clearly than anyone else: “I know, I know. Having a high cultivation level is like having a high-end engine. The better and bigger the engine is, the more fuel it can hold and thus the more energy it can give out. No one is denying Wesley is at a higher cultivation level than mine, but you’ll soon find out which of us is the stronger one and which of us is the weaker one.”

Nash raised his brow and in a confused tone asked, “Isn’t the fight two weeks away? Why do you say I’ll soon find out?”

Jack lowered his eyes and wiped out all the emotions from his face. He gently put the teacup back on the table and in a calmed tone said, “Two weeks is too long for me. Wesley will be going against Dale Woodward tomorrow and I’ll be there to observe the fight. Besides...”

The next morning, a throng of disciples had already gathered around the wager battle arena. The news of the fight had spread all around the Pavilion and the fact that the two fighters were both in the top two hundred rankings made it a fight not to be missed. Moreover, the two of them had a short cultivation time. In the future, they were likely to become the top ten informal disciples and then be promoted to become formal disciples and their career will skyrocket from there.

The wager battle arena was located on the easternmost side of the Dual Sovereign Pavilion. This was a huge open space specially designated for the wager battle arena. There were no buildings there apart from the seven huge battle platforms which were specially built with formations.

The wager battle arena was divided into two parts, one was the seven battle platforms located in the center, and the other was the viewing platform surrounding the battle platforms. The viewing platform was filled with countless seats and at this time, half of the seats were already occupied.

Except for the chosen disciples, the other disciples must come to the wager battle arena every month to fight. If circumstances disallowed them to attend or if they were in a retreat practice then the fights would be postponed until such time they were ready to fight. It was a guarantee that the seats would be full if there were any fighters from the top three hundred rankings or if someone of celebrity status was fighting in the wager battle arena.

Chapter 1998

Observing a fight could let one understand the other disciples' strength and also increase one's fight experience. Although Wesley's current ranking was only 187, the fact that he had only been there for a short time and also had the backing of Elder Sayer made him a celebrity. He would surely rise up to the top ten ranking in no time.

Even the informal disciples in the top fifty ranking did not have as much fame as Wesley because most of them got to where they were through long training hours and increased their strength little by little. What they did had was more perseverance than talent and Wesley had both in abundance. Therefore, it was not surprising his fight with Dale had attracted the attention of many informal disciples.

Wesley, being the main character of today's story, was sitting at the viewing platform with a bunch of suck-ups around him. These suck-ups wanted to win over Wesley's hearts, and their words seemed to be smeared with honey, as they piled on praises upon praises on him. Wesley, of course, was enjoying it. He was sitting with his eyes closed and a faint curl of his lips as they heaped on the praises upon him.

The man with triangular eyes was one of the suckups. "Although Brother Dale's is strong, his talent is nothing compared to yours. Your talent if placed in Dual Sovereign Pavilion, nay, even in all of the other

third-graded Clan associations, would come out the top amongst all of the other informal disciples. I'm sure Elder Sayer will definitely recruit you as his chosen disciple and that you'll surely rise up the levels like a rocket by then."

"Yeah! Even the top ten informal disciples here nodded their heads in recognition of your talents. You'll surely come out the victor in today's fight and in no time at all, you might even be able to fight against the top fifty informal disciples. Then, it's a one-way street for you to become a formal disciple."

Wesley raised his eyebrow. On the surface, he declined to give a comment to all of the praises but in his heart, he accepted their words wholly. He never once thought his talent was inferior to anyone else. The chosen disciples, maybe, but definitely not the other informal disciples, even those in the top ten. He felt that his cultivation time was still short, and if it was the same as their cultivation time, they would definitely be trampled under his feet. Just when the flattery was about to reach its climax, they suddenly heard one low exclamation after another which made Wesley and the others look toward the direction of the cause, only to see a few wide-eyed informal disciples chatting with each other in an excited voice.

"Oh my god, I can't believe Brother Duncan is here! He has actually come out of his meditation retreat! I seem to recall he had been there for three months as he had been in the retreat ever since he had beaten the third-ranked informal disciple and thus becoming the third rank himself! He might even be stronger than the first ranked informal disciple now that he had completed his three-months long retreat!"

"Yeah! He'll surely challenge the formal disciples after becoming the number one informal disciple. His talent is truly abominable. I remember he joined the Dual Sovereign Pavilion at the same time as Brother Wesley and it didn't take him long to break through to the intermediate level of the innate stage. I can't believe he's even stronger now. Comparing myself to him makes me a sad potato.!

These words drifted into Wesley's ear and he felt as if he had received a slap to the face which shattered all of his previous enjoyment of flattery. If he had to choose who was his biggest rival in this lifetime, then it would no doubt be Duncan Pierpoint. He joined the Dual Sovereign Pavilion at the same time as Duncan Pierpoint and yet had always been suppressed by him. He could only watch with vehemence as Duncan surpassed him time after time. The thought of Duncan becoming third-ranked and coming out stronger after his meditation retreat made his heart twist with rage.

Chapter 1999

That was not the hardest to accept. The hardest thing to accept would have to be the way other people kept on comparing him to Duncan and with him always coming out the worst of the two. Just a moment ago, he felt his talent to be only a little inferior to the chosen disciples but now that illusion had been shattered with the arrival of Duncan. No matter how great he thought he was, there was no way he could possibly convince himself that he was better than Duncan as Duncan's existence was like a sun that made all the other stars disappear with his powerful light.

The man with triangular eyes was the best at sucking up. He could tell with one glance, what and how Wesley was feeling, so he quickly said, "Brother Duncan is strong, no doubt about that. After all, he has the support of the Pier points. The Big Elder of the Dual Sovereign Sect came from the same clan as him and if I were him, I would have done everything I n my power to support him as well. Anyone, even those with the worst talent, would have quickly leveled up under those conditions. What's more to say about Brother Duncan?"

These words seemed to have achieved their intended effect and Wesley felt slightly better. The man with triangular eyes was right, Duncan must have gotten to where he was with the support of the Big Elder. The Big Elder, being second-in-command of the Dual Sovereign Pavilion, must have an arsenal of resources in his hand which he had spent on Duncan. So it was only natural Duncan had surpassed him. If Wesley had the same resources as he did, he would have left Duncan in the dust too.

At that thought, Wesley felt even better. It was then h e saw a familiar figure amongst the crowd. Seeing him there, made him startled but that soon changed t o derision. He scoffed and said, "He dares to come here? Could it be that he's here to observe the fight between Dale and me?"

His question made all the other suck-ups around him turn to look at Jack. They were well aware of all the animosity the two had between them. When it came to Duncan, they dared not say too much about him but it was a totally different story when it came t o Jack. After all, to them, he was the disciple that got to where he was by luck. They did not even feel he had the qualifications to become an informal disciple and thus should not enjoy the same status as them.

Jack was dressed in an informal disciple uniform and he had brought Brook along with him. After all, he was not familiar with many things in the Dual Sovereign Pavilion and feared that he would get lost o n his way here so he might as well bring him along and for him to act as a commentator for the fight. The

viewing platform was already half full and the two of them quickly found a secluded spot to sit down. Jack never once looked toward Wesley, as if he was only there by chance to observe the fight.

“This punk surely knows how to put up an act. He must have not understood the true strength of the top two hundred ranking of the informal disciples for him to accept Brother Wesley’s challenge without any hesitation. He must have thought he could beat you because he just so happens to be stronger than the average people outside. What a joke he is! He should have taken a good look at himself in the mirror!”

Chapter 2000

The man with triangular eyes was looking at Pane with a disdainful expression on his face. He laughed coldly and said, “Look at him acting all cool and as if he doesn’t care about anything at all. If he didn’t care, he wouldn’t have come here at all. He must be scared sh*tless about the upcoming fight with Brother Wesley to come here to check you out.”

This time, he did not say all this to flatter Wesley but meant it as it annoyed him to no end when he saw Jack looking as if there was not a care in the world, How could there possibly be a person like him? He thought that even the strongest hero in the whole of Hestia Continent would not act like he was some hotsh*t, undefeatable by anyone, What gave Jack the right to act like that? He was nothing but a new informal disciple!

Then, there was the fact he did not get in the Dual Sovereign Pavilion through the usual means. He would not have gotten in if it was not for the war that was about to break out. Yes, it was true that Jack had received praises for his strength by Elder Lee, but how much weight did that hold anyway? In fact, he was only a little better than all the trash out there, not worthy of being called an informal disciple,

It was obvious that Wesley felt the same way as the man with triangular eyes. He chuckled and said, “Yeah, who does he think he’s impressing by acting all cool. He should just admit that he’s here to check me out instead of pretending he’s not scared of the upcoming fight with me.”

After saying that, he suddenly thought of the day when Jack humiliated him in front of all the other disciples. At that thought, he narrowed his eyes on Jack. Although there was a rule that said fighters could not cause permanent damage or death to their opponents, that did not mean he could not beat

Jack until he could not get out of bed for a few months.“ I’ve warned him before that I’ll one day make him pay!”

The man with triangular eyes nodded. He was looking forward to the day Wesley beat Jack into a pulp that his own mother would not even recognize him. He deserved that for comparing him to a worthless, uncultured animal. Actually, he would not mind if Jack dropped dead right now.

“He was so cocky that day! We were all there and saw how he acted! He should not be forgiven so easily. We need to teach him a lesson that the Dual Sovereign Pavilion is not a place for him to act so cocky!” said the man with triangular eyes. The others immediately joined in the demeaning of Jack.

“Yeah! He needs to be shown his place! Does he really think he can act all cool in front of us just because he’s a little better than all the newly recruited informal disciples!”

“What a joke! Everyone knows the newly recruited informal disciples are all a bunch of trash! They’re only here to become cannon fodders. I can’t believe he thinks he’s as good as the rest of us.”

“It was only a few days ago, I saw some of the newly recruited informal disciples challenging the older disciples to a fight in the wager battle arena, and lo and behold, it did not take them long to go down on their knees to beg for their lives once the fight started. They should stay in the trash bin where they belong instead of running around here.”

The man with triangular eyes exhaled deeply and in a regretful tone said, “It’s a shame we can’t tear his limbs apart. If we do that, we’ll surely get punished for causing permanent damage.”

Wesley smiled enigmatically at that. “It’s true we can’t do that but that doesn’t mean we can’t break every bone in his body. Imagine the pain he would have to suffer through then.”

They excitedly kept up the conversation for quite a long time and all the while sneaking glances at Jack. Jack, of course, knew what they were saying about him but decided they were not worth twisting his knickers over.

Chapter 2001

After all, Jack had mentally prepared himself for all the gossip that would inevitably happen once his presence was made known in the wager battle arena. However, the same could not be said for Brook as Wesley and his group kept looking over in their direction.

Brook sighed and whispered to Jack, "Be careful, Brother Jack. Those people over there don't seem to be looking at us too kindly. I bet that Wesley has some tricks up his sleeve when it's your turn to fight against him."

He did not doubt that Wesley would do everything short of killing Jack and to his words, Jack only nodded. He, too, had expected that Brooke found Jack's composure a bit odd. Although he knew that Jack possessed extraordinary power, that did not mean that he could win in a fight against Wesley, who was in the running to be a chosen disciple after only joining for half a year. Wesley's power and talent were something Brook had wished for himself for the longest time.

"You don't seem to be worried?" asked Brook when he realized Jack was still staring impassively at the arena, waiting for the fight to start, which would take another thirty minutes.

"Why should I worry? Did you think that I agreed to the fight because I want to protect my pride?" Jack retorted.

'Isn't it?' thought Brook. He had always thought that was the reason or else why would Jack agree to fight a person who was way stronger than him? He did not think there was even a chance for the fight to come to a draw, and winning over Wesley would be even more impossible.

Jack did not have to look at Brook to know what he was thinking as his silence said it all. He smiled and said, "There's no use explaining it to you now. You would definitely not believe me. You'll soon understand everything."

This made Brook even more confused. Was Jack hinting at something that was going to happen later?

What could it be? He thought about it and came up with the conclusion that the only way to make him change his perspective was if Jack got into a huge fight with Wesley

At that thought, he abruptly straightened his back and his eyes nearly popped out of their sockets. Jack must be mad if he was really planning to do that. Just when he was about to ask Jack this, a sudden commotion caught his attention. He turned to the source and saw a delicate man making his way from afar.

Jack instantly knew who he was from the whisperings of the crowd.

“Brother Dale is actually on time. I thought he would come at the last minute.”

“Yeah. He is known for his last-minute arrival. He must be well-acquainted with Brother Wesley’s temper. Who knows what Brother Wesley would say if he came late.”

Chapter 2002

“I’ve been looking forward to this fight for the longest time. They have always been at odds with each other with both of them wanting to step on each other’s heads. It’s only natural that Brother Dale doesn’t want to give Brother Wesley a chance to find faults with him.”

“To be honest, I don’t think Brother Wesley is on good terms with a lot of other brothers here.”

“There’s no doubt about that. He has always looked down on those whose power is beneath him. Why, just a few days ago, he totally ignored me when I greeted him! It was then that I find the rumors about his personality to be true.”

All their comments drifted into Jack’s ears. Apart from his posse of suck-ups, Wesley seemed to have garnered a reputation of being difficult to get along with, no doubt due to his arrogance.

As soon as Dale arrived at the viewing platform, he glanced at Wesley for a second and immediately went to sit down at an area furthest from Wesley. It looked like the rumor of them being at odds with each other was true.

"I feel like Brother Dale seems to be lacking in confidence," said Brook with a slightly raised brow.

Jack nodded. Dale's expression was a little grim and on the contrary, Wesley seemed very carefree. Even their confidence level was at odds with each other. Jack hoped that Dale would be able to come out as the winner of this fight.

The host of today's fight was none other than Jack's old friend-Ambrose Adams. Jack knew from his time there that there were around ten or so deacons in the Dual Sovereign Pavilion but apart from Zeph and Ambrose, he had not come across the others.

Today, there was something sorrowful about Deacon Ambrose's expression as if he had not been getting enough sleep. After stepping into the arena, he took out a piece of paper from his pocket and impatiently tried to smooth it out. Then, he read from the paper. At first, Jack thought it was something important but realized it was only the rules for the fight.

The rules were simple, the fighters had to join the fight out of their own volition, the fighters could not cause permanent damage nor death to each other, and the wager could not be too high with the maximum contribution points capped at a hundred and fifty. This was to prevent the fighters from getting addicted to fighting in the wager battle arena.

After reading out all the rules, Deacon Ambrose announced the start of the fight with a wave of his hand and invited all the disciples who wanted to join the fight, up to the arena with their wagers. There were a total of seven battle platforms and it was impossible for Deacon Ambrose to preside over them all therefore he had brought along with him a few minor stewards.

Brook pulled on Jack's sleeves and pointed at the chubby minor steward. "That's Steward Fleming. He's Deacon Ambrose's best assistant. Don't be fooled by his smiley face. He's the stingiest person I've ever known and the others call him Iron Rooster."

Steward Fleming was so chubby that his facial features were all squished together, and it was true that he was always sporting a smile. However, after that little introduction by Brook, Jack made a mental note to himself to be wary of Steward Fleming.

There were many contestants in other battle platforms since every disciple must join a fight once a month, though the most popular fight today had got to be the fight between Dale and Wesley.

Wesley seemed to be impatient to get the fight started. He shot up from his seat as soon as the announcement to begin was made. He shook away the non-existent dust on his body and made his way purposefully to the centermost battle platform.

Chapter 2003

Wesley bowed slightly to Deacon Ambrose and whispered something in his ear while pointing at Dale. Deacon Ambrose then nodded and gestured for Dale to come down with his eyes. It seemed that both Wesley and Dale had already greeted Deacon Ambrose as they stood at the opposite end of each other.

“Informal disciple, Wesley Sayer of ranking 187 and informal disciple, Dale Woodward of ranking 143 have agreed to a wager of a hundred and fifty contribution points. If Wesley Sayer wins this round, then they will swap their rankings, and if Dale Woodward wins this round, their rankings will remain unchanged,” boomed Deacon Ambrose and immediately left the battle platform.

He then activated the protective formation with the spirited crystals. Each battle platform had been set up with their individual protective formation to prevent the stray energy from affecting the spectators.

Wesley and Dale remained facing each other. Dale was frowning and seemed reluctant to talk smack while Wesley did not even bother to look at him but instead, was looking at Jack which caused the other spectators to do the same. Jack was a little rendered speechless by this.

“Someone better not try to escape or beg for mercy when this fight starts. There’s no use begging for mercy. One must keep one’s promises. If not, be prepared to be the laughing stock of everyone,” said

Wesley with his chin held high.

Everyone who heard this knew that Wesley was directing his words at Jack, and not Dale. They started to laugh and looked at Jack mockingly. They were waiting eagerly to see the expression on Jack's face once Wesley displayed his true power and was wondering if Jack would still be able to remain as calm.

The corner of Jack's lips began to twitch. He was so fed up with Wesley's cockiness and turned his eyes away from him. However, Brook became even more agitated at Wesley's words as he moved around as if he was sitting on coals.

Just then, a familiar voice drifted to Jack's ears. Noel had come to the arena too. "Just ignore him. If not, there won't be an end to it."

Jack nodded. Arguing with Wesley was exactly what the other spectators wanted and besides, there was no point, so it was better for him to keep his mouth shut.

However, Wesley misinterpreted this kind of behavior as cowardice. He laughed and in a pompous tone said, "There's no use acting like a coward now. I'll never forgive you for what you have said to me. I've promised you that you'll pay for behaving disrespectfully toward me!"

It took Jack's every effort to not roll his eyes at Wesley.

"Hey, Wesley! I'm the person you're fighting now. Quit your yapping and don't waste my time. Let's begin the fight now!" shouted Dale impatiently with a frown.

Wesley smirked. He was not angered by Dale's words at all. He calmly wiped his hand against the thin air and instantly a sword measuring three feet appeared in his palm.

The sword was twinkling like the stars in the Milky Way and from the looks of it, seemed to be very heavy. Dale, too, took out his weapon from his Loot ring and his weapon of choice was a pair of daggers etched with mysterious red patterns.

Looking at both their weapons caused Jack to frown subconsciously. Ever since coming to this world, he had wondered whether he should equip himself with a weapon that would be more suitable for him because after all, one's weapon could drastically increase one's battle power. However, the Destroying the Void skill he was cultivating right now was a soul attribute skill and a soul attribute weapon was one of the hardest weapons to come across.

Dale was clenching his daggers tightly in both hands and with lightning-fast speed shot across the platform so fast that no one could see where he went. All they could see was the mysterious red glow of his dagger.

Wesley scoffed. This was like child's play to him. He swung his sword when Dale was a few feet away from him and the sword came down on Dale like a flashing meteorite. The force of the attack alone was enough for them to sense the extraordinary power. Dale blocked Wesley's sword with his daggers and a silver light immediately wiped out his daggers' red light.

While still suspended in mid-air, he twisted himself away from the silver sword light which crashed against the battle platform with a loud bang. Fortunately, the battle platform was made with a special material that made it near impossible for fighters to destroy. However, Wesley's sword attack was so powerful that it left a faint mark on it.

Most of the spectators' jaws dropped to the ground after seeing that and once again, began to give their two cents worth.

"That skill must be the Seven Stars Meteor Cloud! I heard it's an intermediate red level skill and Wesley has been cultivating it beyond a certain level."

Jack raised his eyebrow when he heard this. He initially thought that Wesley's skill to be at least premium red level. After all, it made sense for him to have a premium red level skill with this strong support system and exceptional talent so it came as a shock to Jack that he only possessed an

intermediate red level skill.

He tried to think of the reason for this but since he only came to this world not long ago, he could not think of the reasons at all. Thus, he turned to enlist the help of Noel. "I admit that Wesley has a good grasp on the basics of intermediate red level skill but I really thought he will at least possess a premium red level skill. I mean Elder Sayer should be able to get that kind of skill for him quite easily, right?"

Noel's eyes flashed with confusion but then started to look at Jack like he was a monster. "Dude, do you even know what you're talking about? Yes, Wesley's talent is truly exceptional but do you seriously think that anyone would be able to attain a premium red level skill just like that? Attaining a premium red level skill is so much more difficult than attaining an intermediate red level skill. The difficulty of a level is disproportionately higher than the next. You don't think Wesley knows about all this?"

Jack raised his eyebrow as he listened to Noel's explanation. "You've mentioned that he had attained a certain level and which level might that be?" asked Noel.

Both Dale and Wesley were testing each other out on the battle platform with none of them unleashing their full power yet. However, based on this alone, one could tell that Dale was no match for Wesley.

Chapter 2005

"He must be in the first stage," answered Jack just as the two on the battle platform were getting into the heat of the fight.

Jack's reply caused Noel, who was facing the battle platform, to turn around and look him straight in the eyes with an expression that left no room for doubt that he was crazy.

"What is this first stage thing you're talking about? Don't tell me you don't know that we don't use first or second or third to ascertain the level of a martial art skill or technique?"

The corners of Jack's lips twitched. It was only natural he did not know how the rules in this part of the world worked, after all, the soul fragment he had obtained was not someone from the Hestia Continent.

Looking at Jack's expression, Noel had already gotten his answer. "I'm beginning to suspect that you have been living under a rock all this while. How could you not know all these?" said Noel with an air of resignation.

Jack coughed gently while trying to think how to answer Noel. "Yes, you're right. I've been living under a rock all this while. I hope you don't mind me asking all these. They say anyone could be your teacher and you just so happen to be mine right now."

Jack's words obviously did the trick for Noel as he started explaining happily to him about all the inner workings of the Hestia Continent. "No matter the technique or skill, there are three levels to cultivation – preliminary, proficient, and perfection. For example, Wesley's Seven Stars Meteor Cloud seems to be at the level between preliminary and proficient meaning to say he had attained the preliminary level and was close to the proficient level. Once he reaches the proficient level, he would surely be able to strike Dale down with one swing of his sword."

Jack nodded and guessed that he had not even touched the preliminary level on his cultivation of Destroying the Void skill. According to the skill's introduction, one would have to be able to condense and master the control of at least ten Soul Swords to reach the preliminary level.

Not only would Jack need to be able to combine the ten Soul Swords but also control them individually to surround his enemies. At that thought, he started to panic as he had no idea what kind of martial skill would be most suitable for this kind of attack. Should he follow Dale's footsteps and choose the daggers?

Just when he was contemplating all these, the battle between Wesley and Dale had reached its climax. Wesley was acting like a male peacock as he confidently bombard Dale with his sword attacks and from the frown on Dale's face, he was trying to suppress his anger at the helplessness of it all.

Finally, Dale was not willing to continue on. With a push from his pointed foot, he managed to put some distance between the two of them. He quickly performed a hand seal and rays of red light began to envelop the whole area as they transformed into flames which danced with the same rhythm as if they were synchronized swimmers.

“Divine Sky Crows!” shouted Dale ferociously. The flames started burning more vigorously and, to the astonishment of all the spectators, transformed into flaming birds.

Chapter 2006

The flaming birds flew all around the area and left a trail of flame whenever they went. Each of the birds was made up of flames, and even the feathers were swirling with the pattern of fire.

“This has to be the most powerful skill Dale has ever used. If I remember correctly, Divine Sky Crows is also an intermediate red level skill. However, it’s hard to tell at first blush which cultivation level he is at. He could be at the same level as Wesley though.”

The color of fire-engine-red filled the whole battle platform which reflected in all of the spectators’ eyes. Dale had pulled out his big guns—the fire attribute skill he was best at. He knew that it would be a disadvantage for him to continue as he realized that he was no match for Wesley.

With a shout, he flung both of his fire-engine-red daggers up to the sky. He could control the daggers with his thoughts. Instantly, the daggers blended with the flaming birds, and everyone there knew this would be his most powerful attack.

“You’re going down, you loser!” shouted Dale angrily. Immediately, all the flaming birds shot down crazily at Wesley, staining his surroundings red. In contrast, his pale, calm face seemed to be glowing as the sword in his hand was humming with a low sound

He pointed his sword at Dale and calmly performed a hand seal just when the flaming birds were about to crash into him. Immediately, countless silver lights appeared mid-air. Although the silver lights seemed to be unnoticeable under the red glow of the flaming birds, they started to become brighter and brighter when the flaming bird appeared closer and closer.

With a wave of his left hand, the silver lights gathered and spun madly around his sword which he was holding in his right hand. In a blink of an eye, the silver lights condensed into two small stars; so small were the two stars that they were at least a billion times smaller than the real ones up above the sky.

Even so, the spectators could sense tyrannical energy from the pair of spinning stars. Wesley's speed and power suddenly increased drastically and with no warning at all, he jumped up to the sky and brought his sword down on the flaming birds. All that could be heard was the air being ripped apart and the flaming birds started dropping one by one under his attack. They never stood a chance against Wesley's sword at all.

Wesley continued slashing his way through the flaming birds and under the buff of his two mini stars, the speed of his attack increased even more. Some of the weaker informal disciples could not even keep up his sword and would only know where he had been when the flaming birds fell from the sky.

On the other side, Dale was sweating profusely. He performed a hand seal again to make the flames burn stronger and to summon more flaming birds. However, this did not deter Wesley at all. He smirked and in an instant, the swarm of flaming birds was wiped out once again.

Chapter 2007

The flaming birds were the condensation of Dale's energy and transformed back to its original red-light state, diffusing into the surroundings when they were struck by Wesley's sword. Wesley's speed of casting out the attacks was lightning fast and even though Dale kept on replenishing the flaming birds with his true energy, there was still a big hole in the swarm.

Wesley shot through the hole when it was big enough for him to go through and instantly appeared in front of Dale. The corners of Dale's lips went rigid, he did not expect that Wesley would be able to break through the swarm.

The flaming birds were no match for Wesley at all. Wesley scoffed and the three-foot sword in his hand cast out a dazzling silver light. The two mini stars orbiting around his sword, cracked and their light infused into the sword, making it as bright as the galaxy.

At this sight, the back of Dale's neck went cold. He madly performed another round of hand seals to summon the scattered flaming birds to create a barrier in front of him.

That did not even make Wesley bat his eyelid. He raised his sword again and said, "Behold my Seven Stars Meteor Cloud!"

The dazzling galaxy light became one with the sword and cut down on the flaming bird's barrier just when everyone was widening their eyes. They heard a crisp cracking sound and the flaming bird barrier split in half.

Even though the flaming bird barrier absorbed most of the attack, the remaining force landed on Dale. He suddenly felt a tearing pain in his shoulders and chest as the blood dyed his clothes red. He screamed painfully and was sent flying before landing on the ground with a heavy thud. All the spectators had their jaws already dropped to the ground by then.

Wesley raised his cold brow and cast out another sword attack. The attack was not aimed at Dale's vital organs but was still imbued with a powerful force. Everyone heard a slashing sound and another deep sword wound appeared on Dale's chest.

The first sword slash was from Dale's left shoulder, cutting diagonally across his right torso and the second was from his right shoulder, cutting diagonally across his left torso and the combined effect was a bloody X. His shirt was completely stained red and he looked extremely pitiful. However, it was not the pain that he could not handle but the humiliation brought by Wesley.

After that second slash, Wesley stored his sword back in the storage space and alighted gently near Dale, who was lying on the ground. He looked down at Dale with a mocking and condescending expression, making Dale flush even redder in the face. Dale tried to stand up, wanting to fight to death with Wesley.

However, before he could do that, they all heard the results being announced. "The winner is Wesley Sayer. The two contestants will swap their ranking and the wager of one hundred and fifty contribution points goes to Wesley Sayer."

Once the announcement sounded, no matter how frustrated Dale was, there was nothing he could do. The rules must be obeyed.

Chapter 2008

A runner disciple swiftly entered the battle platform to carry Dale after Deacon Ambrose deactivated the protective formation. Dale's face was pale with pain and he was staring daggers at Wesley, who on the contrary, was expressionless. He immediately left the battle platform without even once looking back at Dale, after Deacon Ambrose had announced the result.

A pandemonium akin to five hundred ducks quacking at the same time rose up after the battle ended.

"Brother Dale is no match for Brother Wesley. That was evident from the start so it's no surprise Brother Wesley came out as the winner."

"Actually, I think Brother Wesley should be ranked higher than his previous ranking. The only reason Brother Dale was able to rank 143rd was that he has been in the Academy longer. Talent-wise, it's definitely Brother Wesley who's stronger. I have no doubt that if given more time, Brother Wesley will surpass more disciples!"

Although Dale ranked higher than Wesley, many people still felt that his talent was lacking.

"Do you think Wesley unleashed all his power then?" asked someone and more opinions ensued.

"I don't think so. He looked at ease when he retracted his sword. I can guarantee you that he has more energy left. Dale being stronger than us doesn't mean that Wesley will need all his power to defeat him."

"Yeah, I'm so jealous of Wesley's talent. Amongst us, he's the second most talented disciple after Brother Duncan. There's a slight probability he will become a chosen disciple."

"What do you mean by a slight probability? I think his probability is higher than that! He might even become a future elder with the help of Elder Sayer. He definitely has a bright future ahead of him."

These comments brought up a feeling of envy in many of the disciples' hearts. However, the feeling of jealousy was mixed with admiration, therefore, they would not do anything to Wesley behind his back. How could they when he was way more talented than them?

Noel sighed and glanced sideways at Jack. He was expecting Jack to be in a bad mood after seeing how Wesley had easily defeated the 143rd ranked Dale. He would definitely feel the immense pressure as if being pressed under a hundred boulders if he was the one who needed to go against Wesley in the next battle.

However, to his surprise, he realized Jack did not even bat an eyelid. His expression remained carefree and impassive in the face of Wesley's power. The corners of Noel's lips twitched. He did not know whether he should praise Jack's composure or his acting skill.

Chapter 2009

Even he could not tell whether Jack's confidence was because he had a good plan or he was faking it until he made it. Most of the people there thought Jack was doing the latter and hated him for it.

Wesley had been staring at him ever since he got down from the battle platform. He was expecting Jack to be scared shitless and became extremely furious when he was not. "He must be pretending not to be scared! There's no way he's not scared. His acting is definitely better than his fighting."

He did not bother to keep his voice low but instead, said it really loud and made the others who heard it look at Jack with curiosity. Jack's overly calm behavior gave them no doubt that he was definitely pretending not to be scared. Not bothering what he would think of them, they started to give their two cents' worth.

"Ugh, I can't stand him looking so calm! I can understand him staying so calm if he hadn't seen what Brother Wesley can do. I don't even know why he bothers to put up a pretense when everyone knows Brother Wesley's power can be ranked in the top one hundred amongst us, informal disciples."

"He must be doing it to protect his own ego. No matter how scared he's feeling, he definitely would not let outsiders see but this just makes him more of a laughingstock."

“Yeah, he’s a joke! There must be a loose screw in his brain.”

“I think he might be in a state of shock. I would be scared shitless right now if I was him.”

“You’re right. Forget about the grudges between the two of them, Wesley didn’t actually have to humiliate Dale with that last strike. Although that last strike didn’t cause permanent damage to Dale thus Wesley didn’t break any rules but there’s no doubt it caused permanent emotional scarring to him. I’m sure Jack will suffer a far worse humiliation than that.”

“I think so too. Brother Wesley and Brother Dale didn’t really hold any deep hatred toward each other and yet look at what Brother Wesley did to him. He must have been planning something even worse for Jack.”

They did not bother to lower their voices so it was only natural that Jack would have heard what they said. However, his expression remained impassive and he did not even look toward Wesley.

The corners of Noel’s lips twitched again. He lowered his voice and said to Jack, “Are you really not afraid? Wesley had the intention to humiliate Dale from the very start. The ‘X’ mark on Dale’s chest is like a slap to his face. If he can do that to Dale, imagine what he will do to you.”

“So what?” asked Jack with an equally low voice and with a smile on his face.

Chapter 2010

Those two words rendered Noel speechless. He and Brook stared wide-eyed at Jack, not knowing what to say. Judging from Jack’s reply, it seemed as if he was really not afraid but they could not be! They were adamant he was pretending to be calm.

The corners of Brook’s lips started to twitch too. Wesley was already immeasurably powerful to a runner disciple like him. There was no way he could win in a fight against him in a million years and he was

really worried for Jack.

Many of the spectators there started to imagine what would happen during the battle between Wesley and Jack. Would Jack be sent flying with a single strike of the sword? Maybe Wesley will do his utmost to humiliate him by carving a few X on Jack's face. Not only would that humiliate Jack but it would also assure the fact that he would never have a chance to do anything great in his life.

According to their understanding of Wesley's personality, they knew there was a high possibility for that to happen. After all, Wesley had the backing of many influential figures and the most he would get for humiliating other people was a slight slap on the wrist. Therefore, why would he care about hurting other people's egos?

The man with triangular eyes patted himself on the back for having the foresight to suck up to Wesley. Not only was Wesley more powerful than the average disciple but also had the backing of Elder Sayer. No doubt that following Wesley would benefit him in the future.

Even though Wesley had won the battle, there was no sign of happiness on his face. On the contrary, his eyes were filled with anger and the man with the triangular eyes instantly guessed what he was mad about.

He shot up from his seat and turned to look angrily at Jack. Then, he scoffed and in a loud voice said, "Oh wow, Jack. We should give you an Oscar for your acting skill but then did you really think all of us were fooled by your pretense? Why don't you just admit you're actually scared shitless right now?"

The man with triangular eyes was Wesley's number one fanboy and he would do anything for him. Besides, humiliating a nobody like Jack would not bring him any consequences.

Jack knitted his brow. The reason his face was expressionless was because he really did not care about Wesley's power and knew that they would not believe him even if he told them the truth. However, the man with the triangular eyes had crossed his line, and not to mention he had always seen him as a thorn in his side.

He stared at him, scoffed, and in a chilly tone said, "I was right when I called you Wesley's loyal dog. You would do anything for your master with no thoughts of the consequences."

His words shocked everyone there. Nobody expected him to say something like that. His words were more hurtful than if he had slapped the man with the triangular eyes. The man with the triangular eyes nearly punched Jack in the face but stopped himself just in time as there was a rule saying no fighting on the viewing platform.

Brook was pale in the face from fright and he quickly pulled on Jack's sleeves. "Brother Jack, why did you say that? He would for sure seek revenge on you now."

Jack laughed softly and in a calm voice said, "Do you really think he would stop taunting me if I didn't say anything? Besides, I was only telling the truth. The only reason he keeps causing me problems is because he wants to please his master. Therefore, he should be prepared to reap the consequences."

Although Brook wished Jack would shut his mouth, he had to admit what he said was right. Wesley and his gang would not stop causing trouble for Jack even if he laid down and rolled over. He understood all this but lacked the courage to do it.

Chapter 2011

"How dare you humiliate me again and again when I've shown you nothing but kindness?!" shouted Wesley.

Jack stared coldly at the man with triangular eyes and Wesley. "You're the one who keeps on humiliating me! And there's one thing you should get right, it's that I want to humiliate but you served yourself up on a platter to be humiliated by me! Things wouldn't have to be this way if you didn't force me to give you the room I won that day!"

Jack was on a roll. He was telling the truth but as the saying goes, the truth hurts. The others around them started to voice their opinions again.

“Is Jack crazy? Or does he think he has nothing to lose since he had already offended Wesley many times before?”

“Yeah, I think that is. Might as well humiliate Wesley more since he knows he’s going to lose in the battle.”

Some of them could not help but sigh and shake their heads. “Yup, he’s definitely gone cray-cray. What he said would only spur Wesley on. No doubt Wesley would do his utmost to torture Jack in their upcoming battle. He might even break the rules and cripple Jack!”

Noel became even more resigned after listening to all their comments. He knew Jack was really talented but that did not mean he would be able to defeat Wesley. He knitted his brows and in a low voice tried to warn Jack, “Shut up, Brother Jack. Are you crazy? You’ll anger Wesley even more if you continue on like this. He might even cripple you in the upcoming battle and then it’ll be too late for regrets.”

It was logical for Noel to be worried. However, Jack did not care. He smiled and under everyone’s watchful gaze, stood up from his seat and slowly made his way over to Wesley. Wesley raised an eyebrow and looked curiously at Jack. He wondered what he was doing when Jack suddenly stopped five feet away from him.

“My wager is the individual room that I’m staying in right now. What’s your wager?” asked Jack. Every contestant would bet on something before going up to the battle platform just like how Wesley and Dale both betted on a hundred and fifty contribution points for their battle.

Jack asked about Wesley’s bet because Wesley did not have an individual room of his own and it made sense for him to ask but to the others, it sounded like he had totally gone insane. It was enough that he remained impassive after observing Wesley’s power and yet he still had the mood to ask Wesley for his wager? Yup, he had definitely gone insane.

Did Jack really think he could win Wesley in a battle? If he really did think so then there was really something wrong with his brain. Even Noel and Brook could not believe what they heard as they stared wide-eyed at Jack.

Wesley was first dazed but then erupted in laughter as if he had just heard the funniest joke in the universe. "What did you say? Are you really asking me for my wager? Oh, Brother Jack, you don't seriously think you can win in a battle against me right? Where do you even get that confidence of yours? Or should I ask whether you were dropped as a child?"

Jack raised an eyebrow and said, "Where did I get my confidence? That's not something you should worry about. The only thing you need to do is answer me about your wager. Don't think that I'll fight against you if you don't offer up a wager."

The man with triangular eyes nearly exploded with rage. He did not say anything previously since Wesley had already jumped into the conversation but now he could not control himself anymore.

Chapter 2012

The man with triangular eyes strode rapidly toward Jack and narrowed his eyes at him as if Jack was the prey and he the predator. "I know what you're trying to do!"

'What am I trying to do?' thought Jack with confusion.

The man with triangular eyes scoffed and with an exaggerated gasp pointed at Jack. "You're trying to get out of the battle with Wesley!"

Jack's lips immediately set in a hard line. He was looking at the man with triangular eyes as if he had just escaped from a mental asylum. "Please tell me what have I said to make you think that way? Why would I ask him for his wager if I don't want to have a battle with him?"

The man with triangular eyes shook his shoulder, scoffed, and with a wave of his hand, said loudly, "You said you won't fight against Brother Wesley if he didn't offer up a wager. That's proof you don't want to get into a battle against him because you know that Brother Wesley is a proud person and if he offers up a wager then it means you have a chance of winning. He hates you so much so there's no way he would do that!")

'What kind of sh*t logic is this?' thought Jack. He found the whole thing so absurd that he nearly burst out in laughter. However, he could tell the man with triangular eyes thought he had guessed correctly to Jack's motive.

'Huh! So he does know the meaning of the word 'fear'. There's no doubt he was acting all along,' thought the man with triangular eyes, happy that he had managed to grab hold of his weakness.

He then turned to face the crowd and said, "You all heard what he said right? He must be scared to fight against Wesley to say all that. Does he seriously think he's worthy enough for Brother Wesley to put up his wager?"

Wesley raised his eyebrow menacingly and looked at Jack with a pair of eyes filled with derision as if he was asking him whether he really lacked the guts to go against him in a battle. Jack was rendered speechless by their words and looks. What he hated the most was wasting his breath on other people who were sure of their own viewpoints. However, he knew things would not settle down so easily if he did not explain himself. He wished he did not have to waste any more time with the man with triangular eyes and Wesley.

The crowd seemed to agree with the man with triangular eyes. After all, Wesley was so strong that even Dale, who ranked 143rd, was no match for him. It was even more impossible for the newly recruited informal disciples to win against him. All of them held the same sentiment that Jack had previously agreed to fight Wesley in the wager battle arena because he did not know just how strong Wesley was.

"He must have gone insane with shock and quickly thought up a plan like this to get himself out of the fight with Wesley. However, I don't think his plan will work. If Wesley let the matter slide after all that he had said, then no one will ever take him seriously anymore."

"Yeah! We all know about Wesley's fiery temper and how he would do anything to take out those that he hates. Wesley wouldn't be the Wesley we know if let Jack go just like that."

"That Jack must be panicking to come up with a useless plan like this. Wesley would definitely offer up a

wager just so he could torture him during the battle.”

Deacon Ambrose, who was standing under the battle platform, glanced at Jack with eyes filled with resignation. To him, Jack possessed unlimited potential but he should really do something about his impulsive nature.

Chapter 2013

There was no way Wesley, with his fiery temper, would let Jack off the hook so easily. Even beating him up would not assuage his anger. However, Deacon Ambrose and Jack were not really that close with each other so he chose not to speak up for Jack and continued to observe from the sidelines.

The crowd’s comments continuously streamed into his ear and their unfounded speculations made him speechless. No matter how unwilling he was to defend himself, he was left with no choice but to speak up for himself in order to stop things from progressing the way they were.

“Can you just shut up for a bit? You’re getting hysterical,” he said to the man with triangular eyes. Then, he focused his attention on Wesley, who was looking at him with an eyebrow raised a provoking smile.

Jack did not really care about what Wesley was thinking. “Let me ask you again-what’s your wager?”

Wesley narrowed his eyes. He agreed with what the man with triangular eyes said; offering up a wager meant that he thought Jack had a winning chance against him. He really looked down on the trash disciples who got into the Dual Sovereign Pavilion through unusual means. Jack would never even have the chance to step into the Dual Sovereign Pavilion if it were not for the impending war between the Clan associations. Therefore, he did not deserve to hold the same position as him!

However, since Jack already asked, it would be unbecoming of him to not answer. He smiled mockingly and said, “Although you’re not worthy enough for me to offer a wager, I’ll still do it because crippling you is the most important thing right now.”

Deacon Ambrose coughed lightly and said, “The rules of the battle are clear-no permanent damage o r

crippling during the battle.”

Wesley simply nodded at him but it was obvious he did not take what Deacon Ambrose said to heart by the way he was raising his eyebrow. Wesley’s words had spurred the crowd to be more spirited. They wondered if he was really going to cripple Jack but if he really did that, he would be punished! However, maybe he was willing to risk it all to teach Jack a lesson. They all knew he would be fine as long as he did not cause permanent damage to Jack. After all, he could always turn to Elder Sayer for help.

Everyone turned to look at Jack with slight pity in their eyes. They were all imagining how Jack would end up crippled by Wesley. Some of them were even shaking their heads and the comments got louder.

Jack was completely speechless. “Would it kill you to just answer my question? What does all this have to do with ego? I’m only asking you about your wager!” He did not care what Wesley was feeling. He only wished to settle the wager as soon as possible.

Wesley’s anger flared up again and his expression became rigid upon hearing what Jack said. His hawklike eyes stared fixedly at Jack. “You really sound like you can’t wait to die! Fine, let’s have it your way and to make it worth your while-I’ll let you decide what my wager is going to be.”

Jack raised his eyebrow and in a calm and slow manner said, “Since you don’t have an individual room, how about you offer up a wager of one hundred and fifty contribution points and two soulpenetrating pills?”

Chapter 2014 Everybody’s eyes were wide open when they heard this. Putting the results of the battle aside, just the wager from Wesley as requested by Jack was enough to shock many people.

No matter who made the bet, they could not wager more than 150 pavilion contribution points and this meant that Jack had requested Wesley to bet the highest contribution points. Together with two soulpenetrating pills, the bet soared again as the soulpenetrating pills were one of the more precious pills among the fifth-grade pills.

In fact, the cultivation of soul-penetrating pills required several exceptionally precious ingredients. Due to the value of these ingredients, the pricing of the soul-penetrating pill was comparable to sixthgrade pills.

In the Dual Sovereign Pavilion, the pricing of every soul-penetrating pill was 150 pavilion contribution points and two soul-penetrating pills would be 300 pavilion contribution points. Together with the 150 pavilion contribution points, they wagered previously, they had a total of 450 pavilion contribution points!

This price had far exceeded the pricing of the room Jack owned right now. Common informal disciples cannot easily come up with so many pavilion contribution points. Even if any of them accumulated so many pavilion contribution points, they were used to redeem high-grade martial art techniques or martial skills.

The corners of Wesley's mouth twitched. Before he was able to speak, the man with triangular eyes wailed and stared at Jack with his ugly triangular eyes. "Are you crazy? You are asking Senior Brother Wesley to wager items that are worth more than 400 to 500 pavilion contribution points when your wager is only a room. How dare you say so!"

Even though everybody knew that Jack was never going to win, they are also aware that those who went into the wager battle arena would wager items that are equal in value. The value of the items Jack was requesting Wesley to bet on was so much more compared to what he could afford. What Jack said had caused Wesley's darkened expression to slowly turn purple.

He felt that Jack said this to humiliate him with hopes that he would refuse to wager these items to take care of his honor. In that case, Jack would not need to join him in the wager battle arena.

The people surrounding them also had the same thoughts and many of them secretly shook their heads. "Jack is quite smart and he knows that Wesley would be unconsciously shaming himself if Wesley agreed to what Jack said. Based on Wesley's characteristics, he might refuse this wager to protect his honor. By then, Jack will have an excuse to refuse to join Wesley in the wager battle arena."

"In the beginning, I thought that this guy wasn't smart enough. Now, it seems like I've looked down

upon him as this way might just work. If I'm Wesley, I might refuse the bet just to protect my honor."

Wesley humphed coldly after he heard the discussion of the onlookers around them. He had an angry yet mocking look in his eyes. He raised his voice and said, "Alright! I shall bet all of the items! Although the wager is in your favor, I will never let things go your way!"

Everybody once again opened their eyes widely and gasped after they heard what Wesley said. Wesley had gone all out and ignored everything about honor as long as he was able to give Jack a serious beating.

Wesley did this so that Jack could not find any excuses to not join him in the wager battle arena. At this moment, everybody once again looked toward Jack. However, Jack seemed to have relaxed after he heard what Wesley said. The horrified and helpless expression that everybody was anticipating did not appear on his face.

Wesley tightened his fists and was gritting his teeth in anger toward Jack. "You b*stard, remember what I'm saying now. The end of this month shall be the day of your death!"

Chapter 2015

Jack chuckled lightly after he heard this and said, "There's no need to wait till the end of the month as we can battle now. Since you've agreed to my demands, there's no point in waiting."

What Jack said was the same as dropping a 3000 kilograms boulder into a calm lake. Many people immediately wondered if they were hallucinating. What did Jack just say? Was he in a hurry to die when he said that he wanted to go into the battle arena right then and there with Wesley? Or had he given up and gone completely crazy?

Even Noel and Brook looked at each other in blank dismay after they heard what Jack said. Their mouths were wide open for a long time and they were unable to say a word apart from the surprise in their hearts as they looked at Jack's straight back.

Jack completely ignored what the onlookers thought about him or their opinions toward him. He walked steadily and arrived in front of Ambrose. Ambrose was also slightly stunned as he looked at Jack. He could not comprehend what Jack wanted to do. He felt that Jack was not the kind of lunatic who did not care about anything else.

Only around a dozen days had passed and he was in such a hurry to die? If he was given a month of training time, he might be able to increase his strength and would not lose in such an ugly way. However, Jack was impatient for it to happen. The corners of his mouth twitched as he spoke dryly. "Are you sure that you want to have a fight with him in the battle arena now?"

Jack nodded solemnly. "Unless Wesley is unwilling to fight with me."

Wesley's eyes almost jumped out of his sockets when he heard this. He really could not understand what Jack had in mind. In the beginning, he thought that Jack did so many things to prevent himself from joining Wesley in the battle arena. However, Jack was in so much anticipation to have a fight with him!

Wesley swallowed his saliva and the corners of his mouth twitched as he spoke. "Sure! We definitely have to fight!"

Jack nodded. Was this not over? What was worth feeling tangled about? Jack's lack of dilemma did not mean that Ambrose was not in a dilemma. He softly sighed and felt that this was such an intriguing day. However, he could not say anything as the judge since both Jack and Wesley had agreed to the terms. He asked Steward Fleming to pass him the wager record book as he slowly wrote down all the wagers set by both of them. When he finally finished writing the last item, he could not help but ask again, "Are you sure that you would like to have a battle with him now?"

Jack nodded calmly. Ambrose exhaled deeply and decided to say nothing else. He pointed at the battle arena in the middle that was newly emptied. "This is your battle arena. The two of you can go up now if you're ready."

Jack turned around and looked at Wesley as he spoke. "Do you need to take a rest to restore your peak state as you've just finished a battle?"

After Wesley heard what Jack said, his facial expression changed like there were fireworks happening. His facial expression alternated between a greenish color and being pale. He humphed coldly as his shoulders trembled. Wesley felt that he did not know how to respond as he was exasperated. He even wondered if there was something wrong with this guy. The other onlookers were also speechless. Jack was actually worried that Wesley was not at his peak state? Was he worried that Wesley would be unable to wound him badly later?

At this moment, everybody was certain that there was something wrong with Jack's mentality or he would not have spoken in such a manner. Wesley inhaled deeply and refused to say anything as he directly walked toward the battle arena he had just come down from.

The shoulders of the man with triangular eyes trembled as a speechless expression appeared on his face. "I've never seen anybody like you, who wishes to die so much. There really are various kinds of strange things in this great world."

Chapter 2016

In fact, Jack could not contain himself for long with the triangular-eyed man pestering him, right next to him. To everyone's surprise, Jack abruptly turned around and stared at the man with triangular eyes coldly. Sneering, he said, "I've always been a vengeful person, and you'd do well to remember my words."

After he finished speaking, Jack turned around and walked toward the battle arena in the middle. At this moment, Wesley was already standing at the east side of the battle area, and Jack stood opposite him. The two of them looked at each other, one of them expressionless while the other looked contemptuous. Wesley looked at Jack as if he was an idiot or a dummy, but Jack's expression remained passive for the most part.

It looked like no matter what expressions Wesley had on his face, it would not affect Jack. The sound of people discussing what was happening beneath the stage was noisy enough to hurt people's ears. After all, none of them expected things to develop until such a situation. A lot of busybodies started to send transmission runes to their friends who were not there to watch the battle so that they would not miss the great battle.

Both Brook and Noel stared at those two, staring at each other from a distance as they stood on the battle stage, with frowns on their faces. They had no idea what to say at that moment. After some time, Brook lowered his voice as he spoke to Noel, "Senior Brother Noel, do you think that Senior Brother Jack has given up?"

Brook was incredibly wary at this point, and he did not feel that there was something wrong with what he said. Instead, he was hesitant as he felt that Wesley would surely defeat Jack, and that particular scene was unimaginable to him.

Noel frowned and sighed softly before he spoke with a hint of uncertainty, "I have no idea, but I don't think Jack's brain had malfunctioned or something." In fact, he had no idea what he should say. Although he knew that Jack was very talented in terms of the soul attribute, he had no idea which level was Jack's true strength at.

Jack was only at the initial stage of innate level, but Wesley had already achieved the intermediate stage of innate level. From the fighting prowess alone, Wesley was one level ahead of Jack. On top of that, Jack had only joined the Dual Sovereign Pavilion for a dozen days and had yet to be trained and groomed by the pavilion. How could he be Wesley's opponent when he had his talents but not the resources?

He might not be able to defeat Wesley even if he was in the same realm as Wesley, let alone challenging Wesley at a lower level!

As they stood on the battle arena, Wesley could not help but sneered at Jack's seemingly expressionless face, commenting. "You're a good actor, I'll hand that to you. You still can be passive at a time like this. You have no idea what'll happen to you, do you?"

Jack raised his eyebrows. "Can you just get on with it? What's the point of making these useless remarks?"

The informal disciples sitting at the audience seats were baffled upon hearing Jack's remark. His brain

must have been filled with water, and the damage must have been detrimental. Why else would he say such a thing?

“Do you have any idea what you are talking about, young man?” jeered Wesley. “You’re challenging me from a lower level, and you’ve only joined the Dual Sovereign Pavilion recently. Do you truly think that you can defeat me?!” Wesley laughed as he spoke.

Jack nodded and actually replied level-headedly, “I wouldn’t be standing here if I wasn’t sure I can defeat you.”

Right after that, a suffocating silence appeared first before somebody snickered, and laughter filled the entire area. A large group of people broke out into laughter because of what Jack said, looking at Jack as though he was the biggest clown for thinking he could defeat Wesley. Did he not understand that he was only in the initial stage of innate level and did not have the support of powerful resources?

On what grounds did he think that he could defeat Wesley? Was it just because of the fact that he ranked first place during the admission assessment? That admission assessment was nothing to the Dual Sovereign Pavilion disciples who joined the pavilion through the usual admission tests, and many of them there could have done what Jack did!

Wesley scoffed indignantly. “You truly are entertaining. The fact that I’m fighting with someone like you in the battle arena is an insult to me!”

Chapter 2017

After his warning, Wesley did not bother saying anything else as he pulled his three-feet-long sword from his storage ring, gripping it tightly by the hilt. He raised his right hand, and the sword was once again illuminated with a silver-like light. Everybody looked on as the specks of starlight gathered that became a small yet bright star within the sword’s silver-like light.

Fighting with Jack did not require Wesley to use much strength. He formed two silver stars when he

fought Dale, but he would only need one to blast Jack away completely.

Jack raised his eyebrows. When he was at the audience seats back then, he noticed Wesley using the Seven Stars Meteor Cloud, but standing right across Wesley, he could clearly feel the overwhelming strength of the Seven Stars Meteor Cloud. If he was a usual martial artist in the initial stage of the innate level, he would have lost his imposing momentum under such a strong suppression. It was possible that some with weaker fighting prowess would not be able to stand straight.

The Seven Stars Meteor Cloud was truly a Red-level intermediate martial skill. Jack raised his eyebrow as he slowly took out a black dagger from the Mustard Seed. There was nothing special about this black dagger. It was only the length of his fingers and was not much different from Dale's weapon apart from the color.

Jack had been thinking about what weapon he should use before he went up the battle arena. Even after thinking it through, he still felt that the dagger was more suitable for him. Although daggers were more suitable for assassins, Destroying the Void was a soul attribute martial skill, and it seemed suitable for him to be an assassin.

It might have been because of how ordinary the dagger Jack had looked without any formation or runes carved into it, but the gossip and murmurs below the stage amplified.

"This young man can't even come up with a decent weapon. This is looking really shabby."

"He's just a guy without any background, and he had just joined the pavilion recently. How could he own weapons that could rival or be on par as ours?"

Wesley harrumphed indignantly as he stared at the black dagger Jack had at hand. With a move of his sword, he went straight toward Jack, planning to defeat him with a single move. He wanted to injure Jack to the point Jack would not be able to counter him, all so Wesley could regain his honor. Jack had to pay dearly!

Wesley moved extremely speedily, like an arrow released from the bow. He came rushing toward Jack with the sound of wind whistling. His sword looked ominous as it contained his will to kill. A regular person in the initial stage of the innate level would not be able to withstand the strength of his attack.

Frowning, Jack performed the seal with his hands. Soon, a streak of black light appeared from his palm.

Until that moment, Jack was unable to estimate Wesley's true strength. However, Wesley realized at that moment that Jack did not pay much importance to him. Hence, he decided to not use all his strength, and this sword attack only used a portion of his strength.

If that was the case, he had to remain calm.

After the black soul sword appeared in Jack's palm, I immediately covered the entire black dagger. The dagger trembled before it seemingly hummed, looking as though the dagger could barely contain the power inserted into it.

Jack frowned as he once again performed the seal with his hands. This time, the black dagger immediately floated into mid-air.

Unfortunately, Wesley's attack was right before Jack in the blink of an eye.

Jack pushed his hands forward calmly, and the black dagger moved forward toward Wesley's sword attack.

Wesley scoffed haughtily and snapped, "You're biting off more than you can chew!"

Many started to feel sorry for Jack when they saw this scene. In the beginning, everybody was anticipating the martial skills that Jack was going to perform. When they realized that Jack had only infused his black dagger with a streak of black light, almost everybody shook their heads at the same time.

Chapter 2018

Any powerful martial skill would be accompanied by a ferocious power motion when it was released, However, no one among the audience sitting could feel any power movement from the dark-colored light when Jack activated the martial skill.

The spectators' reactions were similar to those who observed the fight between Jack and Warren. Everybody heard a clear clanging sound of weapons knocking into each other. The black dagger and the silver sword in Wesley's hands collided with one another.

The silver sword shone glaringly, and a confident smirk appeared on Wesley's face. To him, Jack's black dagger was like a piece of trash he could easily knock off into the air...but the smile on his face soon fell after a few seconds as he felt a blunt force coming toward his right hand, the hand that held the sword.

This particular force stunned Wesley for a moment before he took a step back.

The next moment, Wesley's eyes almost popped out of their sockets as he discovered that his Seven Stars Meteor Cloud was equally matched to the martial skill Jack had performed.

Jack took a step back, in sync with him!

The silver light from the stars and the dark-colored light disappeared after their intense collision midair. However, the black light contained dark energy that nobody understood. The energy traveled up his sword and impacted his arm instantly!

Wesley's facial expression darkened as he realized that a piercing pain came from his soul after exchanging a single martial skill attack with Jack. What was that?! Wesley was in disbelief. All this time, he thought Jack was no match for him, that he would be able to get rid of him with the power of a single star.

It seemed, however, that they were of equal power, and Wesley even suffered an unexpected blow.

He activated his true energy to suppress the pain in his soul. His right hand trembled slightly as his entire face turned chalky white. This was mainly due to his shock and fury.

Both of them took a step back after exchanging a single attack. Every informal disciple in the audience seats inhaled in surprise when they saw this, and they even thought they were hallucinating.

“Oh my god! Have I lost my mind? How and why did that happen? Jack is actually strong enough to exchange blows with Wesley where both of them took a step back, and none of them managed to suppress the other?! What was that martial skill he used? It’s capable of competing with the martial skill of the Red proficient level!” The corners of that person’s mouth twitched uncontrollably after he spoke, and the people around him could not hold their surprise, too.

“Don’t forget that Jack is one realm lower than Wesley, and this means that he’s challenging Wesley from a different level. Even so, the fight between them still ended with a tie!”

Even though they understood that Wesley did not use all his strength, it was enough to shock everyone present. After all, Jack was only in the initial stage of the innate level and had only joined the Dual Sovereign Pavilion around ten days ago. He was already so much stronger than many informal disciples present as he was capable of performing with such strength, despite the huge difference between him and Wesley.

Brook’s eyes widened as he started to ramble, “No wonder Elder Lee said that Senior Brother Jack has the strength to be among the top three hundred informal disciples. I thought he was just saying that to please Jack, but from the looks of things, Elder Lee was telling the truth!”

Meanwhile, Noel exhaled deeply as amazement filled his gaze. He knew earlier on that Jack’s talents were much stronger than many disciples in the front positions of the pavilion.

From what had happened, it seemed like he had still underestimated Jack’s strength.

Chapter 2019

Wesley's followers gaped at the scene so much that they nearly dislocated their lower jaw, especially the man with triangular eyes, who was stunned on the spot. His mouth was wide open as sheer disbelief overwhelmed his face.

He had never expected for Jack to be so strong. The corners of his mouth slightly twitched as he growled, "Impossible! This can't be real! How could this guy have such strength?!"

The person that suffered the greatest shock among everyone present would be Wesley, who stood opposite Jack. Wesley gripped his sword tightly with his right hand. If they looked carefully, they would be able to see the blue veins popping out on his right hand because he was overusing his strength.

Although Wesley tried his best to suppress the surprise and disbelief in his eyes, he failed to do so. He exhaled deeply, looking like he had lost himself with his craze evident in his eyes.

"No wonder you could act so ferociously before all this. It turns out you do have some tricks up your sleeves. Still, don't you dare think that you can show off in front of me with that!" Although he was surprised that Jack truly had some strength, Wesley still did not think that Jack could defeat him. After all, he did not use all his strength but only a portion of it.

Jack looked at Wesley emotionlessly, seemingly unperturbed even with Wesley's comments, which Wesley hated.

He hated this overly confident, fearless expression Jack had. He glared fiercely at Jack and gritted his teeth. "I won't hold back this time! Prepare to face your death, young man!"

With that, he once again performed the silver seals with both his hands, and they grew stronger in his palms before those silver beams transformed into twisted runes midair. These twisted runes gathered to form a second silver star within a single breath. The star floated and rotated speedily on top of Wesley's sword.

The operation energy in the sword also grew increasingly strong. At this moment, Wesley's strength once again increased to a new level. When the Seven Stars Meteor Cloud achieved the perfection level, seven stars would appear on the sword. Wesley had not achieved the perfection level at that level and was only in the preliminary level. Even so, commonfolk were no match for him.

In the previous fight, Dale was defeated when he unleashed two stars on the sword. The speed that these two stars were rotating started to increase, and soon, a small swirl of energy formed around them.

"Wesley's getting serious now, and that guy's going to lose this time. Even though he's stronger than regular people, Wesley is one whole realm higher than him!"

"That's right! Not only is Wesley one whole realm higher than him, but the level of the martial skill that Wesley practices is much stronger than usual informal disciples. At the very least, he's much stronger than me. He must've achieved the preliminary level for his Seven Stars Meteor Cloud and is going to achieve the proficient level soon. I haven't even achieved the preliminary level yet!"

"It truly is quite odious to carry out comparisons between people. Nonetheless, that guy is quite strong, and he must've achieved the preliminary level with the martial skill he practiced, even though he can't compare to Senior Brother Wesley. Otherwise, how could he be so strong and achieve a comparable result as the Seven Stars Meteor Cloud?"

"Still, what was the martial skill that guy used just now? There weren't any obvious overpowering energy motions, and I even wondered if that guy pulled a prank or something."

Murmurs and gossip rumbled throughout the audience seated. Among everybody there, only Noel guessed correctly that the martial skill Jack had used belonged to the soul attribute, and that was why there was no overpowering power fluctuation.

Chapter 2020

Jack glanced at the small stars that spun wildly on Wesley's three-foot-long sword. Jack seemed to be

unfazed, even though the stars spun rapidly and formed a whirlpool-like funnel. Once the stars exploded and released their power, ordinary people would not be able to withstand the overwhelming power.

He once again performed the seal with his hands and formed the second soul sword, one much darker than the first soul sword. At that moment, Jack had solid control over the soul sword that he could control both soul swords to attack freely or merge into one.

Jack narrowed his eyes as he once again infused the soul sword into the black dagger. The black dagger once again released a striking dark-colored light. When they took a closer look, the black dagger floating midair was releasing a wave of greyishblack mist. It looked weirdly seductive and seemed capable of enchanting anyone.

Wesley, of course, noticed what had happened, remaining silent as he frowned. He stepped forward as he once again waved his sword outward. This time, both his speed and strength achieved the extreme level.

Regular folks could not even make out what was happening with such speed. In the blink of an eye, the sword lunged right toward Jack's face.

Everyone gaped at the sight in utter shock. They originally thought that Jack would be cut into two halves by the Seven Stars Meteor Cloud. However, Jack managed to evade the attack from a weird angle!

The martial art technique that Jack practiced was the strongest in the Divine Void World, Divine Void Heavenly Path. Practicing this martial art technique allowed him to control the laws of space. Although Jack only understood a slight portion of the laws, it was sufficient for him to use it during this battle.

The laws of space were much more accurate compared to pure speed. If Jack was just 'fast, he would be wounded by the overpowering energy, even if he managed to avoid the attack. However, he activated the laws of space which granted him the power to ignore the limitation of distance. Although it looked like Wesley was attacking this space, Jack had already used the power of space to transfer himself to another space and evaded Wesley's attack.

However, Jack felt his true energy trembling in his body, and he had used up a large amount of his energy after he performed this martial art technique. Beads of sweat trickled down his forehead as he panted heavily, and he silently warned himself that he should not execute this technique so carelessly in the future. After all, he had not succeeded in practicing this technique. Even though he evaded the attack by utilizing the space, he had used up a large amount of his true energy, which was not worth much.

Everyone's eyes widened at the sight.

"How did he evade the attack? He's actually unharmed! Wesley's sword was right at his face, but he managed to evade the attack by turning around. Something's weird with that."

"That's right! Seems to me that something doesn't add up, too. It felt like Jack wasn't within the range of attack at that moment. What's going on here?!"

How could these informal disciples understand the laws of space when it was such a peculiar matter? Moreover, the Dual Sovereign Pavilion was only a pavilion in the West Cersei State, and all they could think of at that moment was how difficult it was to understand what Jack did.

Even though Wesley was shocked by Jack's capability of avoiding his sword attack, he did not stop. There was a saying that went 'it's impossible to evade the unavoidable,' and there would be a time when Jack would fail to evade.

Wesley turned around in the air and waved his sword, evoking a silver light to appear midair. He raised the sword with his right hand and once again pointed it toward Jack. He was much faster than before, and the attack aimed straight toward Jack's head.

With a slight frown, Jack raised his hands. One after another, the black runes merged with the black dagger in front of him.

The moment the sword brandished toward him, the black dagger released a black light and once again

collided with the three-feet-long silver sword. Another audible crack was heard, and almost half of the silver light dispersed after its collision with the greyish-black light.

Chapter 2021

Everyone was stupefied at what happened.

Jack once again released the spell, and the black dagger shone brightly. He pushed the dagger forward with all his strength, and the black dagger instantly broke through the silver light, aiming straight for Wesley.

Wesley's eyes snapped open widely, and despite his hesitance, he habitually stepped back. The black dagger was only three feet away from Wesley's body as he hastily raised his sword to intercept the attack.

A sharp, resounding clang between metals was heard.

The black dagger clashed against the three-foot sword once more. However, the black light did not dismantle the silvery sword light this time. Instead, the black light enveloped it like a maggot latching onto a bone!

Wesley's expression contorted uglily at the sight, and he immediately activated his true strength to shatter the black light that spiraled upward the sword like vines. Unlucky for him, Wesley still underestimated Jack's attack.

Although he used his true strength to shatter most of the black light, a fraction of the dark-colored light conquered the sword and crawled onto his arm.

Wesley felt a sharp pain coming from his hands, and it felt like 10,000 ants gnawed at his soul. The sharp pain caused him to wail out in pain.

Wesley was a person who greatly prioritized his image, and he would not have wailed like he did-or anything else of that nature-even if someone wounded him terribly. However, the pain of the soul being invaded was not usual pain. Even those who acted high and mighty could never hold back their scream when they were invaded by the soul sword.

“What the hell is this?!” Wesley was in so much pain that he yelled out loudly. He realized, at that moment, that his dark-colored light was like a kind of poison, one that aimed to hurt the soul instead of the body.

Destroying the Void was a soul attack, and just a fraction of it was enough to submit the victim through sheer pain.

Wesley stepped back, distancing himself greatly from Jack. Meanwhile, the black dagger flew back toward Jack, though this did not mean that two soul swords were defeated by Wesley’s Seven Stars Meteor Clouds. Instead, Jack was forced to retrieve the black dagger because the energy had been exhausted.

At this moment, Wesley’s face was chalky-white, and his eyes were bloodshot. His hands seemed to quiver as he attempted to activate his true strength to suppress the sharp pain that assaulted his soul.

Everyone was speechless at the outcome, and the entire area fell into complete silence for a good while, save the sound of the breeze blowing past the tree leaves, proving that time was still ticking. Even Ambrose looked toward the battle stage as if he had seen a ghost.

Finally, somebody blurted, “This guy actually hurt Wesley. How can he be so strong? What is the martial skill that he performed? Why does the black light have such a strong power?!”

“Are you asking me? How would I know? Regardless, we can’t underestimate that young man. I just can’t fathom how Wesley failed to defeat Jack when he didn’t even hold back!”

“The martial skill Jack used must’ve carried the laws of poison. Why else did Wesley wail so painfully? On top of that, that dark-colored skill is incredibly ominous. Even though it was shattered, remnants of it still climbed onto a person’s body...like maggots on bones!”

Chapter 2022

This time, even Ambrose chimed in, “That’s right! Our hearts shuddered at the fright. What is that thing? It rendered Wesley, a person who cares so much about his pride, to wail in pain!”

Dale, despite having been wounded by Wesley and having shameful sword cuts left on his body, could not help but sneak to the audience seats when he learned that Jack and Wesley were at the battle arena. He ignored his wounds, even though he was supposed to be tending to them, and happened to chance at the sight of their battle—one that looked like both men were even. Dale was rooted on the spot at the sight, unable to assess if what he saw was real.

He ignored the pain that stemmed from the slashes on his body, one that even plagued his mind.

If this fight continued at this rate, Wesley might truly lose to Jack. If Jack was capable of that, this would no doubt shake the entire Dual Sovereign Pavilion.

After all, Jack took up the challenge despite being on a different level, and he had just joined the pavilion as well. On top of that, Wesley was a talented person, and he might even become a chosen disciple in the future. If Jack managed to defeat Wesley, he would certainly become a chosen disciple in the future.

The man with triangular eyes almost bit his own tongue, while the subordinates that flattered Wesley just moments ago flushed a crimson color. None of them dared say anything as the reality came as a slap to their faces.

They degraded Jack so badly, and it even sounded like Wesley only had to move his hand for Jack to be beaten into a dead dog. At this rate, however, no one knew who would be done for.

The man with triangular eyes trembled as he looked at Jack with a hint of fear in his eyes, instantly understanding something. Even if Jack failed to defeat Wesley in the arena, his future would nonetheless be prosperous.

Eventually, he would successfully become an informal disciple and even a chosen disciple. Of course, until the day Jack became a chosen disciple, the man with triangular eyes would not be able to survive in the Dual Sovereign Pavilion. After all, was it not all too easy for an informal disciple to pick on an informal disciple without any background like the triangular-eyed guy?

The triangular-eyed guy's flushed face instantly turned incomparably pale. His hands that were hidden in his sleeves shivered unnoticeably. At this moment, gossip and debates were heard across the entire audience seats.

"Seems like we won't get to guess who's going to champion this. Who would've thought Jack to be so strong? It's surprising, really. After all, he had just joined the Dual Sovereign Pavilion for a dozen days and had never been trained and groomed by the pavilion. Looking at the way things are now, though, he must've gone through something before he joined the pavilion. The martial skill this young man practiced is comparable to the Seven Stars Meteor Clouds Wesley performed. It's even possible that the level of his martial skill is higher than the Seven Stars Meteor Clouds!"

The people around the person who said this agreed, but many were still amazed with everything that had happened.

"If the martial skill that Jack practiced is at a higher level than the Seven Stars Meteor Clouds, it should be a Red level premium martial skill. If that's true, this young man is very talented!"

Martial skills were not something a person could practice just because they wished to do so. Practicing the Red level martial skill not only required a person to be extremely talented, but they had to achieve a certain fighting prowess as well. Taking Warren as an example, he was at the initial stage of the innate level like Jack, but the martial skill he practiced was at a much lower grade compared to the Seven Stars Meteor Clouds.

This did not mean that Warren was unable to get Red level intermediate martial skills. On the contrary,

Warren would not be able to practice the skill, even if he managed to attain a Red level intermediate martial skill.

Chapter 2023

“Who would’ve thought that there are talented disciples among the newly recruited ones that they simply took in? Jack’s talents are comparable to Senior Brother Duncan!”

Duncan, for many, was like an untouchable ceiling. Not only did he have a strong background, but his talents were so impressive that others just could not breathe when facing him. Many people worshiped Duncan as their idol.

It was an extremely high note of approval for them to compare Jack to Duncan.

Every debate and comment from the audience traveled to Wesley’s ears; his sense of hearing was sharp after all. The more these informal disciples talked, the darker Wesley’s expression became. At this moment, it was as if he had swallowed a couple of flies as his expression gradually turned into a ghastly pale color.

His right hand gripped the three-foot-long sword, albeit with a shaky hand. He stared at Jack like a hawk, and his expression showed just how much he wanted to bite Jack to relieve his hatred. If looks could kill, Jack would have died several tens of thousands times.

“You must be very proud of yourself, huh? You’re probably all fired up just listening to these comments about you, aren’t you? I’ll admit that I’ve underestimated you. I never expected that you’d be so strong!” spoke Wesley, though harshly and forcefully through gritted teeth. His eyes were bloodshot when he said these words as his envy and hate nearly spilled from his chest. He even grew envious of Jack, who was extremely talented. Duncan alone was not enough, and all of a sudden, another talented individual appeared, suppressing him at the bottom!

Jack raised his eyebrows. “Why do you always talk so much nonsense? I have a tight schedule, and I don’t have much time to waste on you. You shouldn’t think that I’m purposely going against you. To be honest with you, I don’t care about you that much.”

Jack's response came as a challenge to Wesley's sensitive feelings, and these words were like harsh slaps on Wesley's face. Moreover, Jack's expression barely shifted as he said those words. Wesley knew that Jack really had such thoughts and was not doing this on purpose to provoke him. Compared to being provoked and abused, it was even more difficult for Wesley to accept such disregard.

Wesley scoffed indignantly and gritted his teeth to the point that the veins on his forehead protruded." Don't think of defeating me. I, Wesley Sayer, have achieved what I have, and I'm not someone you can defeat just by saying so!"

A second later, Wesley raised his right hand and threw the three-foot sword into the air. The threefoot sword buzzed and trembled as it floated in front of Wesley. Once again, Wesley continuously performed the formation with both his hands.

The silver light circulated between Wesley's fingers, and the twisted runes poured into the three-foot sword were like mud being poured into the sea. Everyone noticed that the light emitted by the silver sword only grew stronger.

Soon enough, a loud cracking noise could be heard coming from the sword. To everyone's surprise, the third star appeared, and this silenced the audience once more.

None of them expected that Wesley was capable of forming the third star. No wonder some informal disciples that had a better insight mentioned that Wesley was already halfway into the proficient level of the Seven Stars Meteor Clouds.

Forming the first and second stars only proved that Wesley had achieved the preliminary level of the Seven Stars Meteor Cloud. However, if he was capable of forming the third star, it proved that he was halfway into the proficient level! When he successfully formed the fourth star, it meant that he had already achieved the proficient level. There were a total of three levels when it came to practicing martial skills. These martial skills would only exert their overwhelming power when the martial artist achieved the second level.

Wesley took in a deep breath and said solemnly, "I didn't want to show my true strength before the pavilion's ranking battle, but I can no longer hide it, even if I wanted to. Consider it your honor, Jack, to have forced me into such a situation!"

Chapter 2024 Jack's lips twitched upon hearing Wesley's bold claim. It seemed like Wesley loved to boast about his strength pridefully no matter what he was doing. To Wesley, it was not Jack's strong powers that forced him into doing this. Instead, Jack should be honored that he was doing so.

Jack was stunned for a moment, however, and he even felt like laughing at Wesley's words. Nonetheless, he did not want to waste time on nonsense with Wesley at such a crucial moment. After the third star was formed, all three stars attracted and controlled one another. They continued to spin briskly on top of the three-foot sword and stirred the surrounding energy into a small-sized tornado.

Everyone's eyes widened at the sight. Many of them were already mentally debating if Wesley could compete with the top 100 or even the top 80 informal disciples when he performed his strongest hit!

"It seems like my trip here today isn't in vain; I get to see such an interesting fight. I never thought Wesley had hidden his last resort during his fight with Dale before. This is his true power!"

"That's right! I came here today because of the duel between Wesley and Dale. Surprisingly, the battle between Wesley and a newly recruited informal disciple was what amazed me the most. If I tell anyone else who has no idea what's happening here, they'd probably laugh at me, thinking I made it all up!"

"Let's not discuss this right now. Who do you think I am the stronger person, now that Wesley has shown his true strength?"

This question once again haunted the surrounding spectators, and many of them frowned as they looked at one another. None of them could come up with a conclusion, though. After all, the battle depicted change after change in the tides of battle, which confused everyone of their judgment.

However, there were still people who spoke plausibly, "It's Wesley, no doubt. Although Wesley isn't as

talented as Jack, he's already in the intermediate stage of the innate level. On top of that, his Seven Stars Meteor Clouds has already achieved such a high level of proficiency. I believe that he's even capable of fighting somebody who's in the top50 of our pavilión!" said one individual.

Many agreed to this person's statement, nodding in agreement as they did.

Dale was stunned when he saw this scene. He originally thought that Wesley had used his complete strength, which was why he lost his battle. In the end, but what Wesley was showing in his fight with Jack proved him wrong. Wesley did not use his strongest power to defeat him, and it finally made sense why Wesley was all proud and confident before. It turned out that he did not even regard Dale to an extent.

Realizing this, Dale could not even mask the defeat visible in his eyes. His self-esteem had suffered a powerful blow.

The discussion grew increasingly heated in the audience seats. The person with the most solemn expression among the audience was definitely Ambrose, who was seated in the middle among them, his eyes fixed on the battle arena.

Ambrose was not a disciple, and as the only deacon in charge of things present, if anything happened to the important people on the battle arena, he would be the first to face the wrath of upper management.

The upper management would not pay much attention if the people involved were regular informal disciples, even if one of them ended up badly wounded or disabled, so long as it was not a permanent disability. However, the situation was different at that moment. Wesley was supported by Elder Sayer and was a rather talented disciple. He had been one of the key disciples being focused on by the Dual Sovereign Pavilion. If something bad happened to him, Ambrose would also suffer.

On the other hand, even though Jack did not have any support or background, his talents were spectacular. If he was seriously injured or ended up disabled due to Wesley under Ambrose's supervision, Ambrose would pay dearly, too.

Ambrose's expression continued to darken as he silently prayed for nothing to happen to these two people. His gaze never wavered from both Jack and Wesley. If one of them looked to be seriously defeated, he had to immediately stop their fight.

At this moment on the battle stage, Wesley was completely unnerved by Jack's provocation, and nothing else mattered to him at that point. He held the three-foot sword in his right hand, and the silver light was so strong that it could envelop his entire body.

He let out a deep breath, and a silver light burst out of his eyes. "Young man, I, Wesley Sayer, will show you my might, one that can render you incapacitated!"

Instantly, he rushed toward Jack like a ferocious lion. The three stars spun sprightly on the sword Wesley had in his hand. The moment he rushed over, he suddenly grabbed the sharp blade of the three-foot sword with his left hand and the sword cut his hand. Blood instantly soaked the blade, and the bright-red blood looked increasingly ominous under the silver light.

Chapter 2025

The next moment, the three-foot sword spongily absorbed Wesley's blood. The three stars rotating crazily around the three-foot sword, meanwhile, increased in speed.

Jack was sure this was Wesley's desperate tactic. At this moment, a solemn look appeared on Jack's face, and he even felt slightly uneasy. Despite that, he could not retreat even if he was hesitant.

With that, he performed the seal continuously with his hands, and the black light was once again injected into the dagger.

The dagger, like before, released a streak of black light, and the third soul sword was fused into the black dagger. To be safe, Jack made up his mind and increased his true energy. Even though he could easily fuse two soul swords with his current abilities, it was still difficult for Jack to merge all three soul swords in one attempt.

He could not focus on that drawback, however.

He had to force himself to fuse the swords, even if he typically could not. His hands turned continuously and became faster. One after another, the seals appeared in his hands like a running streak of light. Jack felt waves of piercing pain on his soul, signifying that he had reached his limit, but he pushed that to the back of his mind. He had to merge all three soul swords, even if it hurt his soul!

Whoosh!

Following a strong gust of wind, Wesley got right up to Jack. The silver light covered his entire being, and the sword shone brightly as it went straight toward Jack's face!

Jack narrowed his eyes and stepped on the ground to quickly retreat. He was so close to succeeding!

Wesley was breakneck-fast, one that disabled commonfolk from defeating him. Luckily, the martial art technique Jack practiced was very special and contained the laws of space. Although he only mastered a small portion of the technique, it successfully increased Jack's speed greatly.

A fierce look appeared in Wesley's eyes as he roared angrily, "You wish to hide from me? Not happening!"

Wesley's roar delivered his rawest feelings of hatred and envy, and it was evident how he roared with all his strength.

Ambrose almost stopped breathing as he stood up from the audience seat, standing in a way that he was ready to rush up the battle stage. As long as there was something wrong, he would not pause for another second.

Jack retreated speedily. At this moment, he was still performing the seal continuously with his soul. The sharp pain in his soul reminded him that it was too much.

Wesley naturally knew that Jack was forcing himself to withstand his attack, and he, of course, did not want to give Jack the time and opportunity to. If he lost to Jack, his self-confidence would suffer a huge blow, and this would have a deep effect on his future. He could not allow himself to lose to Jack.

He roared furiously and once again increased his speed. This time, Jack was unable to evade the attack, even with the help of the laws of space. A smirk gradually appeared on Wesley's face. "Accept your death, young man! You can't hide away from this!"

The decisive voice filled the entire arena, and everyone stared at the stage. At this moment, Jack suddenly stopped retreating backward.

He suddenly raised his head and pushed his hands forward. The black dagger once again met the silver sword, and everyone heard it-a loud explosion. The center where both energies collided sent out waves of energy that impacted the formation surrounding the battle stage.

Chapter 2026

The audience heard that familiar dull explosion as a figure came hurtling out of the center of the energy surge. The figure slammed against the activated energy barrier of the battle platform with an audible whump.

The figure was, in fact, Wesley, and the protective barrier managed to stop him from flying out of the arena.

Wesley, who was once insufferably arrogant, was rendered to such a pathetic state-he looked like he had just struggled out of the quagmire. He slid down the energy barrier and fell onto the ground with a loud thud. Dust flew all over the place as Wesley slumped to the ground with his four limbs up in the air. His clothes were torn into rags.

The dark-colored light covered Wesley like a layer of mist. Blood leaked from the corners of his mouth as his face contorted in sheer pain. In the previous attack, Wesley's Seven Stars Meteor Cloud was no

match for the Destroying the Void. After the Destroying the Void, which formed three soul swords, defeated the Seven Stars Meteor Cloud, the remnants of the skill struck Wesley.

After all, the Destroying the Void was a soul attack.

As if it was not enough that he suffered an unexpected attack, Wesley did not even know how to defend himself against a soul-attribute attack. He could not endure the attack, even though he knew that it was highly likely that the remaining power from Jack's attack would damage his soul if it struck him.

The audience once again fell into silence. The remaining energy quickly dispersed without the support of the relevant parties. After the light disappeared, Jack emerged before the crowd, albeit in a pitiable state as well.

The silver sword beams left multiple slices on Jack's clothes in their wake. His face was pale as paper as cold sweat slowly trickled down his forehead. He had a deep frown on his face as the corners of his mouth slightly trembled. Despite standing upright, everyone could see that he had his fair share of struggles, though he seemed to fare better than Wesley, who fell straight to the ground with a distorted expression due to the pain he faced.

"Oh my god! He really won! He really did it! Wesley couldn't defeat Jack, even when they both executed their strongest attack at the same time? What sort of martial skill is this guy practicing? He's so strong!"

"His martial skill isn't the only thing that's strong. I'm sure the martial art technique he practices is a high-level one as he's able to achieve such results. Where did this guy come from? I heard that he doesn't have any background. If no one's backing him up, where did this strong martial skill of his come from?!"

The prattles instantly overwhelmed the perimeter.

Jack, meanwhile, ignored everything onlookers were saying. At this moment, it was true that he was not feeling well. Although his clothes had several cuts on them, his pale expression was not due to the Seven

Stars Meteor Cloud. Instead, it was because his spirit energy had been dried out-hurt, even-as he forcefully merged the three soul swords. However, a wound on his soul of such degree was nothing to Jack. He was not badly wounded, and he only needed to rest for a couple of days.

He inhaled deeply as his gaze shifted. He saw that Ambrose was about to open his mouth, to announce the end of this wager battle. Before he had the chance to speak, however, Jack moved as a small amount of true energy agitated in his body. Even though he forcefully merged the three soul swords and this caused his spirit energy to dry up, he had not used much of the true energy in his body. He had already put the black dagger away as he rushed forward like a cannon.

Jack got right up to Wesley, having not been too far from him, within a breath. Ambrose immediately realized what Jack wanted to do when he saw Jack's action

Ambrose's face turned pale and he shouted loudly to stop Jack, but Jack was one step faster than Ambrose's words. The moment he got right before Wesley, Jack silently swung his fist sharply at his chest.

Wesley's rib broke with an audible crack, one that the audience could hear. The impact from the attack rendered Wesley somewhat unconscious from the severe pain as he had already suffered from a damaged soul. He failed to see Jack flying toward him, and when he realized what had happened, Jack had broken his rib with a punch.

The physical agony he felt, along with the torment his soul was haunted with, made Wesley feel like he was in hell.

Chapter 2027

No matter how willful Wesley was, he could not hold back his scream.

After seeing what happened, Ambrose instantly turned pale. "Stop! I declare that the battle is over! You've won now, Jack, so stop what you're doing!"

Ambrose could not just watch as Jack's attack crushed Wesley entirely. Although Jack's previous punch broke Wesley's ribs, it did not cause more fatal injuries. Cold sweat dripped down Ambrose's forehead as he feared Jack would continue his assault, even if Jack listened to him. After all, the animosity between Jack and Wesley ran deep, and Wesley even insisted on crippling Jack before the battle.

Jack was not someone who would just forgive and forget. He was also impressively talented and did not place much importance on the fact that Wesley came from an important family.

Surprisingly, Jack stopped attacking after hearing Ambrose's declaration and slowly stood up from the floor. He did not turn around to look toward the audience seats and instead glanced at Wesley, much to the audience's surprise. He chuckled softly and said calmly, "Now, do you understand why I asked you to make those bets?"

Although Wesley was in so much pain that he was losing his sensibility, he heard what Jack had said. His words triggered Wesley so badly, more so than the pain on his body. He struggled to open his eyes and glared at Jack murderously. He coughed violently as blood and some of his internal organs spewed from the corners of his mouth. Despite better judgment, he growled, "I will kill you!"

Wesley's anger nearly demented him. It felt like he was utterly humiliated without Jack saying anything, let alone since Jack decided to tell him why he agreed to the bet so calmly. Wesley finally understood why Jack behaved in such a way in front of everyone, even though they previously looked down on him.

After all, no one believed that Jack could defeat Wesley and thought that Jack had given up.

Even the only deacon there also thought so, but the tables have turned against them, making them look like a joke instead. What Jack said had acted as a reminder to the others, and they finally realized why Jack insisted for Wesley to make the bet from the beginning

Everyone, during the time they were deciding on the final bet, looked at Jack as though he was a jumping clown, but with everything that had happened, the audience felt their face burning in pain. Even Brook and Noel, who sided with Jack, were also speechless.

“You wish to kill me? Sure, just tell me when. With your current strength, however, I’ll be so far ahead of you after another ten years of training.”

Everyone would have laughed at Jack had he said this at the beginning of the match, but not at this moment. They were all exceptionally quiet as what Jack said was the truth. Jack had the ability to challenge Wesley from a lower level. If he was given more time to train, he would be very far ahead of Wesley without a doubt.

Wesley could not just simply accept such things, but it was the truth, even if he did not want to accept it. Wesley’s face turned purple from anger and looked like an old man on the verge of death.

Jack raised his brows, disinterested in talking to Wesley. How he wished Wesley would have died on the spot in his anger, but that would not happen. At that moment, Ambrose had closed the protective shield as runner disciples waiting down the arena rushed toward Jack and Wesley.

Chapter 2028

The runner disciples quickly transferred Wesley onto the stretcher. Every battle platform came with five or six runner disciples, and their main task was to bring any wounded disciple after their battles for emergency treatment.

Jack raised his eyebrows when Wesley was about to be brought down the platform by the runner disciples and said, “Don’t forget our wager. According to the rules of the wager battle arena, you need to send the items you owe within three days. If you fail to do that within three days, not only will you be detained, but you might be deported from the pavilion, too.”

Wesley was so angry that he coughed up blood hearing Jack’s words. The chest area of his clothes had already been dyed with blood. His hands quaked as he wanted to clap back at Jack with something snarky. Alas, he had already lost, and it was useless no matter how much a loser spoke. He would only be ridiculed by others.

After Wesley was brought away for treatment, Jack slowly walked down the battle platform. At this moment, everybody had looked at Jack in a different light.

As Jack demonstrated his prowess, their view had shifted from disdain into one of admiration, taking him more seriously and enviously. Some people could not help themselves but started to discuss quietly among themselves. "This guy's talent is out of this world. I'm sure that he'll become a chosen disciple in the future. No wonder he was so relaxed previously. I almost thought he got brain worms!"

"You should shut up. Since when have our pavilion recruited idiots? People had never given up. Instead, he never placed much importance on Wesley. During the final attack, both of them used their full power and caused Wesley to be beaten into such a state. This means that Jack's strength had already achieved the top-hundred positions or even the topfifty positions!"

The surrounding onlookers immediately nodded when they heard this. There were a total of 3000 informal disciples, and being able to be in the top 100 or top-50 among these 3000 people proved how incredibly strong this person was. Of course, many of these informal disciples were able to be in the top100 positions because of their extensive practice time. Some of them were even in the final stage of innate level! The positioning of these informal disciples had nothing to do with their talents.

However, Jack was only in the initial stage of innate level, and he was capable of being in the top-100 because of his exceptional talents. This evoked the envy of many, but all they could do was nothing but stare.

Ambrose looked at Jack as if he was looking at a monster. Zeph had been relieved of his position and incarcerated because of what Jack revealed. Ambrose was so interested in seeing Zeph's pitiful ending that he purposely went to the dungeon where they held Zeph.

At that point, Zeph rambled crazily, "You people just wait and see. I won't let any of you off the hook once I leave this place. I failed in the hands of that stinky b *stard because I was unprepared. You should tell him that joining the pavilion doesn't mean that he has nothing to worry about. He's just an informal disciple after he joins the pavilion. I'll be coming for him once I leave this place. Me being a deacon doesn't diminish the fact that I can easily kill an informal disciple like him!"

Ambrose only laughed coldly when he heard this. The mistake Zeph made was neither a large nor a small matter. No matter how things were, he had been dismissed and detained. Ambrose was not

worried about himself as Zeph would be incarcerated for at least two to three years.

Before Zeph was detained, he did not take any actions against Ambrose, and Ambrose knew that he would be unable to cause any big trouble when he left the dungeon. Zeph might do something against Jack, but Ambrose was not that well-acquainted with Jack. He only felt good about Jack because of what happened to Zeph.

He had no idea how things would be by then, though Zeph would nonetheless be in for a surprise by the time he left the dungeon, seeing how things had developed at this moment. Ambrose estimated that Jack would be able to become a chosen disciple within two to three years.

Zeph was still capable of taking action against an informal disciple, but a chosen disciple was in a much higher position compared to Zeph. No one would know who would hurt who by then.

Chapter 2029

At the thought of this, Ambrose started to look forward to that surprised expression on Zeph's face once he was to be released.

Jack, meanwhile, ignored the murmurs and gossip from the people around him, talking about him, and returned to his seat among the audience. He decided it would be in his interest to sit and watch the others battle as he did not have anything important to do today, more so having no more contribution points left at this moment.

When he heard that formal disciples would have a battle on the wager battle arena afterward, Brook looked at Jack with admiration as he sat, his eyes almost glued on Jack.

The corners of Jack's mouth twitched helplessly. "What are you looking at?"

Brook coughed softly with an excited look on his face. "You're very strong, Senior Brother Jack! I've

really missed it when I thought that you weren't Wesley's opponent. Who would've expected for you to hit him so badly!"

Jack raised his eyebrows helplessly and said calmly, "Didn't I tell you how I wouldn't have agreed to the battle if I wasn't confident?"

Brook was still extremely excited. "I thought that you were bragging."

Jack was so speechless that the corners of his mouth twitched. Brook was such an honest person, and even Joel laughed so hard at Brook that his eyes narrowed into crescent moons in his laughter. "Oh, dear me! Young man, you're so excited that you can't even control what you said. You're that bold to say whatever crosses your mind!"

Due to the fact that Jack did not immediately leave the area, the informal disciples who purposely came over to observe the fight did not leave the scene either. They were still having lively discussions and only lowered their voice because Jack was still there. Many people started looking at Jack earnestly. If Jack did not have a stern expression that kept strangers away, they would have come over to greet him. After all, Jack had a bright future.

After a period of time long enough for half a stick to burn, the remaining excitement from the previous battle began to disperse slowly. The others who participated in a wager battle today once again entered the battle platform. Brook sat at the audience seat and spoke non-stop by Jack's ears like a machine gun, and though this irked Jack, he did not stop him.

He purposely looked at where the man with triangular-eyes was at. When he looked over, the man and his companion had already disappeared.

They must have booked it because they were scared.

Jack intended to shake up the man with triangular eyes a little; that man irked Jack to no end. Jack did not have any conflict of interests with him, and he only caused trouble for Jack because he wanted to

flatter Wesley.

Compared to Brook's constant chatter, Noel seemed to be far more level-headed. It was only after some time did he speak, "You held back, but I still feel that Wesley was badly wounded." Jack slightly nodded. "Aren't the rules clear? I can't cause any permanent damage, which I didn't do. I only broke his ribs and didn't heal his wounds. He'll be alive and kicking after several months of treatment."

Chapter 2030

In truth, Jack had only told half the tale. After all, the worst attack was not breaking Wesley's ribs. Instead, it was how the remaining power from the Destroying the Void attacked his body and caused the wound on his soul. Others did not know what attribute Jack was training in, but Noel knew it very well.

Lowering his voice, Noel commented, "Did Wesley suffer from a wound on his soul due to how much pain he's in? If that's the case, it doesn't seem good."

Jack raised his eyebrows and took a meaningful look at Wesley after he heard this. He saw how serious Noel's expression was and responded with an equally serious tone, "I don't think that he's seriously wounded. Although the martial skill I performed was strong enough, the Seven Stars Meteor Cloud isn't so weak. It canceled most of the attack, and only a small amount of the attack rushed onto Wesley's body."

Noel felt that Jack did not understand what he was trying to get at. He could not help but sit up straight and leaned toward Jack. "The wounds suffered by the soul are different from those the body suffered. If his soul is gravely wounded, it's difficult to rule if it's permanent damage. However, it takes more pills and time to recover."

Jack gave a light nod. He could feel that Noel was dancing around with his words, thus he waved his hand. "Just tell me what you want to say; there's no need to beat around the bush."

Coughing lightly, Noel then replied, albeit a little exasperated, "What I mean to say is that you took it a little too far this time. Even though I know that you dislike Wesley that much, you shouldn't have given him an additional punch in the end. Yes, he acted all high and mighty before, but he has the support of

Elder Sayer. If you only wounded his soul, it can temporarily be explained away by saying that it was unavoidable. However, your last punch was obviously aimed to humiliate Wesley— ”

“I know what you mean, but I’ll still do it again if this repeats,” interjected Jack, not allowing Noel to finish. “Although he has a great background supporting him, I’m not somebody he can bully at his will. Consider me a nice person that I only punched him once, no matter how much he did before.”

Noel merely nodded at Jack before he shook his head silently. He felt that what Jack said made sense. After all, it would only be hellish if Jack continued to put up with all of that.

Nonetheless, Jack’s action had completely dishonored Wesley by what he did. He was only afraid that Elder Sayer would be a petty person and take revenge on Jack. However, Noel also knew that Jack was somebody with his own ideas, and he was certain that Jack knew what might happen.

Jack stared at the battle platform for a good while before he began to feel rather tired.

The main reason was due to the low reference quality toward the battles between these people. After all, not many of those 3000 informal disciples were stronger than him. Just as he was about to get up and leave, he heard a familiar voice from far away.

Jack chose a slightly secluded place to sit, which was near to the exit, after he entered the place. His main concern was so that he would not get into a fight with the others. After all, he knew that he would definitely attract criticism from everybody as he joined the wager battle arena hastily, especially when Wesley was also there. Hence, he chose a place that was near the exit and secluded.

The familiar voice came from the exit, and Jack spotted a familiar face when he looked over.

What surprised him was two people who used to hate one another were having a genial conversation as they walked together. These two were Morton and Gerald, who caused trouble for Jack. The two of them had also joined the Dual Sovereign Pavilion from the previous assessment. After the accommodation was arranged, Jack never saw the two of them in the pavilion. A dozen days had passed,

and he almost forgot these two people...that was until these two showed up.

What surprised Jack the most was how they were all smiles and good talk as if they were friends for a very long time. Noel raised his eyebrows and also took a glance at the exit. "Isn't that Morton and Gerald? What a rare sight...!"

Chapter 2031

Noel's remark caught Jack's attention, and Jack turned to look at him in surprise, not expecting Noel to know these two newly recruited informal disciples. Noel knew the cause of Jack's surprise when he noticed the look in his eyes. "I come from an aristocratic family. Although it isn't a big family, it is so rare for me to know two outstanding young disciples?"

To this, Jack chuckled and gave a slight nod, saying, "Are you sure that those two can be considered outstanding?" Jack did not say this out of vanity of himself and his skills, nor was he belittling them; he was merely telling the truth. Jack was speaking from the overall looks of things. After all, they only made four of the lights lit up during the assessment.

Such results were not very outstanding among all the informal disciples, but Noel seemed to feel good about the two of them. Raising his brows, Noel answered, albeit a little wound up, "They are relatively outstanding. I know about your assessment results. Even though they were unable to get full marks, they'd also have great results during usual assessments as they managed to light up four of the obsidian lights."

Jack raised his eyebrows, obviously disagreeing with Noel's opinion, but he said nothing else on the matter and instead shifted the topic. "You seem to be quite familiar with the two of them. You even kept track of such results," he asked.

"I realize that you don't even understand some basic common knowledge. The younger members of aristocratic families know about each other's strengths and talents. On top of that, our Karl family also interacts with the families behind those two. That's how I got to know them and learn about them. I also paid attention to their results in the recruitment exam because of this."

As they were having their discussion, Morton and Gerald had walked up to their side. These two had no real purpose in being here; they just happened to pass by.

Morton saw Jack and Noel having small talk as he inadvertently glanced at them. Morton subconsciously raised his eyebrows and scoffed before he spoke to Gerald, "Who would've expected Jack to be acquainted with Noel. From the looks of it, they seem to know each other well."

There was a hint of indelible jealousy in the way Morton spoke. Jack was ahead of him since the recruitment assessment, and he had always disliked and envied Jack. The better Jack's life was, the worse Morton felt. With raised brows, he turned to speak to greet Noel, "Greetings, Senior Brother Noel. Are you here to watch the battles, or do you have a wager battle with others today?"

Noel raised his eyebrows at this. Morton would not usually speak to him in such a familiar manner. Although he was also quite talented, Morton liked to look down upon people, and there was a hint of contempt in the way he spoke. "I'm here today to watch the wager battle of other people."

Morton nodded and turned to look at Jack. He raised the volume of his voice as if he had just met Jack, saying, "Are you Jack? I almost forgot about you. Why are you here?"

Jack sneered, not wanting to entertain the guy. This guy just had to pull something whenever he was in front of Jack. Morton revolted and upset Jack; he was like a blind housefly who just would not leave.

Somewhat helpless at the situation, Noel changed the subject when he noticed just how impatient Jack was. "Where have the two of you gone during this time? We didn't see you guys in the pavilion."

Gerald seemed quite polite. He gave a small bow as he responded, "The two of us went to Mount Beasts."

Noel immediately replied with a cold expression on his face, "You both are quite daring people. How can you guys go to Mount Beasts before you start training?"

Chapter 2032

Gerald replied calmly, "We needed pavilion contribution points no matter what we wanted to do. If the two of us stayed in the pavilion, how many contribution points would we be able to collect, even if we slaved ourselves away? Instead, we'd be able to obtain more by going to a safer place outside like Mount Beasts."

Pavilion contribution points were something every disciple needed. No matter what they did in the pavilion, it required a large amount of pavilion contribution points. Although Jack had just obtained 150 pavilion contribution points from the battle against Wesley, the points were a mere drop in a bucket and were insufficient for Jack.

There were many ways to obtain pavilion contribution points. Usually, newly recruited informal disciples would stay in the pavilion to do some chores that were safe and could earn them contribution points, such as completing various chores for elders, assisting smelters in producing weapons, or helping alchemists to cultivate pills. Disciples would ultimately earn these points.

However, such contribution points were a waste of time-they were too few for Gerald and Morton.

Instead, it was far better to leave the pavilion and hunt monster beasts in Mount Beasts for their spirited cores. They could return to the pavilion and exchange the spirited cores or other exchangeable parts of the monster beasts for pavilion contribution points. From the happy smiles on both Gerald and Morton's faces, they seemed to have had a fruitful trip.

Noel raised his eyebrows and asked, "It looks like both of you have had a fruitful trip. How many contribution points did you guys manage to get?"

Morton responded, though unable to hide the grin that crept to his face, "We've obtained a total of twohundred-and-eighty points within these two days, but each of us only got an average of a-hundred and -forty contribution points."

Noel's facial expression changed when he heard the number. Although 280 contribution points was not a large amount to Noel at that moment, it was a lot for newly recruited informal disciples who had just

joined the pavilion to come up with. Their capabilities of obtaining 280 contribution points within a dozen days proved that both Morton and Gerald were much stronger than most of the newly recruited informal disciples.

“You both seem well-versed,” Noel did not hold back his praises. “Based on what I know, the total amount of contribution points earned by ten of the newly recruited informal disciples isn’t as much as the two of you.”

Morton raised his chin arrogantly. “How can we be the same as those opportunistic people?” To Morton and Gerald, they did not place themselves in the same position as the other newly recruited informal disciples, even though they joined the Dual Sovereign Pavilion through this recruitment assessment. After all, they were more than capable of passing the usual recruitment assessment for informal disciples.

This was why Morton labeled the other newly recruited informal disciples as opportunistic people, He and the other disciples unanimously agreed that these people would never have had the chance to join the Dual Sovereign Pavilion if there were no friction between two pavilions with the possibility of a terrible war

From Morton’s reaction, it was not difficult to see how arrogant he was.

Jack subconsciously raised his brows when he heard what Morton said, but his face remained stoic and he spared no glances at both Morton and Gerald.

What Noel wanted to ask at that moment was how did Morton and Gerald join forces? After all, almost everyone who knew these two knew about their strained relationship. These two had always been like water and fire where none of them looked happy whenever they met. It was an astonishing fact to others, knowing that they went on a hunting trip to kill monster beasts together.

However, Noel was smart enough to hold his tongue. After all, all three of them would be in for an awkward time if he asked Morton and Gerald about this.

Chapter 2033

This was why Noel ultimately decided not to ask anything. In fact, Morton and Gerald should be on their way, seeing as their conversation had ended, and they were not that well-acquainted with one another, too.

All of a sudden, Morton suddenly acted as if he knew Noel well and struck another conversation, "Mount Beasts truly is the vastest mountain in the West Cersei Island. Although we were only capable of going into the outer ring of the peripheral area, we still met a lot of dangers. Luckily, we were strong enough and turned the tides to our favor, however dangerous it was."

Noel nodded and simply commended him. To be frank, he wanted to be upfront to Morton, wanting to say he was not interested in listening to his crap. Morton and Gerald did not have to tell him how dangerous Mount Beasts was; Noel had already visited that place several times.

Jack listened with high interest as he made arrangements for his next steps. However, Morton suddenly changed the topic of the conversation as Jack was listening to their conversation. "Junior Brother Jack, what are you doing here?"

Jack could not help but frown at how Morton lowered his seniority by addressing him as 'junior brother'. Jack did not know about the rules of other pavilions, but the Dual Sovereign Pavilion's rules were that the stronger party would be addressed as the senior brother, and the weaker party would be the junior brother. They did not decide their seniority based on their ages.

His strength was undoubtedly stronger than Morton, but Morton purposely addressed him as his junior brother. Nonetheless, Jack was not a member of the Hestia Continent, thus this did not concern him. He did, however, offer Morton a cold glance. "I'm here to watch the others battle."

The corners of Morton's mouth curled upward as he walked closer to Jack. "I heard that you've made a wager battle with Senior Brother Wesley. I have to admit that you're really brave. We, members of the aristocratic families, understand the strength of Senior Brother Wesley. Are you here to see how strong Senior Brother Wesley is by observing others battling it out?"

Jack chuckled and was somewhat mind-boggled. He knew Morton meant something else as he, instead of leaving, continued to linger around and conversed with them. Jack had no idea where Morton had heard about the battle between him and Wesley. Morton was obviously looking forward to Jack making a fool out of himself.

Jack turned around and said, "I know what his strength is like, so there's no need for you to remind me." Jack spoke in such a straightforward manner, and it was mainly because he did not wish to continue listening to Morton's continuous speech.

Morton cared too greatly of his dignity, yet Jack spoke in such a straightforward manner when there were so many informal disciples around them. How could he maintain his reputation like that?

Morton was so angry that his face became slightly pale. His right hand instinctively balled into a tight fist. He purposely raised his voice as he spoke, "Are you sure you understand Senior Brother Wesley's strength? What do you know? Stop pretending to be a master in front of us. Although you were ahead of me during the entrance assessment, don't think that you can always be ahead of me. Let me tell you" I'll be able to go ahead of you with my talents and sufficient pavilion contribution points.

"I do wonder where you get your guts from to challenge Senior Brother Wesley. He's capable of defeating you with a single finger of his! Let's see how cocky you'll be after that!"

What Morton said immediately attracted the attention of many around them. In fact, Morton was curious as to why so many people were gathered in the wager battle arena today. Were there important individuals who would be having a wager battle?

No matter what it was, he wanted to regain his reputation. Although Jack sat at a slightly secluded place, Morton had purposely raised his voice, and the surrounding people heard what he said clearly. Almost 50 to 60 people turned their heads around and looked at Morton as if he was an idiot.

Chapter 2034

A few among the audience started to mumble softly among themselves.

“Who’s this person? Where did he come from? Is he crazy?”

“Who knows? Seems like they have a problem or two with Jack. They do seem to be in the initial stage of the innate level. They must be crazy.”

Morton had no idea what was going on when he saw how these people stared at him. Was there something wrong with what he said? Why was everyone looking at him like he was some clown?

He carefully thought about what he said but could not find the error in his remarks, no matter how he tried. If that was the case, why were the people looking at him in such a way?

Gerald was just as stunned, and he, too, felt the odd glances these people shot at them.

Noel was also speechless as he glanced at Morton. In fact, he wanted to tell Morton that what he said was no different from slapping himself hard on his face. Nonetheless, he could hear that there was a rivalry with Jack from what they said. If that was the case, it was best for him to keep his mouth shut.

Jack chuckled softly and looked at Morton coldly. Although he seldom wasted time speaking to others, he was utterly disgusted by how Morton constantly caused him trouble. He was like the triangular-eyed guy who annoyed Jack into silent bewilderment. “You said that Wesley can kill me with a single finger?”

The corners of Morton’s mouth froze, yet he still nodded stubbornly. “Of course! Senior Brother Wesley is extremely talented, and he’s one of the top informal disciples. From the way you’re talking, you seem to be confident in defeating Senior Brother Wesley!”

Jack nodded, not bothering to hide reaction. “I can defeat him, no doubt.”

Both Morton and Gerald were stunned on the spot when they heard this. How could this guy be so crazy?

He was daring enough to say anything, and he even said that he could defeat Wesley.

The others had no idea about it, but the two of them knew how talented and strong Wesley was. Even though Morton said that he himself was extremely talented, he could not compare to Wesley. Not only was Wesley extremely talented, but he came from an extremely strong family. How could this young man be so brave?

Morton scoffed indignantly twice, at that-before he spoke, shoulders trembling as he did, "You truly are arrogant! Who do you think you are? How dare you compare yourself to Senior Brother Wesley? Senior Brother Wesley ranks at the hundred-and-eighty-seventh spot among the informal disciples. Although Elder Lee praised you the other day, it was only to give you face. Do you really think that you're extremely talented?"

The people around them were stunned when they heard this, much to Morton and Gerald's bewilderment as they noticed the gazes sent their way grew more...peculiar. The mocking look in the audience's eyes amplified, yet they had no clue what they did to have earned this.

Jack chuckled softly and looked at the two of them as if they were dummies. "Morton, I think it's best if you stop speaking right now. Do you know what the two of you look like right now?"

Morton smiled awkwardly, subconsciously lowering his voice as the people around them were looking at the two of them in a weird way. "What... What do we look like? Why are they looking at me in such a weird way?" he asked, purely baffled.

Brook coughed softly. He did not want to say anything, but he was acquainted with Gerald, and he had treated him nicely. They would only be further embarrassed if this continued, thus Brook cleared his throat and explained, though awkwardly so, "Just moments ago... Senior Brother Jack had already fought with Senior Brother Wesley, and Senior Brother Wesley had lost the fight. Senior Brother Wesley has been carried away in a stretcher."

Chapter 2035

Such a simple statement stunned both Morton and Gerald, their faces slammed with disbelief, and their

mouths hung wide open.

Morton laughed dryly, even musing to himself that Brook might have lost his mind. Why else would Brook have said such impractical things? Jack and Wesley had already finished their wager battle, and Jack...defeated Wesley? What nonsense these were!

Despite that, the weird glances they were receiving subconsciously stopped Morton just as he was about to refute.

Gerald blurted, "What are you talking about? How can Jack defeat Wesley?" His expression darkened as he got a hint of something from what he said, subconsciously stepping back.

Every informal disciple around them could hear very well, and all of them heard what Brook had said. None of them refuted his claim, however, and none of them gave him odd stares. This meant that Brook was not pulling things out of thin air; he was telling the truth.

Even a dummy would have realized that something was wrong

Morton and Gerald subconsciously gulped as they looked at Jack in a different light. They finally understood why the people surrounding them were looking at them as if they were dummies. They finally understood the error in their words. Morton breathed heavily as he was obviously stimulated by what happened. "Impossible! How can you be so strong? This is impossible—no way did this happen!

"Senior Brother Wesley has been carried away? Where is he taken to?"

In fact, Jack had no idea where Wesley had been carried off to, either. However, the others knew that Wesley would be brought to the elder council where Elder Sayer lived.

At this moment, Wesley was lying in the guest room of Elder Sayer's elder council with his eyes closed and his face pale. Elder Sayer stretched out his hand to smooth out the blanket on Wesley.

The man with triangular eyes knelt on the wooden floor beside the bed, visibly distraught. "Elder Sayer, you need to get justice for Senior Brother Wesley! That guy has taken it too far. Senior Brother Wesley has already fallen to the ground, badly wounded, and that guy still followed up with a punch, not holding back! He subjected Senior Brother Wesley to suffer from four broken ribs, which worsened Senior Brother Wesley's already grave wounds! That guy is too much!"

After he heard this, the expression on Elder Sayer's face remained the same. He slowly stretched out his right hand, and if they looked carefully, they would discover that a layer of grayish-black mist floated above Elder Sayer's right hand. If Jack was in the room, he would recognize right off the bat that the grayish-black mist was the residue of his martial skill.

After Jack and Wesley performed the last attack, Wesley's Seven Stars Meteor Cloud was incomparable to Destroying the Void. After it destroyed the Seven Stars Meteor Cloud, the remaining power from the Destroying the Void festered Wesley like maggots on bones, feasting on Wesley's soul. If Elder Sayer did not use tyrannically strong methods, he would not have been able to expel the remaining energy.

Elder Sayer raised his eyebrows, and his grayishwhite beard seemingly quivered. There was a hint of seriousness in his voice as he spoke, "That guy is practicing the martial skill of the soul-attribute. No wonder he's able to stay for such a long time in the soul hall. You should stop inverting right and wrong with me. Although I'm old, I'm not blind or deaf. I know the reason behind this altercation of yours."

The man with triangular eyes immediately bowed and knocked his head heavily on the ground. Others would have trembled badly in fright and dared not say a thing when they heard this, but the man with triangular eyes had given in everything.

Chapter 2036

"Elder Sawyer, I believe that you are fair and unprejudiced. Although we had an altercation with him in the beginning, we did not overdo things. Even if that guy was resentful, he should've considered your support toward Senior Brother Wesley and refrained himself from carrying out such a violent attack. The martial skills of the soul attribute cause people to be wounded terribly. That guy did not care about anything and directly wounded Senior Brother Wesley badly. His body wounds can be easily healed but not the wounds on his soul within a short period of time!"

A hint of anger flashed through Elder Sawyer's old eyes as he slightly narrowed them. However, the anger disappeared soon. "Not only is this guy strong, but he also has a bad temper. As an elder of the pavilion, I cannot simply take action against disciples. However, if I allow this guy to develop at will, he will soon step over me someday in the future."

The man with triangular eyes quickly went along with the conversation when he heard this. "That's right! Elder Sayer, this guy is really arrogant. Not only that, I think that he's also haughty and inflexible. He seems to be a vengeful person. Although he has wounded Senior Brother Wesley severely, I feel that he would still settle accounts in the future. Elder, what do you think we should do in the future..."

Elder Sayer's originally calm face darkened increasingly. He humphed coldly. "There's no need for you to prod me into action as I know what to do. Treat this as a lesson for Wesley. He always does things according to his will and bullied others just because he thinks he's extremely talented. What you said about that guy seeking revenge in the future makes sense. However, you need to understand that the young man is considered one of the top disciples in the pavilion considering his talents and strength. We will definitely suffer a terrible loss if we simply go against him. We need to find an opportunity to take him down for good."

The man with triangular eyes grew excited when he heard this. "I shall obey your orders!" Elder Sayer raised his eyebrows. "Alright. I know what you're thinking and you're worried about Jack taking it out on you. There's no need to worry about that. With my presence, he would not dare do anything to you. However, there's a time limit on this. If we allow Jack to grow, he would definitely threaten you and even myself. We cannot allow somebody with a grudge toward the Sayer family to continue to develop."

The man with triangular eyes nodded with all his might. He was about to continue speaking when they suddenly heard the rapid sound of bells ringing.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

The bells were so loud that they could be heard in every corner of the Dual Sovereign Pavilion. The rapid sound of the bells caused the two of them, who were in the room, to be stunned.

Elder Sayer raised his eyebrows and looked outside the window. His eyes, filled with experiences, were slightly stunned. "I thought that this would happen after some time. Who would have expected them to start the battle now? Those people from the Muddled Origin Clan are really impatient."

The man with triangular eyes did not know what was going on. Elder Sayer looked at him and explained everything like a responsible teacher even though he seldom spoke to such informal disciples that were not talented. "This is the only bell in the Dual Sovereign Pavilion and it will not be rung unless something important has happened. Now that the

This means that the great battle between pavilions is happening."

A great battle at this moment was naturally the conflict they had with the Muddled Origin Clan. The corners of Elder Sayer's mouth curled upward. "This is a great opportunity and you should cherish it."

Jack naturally heard the rapid sound of the bells. He was not in the wager battle arena at that moment. Instead, he had gone to the soul hall with Noel and the others. Jack was considered one of Noel's friends at that moment. The others might not understand what the rapid clanking of the bells meant but Noel did.

Jack's expression darkened after he listened to the short explanation by Noel. At that very moment, he had already made new plans. Brook followed behind the two of them like a puppy and he was also in the soul hall. Noel was on duty that afternoon. The soul hall was quiet and empty as nobody visited the place during normal times. They sat around the long table and the runner disciple of the soul hall, Zayn, prepared a pot of tea for them.

Chapter 2037

The smell of the fragrant tea overflowed into the space but they obviously did not pay any attention to how good the tea smelled. Noel spoke helplessly, "In the end, we are still going to war. How did this happen so quickly? Senior Brother Jack, do you plan to join the war? You can get quite a large number of contribution points if you manage to kill some people during the battle."

Many of those present looked over to Jack at the same time when they heard what Noel said. Jack

shook his head decisively. "It is true that I can receive quite a significant amount of contribution points if I accept this task and leave the pavilion to kill the enemies. However, my strength at this moment cannot ensure my safety. It is true that the members of the Muddled Origin Clan want the people from our pavilion dead, but the people from our pavilion are also wishing for my death."

The people around him immediately quieted down when they heard what Jack said. They were able to identify the hidden meaning behind what Jack said, Although Jack was more talented than many others, he had also made quite a significant amount of enemies. Many people would take action against Jack out of jealousy. Wesley and the others would definitely not allow him to continue to grow stronger.

Noel nodded and said, "In that case, do you plan to remain in the pavilion and train for some time before you leave to kill the enemies?" Jack sighed helplessly. "That's the plan for the time being. However, I have no idea when Wesley will send over the bets he owes me. I have no idea how badly wounded he is and I don't know if he will wake up within these three days."

Jack had won 150 pavilion contribution points from Wesley and that was sufficient to support his training for ten days. On top of that, he had also won two soul-penetrating pills from Wesley and they were worth a fortune. At that moment, Jack was worried about whether Wesley would send the bets over. He thought about it and said, "If there aren't other choices, I shall go over and ask for the items. After all, I am in a rush to practice..."

Noel and the others chuckled when they heard what Jack said. They could imagine how angry Wesley would be when Jack could no longer wait and personally visit him to ask for them.

However, footsteps could be heard after Jack finished speaking. Everybody was stunned and wondered who would visit the Soul Hall at this moment. Noel turned around and happened to see Steward Chapman walking in with a smile on his face. He had several items in his hands. Noel narrowed his eyes and quickly stood up from behind the long table. Steward Chapman had a kind smile on his face but he did not look like an easy-going person as he had an eagle-like nose and foxy eyes.

Steward Chapman nodded to Noel and turned around to look at Jack without saying anything. He arrived at the long table and gently placed the tray on the long table. "Elder Sayer asked me to send over the bets."

Jack raised his eyebrows as he sized up Steward Chapman. There were two boxes on the tray. He casually took one of the boxes and as he opened the box, it revealed the black pill in front of everybody there. The pill had many complicated runes carved on it that looking at it once was enough to shock one's soul. The pill also had a weird scent that taking a whiff of it made them feel instantly refreshed and relaxed.

"This is the soul-penetrating pill?" Jack asked.

Steward Chapman nodded and stretched out his hand. He spoke calmly, "Please hand me your identity token. There are 150 pavilion contribution points for you." Jack nodded and took his identity token out of his storage space before passing it to Steward Chapman.

Chapter 2038

Steward Chapman brought out a glowing red identity token. Both the size and materials were obviously better than the disciple's identity token. The name 'Maynard Sayer' was written on the identity card and though Jack did not know a Maynard, he could guess that it was the identity token of Elder Sayer.

Steward Chapman then took out a yellow paper with many runes written on it and placed it in front of Jack. "I'll need you to sign this transfer of ownership paper."

Jack glanced sideways at Noel but did not detect anything peculiar in his expression so he signed the paper which immediately burst into flames after he lifted his pen. This stunned him a little.

"There are rules in the clan associations. Contribution points cannot be transferred to one another willy-nilly. If you need to transfer the contribution points, you need to sign the transfer paper. Only after signing the transfer paper, the points can be transferred to your identity token," explained Steward Chapman impassively.

After the explanation, Jack's identity token began to glow slightly. Jack lightly washed his divine senses across it and as expected, his previously zero contribution points had increased to a hundred and fifty

points. Steward Chapman then bowed slightly, turned around, and left with the tray without saying anything

“He did all that to keep you in your place and as a warning. It seems like Elder Sayer is really protective of Wesley,” said Noel when he was sure that Steward Chapman was out of earshot.

Jack raised his eyebrow nonchalantly. “I’m afraid it’s more than that.”

Noel’s expression changed. “What do you mean? What else is he trying to say?”

Jack shook his head and in a calm voice said, “Only time would tell. One thing is for sure, he wants to teach me a lesson.”

Jack did not want to get too entangled in this topic. He took the soul-penetrating pill out of the wooden box, sniffed it lightly, and immediately felt his soul tremble. It was definitely good stuff. He was confident that he would advance quickly in his training now that he had two of the pills.

Noel’s face was a little dazed. It was obvious he had something to say but Jack was not in the mood to hear it. “I can finally train in the Array Eye Door again,” said Jack.

Noel’s lips twitched uncontrollably. He thought something was definitely wrong with Jack’s head. Jack seemed unmoved by all the crises and he did not know what else to say to him.

“One hundred and fifty points gets you fifteen days. I’m sure you’ll reach a new height after coming out from the Array Eye Door.”

Jack shook his head and swept his eyes over the location of the Array Eye Door. “You can deactivate the array at the end of the fourteenth day.”

“You’re planning to train for only fourteen days?” Noel was a little stunned. This was a deviation from Jack’s usual behavior. Normally, he would spend everything on the Array Eye Door and nothing on the lessons or techniques.