

No. 1 Supreme Warrior
Chapter 2121-2145

Chapter 2121

Noel guffawed in disbelief. “If it’s something that important, do you think that I’d still be able to sit here, enjoying tea while chit-chatting with you?”

That eventually clicked for Jack; Noel made sense. However, what else could mess things up apart from this?

Noel did not wait for Jack to ask as he instantly continued, “Didn’t I tell you before, that Elder Eleven is getting his one and only last disciple? The formal disciples are fighting among themselves because of this. Oliver even joined the wager battle arena with other formal disciples because of this. The wager battle arena is so lively that there’s no place to stand, seeing how jam-packed it is there. Do you want to go and take a look?”.

Jack sighed hopelessly; he did not think that this was such an important matter. It was just a matter of gaining the final disciple, so what was so special? Although this final disciple would only affect where Elder Godfrey sided in the future, it would only affect the greatest issue the pavilion was facing. Was that not the problem the Corpse Pavilion caused?

Jack shook his head without thinking twice. “To be honest, I’m not in the mood to take a look now, even if they’re fighting to the death. It’s all just fights among a handful of formal disciples.”

Brook’s and Noel’s mouths twitched at this. They exchanged looks and could not help but smiled bitterly before they looked at Jack in a slightly helpless manner. Jack was surprised when the two of them were looking at him in such a way.

Did he say something wrong?

Noel gave Jack a thumbs-up and shook it in front of Jack. “I have to admit that geniuses like you don’t have the same thoughts as useless morons like me. Mind you, everyone can barely focus on training

Cause we’re all too focused on these fights. You, on the other hand, don’t even care about the mess outside and only focus on your training. I admire your mentality.”

There was not even a hint of ridicule in Noel’s sincere last sentence. He was unable to achieve Jack’s mentality of only focusing on what was important while ignoring the outside world. He was not the only one, however, as the clan brothers were also attracted by what was going on. Some of their junior brothers even came out of their retreat just to take a look at this matter.

Brook’s eyes widened, and he stretched his head forward as he said, “But this is related to who our future pavilion master will be. Are you not curious at

All?»

Jack also poured himself a cup of tea and spoke as he drank the tea. “Can I control who the future pavilion master will be? I won’t join such events; it’s just a waste of my time.”

Noel laughed at this, so much so that his shoulders trembled. “You have such a good mentality, but you’ll be forced to join the event after a couple of days, even if you don’t wish to do so.”

Jack looked up in a puzzling manner. “Why?”

Noel immediately informed Jack about the latest order that came from the pavilion. Ten days later, Elder Godfrey would be announcing in front of the entire pavilion which disciple he would accept as his last disciple. Apart from the disciples who were in retreat, away for training, or the deacons,

everyone else had to be at the gathering spot for roll call by seven in the morning.

Jack spoke reluctantly, “Is it such a grand event? Everyone has to be there, apart from those in retreat and in training? It’s just one last disciple. What does this have to do with informal disciples like us? Isn’t it enough for us to know that there is such a person?”

Chapter 2122

Jack did not want to participate in the event. Noel pursed his lips and said, “Elder Eleven is one of the formal elders, and this is his only disciple. This isn’t considered a big deal for our Dual Sovereign Pavilion. Our disciples understand what has happened among the formal elders, which is why everyone pays special attention to this matter. On top of that, all the other formal elders also pay high importance to this matter. Ten days from now, all the formal elders of the inner gate will also be at the gathering spot for roll call.”

Jack’s lips twitched at this. Since all the formal elders would be there, he could not act like he was above the rules and excuse himself from the event. He raised his brows, and the dignified face of Elder Godfrey flashed through his mind. He was incredibly curious as to who Elder Godfrey would choose as his last disciple.

Although this had little to do with him, he did not wish for Elder Godfrey to accept Oliver as his last disciple. No matter what, Oliver was his enemy, and it was, of course, not a good thing for his enemy to become stronger.

Noel took another sip of his tea and said, “I’ll knock on your door in ten days’ time, and we can go together.”

Jack nodded.

When Brook saw that Jack was indeed not interested in the battles, he tugged at Noel’s sleeve and said, “Senior Brother Noel, since Senior

Brother Jack isn't going to the wager battle arena, let's go and have a look. Even runner disciples like us have put aside our work to observe the lively scene."

Brook's eyes shone brightly as he spoke, his excitement all too obvious.

Noel nodded as he, too, wanted to observe Oliver's capabilities with his own eyes. The two of them came to an agreement and left for the wager battle arena after exchanging some words with Jack.

After closing the door, Jack calculated the time he had. Ten days was neither short nor long, and it should be enough for him to absorb the blood of the Ancient Eclipse Dragon.

He did not wish to waste any time. He was not in the mood to participate in the exciting event that had attracted the interest of all the pavilion's members. To prevent others from disturbing him, Jack asked

Nash to come out and keep an eye out for him.

After learning about Jack's plan, Nash patted Jack's shoulder. "Don't worry, no one will disturb you on my watch. Still, this is the blood of a mythical beast. Are you confident that you can absorb it without possibly harming yourself?"

Nash had limited understanding of the mythical beast's blood. He had heard about it, but he did not know how to absorb it. On the contrary, Jack had a deeper understanding of the mythical beast's blood. After all, the great master was from a first-class world, and only first-class worlds contained information about these mythical beasts. Hence, he knew a lot about them.

Jack raised his head and shot Nash a comforting smile. "Don't worry about me. Although this drop of mythical beast's blood seems to be roaring with life now, it's only acting out of instinct and won't put me in much danger."

Nash raised his brows and said worriedly, “Is that so? Why do I feel that this drop of blood from the mythical beast seems quite difficult to be dealt with? Will it gain control over you instead?”

Jack shook his head. “No, that won’t happen. I may suffer while absorbing this, but there is no danger of a backlash.”

No longer in the mood to entertain questions, Jack placed the crystal on the table. This crystal was made of a special material, and if Jack did not have the memories of the great master, he might be hovering over the crystal at that moment.

Although the crystal contained the Ancient Eclipse Dragon’s blood, nothing could be done if the crystal could not be broken. Fortunately, Jack had inherited the skills from the great master, and he knew how to break the crystal to retrieve the Ancient Eclipse Dragon’s blood. With a flip of his hand, a strand of pure true energy fell out of his body and flew into the crystal along his fingers. Then, the sound of mineral cracking was heard as cracks instantly appeared on the originally iron-like crystal.

Chapter 2123

The mythical beast’s blood that darted left and right like a beast that broke out of the cage seemed incredibly invigorated. It looked like it wanted to rush out and escape into mid-air. How could Jack allow that to happen? He took a black dagger out of the Mustard Seed and cut his right palm.

Blood immediately flowed out of the wound, and just as the drop of mythical beast’s blood was about to escape, he raised his wounded hand to grab the blood and imprisoned it in his palm. Jack then quickly pressed the drop of blood at the position where his wound was opened. The mythical beast’s blood was instantly diluted after it came into contact with Jack’s blood.

Hiss!

It sounded like red-hot soldering iron placed into cold water. Nash frowned, and the worried look in his eyes deepened.

However, Jack did not say a word. He instantly pressed onto the newly cut wound after his blood had merged with the mythical beast's blood. The mythical beast's blood flowed into Jack's body in such a way. Jack could only hear his heart beating heavily as if his heart had been filled with lead.

Jack's skin quickly turned red and hot. He did not hesitate and immediately sat down with his legs crossed. He started to perform seals as he activated the Divine Void Heavenly Path. He used the power of the martial art technique to suppress and absorb the mythical beast's blood.

"What is that?" Jack suddenly spoke in surprise.

Nash was stunned. He saw Jack looking ahead and was reacting as if he had seen something shocking. Meanwhile, nothing changed inside Jack's room. What, then, had shocked Jack that he reacted like that?

Nash frantically blurted, "What's happening to you? What did you see? Are you having hallucinations? Have you gone crazy?"

Nash's persistent questioning made Jack realize his father had not seen what he had. Jack exhaled softly and remarked, "I saw a translucent divine dragon!"

"What divine dragon? Why don't I see it?" Nash's expression was a little stiff. Upon thinking things through, however, he realized that this was the effect of the mythical beast's blood.

This was an endless starry sky, and the vast galaxy shone dazzlingly beside Jack. Among this starry sky, a several hundred-foot long dragon rose circled the sky. This gargantuan dragon did not look exactly the same as the divine dragon's in Jack's impression. Although it also had the body of a snake and four legs, its scales were shining. The dragon seemed to b

e translucent, and there were times where its body dimmed down. It looked as if it would disappear at any time.

At this moment, a man in black clothes suddenly appeared some distance away. The man was also hidden among the starry sky. For some unknown reason, the black-clothed man suddenly roared toward the Ancient Eclipse Dragon. "All you can think of is escaping at times as crucial as this? Aren't you ashamed when you claim that you're from a purebred mythical beast's bloodline?"

The Ancient Eclipse Dragon did not answer this person's question and continued to hover in the starry sky. The lack of response from the Ancient Eclipse Dragon seemed to have angered the man in black, and he suddenly punched into the void, sneering as he did.

Chapter 2124

Jack felt a blast of destructive energy hammering toward him as the mysterious individual threw his punch. That power even caused the surrounding starry sky to tremble. It was a strong wave of power that Jack had never experienced in the past.

With an audible bang, Jack fell backward and tumbled onto the ground, having lost his balance.

When Jack opened his eyes again, he had already returned to the real world and saw his father staring at him worriedly. Nash stretched out his hand and gently patted Jack's cheek. "Are you alright? What did you see? Why are you sweating so much?"

Jack's breaths were quick, and his heart raced vigorously. It even felt like his heart was thumping at 190 beats per minute. He knew it was all an illusion, but that punch was truly terrifying. Had he truly stood before the black-clothed man back there, there was no need for the man to punch him: Jack would have turned to ashes and disappeared from this world with just that man's exhale.

Jack waved his hand weakly and allowed Nash to help him sit upright. "I'm fine, it's just an illusion. A horrible one, that is."

The moment Jack spoke, Nash suddenly blurted, rather surprised, "You've broken through into the intermediate stage of innate level!"

Only then did Jack realize that he had broken through into the intermediate stage of innate level upon hearing Nash's words. On top of that, his mastery of the Divine Void Heavenly Path had also improved. He stretched out his arm, and with a grasp of his palm, he felt that his entire body was filled with inexhaustible power.

Jack did not know if this was an expected or unexpected result. He had been in the initial stage of the innate level for some time. If he followed his speed of training when he was in Cathysia, he would have broken through several realms a long ago. However, the Hestia Continent was a high-level world, and their training system was different. If it was not for the Ancient Eclipse Dragon's blood, it would have taken Jack some time to enter the intermediate stage of the innate level.

After realizing this, he commented, "It's so troublesome to break through a small realm. No wonder warriors in the spring solidifying realms are already considered masters in the West Cercie State."

Nash nodded. During this period, he had been busy training while studying the ancient scripts Jack found to better understand the Hestia Continent. As a result, he had a better understanding of the continent.

He helped Jack up from the ground with his right hand and guided Jack to sit on the bed next to them before patting the dust off of Jack's clothes.

"There are so many realms in Cathysia, and we only realized that those realms belong to the acquired state after we arrived at the Hestia Continent. From this point alone, we can see how big the difference

between both lands are. Right now, a small breakthrough of the realm in this world is equal to several realms in Cathysia. You should probably drop this, then. You don't face a shortage of teachers, martial skills, or martial art techniques. You're in a much better state compared to other martial artists. As long as you focus on your practice, I'm sure you'll be able to achieve higher realms, let alone the spring solidifying realm."

Jack had a small smile on his face, surprised by his father's words. Nash seldom praised him with so many words, but this had lightened Jack's mood. In fact, Nash was right when he thought about it. The worlds are of different levels, and the difficulty to break through was naturally different.

Nash did not wish for his son to be constantly struggling with how difficult the future was. Hence, he changed the subject of the conversation and said, "What did you see just now? You look visibly terrified, and it's like you've seen something worse than a ghost."

Jack could not help but gulp upon recalling what he saw. "You are right about one thing: it's scarier than a ghost. I saw an extremely powerful martial artist, and I also saw a mythical beast, the owner to this drop of blood. I saw the exchange between those two. Unexpectedly, the mythical beast's blood also contains the memory of the beast."

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Jack was certain that the illusion he had seen was the memory of the mythical beast, and it was something that left the deepest impression on the beast. Nash frowned in surprise.

Just as Nash was about to question Jack further, somebody knocked on the door. Jack frowned and asked subconsciously, "Who'd interrupt me at this hour?»

Unexpectedly, Nash looked at Jack in surprise and said, "It must be Noel and Brook. Didn't Noel tell you? He said that he'd bring you to the gathering spot for the roll call in ten days."

Jack was visibly stunned, evident in the way his eyes widened at Nash's words. The corners of his mouth slightly trembled. "Are you saying that I've trained for ten days?"

Nash saw Jack's expression and instantly understood why he was so surprised. Nash nodded and said, "Ten days have indeed passed."

Jack exhaled a long sigh of relief as a trace of disbelief flashed across his eyes. He had just fallen into the illusion, and it felt like he had only been meditating for less than an hour. He only saw the Ancient Eclipse Dragon flying in the sky and the man in black clothing. Who would have expected that Jack's short experience in the illusion meant that ten days have passed in reality?

Nash patted Jack's shoulder. "Alright, put aside the things that you can't figure out at this moment. If you don't open the door for them, they'll break down the door sooner or later."

"Jack! Are you inside? I did say I'd come get you in ten days. Did you run off to train at some other place?" There was a hint of helplessness in Noel's voice. Jack reacted sighed softly and immediately got up from the bed. After returning Nash to the Mustard Seed, he opened the door.

Noel studied Jack's form the moment the door opened before he stretched his neck to take a look at the room behind Jack. When he saw that nobody was there, he asked curiously, "I knocked on the door so much that my hands hurt. What were you doing inside? Don't tell me that you didn't hear me knocking on the door?"

Jack chuckled helplessly as he quickly moved away from the door, allowing Noel and Brook, who followed behind, to enter his room. Brook was about to go in for a cup of tea when Noel stopped him. "Why are you still going in at this hour? We need to report ourselves at the gathering spot in fifteen minutes. Do you want to be the last one to arrive there?"

By then, Brook snapped out of it. He had been so used to entering Jack's room that it had become a habit. He quickly nodded. "You're right; this isn't time for tea. The reception for accepting a new disciple will begin soon, and almost all our disciples will be there."

Noel glanced at Jack and pointed at his clothes. "Do you want to have a change of clothes before we go?"

Jack looked down at his clothes. He had been so focused in his training that his blood circulation was too fast. His clothes were soaked in sweat and looked extremely dirty.

He smiled awkwardly. "Please wait for a moment. I'll clean up, and we can be on our way shortly."

After Jack changed, the three of them walked toward the gathering spot. It was a place where the Dual Sovereign Pavilion held important meetings, and so spacious that it could accommodate 5000 to 6000 people

"How did the battle go the other day?" Jack asked Noel on their way to the spot. "Did Oliver win?"

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Noel exhaled deeply, and there was a slight hint of envy in his tone as he spoke, "As expected, he won, and he won without contest. The guy who instigated Oliver only managed to endure three attacks from Oliver before Oliver managed to stab him in the chest, and blood literally splattered all over the floor. Fortunately, Oliver knew the boundaries and stopped in the end. That person wasn't badly wounded, but his wounds were serious enough to make him bedridden for a month or two."

Brook, who was beside them, nodded vehemently. A calculative look flashed past his eyes when he thought of what happened on that particular day." That day, the two of us found seats, though not without struggling to,

seeing how cramped the place was at that time. The observers cheered so loudly when Oliver stabbed that guy's chest, and they yelled how invincible Oliver was."

Noel glanced at Brook hopelessly. "If I hadn't stopped you at that moment, you would've yelled the same thing." Although Brook was rather inconsiderate, he also knew about the grudges between Jack and Wesley. "I wouldn't have shouted like that, no. Oliver's brother, Wesley, kept causing troubles to Senior Brother Jack previously. How can I cheer for the enemy?"

Of course, Brook looked sheepish as he responded, to which Jack chuckled and paid no mind to it. He did not think that it was a big deal, even if Brook yelled once or twice at that moment.

The closer they were to the gathering spot, the more disciples were gathered around the area. They then noticed just how relatively crowded the road was. When they arrived at the gathering spot, the place was full of people, and it was a boiling cauldron of voices. Jack estimated that there were about 3000 to 4000 people present. Nonetheless, there had to be more than that

Noel patted Jack on his shoulder and reminded him, "Today, the informal disciples, formal disciples, and all other disciples are supposed to gather at different places. Let's find the informal disciples' team and stand there."

The informal disciples were arranged to stand at the far west side. The arrangement from their positions to the east side were the formal disciples, elder disciples, and a team that consisted of less than ten people. Without the need for any introduction, Jack knew that those ten are the legendary chosen disciples.

The chosen disciples were the hopes of the entire pavilion. These disciples might become the pavilion's elders or even the pavilion master in the future. As they were too far apart, Jack could only see the faint outline of these

people's faces. They were rather good-looking and donned a light green outer shirt with several begonias sewn onto their waist area. The position of the chosen disciples were even slightly higher than the deacons as their future was immeasurable.

The ten of them stood out at the far east corner, and other disciples looked at the chosen disciples, green with envy.

Noel pressed his hand on Brook's shoulder and spoke while gesturing with his chin, "You should stop looking at them. After all, this isn't the first time we're seeing them. We're never going to achieve that position, but Jack can give it a try. Jack, if you succeed at becoming a chosen disciple in the future, don't forget about us both."

Jack smiled but said nothing. The three of them occupied a position at the edge of the informal disciples. No matter where they were, Jack liked places where he could hide from other people's eyes as he disliked the attention. Noel knew about Jack's habit so they purposely found a slightly remote corner when they were looking for a place to stand.

The gathering spot was a huge fan-shape, and there were two round platforms more than ten meters high at the front. The platform in front of them was surrounded by array flags, and it looked just like the battle platform in the wager battle arena. The function of both platforms should be similar and were places for disciples to have their battles. The area on the back was where the elders sat.

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The further south area was where the disciples stood. This place was like a huge square. Although it was the size of two or three football fields and could hold thousands of people, the disciples stood apart. Disciples of the same level stood in the same area. It seemed slightly crowded as the outer disciples, the group with the largest number of people, were gathered at the south area even though it was a spacious area.

Jack could hear very well what everyone around him was talking about. It was then that a man with a mustache standing in front of him pointed at the battle platform as he exclaimed, "I think that Mateo Bailey should be selected by the Eleventh Elder. After all, he's in the fifth position among the formal disciples, and he doesn't have any family supporting him. On top of that, I heard that he is aloof and very temperamental, similar to the Eleventh Elder. It must be him!"

A long-faced man standing next to the guy with a mustache snorted and said disdainfully, "Can you stop guessing what the formal elders are thinking of with your limited brain power? Don't you know that they've already predetermined the disciples to be chosen?"

This sentence stirred up reactions among the disciples, just like how a tossed stone could cause thousands of ripples. Several people around the longfaced man turned around to look at him while the man with a mustache also looked at the long-faced man in surprise. Jack and the others were also attracted by what the guy said as they turned to look at him.

When the man saw how the people around him stared at him curiously, he suddenly felt important. After all, he seemed to be the only one who knew about this among everyone else around him. Tipping his chin upward slightly, he explained, though with a tinge of arrogance in his tone, "This news has been spread among the elder disciples, and the formal disciples more or less know about it. Only us, the informal disciples, don't know the news clearly or have very little knowledge about it."

He deliberately paused as he reached this point as if he was trying to catch everybody's attention. The people around him could not accept this, however, and many pressed on the matter.

"Get on it quickly. You've explained it 'till this point, so get on with it. Is it really fun to keep us hanging?"

“That’s right. Since you started talking about it, finish it. Why do you have to stop halfway?”

The people grew more impatient, evident in their insistence. The long-faced man dared not offend everyone around him and quickly retracted the proud expression he had on. “Actually, there are only three people who are the predetermined candidates. After all, the Eleventh Elder is choosing his only last disciple, so the requirements are naturally more demanding. This person not only has to be talented, but they need to have a clean background and is free from unsavory interests. On top of that, it’s best if this disciple is in the final stage of innate level. Among all the formal disciples, there are only three people who are most suitable in that case. The Eleventh Elder will surely choose one among these three: Calvert Atkins, ranked 58th among the formal disciples, Gresham Potter, ranked 63rd, and, finally, Oliver Sayer, ranked eighth.”

All eyes widened at this, and a solemn look flashed through Jack’s eyes. It seemed that Oliver was ranked in the eighth position among the formal disciples; it made sense why Wesley was so arrogant before. With such a powerful support and a powerful brother, it was true that he could have everything he wanted in the Dual Sovereign Pavilion. Unfortunately, Jack had been refusing to accept his power from the start.

After hearing this, the man with a mustache twitched his mouth and said with a trace of doubt in his voice, “We all know that the formal disciples who are in the intermediate stage of innate level are more worth grooming compared to the formal disciples in the final stage of innate level. In that case, why is Oliver among the predetermined disciples when he’s already in the final stage of innate level?”

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The long-faced man chuckled. “You have no idea about this, do you? Although Oliver has broken through into the final stage of innate level, he’s much more talented compared to average formal disciples. It shouldn’t be long before he’s on par with chosen disciples. With his talents, he’s eligible

to be among the predetermined disciples, even though he has already broken through to the final stage of innate level!”

Jack raised his brows while Noel eyed him nervously. Noel opened his mouth to say something but swallowed his words when he saw Jack shaking his head at him. Everybody had started to have discussions among themselves because of what the long-faced man said.

“Calvert is in the intermediate stage of innate level and is fifty-eighth in their ranks. His ranking isn’t very conspicuous among the formal disciples. Why is he able to overpower other disciples and be selected as one of the predetermined disciples?”

“On top of that, I heard that he doesn’t come from a clean background and seems to be related to the Fourth Elder. In that case, will the Eleventh Elder be willing to accept him?”

“That’s right. As for Gresham, his ranking is lower than Calvert, and he’s in the sixty-third place.”

The long-faced man waved his hand to interrupt the discussion when he saw how the discussion had become further away from the main issue. “You guys are steering this discussion in the wrong direction!”

His words immediately suppressed the discussions around him, and everybody looked toward the longfaced man. The man scoffed softly and continued, Although the two of them are only among the top hundred among the formal disciples, there are more than three hundred formal disciples, and this means that their rankings are just relatively fine.

“You people are short-sighted if you’re only looking at the rankings, though. After all, most of the formal disciples are in the final stage of innate level, and only a small portion of the formal disciples are in the intermediate stage. On top of that, it’s rare for a disciple in the intermediate stage to fight their way into the top-hundred. When you think about it carefully, the higher

the ranking, the higher the realm of the disciples. This means that all these people have been challenging their opponents who are at a higher level!”

The people around the long-faced man had a sudden realization when they heard what he said. The informal disciples surrounding them only had concerns about their own matters. When it came to the fights among the formal disciples, they only

Everything to them, they immediately understood the importance of the matter.

The guy with a mustache also nodded. “In that case, Calvert is indeed talented for being in the fiftyeighth position among the formal disciples, and he’s already close to being in the top-fifty. This proves that he has been challenging somebody of a higher level in every battle!”

The people surrounding them also agreed. “True! All the top ten formal disciples are in the final stage of innate level, and none of the top fifty disciples are in the intermediate stage. This proves how hard it is to challenge somebody of a higher level among the formal disciples. Calvert is indeed a rare genius!”

The long-faced man continued on the topic, “Furthermore, it’s not true when you say that Calvert has a complicated background. After all, most of our disciples in the Dual Sovereign Pavilion are related to others in one way or another. There isn’t a way to avoid this, and I believe the Eleventh Elder won’t care too much about such things. As long as this person hasn’t been accepted as an elder disciple and isn’t a direct relative of another elder disciple, the Eleventh Elder will be able to accept it!”

Many people nodded when they heard this guy, seeing how his words made sense. According to what the man said, the predetermined people definitely had enough capital and talents. Others just could not compare to these three.

Noel sighed softly and lowered his voice to speak by Jack's ear, "It doesn't matter if they choose Calvert or Gresham. Any of them is fine, as long as it isn't Oliver."

Chapter 2129

Of course, Jack knew that Noel was worried about him, so he nodded slightly. "It doesn't matter even if Oliver is accepted as the last disciple. After all, he wouldn't let me off the hook, even if he isn't accepted as the last disciple."

As Jack and Noel were muttering among themselves, a sudden commotion erupted in front of them. Following that, a path in front of Jack was cleared by several people, and several familiar faces squeezed their way toward them. Jack took a look and could not stop his lips from twitching, unable to hold back from rolling his eyes. He could not be bothered to pay attention to these people, but they loved coming to him like cats who smelled fish from afar.

Wesley had a jade fan-which nobody knew where he obtained-in his hand. Although they were immune to changes in the temperature as they were martial artists, he acted like a handsome young master as he walked toward Jack, swaying his fan lightly as he did. Behind him was another familiar face; the man with triangular eyes. When the man with triangular eyes saw Jack, his eyes instantly narrowed into dangerous arcs like a poisonous snake that was dormant in the dark.

Everybody among the informal disciples knew about Wesley, and so did many formal disciples. As Oliver had become the center of discussion among all the disciples as he was about to become the Eleventh Elder's last disciple, Wesley felt that he was greatly honored as he walked jubilantly everywhere he went. A meaningful smile appeared on his face when he saw Jack. "Isn't this Junior Brother Jack? It's been a long time since we last met! You seem to be doing well."

What Wesley said immediately attracted the attention of those around him. Although Jack was not as well-known as Wesley among the informal disciples, his fame was not something to be ignored. After all, he had once openly beaten Wesley on the wager battle arena, and it was a challenge where the two of them were on different levels to boot!

Everybody knew that Jack would become a formal disciple soon, and he would have a prosperous time when he became one. Everybody also knew the grievances between these two. Everybody was excited to observe the interaction between them when they saw Wesley coming over to greet Jack.

Wesley was not the kind of person who would be pliant after being trampled on. They all knew in their hearts that after Jack had severely injured him, Wesley would fight back since he had recovered. Noel and Brook, who stood behind Jack, had darkened expressions on their faces. Jack stepped forward and blocked both of them behind him. He sneered and ignored Wesley.

Wesley seemed to have had a good understanding of Jack's temper from a long time ago. He was not irritated when he saw how Jack sneered and said nothing on it. "I heard that you went to Mount Beast a few days ago, and I thought that you were killed by the monster beasts there. Who would've expected that you would return safely."

Jack snorted softly. In his eyes, Wesley was no different from talkative ladies who loved to gossip. He replied, "And you're still as talkative as ever, even though I haven't seen you for a couple of days. I thought that our previous battle would completely shut you up. It looks like I've still underestimated your mouth."

Jack's words were intently straightforward, ones that hit Wesley badly, evident on Wesley's reddening face. A gossiping look flashed through the eyes of most of those around them, and they were dying to see both men duke it out right then and there.

The man with triangular eyes roared angrily, "Jack White! How dare you say such things to Brother Wesley? Do you wish to die?! Don't you know that Brother Wesley's elder brother has returned?!"

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The man with triangular eyes was naturally referring to Oliver, who was extremely famous.

Jack, on the other hand, smilingly responded, "Hey, as his follower, can you say something new the next time you speak? Or are these the only words your brain is capable of remembering? You call me a daring person every time, but why can't I be? I've beaten Senior Brother Wesley, who's standing next to you, until he was close to dying, and I'd beat him again!"

The face of the triangular-eyed man darkened as he glanced at Wesley who was beside him, sheepishly. Wesley felt that he had lost face as he stretched out this hand to pull the triangular-eyed man aside. He took a step forward. "Jack, don't act so arrogantly. Although you defeated me in the past, it was only due to my lack of preparation. Right now, I'm much stronger than I used to be as Elder Sayer has spared no effort to groom me. You'll find yourself unable to contend against me should we have another round on the battle stage again!"

Wesley's decisive statement proved how confident he was in himself to the people around him.

Jack raised his brows, unable to even muster the strength to entertain Wesley. However, he knew how Wesley would chatter on and humiliate him with all kinds of vulgarities, even if he did not say a word.

Jack looked at Wesley as if he was a fool. "Who do you think you are? Do you think that I'd go to the battle platform with you just because you asked me to? I've incapacitated you before, and I've succeeded in defeating you. I don't wish to waste my time with a man that I've once defeated. I

naturally know about your brother, Oliver, and you mentioned him in hopes of frightening me. Sadly, I don't pay much attention to the both of you."

Jack did not speak loudly, but everyone heard his every word. Wesley's face immediately darkened as he had really expected Jack to have such a sharp tongue. Originally, he came here in hopes of frightening this fearless guy who dared go against him with his elder brother's fame.

Unexpectedly, he did not expect Jack to catch every sentence he said and fought back. What Jack said even caused his anger to surge in his stomach. He closed the jade fan in his hands with a swoosh and almost broke the handle with his tight grasp. "Don't be so pompous! I'm telling you: your leisure days are over! My brother won't let you go!" Wesley roared these words through gritted teeth, and he looked as though he would rush forward and bite a piece of meat off of Jack's body.

As Wesley's anger and hatred toward him grew, Jack grew calmer as if he was appreciating the beauty of springtime. His facial expression even looked like he was comfortable and enjoying himself. Wesley's eyes seemed to be filled with poison as he glared at Jack angrily. He looked like he was about to leap forward to bite Jack, just to vent his anger.

He grew up as the role model for the children in his family, and the elders placed high importance on him. Wesley had achieved his current status smoothly and without much of a challenge

Although he had an aloof temper and had always spoken in an overbearing way, he had never been looked down on or attacked by others with words. All of a sudden, he felt like meeting Jack had struck him with nasty luck. His talents and background seem to be nothing in Jack's eyes as Jack kept going against him.

Wesley was so angry that his teeth would shatter in sheer force of him gritting them together. "B*stard! I won't let you off the hook so easily, and the Sayer family won't let go of you either. Don't think that you can ride on

top of our heads and piss on us just because you're slightly talented right now!"

Jack sneered; all Wesley could do to him was attempt to frighten him. He smiled in disdain. "I've never thought about it in such a way. You're the one with that much free time, seeing as you keep provoking me. If you didn't run over here to say such nonsense, do you think that I'd be willing to speak to you?"

The words between both men became rather muffled the more they spoke. The people surrounding them secretly mumbled as they wondered if the two would ignore the rules and start fighting. If that was the case, they would definitely be punished.

Chapter 2131

Noel also felt that the atmosphere was too stagnant, and both Jack and Wesley were on the brink of a fight. He glanced at Jack with a slightly worried look in his eyes before he sneakily stretched out his hand a tan area, unseen by the others, to pull Jack's clothes, all in an attempt to remind Jack not get too agitated from Wesley's provocation

The corners of Jack's mouth curled upward. He knew what Noel meant by pulling on his clothes...but he ignored it. Wesley was trembling with anger as he stared at Jack resentfully. Compared to Wesley's furious expression, Jack was extremely calm. Although he was arguing with Wesley when he said those words, his expression remained stoic.

Wesley gritted his teeth as he spoke, "My brother will never let you off the hook; he'll kill you!"

"What else can you do besides making threats?" responded Jack calmly.

These words were like a big rock stuffed into Wesley's throat, and Wesley felt that his interaction with Jack would only make his blood boil. His sensible nerves were at the brink of disappearing, too. His eyes had

reddened like red-colored glass beads, and they almost popped out of his sockets. At this moment, their surroundings suddenly quieted down.

Everybody looked forward subconsciously and saw a dozen or so men in their fifties or sixties, in dark blue robes, walking steadily toward the big round platform behind them. Such a scene caused everybody to instantly hold their breath. Jack immediately saw his old acquaintance. Elder Godfrey was at the last position, but Jack felt that he had the most overpowering aura.

However, he had a slightly cold expression on his face and did not look like he was the one getting a last disciple today. These people were naturally the formal elders of the Dual Sovereign Pavilion. Although they had different appearances, they had similar auras. They had the demeanor as men without losing their majestic temperament as elders.

After all 11 of them went on top of the last platform, they sat down from east to west according to the order of their strengths. At this moment, Wesley did not dare act so irate, even though his anger flared still.

With that, he turned around and glared at Jack fiercely. Wesley lowered his voice and hissed, "You just wait and see!"

Wesley then walked a couple of steps forward to keep some distance between himself and Jack. Jack sighed lightly, finally no longer having to be interacting with this disgusting fly. Noel and Brook let out a long sigh of relief when they saw how Wesley turned around to leave. Brook slowly spoke as he placed his hands on his chest and a tangled expression appeared on his face, "You both were talking so sharply at one another that I thought you'd break out into another fight."

Noel also chimed in, "You two met squarely in the argument, and it felt like you've reached the point where only death would stop the argument."

Jack raised his brows and said disapprovingly, "Naturally, the argument will only end when one of us dies. People like Wesley will never stop once somebody offends him. He'll only cease to do anything when I manage to trample him under my feet."

Brook sighed helplessly. "Actually, I wish to persuade you now as it's better to take a step back. However, I feel that geniuses like you have your own persistence and arrogance. It'll be useless no matter what I say."

Jack raised his brows. "This has nothing to do with my inner persistence and arrogance. I'm not the one who caused him trouble. My principle has always been that I won't offend anybody if they leave me alone. Why should I spoil him?"

Chapter 2132

Jack's tone was extremely calm when he said this. It sounded like he was simply telling Brook what he wanted to eat and drink. However, every word he said showed his temperament. Brook could not help but look at Jack deeply, not knowing how to respond.

Jack was in no mood to think of their opinion toward him at this moment. Instead, he placed all his attention at the platform behind.

All 11 elders had been seated, and Jack silently observed the core power of the Dual Sovereign Pavilion. No matter how many disciples there were in the pavilion, the people who truly supported the Dual Sovereign Pavilion were still these people, who were the strongest among all.

The person seated at the first position was, of course, the First Elder. He looked at the disciples below the platform with a kind look in his eyes and a smile on his young-looking face. Compared to the First Elder, the Second Elder had a strict expression on his face as there was a calculative look in his eyes. He looked at the disciples under the platform indifferently.

All the other elders had their own specialties, but all of them seemed to have an overbearing temperament. In the end, Jack focused his line of sight at the Eleventh Elder, Elder Godfrey. He looked the same, but his eyes lacked anger and suspicions. Only indifference and calmness remained in his eyes as he seemed to be uninterested in anything.

At this moment, almost all the disciples were observing the formal elders on the platform, like what Jack did. Although other disciples knew more about the formal disciples compared to Jack, they still could not help but observe the elders as if they wanted to observe something from these people.

Jack raised his brows and asked in a low voice, “Why is the pavilion master nowhere to be seen?”

Although the elders were the core power of the Dual Sovereign Pavilion, the pavilion master was the person in power and the decision-maker who issued the orders. Why did the pavilion master not show himself when all eleven elders were gathered here?

Noel slightly shook his head. “We have no idea about this. In fact, the process of getting a disciple today means nothing much to the pavilion master. After all, the Eleventh Elder is in the eleventh place, and he hasn’t grown strong. The pavilion master may not pay much attention to this. On top of that, our pavilion master has always been extremely mysterious. I’ve only seen him once after joining the pavilion for such a long period.”

To this, Jack no longer questioned it. Nonetheless, his curiosity toward the Dual Sovereign Pavilion Master grew.

The First Elder stood up as he felt that the timing was correct when he saw that the disciples had quieted down. Although the First and Second Elders kept fighting among themselves, the First Elder was still in the first position. He was the leader of all the elders, and he was the one to make any announcements at such moments.

He stood up straight and walked three steps forward at a steady pace. He still had a gentle look in his eyes, but the expression on his face had turned into a dignified one. He slightly cleared his throat before he spoke, “Originally, there’s no need to alert so many people when an elder is just taking disciples. However, there’s something else we need to announce to all you disciples, so we gathered everybody here.”

The First Elder’s words puzzled everyone. The disciples only thought that they were gathered for one reason, and that was to witness who would be the Eleventh Elder’s last disciple. Unexpectedly, there was something else they wished to announce.

Jack also raised his brows. When Noel informed him of this matter, Jack was surprised about the reason to involve so many people when it was just the acceptance of a last disciple. It looked like he had been making silly assumptions about the elders’ thoughts as they had their own plans.

The First Elder waved his hands to stop the disciples from their discussion, and the disciples continued to listen to the Elder’s announcement.

Chapter 2133

The Elder spoke loudly, “Several days ago, the elder of the Thousand Leaves Pavilion visited us and told us something extremely important. I’m sure everybody knows that our West Cersei State only has two fourth-grade pavilions. One of us is located in the North while the other is in the South, and we do not interfere with one another. Recently, the upper management of the Thousand Leaves Pavilion received news that the Corpse Pavilion in the South had secretly transported a large number of disciples over to the North. We’re sure that this isn’t good news. Hence, everybody needs to get themselves ready during this period.”

The news was like a stone that caused a thousand ripples. This was the first time everybody heard about this, and their eyes were widened. Originally, no one dared to discuss anything as the elders were present.

However, none of them could suppress themselves when they heard the news, and chatters erupted in the area.

“What? The Corpse Pavilion is coming to the North to cause us trouble again? We’ve been in a peaceful state all these years. What do they wish to do here?”

“They must’ve gone crazy. Although the Corpse Pavilion is also a fourth-grade pavilion, the Thousand Leaves Pavilion at our northern side is also a fourth-grade pavilion. Both pavilions have equal strengths, and we’re separated by the Mount Beasts. Isn’t it good for us to continue developing without interfering with one another?”

“Do they have other plans in mind?”

“No matter what, this news must be true as the First Elder announced it in front of so many of us here. We might go to war next. I’ve been too optimistic to think that we won’t be going to war soon after the matters regarding the Muddled Origin Clan have been placed aside.”

Some of the slightly smarter people immediately recalled the unexplainable actions by the pavilion. Some of them slapped their thighs and said, “No wonder our pavilion still recruited a new batch of informal disciples after the Thousand Leaves Pavilion stopped the war. This is the reason, it seems

All sorts of discussion noises hummed continuously by their ears like a hundred flies. Among all the disciples, Jack was the only one who had the most information about the matter. After all, he had personally traveled to Mount Beasts, and he also knew what the Corpse Pavilion’s disciples wanted to do. On top of that, he also had information about the Dual Sovereign Pavilion and Thousand Leaves Pavilion’s plans as he heard Elder Godfrey’s speculations.

The sounds of discussion under the stage grew louder, but the First Elder had no intention of stopping the disciples. He only looked at the disciples with a kind look in his eyes and a smile on his face.

Jack slightly raised his brows. The more the First Elder acted in such a way, the more Jack felt that this old man was a cunning character with unknown plans. After a little while later, the First Elder interrupted the crowd's discussion by speaking again, "I know that everyone will come up with their own plans after receiving this news. However, I will remind everybody now that it doesn't matter what your plans are, as the most important thing is what the pavilion wants you to do. The situation isn't so bad yet, and everybody can continue to carry out your tasks in peace. I'll immediately notify everybody if there are any arrangements."

Such words did not comfort everyone. Instead, it only agitated them more. Nonetheless, nobody dared step forward to say anything. After all, they had to step forward and service the pavilion after enjoying so many years of grooming by the Dual Sovereign Pavilion as the pavilion's disciples.

The First Elder glanced at the Eleventh Elder, who was seated at the far west corner. He mentally scoffed when he saw how calm and unwavering the Eleventh Elder was. However, nothing was seen on his face.

"Alright! The discussion about this shall end here as there's something else that we need to announce tonight."

Chapter 2134

The First Elder slightly moved his body to the side after he said this and looked toward Elder Godfrey.

Elder Godfrey, of course, could feel the First Elder's line of gaze that seemed kind. There still was not much of an expression on his face as he stood up stiffly from his seat and walked toward the central part. He did not stand in front of the First Elder when he arrived behind the First Elder. Instead, he stopped about three steps away from the First Elder.

He then signaled for the First Elder to continue speaking of this matter. Everybody knew that the main agenda had started when they saw the Eleventh Elder stepping forward. Although the previous news caused everybody to be uneasy, no one forgot about the reason they had gathered on this spot.

The First Elder slightly nodded. "I'm sure everyone knows that the Eleventh Elder wishes to recruit a last disciple, and today is the day he'll announce his choice. However, I've also communicated with the Eleventh Elder before this, and the Eleventh Elder doesn't know much about our outstanding disciples as she's so focused on training during normal days. Hence, we've gathered all the disciples here today with hopes of choosing the most excellent disciple among you as the last disciple."

The First Elder spoke of how they would choose the most excellent disciples among them, but in truth, he only meant the formal disciples. The informal disciples were there just to make up the number.

After the First Elder finished speaking, he looked toward where the formal disciples were at, focusing on looking at Oliver and Calvert. He was about to continue speaking when the Second Elder, who had been silently sitting on the second chair, suddenly stood up, much to everyone's surprise.

The First Elder's expression stiffened as he looked at the Second Elder with a slightly unhappy look in his eyes. However, he did not say a word because of his manners. In fact, the First Elder had anticipated that the Second Elder would step forward at this moment.

The Second Elder also took two steps forward, and rather expressionless at that. However, he did not stand three steps behind the First Elder like what the Eleventh Elder did. Instead, he stepped forward and stood by the First Elder's side.

He did not look at the First Elder's expression and instead turned his gaze toward the disciples present. Everybody thought that the Second Elder would say something as he stood forward at this moment. However, the Second Elder remained silent. He acted as if his sudden movement was just a random act.

The First Elder secretly rolled his eyes. The others might not understand what the Second Elder meant, but he understood what the Second Elder wanted. His eyes landed on Gresham unwillingly and exhaled deeply. "Although the Eleventh Elder has no idea how many excellent disciples there are, we've been paying attention to the outstanding disciples in the pavilion while we're training. Right now, we happen to have three outstanding disciples."

He looked toward the direction of the formal disciples before he continued to speak. "Oliver Sayer, Calvert Atkins, and Gresham Potter, please come forward."

After that, three people among the formal disciples came walking out of their teams. The three of them were tall, handsome, and were definitely people of outstanding talent.

The first person walking in front of everybody else looked slightly similar to Wesley, and there was no doubt that he was Wesley's elder brother, Oliver. However, Oliver seemed to have better manners than Wesley.

The three of them strode forward and stood in front of everyone, and everyone stared at the three.

Even though thousands of pairs of eyes stared at them, however, the three of them kept their composure, and nothing else happened.

The man with a mustache standing in front of Jack could not help but scoff coldly. "Just like what you said, they've already predetermined their choices. If so, why did they make it sound like all the disciples of our

pavilion are given the choice when they initially mentioned the matter? I'm sure that many people had been looking forward to this for a couple of days, and none of them realized that the group of people had been predetermined. This is really..."

The long-faced man standing beside him chimed in aloofly, "Although they've already predetermined their choices, they still have to go through the process."

Chapter 2135

The informal disciples surrounding Jack had unnatural expressions when they heard this. They must be thinking of how hypocritical these formal elders were. Jack was not surprised by this as no matter how he interpreted these three people, they were the most suitable choice.

The First Elder looked at those three under the platform with an extremely genial look in his eyes as if these were his grandsons.

The First Elder spoke in a gentle tone, "The three of you are extremely talented and are extremely suitable to be the Eleventh Elder's last disciples, seeing as none of you are elder disciples of other elders. However, it doesn't matter how suitable the three of you are, as there's only one availability. This is why you three need to completely show your talents and strength today to catch the Eleventh Elder's attention."

What the First Elder had said immediately caused the disciples gathered under the platform to have another heated discussion.

Noel said softly, "Regardless, they still have to go through a fight in the end, and the results will be decided with their strength."

Just like what the First Elder said, the three of them were suitable in every aspect, but there was only one position. Hence, they still had to battle to fight for the position, and the most excellent disciple would become the Eleventh Elder's last disciple.

The Eleventh Elder raised his brows after he heard this, and it looked like he wanted to say something, but the First Elder paid no mind to the Eleventh Elder. At this moment, his attention was focused on those three formal disciples standing under the platform.

He still had a gentle expression on his face as he said, “The battle platform in front will be where you three shall show your talents and strength. The three of you shall take turns in joining the battle, and those with the most wins will be the most talented disciple.”

The disciples gathered below started getting excited after the First Elder finished speaking. It was a meaningful thing for the disciples to witness a great battle. They would be able to learn battle techniques on top of increasing their experience just by witnessing a battle between disciples with great talents.

However, Gresham, who had been extremely quiet, suddenly knelt on one knee. “First Elder! I think that it’s unfair if only the three of us are fighting in a single battle!”

Gresham had spoken clearly and loudly, thus everyone could hear him. His words had effectively stunned them, and they stared at Gresham with widened eyes. They secretly admired Gresham for being so daring as what he said was equal to refuting the First Elder’s face on the spot. He was saying that the First Elder was unfair for arranging these battles.

Of course, the First Elder’s expression darkened, and he looked at Gresham sharply. “Unfair? How is this unfair?”

Gresham had been kneeling on the floor with his head down all the time. However, there was not much respect in the tone as he spoke, “Although Oliver is also a formal disciple, he’s much stronger than the two of us. On top of that, he’s already in the final stage of the innate level while myself

and Calvert are only in the intermediate stage of the innate level. It's unfair that we have to fight him from a lower realm."

What Gresham had said darkened the First Elder's expression. He was about to reprimand Gresham when the Second Elder, who had been standing aside without saying a word, suddenly spoke up, "Gresham is right. It's unfair for them to fight like this."

There was instantly a tit-for-tat momentum at the gathering spot.

Although Brook had joined the Dual Sovereign Pavilion for several years, he had always been a runner disciple and had never seen such big scenes. At this moment, however, he was amazed by what he saw as the First Elder and Second Elder seemed to be getting into a fight in front of all the disciples. He looked toward Gresham and could not help but lamented, "Gresham is so daring. How could he say something like this? Isn't he afraid that the First Elder will cause him trouble later on?"

Noel smiled when he heard what Brook said. "I would've said the same thing if I'm Gresham."

Chapter 2136

What Noel said immediately attracted the attention of those around him. Jack looked at Noel with a curious look on his face. Noel's face started blushing when he felt the gazes of others. He coughed softly and tried to calm himself down. "Why are you guys looking at me? Don't you know the relationship between them?"

A hint of confusion appeared in the eyes of many people when he said this. Obviously, they had no idea of the relationship between these people, and they had only heard of the ranking of these formal disciples from the long-faced man. What Noel said was obviously hinting that the predetermined disciples had complicated relationships with the elders.

Jack glanced at Noel. “Why don’t you stop dropping hints and just get to the point. I really want to know where Gresham gets his courage to go against the First Elder.” Jack had already made guesses in his heart when he said this and he was just waiting for Noel to personally confirm his assumption.

Noel nodded and said seriously, “In fact, Gresham is going against two people by himself.”

The people around him were even more surprised when they heard what Noel said. Noel did not tantalize everyone on purpose and continued explaining, “I’m sure everybody knows about the relationship between Oliver and Elder Sayer. Elder Sayer is an unwavering supporter of the First Elder. On the other hand, Calvert has a great relationship with Oliver and I heard from others that Calvert has a close relationship with the Sixth Elder. Calvert’s mother is from the family that supported the Sixth Elder. In the beginning, I thought that the Sixth Elder would accept Calvert as his elder disciple.”

Everybody immediately understood what was going on after they heard Noel’s explanation. Noel continued to speak and did not care if the people around him understood what he said. “The Seventh Elder recognizes Gresham’s talents. There was once when Gresham returned from his training outside with an injury and the Seventh Elder personally gave him pills to cure his wounds.”

Noel stopped speaking at this point. On the other hand, Jack continued, “The Sixth Elder and Elder Sayer support the First Elder while the Seventh Elder supports the Second Elder. This is why you mentioned previously that Gresham is going against two people by himself.”

He heard from Noel previously that half of the formal elders supported the First Elder while the other half supported the Second Elder. That was why Gresham spoke insolently as he was fighting for the best chance for himself. Although Jack disliked Oliver, he had to admit that Oliver’s strength

was undeniably strong as he was capable of being in the eighth place among the formal disciples.

Although Gresham might be as talented as Oliver, there was a difference between their realms. Gresham was in the 63rd position and he definitely would not be the opponent of somebody in the 8th position. The two of them had a great difference between them

Noel's words successfully helped Brook in understanding the complicated relationship between these people. He mumbled as he widened his eyes, "In this case, it doesn't matter if Oliver or Calvert becomes the Eleventh Elder's last disciple as they would represent that the First Elder had won. On the other hand, the Second Elder would only win if Gresham becomes the Eleventh Elder's last disciple."

Chapter 2137

Noel looked at Brook in a satisfied manner before he stretched out his hand to pat Brook on his shoulder to instigate that Brook had answered correctly. What Brook said had completely broken the doubts in the hearts of those people around them.

Special thoughts flashed through the eyes of almost everybody present. This battle for the position of the last disciple looked like it was just a matter of the Eleventh Elder getting his one and only last disciple. However, it actually involves the battle between two elders, and the position of the pavilion master is at stake. That was why all the elders were mobilized and all the disciples were so excited.

At this moment, Jack finally understood what Noel meant by saying he would have said the same thing if he was Gresham. Gresham did this with hopes to get rid of Oliver. After all, the chances of him being the last disciple would be 30% less with Oliver's present here.

On top of that, Oliver was slightly stronger than him and he did not have such a good relationship with Oliver. Oliver might kill Gresham after they go

onto the battle platform, but he would stop at the correct moment when it came to facing Calvert. After all, the two of them were on the same team. No matter who became the Eleventh Elder's last disciple, it would be a win for the First Elder.

The First Elder stood on the large round platform and looked at Gresham, who was standing under the platform. The First Elder was not a dummy. The reason the Second Elder stood next to him was to support Gresham. The Second Elder naturally did not wish for the First Elder's choice to be the last disciple. The First Elder sneered as he would not give the Second Elder what he wanted. "Gresham Potter! Do you know what you are doing is treacherous to your elders!"

Everybody was surprised when they heard what the First Elder said. None of the disciples could withstand such a terrible accusation. The lethality of being accused as treacherous to his elders was so powerful that Gresham's face turned slightly pale. However, he still knelt down with his body. "First Elder, these are such heavy words. I just feel that this is slightly unfair as I'm the one fighting with two senior brothers."

Gresham said this to tell the crowd that he was not refuting the First Elder and was just fighting for his rights. On top of that, he was also mocking the First Elder as he should not be accused of treacherous because of this. The First Elder sneered. "As the First Elder of the Dual Sovereign Pavilion, I work hard to preside over the pavilion's matters. As a mere formal disciple, have you honored me by questioning the fairness the moment you open your mouth? If this isn't a treacherous act, what is?"

There were finally some changes in the Second Elder's cold expression. He curled his mouth and smiled mockingly. He did not turn to look at the First Elder but instead looked straight ahead at the disciples gathered underneath. "First Elder, don't you feel that you've spoken too seriously? He was just fighting for some fairness for himself, how can his actions be considered treacherous?"

The First Elder humphed coldly and suddenly raised his head. He wanted to have a debate with the Second Elder for 300 rounds but the Second Elder did not wish to continue exchanging nonsense with him. The Second Elder continued, "Oliver has already broken through into the final stage of innate level and the value of grooming him isn't high no matter from which aspect of things."

Oliver's face darkened as he heard this. Standing among the informal disciples, Wesley's heart beat fiercely and he was unable to close his mouth in panic. He was afraid that his brother's predetermined quota would be canceled by them with just a few words. If his brother successfully becomes the Eleventh Elder's last disciple, his status would also rise accordingly. By then, not only would Elder Sayer be his support, the Eleventh Elder would become his support too. In that case, he would be able to act as he wished in the Dual Sovereign Pavilion in the future.

The First Elder narrowed his eyes and glanced at the Second Elder angrily when he heard this. "What do you mean by the value of grooming him is low? There are so many disciples in the final stage of innate level in our pavilion. Do you mean that all disciples in the final stage of innate level aren't worthy of being groomed by us?"

Chapter 2138

The First Elder's misdirection of blame did not cause the Second Elder to panic.

"I don't mean that. You are taking my words out of context. Who in the room hasn't gone through the final stage of innate level. If I meant that, wouldn't I be talking about myself too?" said the Second Elder evenly. If the Eleventh Elder must accept the last disciple then he must be excellent in all aspects. The cultivation value is also a point that must be considered. The adaptability of the final stage of innate level is not as high as that of the intermediate stage of innate level. You should know about this."

The higher the cultivation level is, the lower the chance of new talents to be tapped. This is something everyone knows.

The First Elder waved his long sleeves and said dismissively, “Oliver is at the innate level and his talent is very high. It shouldn’t take long before he is in the running for the position of the chosen disciple. With these facts in place, do you think his cultivation value is low?”

They did not see eye-to-eye in this matter, and they would quarrel endlessly because of this problem. The Second Elder was unwilling to continue on like this, but the First Elder was adamant to get his way.

At this time, there was no need for Gresham to say anything. The firepower of the war was concentrated on the Elders, but the three people in the audience waited quietly. The only way anyone could tell what they were feeling was by the emotions in their eyes.

The First Elder wanted Oliver to fight. Whether the Eleventh Elder will choose Oliver or not, he would play a big role in this last disciple dispute, just as Gresham was worried about before. The First Elder wanted the three of them to let Oliver attack Gresham with improper means. At least let Gresham be bed-bound for a month or two so that the quota would fall smoothly to Calvert. The person backing Calvert was the Sixth Elder. Both he and Elder Sayer were Calvert’s unwavering supporters.

The Second Elder resolutely refused to let Oliver participate in the dispute of the last disciples. He was not a fool so naturally, he knew what the First Elder was planning. If he succeeds, Gresham would have a miserable end. The two people continued to quarrel for another fifteen minutes or so while all the other disciples stared at each other with wide eyes. They did not expect to see two Elders quarreling so ferociously today.

“I’m telling you! By doing this, you are depriving the disciples of the opportunity. As the Second Elder, you should consider every disciple and

be impartial, but look at what you are doing now, taking away the opportunities for the other formal disciples...”

The Second Elder sneered and rolled his eyes. “I’m doing this for the sake of my disciples. It’s unfair for Oliver to participate in the competition of the last disciple. Everyone knows that he’s ranked eighth amongst the formal disciples! Calvert stands no chance against him at all..”

“Alright! That’s enough!” said Elder Godfrey, tired o f their bickering. He let out a long sigh. The argument between the First Elder and the Second Elder was about to make his eardrums explode.

If it was before, he would not accept any last disciples at all. It was all because of the recent events that made him change his mind. He scoffed, and cast a cold glance at the First Elder and the Second Elder. Why are they getting so heated up when it was him who was the one recruiting the last disciple? He of course knew the answer to this question.

He turned to face the disciples in the audience. “I am grateful for your input, but at the end of the day, it is me who gets to decide who becomes my last disciple.

Chapter 2139

The First Elder and the Second Elder shut up in an instant. Elder Godfrey was right. They could quarrel with each other until their mouths ran dry and still had no say in who the last disciple would be.

Elder Godfrey’s eyes remained facing the audience.” As to who my last disciple will be, I already have someone in mind. I have said before that my last disciple has to be excellent in all the ways I find important.”

Jack arched his brow. Noel had analyzed and explained this sentence to him before. He thought that Elder Godfrey meant to say that his closed disciples must be excellent in all aspects. With this in mind, his gaze fell on

Oliver and the other two, who were handsome, talented, and came from prominent backgrounds. Faultless, in every way.

Just as he was thinking about it, Elder Godfrey's voice rang loudly in everyone's ears. "There's no need for the three of them to battle each other. I already have a candidate in mind."

Everyone's body stiffened. One by one, they turned their scorching gaze on Elder Godfrey. The most anxious people there were the First Elder and the Second Elder because both of them knew very well in their hearts that whichever disciple he chose, the power behind that disciple would break the delicate balance between them.

The First Elder's lips were pulled into a thin line, and his eyes were fixed firmly on the Elder Godfrey. Even the Second Elder, who had been calm and relaxed, looked at the Elder Godfrey with a solemn expression.

Elder Godfrey exhaled deeply, and said, "I choose..." These two words made everyone hold their breath and perked up their ears. "Jack as my last disciple!"

As soon as the words came out, everyone fell silent; only the sounds of heavy breathing and heartbeats could be heard. Everyone started to wonder if there was a problem with their hearing.

"What did the Eleventh Elder say? Who did he say he has chosen as his last disciple? Jack? Who is that?"

"I must have heard it wrong. Is there a Jack amongst those three up there?"

Jack was well-known among the informal disciples, but most of the formal disciples, let alone the chosen disciples, did not know who he was. Everyone was looking at each other skeptically. Did they have auditory hallucinations?

Elder Godfrey thought that he was being clear enough, so he repeated it again in a loud voice, "I choose Jack as my last disciple!"

This time, there was an explosion of uproar, as if the ice was poured into boiling oil. Everyone was at a loss for words. Even Jack himself found his mouth to be slightly ajar. He had to clean out his ears to make sure he did not hear wrong.

Chapter 2140

He even wondered if there was also a Jack amongst the formal disciples, but he dismissed this thought as soon as it popped into his mind. After all, he knew Elder Godfrey's secret. Even so, he did not expect that he would be put in the spotlight when he had come as a spectator.

Noel and Brook were struck dumb. The two stood on the spot in a daze and there was disbelief written all over their faces as if they had just been told that they had won the lottery.

Noel turned his head and saw that Jack with the same expression as he did. "The Eleventh Elder just chose you as the last disciple..."

Noel's voice was a little hoarse, while Brook was so shocked that he could not utter a single word at all.

Wesley started glitching. He thought that it was all a mistake when the Eleventh Elder announced Jack's name the first time but when he repeated it the second time, emphasizing on Jack's name no less, Wesley's mind started to experience a tidal wave of emotions.

"No, it can't be him! What gives him the right to be the Eleventh Elder's last disciple? He didn't even come here by formal means in the first place. He is not qualified to be the last disciple of the Eleventh Elder!"

Wesley insisted on sticking to the narrative he knew so well about Jack. If it was before, everyone might have believed him. After all, the informal

disciples were all rubbish, but Jack had proven himself to be a cut above the rest when he defeated Wesley.

“It’s definitely not him. He is just an informal disciple. Which elder in his right mind would choose an informal disciple to be his last disciple. He doesn’t have the qualifications, nor the network to know the Eleventh Elder at all!” said the man with the triangular eyes firmly.

Wesley was greatly relieved to hear those words and could not agree more with the man with the triangular eyes. There must be a person with the exact same name as Jack amongst the formal disciples. There was no way in a billion years that it was the Jack he knew.

However, Elder Godfrey suddenly took a step forward and fixed his gaze on the group of informal disciples. His eyes were full of calmness. He pointed at Jack and said, “What are you still standing there for?!”

Now there was no way Jack could deceive himself or others because Elder Godfrey had pointed directly at him. The corners of his mouth twitched, and his complexion turned pale whereas both Wesley and the man with the triangular eyes’ turned dark.

It was really the Jack that they despise so much!

Wesley immediately felt that he could not breathe, and his eyes turned bloodshot; he gritted his teeth angrily, wishing to die on the spot. He would accept anyone but him! He still remembered that he had bragged to anyone within earshot that his brother would be Elder Godfrey’s last disciple. Then his brother would go further than anyone under the elder’s grooming

What happened was totally out of his expectation. It was like a slap to his face that Jack was chosen to be Elder Godfrey’s last disciple.

Chapter 2141

Wesley took a deep breath. The corner of his mouth never stopped twitching.

“This can’t be real. Absolutely not! Why would Elder Godfrey choose him?” he said hoarsely. He took another deep breath, and without warning, slapped the man with the triangular eyes violently on the face.

The crisp sound attracted the attention of the people around them. Holding his face, the man with the triangular eyes was taken aback, but he dared not utter a word of anger. . He knew that he was punished for what he had said just now.

At this moment, Jack was not in the mood to deal with Wesley. He understood the benefits that would come with being the last disciple; after all, that was the reason why so many disciples covet the spot, but those benefits did not hold much attraction to him.

He held the memory of his predecessor’s great ability, therefore, he did not need any elder to teach him anything. Moreover, he was full of secrets, and being in close contact with Elder Godfrey would put him at risk of his secrets being found out. The loss would outweigh the gains if that were to really happen. Besides, he did not really want to be pushed t o the cusp of a social struggle.

However, judging by Elder Godfrey’s steadfast eyes and naked finger pointing at him, he did not have a choice in this matter. It would not do him well to make Elder Godfrey lose face in front of so many people.

The informal disciples near him were staring at him with shocked eyes and had unconsciously parted to make a path for him. He took a deep breath and began taking one heavy step after another. He glanced back at Noel and Brook, who was still staring at him with disbelief. He did not say anything to them but continued making his way to the second round platform.

The gathering spot for roll call was divided into three areas-three round platforms and the square underneath them. The first round platform was used only for the elders to announce important matters. The second round platform was a large battle platform surrounded by flags and a venue for a duel between disciples. This platform was where Oliver and the other two were standing. Elder Godfrey waved at him, signaling him to stand with the three formal disciples. No matter how unwilling Jack was, he could only bite the bullet and get on with it.

Only then did the First Elder and the Second Elder react. They had gone through extra lengths to make sure that the disciple they had in mind would get chosen to be Elder Godfrey's last disciple. Hell, they even argued in front of the spectators. This fact alone had caused no end to their embarrassment, and for what? For an informal disciple whom existence they did not even know of to be chosen as his last disciple?

The First Elder's face was black as thunder. "What is the meaning of this, Eleventh Elder? Who is this kid? Why did you choose him to be your last disciple?"

Elder Godfrey arched his brow and calmly said," Because he is excellent in every aspect. Have you forgotten the requirements to be my last disciple? And Jack just so happens to fit that profile so, of course, I would choose him."

Chapter 2142

The First Elder's chest tightened and his fingers trembled. He snorted with a hint of unkindness, and said, "I thought you wanted to choose the best formal disciple!"

He emphasized the words 'formal disciple' to remind Elder Godfrey that in the history of the Dual Sovereign Pavilion, all the last disciples had been selected from formal disciples.

“I’ll choose whoever I find the most pleasing as my last disciple,” said Elder Godfrey evenly with a smile.

At this time, even the Second Elder felt a little uncomfortable. He glanced sideways at Elder Godfrey, and said, “Alright, haha very funny. You got us. It’s time to stop joking around and get down to business.”

It was obvious the Second Elder did not agree with Elder Godfrey’s choice as well from the way he was putting all this down as a joke. Elder Godfrey scoffed internally when he heard that. Normally, he would not bother to reply as he was certain that the Second Elder knew that he was not joking from all the time he had spent with the Elders.

In fact, he had no doubt that the Second Elder wanted him to rescind his choice so that his own disciples would still have a chance to be in the running for the last disciple. Well, that was not going to happen. He had always taken a neutral stance in the fight between the First and Second Elder, and he planned to keep it that way even though he knew that they would not let him go that easily.

Elder Godfrey sighed and ignored them. He turned to the disciples in the spectator platform, and in a clear voice said, “Jack will be my only last disciple. That is my limit.”

The muscles of the Second Elder’s face twitched slightly, as he tried to suppress the annoyance in his heart. “Eleventh Elder, instead of immersing yourself in training, you should have schooled yourself on the rules of Dual Sovereign Pavilion, but regardless, I will tell you how it works today. Everyone knows that the elder’s last disciple is actually an elder disciple. Since it is an elder disciple, it must be chosen from the group of formal disciples. If I am not mistaken, Jack seems to be an informal disciple.”

Elder Godfrey’s expression darkened.

Wesley was relieved to hear what the Second Elder said. Suddenly, he pushed the disciple in front of him away and dashed madly to the forefront of the line of informal disciples. Under normal circumstances, he would not dare to behave like this, but he had no time for such concerns now.

He knelt down with a plop, and said loudly, “Jack is indeed an informal disciple, and he has not entered the Dual Sovereign through formal screening methods! In fact, he had not even joined for that long!”

Upon hearing this, the spectators started to whisper amongst themselves. Those formal disciples and chosen disciples who did not know the whole story looked at Jack with haughty eyes, as everyone knows that the last two batches of informal disciples were only meant to be cannon fodder. These two batches of informal disciples only had to light up three obsidian lights to be accepted whereas they had to undergo so many different tests just to get their foot across the door. Hence, the holier-than-thou attitude.

Chapter 2143

For this reason, many disciples were unwilling to treat the cannon fodders as ‘brothers and sisters’. It was not hard to imagine their anger when they found out that Jack was not only an informal disciple but a n informal disciple from the batch of cannon fodders!

Internal criticisms about the Eleventh Elder’s rash behavior abounded. Was he joking? How could he choose trash like Jack as his last disciple? What does that say about the rest of them?

Many people could not suppress the anger in their hearts and began to mumble wildly.

“What was the Eleventh Elder thinking? Why would h e choose trash like that when he could have his pick a t any of those excellent formal disciples in front of him?”

“I bet he never wanted a last disciple at all so he is using this to get away with it!”

“Choosing a last disciple is no small matter. Even if the Eleventh Elder didn’t come in contact with us much doesn’t mean he should joke about something like this. Maybe he has his reasons, but I can’t for the life of me think of what they could be!”

The formal disciples were looking at Jack like he was a pile of shit, and he could clearly hear all the comments from their mouths. He arched his brow and said nothing. In fact, he never once looked at the three elders on the round platform and was acting like this whole thing had nothing to do with him.

Wesley was overjoyed. His plan had worked! He had turned everyone against Jack. Just a little more push and Elder Godfrey would definitely rescind his choice, and choose his brother to be his last disciple. Some of the spectators did not bother to keep their voice low so some of the comments drifted into the First Elder and the Second Elders’ ear.

The Second Elder was looking meaningfully at Elder Godfrey with his eyebrow arched. He chuckled, and said, “You heard it yourself, Eleventh Elder, Jack is a newly recruited informal disciple and you as an elder, should know what that means. Why I’m willing to bet that he’s not even all that strong. I advise you to reconsider your choice. After all, in one way or another, your last disciple represents you, so wouldn’t you want someone that can make you

Proud?”

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The First Elder looked like he was about to burst with all the words he wanted to say, but his pride stopped him. He just kept his mouth shut tight, and looked meaningfully at Elder Godfrey.

Elder Godfrey scoffed lightly and was not affected by the Second Elder's words. "Thank you for your concern. I'll keep what you said in mind, but I remain firm with my choice. I get to choose who gets to be my last disciple."

The Second Elder narrowed his eyes sinisterly. So the good cop act doesn't work on him eh? Maybe I need to use the bad cop act. But, why is he so persistent in making this trash, his last disciple? Is he trying to resist our efforts and go against me and the First Elder?

Chapter 2144

Second Elder scoffed lightly and turned his attention to Jack. He scoffed again when he saw Jack's uninterested look.

"Jack, right?"

The corners of Jack's lips twitched. What he had feared was happening. He really did not want to be caught in the middle of their power struggles. He was still a disciple of the Dual Sovereign Pavilion after all and these elders could make his life very hard if he was made a pawn.

He nodded robotically, and said, "Yes, Second Elder, that is indeed my name."

"You don't seem to be very happy being chosen as the last disciple of the Eleventh Elder," commented the Second Elder evenly.

Jack arched his eyebrow. Judging from what the Second Elder said, he knew for sure that it would not be easy to handle him. In fact, he might be setting him up to fall at this very moment. Fortunately, he had handled situations far worse than this.

Jack bowed a little, and said calmly, "I was taught by my father to be calm under all circumstances."

Oliver, who was standing next to him, felt that this was a jibe at him. He glared at him and shouted, "How dare you speak so disrespectfully toward the elders?!"

Jack was a little taken aback by this. 'What was wrong with what I just said?'

The corners of the Second Elder's lips curled up. The fact that he remained silent meant that he agreed with Wesley, that Jack had indeed behaved disrespectfully.

Jack was irked by this. Whatever I do or say will be wrong in their eyes now that I've become the enemy. If that's the case, I might as well do whatever I want!

He cleared his throat lightly, and calmly said, "Brother Oliver, it won't do you well to keep a grudge against me. Please tell me, what is so wrong with what I said? Maybe you can enlighten me on the correct way to reply to the Second Elder."

Wesley narrowed his eyes and scoffed. How dare a low-life like him, throw him the hot potato? While it was true he was the one who started the whole thing, in his world, he alone reserved the right to cause troubles for others.

"You said I hold a grudge against you? What a joke! Why would I hold a grudge against you? I'm just worried that the Eleventh Elder had been misled by you, for how else could you explain why a mere informal disciple like you would be chosen to be the last disciple?"

At this moment, even Calvert and Gresham were glancing sideways at them. They had remained silent all this while but it was obvious they did not hold a favorable view toward Jack too. How could they when this guy from out-of-nowhere had snatched their chances of being the last disciple from right under their noses?

Jack regarded the three of them coldly while cursing Elder Godfrey in his heart. This was a disaster. He never thought that Elder Godfrey would choose him to be his last disciple. He could not help but look at the elders on the round platform and found that Elder Godfrey was staring at him with encouragement in his eyes.

Seeing the encouragement in Elder Godfrey's eyes made Jack even more nonplussed. "What the heck are you encouraging me for? I never wanted to be your last disciple or get anything out of you!" The more he thought about this, the more gloomy he became.

If he backed down, he would no doubt be looked down even more by others. Thus, he stood up a little straighter, looked evenly at Oliver, and said, "You wouldn't have said all that if he didn't hold a grudge against me! Stop trying to slander me. Besides, Elder Godfrey is the one who's choosing the last disciple now, not you! So you should just keep your mouth shut!"

Everyone gasped when they heard this, but quickly their eyes began to sparkle in anticipation of what was going to happen next. Never in a million years would they think that a nobody would dare to speak to Oliver in this manner.

This was the first time Oliver was ever humiliated by an informal disciple. His mouth twitched and his eyes filled with anger. Wesley, who was still standing at the front of the line of informal disciples, was so angry that he almost rushed up to beat Jack senseless, for humiliating his big brother.

"How dare an informal disciple speak so blatantly toward a formal disciple? Don't you know what it means to have respect for your seniors?" shouted the First Elder.

Anyone would have already gotten down on their knees to beg for forgiveness by now, but Jack was not just anyone. He remained impassive and did not even bother to turn to face the First Elder while answering, "Of course, I do but I was just saying it like it is. Was I wrong in thinking that it is Elder Godfrey who's doing the choosing today?"

Oliver nearly exploded with anger. 'Who the hell does he think he is? Does he think that he can say and do whatever he wants just because he has been chosen to be the last disciple? Trash will forever be trash!'

His hand was trembling, but he managed to control himself. “Why should I listen to you? You’re nothing but an informal disciple...”

Jack cut in before he could finish. “You’re right! I a man informal disciple! But so what? You were once a n informal disciple too! What makes you so certain that I don’t have what it takes to be Elder Godfrey’s last disciple?”

Oliver was so angered by his words that he started to laugh. He pointed at Jack’s face, and said, “It doesn’t take a genius to figure it out! All of the last disciples were chosen from the formal disciples. And you’re right, we formal disciples were once informal disciples too but we got to where we are right now through our talent and hard work! Not to mention you didn’t even get accepted through our standard procedures. You, of all people, have no right to tell m e to shut up!”

His words were exactly what many of the spectators were thinking, and the disdain in their eyes intensified

Some of them even began to shout out their displeasure at Jack.

“Did you hear that, you punk? Do you really think you’re a match for us formal disciples? You don’t even deserve to breathe the same air as Brother Oliver!”