

Chapter 2283

The hoarse voice resounded again while Jack was still deep in thoughts, "This level will take two days to solve. You'll be eliminated if you're unable to reach the foot of Netherland Mountain in two days. The level will begin-now!"

The hoarse voice went completely silent soon after. Jack stood still as he exhaled a long, heavy breath. He had to calm his nerves and braced himself before he proceeded. He thought thoroughly about everything the hoarse voice had said.

The mysterious owner of the hoarse voice used 'fiends' to describe all the obstacles they might face, and Jack knew it was just a collective term.

No one knew what sort of monster they would face at this level. After contemplating for a while, Jack took out a brand new mask from the Mustard Seed and put it over his face.

Even though he would not be able to see anyone, he knew for sure that he would run into people on this journey. He did not want others to recognize him as Jack White as it would only cause him more trouble. If the masked man were to figure out his whereabouts, he would no doubt come looking for trouble.

With his current cultivation level, he would probably be able to take the masked man on squarely. However, his objective was to break through the level, not to have a battle with the masked man. Concealing his identity would save him plenty of unnecessary troubles.

After switching to a new mask, he changed into some new clothes as well. He did his best to stay lowkey so that when he did run into others they would not be able to recognize him as Jack White.

The aura inside the blood world was bleak, and there were no visible corpses or carcasses of any wild beasts. However, the place felt like it was once flourishing and that a harrowing catastrophe had rained and wiped out every single being.

Jack proceeded cautiously and observed the surroundings that were fogged by absolute desolation. He gasped silently as an air of familiarity washed over him, as if he had been here and witnessed everything before. He dug deep into his memories but could not seem to locate the exact time that it had happened.

“It’s keel grass! The spirited grass that’s ranked top six! What a lucky day for you, junior Hayden!” Samson Hill exclaimed enviously to Hayden Wales.

Moments ago, Hayden successfully killed a fiend that had the appearance of a big rat. Following the fiend’s death was a beam of crimson light, turning the carcass into a keel grass. The keel grass looked ancient, and they could definitely trade it for a good amount of contribution points.

“It’s just luck,” answered Hayden with a wide grin on his face.

Isaiah Riley shook his head and exclaimed genuinely, “It’s not just luck, junior Hayden. Your abilities are very impressive as well, and I heard that you’re one of the elites from Thousand Leaves Pavillion.”

The reason they referred to Hayden as ‘junior’ was because he was younger than them; they had no idea who was stronger amongst themselves as they had never fought hands in hands before. It was just easier to refer to him that way for the time being.

Jack stood about ten meters away from them, concealed behind a skeletal tree. Those three had no idea there was anyone around.

It was the first time Jack had encountered other people in the blood world. Alas, those were disciples of the North faction, and it would be troublesome if he were to run into people from the Corpse Pavillion. He would have to summon all of his power and attack mercilessly, since the Corpse Pavilion and him had sworn to fight each other to death.

However, he was not sure if he was allowed to kill wantonly in the blood world without being punished. It was certainly not worth the shot.

Chapter 2284

Jack had not encountered a single soul, not even a fiend throughout the whole journey. That was the first time he had seen a living human. Among the three of them, he only recognized Isaiah.

Upon eavesdropping on their conversation, Jack found out that Hayden was from Thousand Leaves Pavilion while Samson was from Muddled Origin Clan. The reason Jack knew of Isaiah was because they were both from the Dual Sovereign Pavilion.

Dual Sovereign Pavilion appointed three of their chosen disciples to the Secret Place for Resources. Aside from Nelson and Griffin, the third chosen disciple was Isaiah. The chosen disciples of Dual Sovereign Pavilion were of honorable positions, and they could do whatever they want without facing consequences.

Ever since arriving at the Secret Place for Resources, disciples of higher positions were everywhere, and the chosen disciples had no chance to show off their honorable positions. Jack had only a faint impression of Isaiah as a person.

Earlier when he had a conflict with Griffin, Isaiah stood aside without saying a word. He was not aggressive like Griffin, nor was he self-righteous and defending himself like Nelson did.

It was as if nothing mattered to him, and he showed no emotions. He also flunked the previous level in the blood world as he failed to kill 120 corpse puppets.

Jack sighed silently. It was better if he did not show himself, even though he had a new mask and clothing. It was not guaranteed that they would not be able to recognize him after some interactions.

He had decided to wait for the three men to leave before he switched to another direction to head toward Netherland Mountain.

“Who’s there?!” Hayden shot a glare toward the dead tree.

Jack was taken aback as he did not expect Hayden to have such a sharp perception. Jack made no major movement, yet Hayden was able to sense him just by his sigh.

Hayden fetched his weapon in a swift movement, his eyes locked on the skeletal tree Jack was leaning onto. The other two men became aware in an instance as they glared toward the same tree.

Jack picked on the corner of his lips in annoyance; he did not anticipate to be found out by others. Hayden’s sharp perception was completely unforeseeable. If he refused to show himself, they would eventually start attacking.

He decided to step out from the shadow of the dead tree to avoid unnecessary trouble. He looked slimmer in his new white linen robe, but his vicious aura was unconcealable.

The three men stared in perplexity at the man before them in a white robe and an unfamiliar mask.

“Which clan are you from? Why were you listening to our conversation?” Isaiah’s brows knitted together as she interrogated Jack.

All clan associations had their own regulations when it came to clothing. Disciples who joined a clan had to follow a dress code. Each title and position had different styles of clothing, but they were similar to each other.

Disciples of other clan associations were usually able to identify which clan a person was from according to the clothing that they were wearing. The robe Jack had changed into was not of any other clan belonging to the West Cercie State.

Jack let out a few coughs and altered his voice to a lower pitch. “I-I’ve been chased by the Corpse Pavilion’s disciples.”

Jack paused briefly after saying that, refusing to further explain himself. However, the three men were able to tell from just one single sentence. If what the man before them was telling the truth, it would make sense that he changed his clothes and put on a mask to disguise his identity and cover his tracks.

“None of us are from the Corpse Pavilion and we’re also not from any of the South clan associations. You’re free to take off your mask, or at least tell us which clan you’re from,” Hayden responded coldly as he raised his brows in doubt.

Jack knitted his brows upon hearing Hayden’s insistent tone.

“It’s fine, it’s not like we were exchanging any secrets anyway. It won’t matter if he eavesdropped on us. He’s probably just a passerby.” Samson took charge and tried to smooth things over.

Chapter 2285

Jack nodded faintly; he had no intention to argue with them. As he turned around to leave the discord, an air of fragrance wafted into his nose.

The honey-sweet scent washed over him like a bed of blossoming flowers, and Jack paused dumbfoundedly. Ever since he stepped into the blood world, everything within his peripheral vision was traumatic and desolate.

He had not smelled the scent of grass and wood, let alone the sweet aroma of flowers. The skeleton-bare trees and decaying stalks he encountered had been dead for God knew how many years. Its rotten and dreadful smell was always present.

Where did the sweet scent come from? Jack turned his head around once again, facing the three men. The men seemed to have smelled the aroma as well, their faces scrunched up together, sensing how odd the sudden shift of air was.

The aroma became increasingly strong, and a sudden gust of wind blew their wispy long sideburns as it danced in the air.

“Did y-you guys smell that?” stuttered Samson with a stiff expression.

Isaiah and Hayden nodded.

“We shouldn’t be smelling any flowers in this world, but this aroma is as if we’re being showered in blossoms. What exactly is going on?” Isaiah asked calmly.

Upon saying that, a single petal drifted in front of them from above. The four men were stunned. As they looked up at the sky, flower petals were raining down like a blossom shower.

The scent grew stronger as the petals rained continuously. Jack took a few steps back as his eyes were glued onto the sky. A sudden ‘swoosh’ was heard from below, and he looked down to find that his pocket had been slashed open. He knew there was something wrong with the petals.

Following that was a shrieking cry from Samson, “F*ck!”

Jack followed the source of sound to find that Samson’s cheek was slit open, fresh lava of blood flowed from his wound.

Jack brought his brows together as he focused on the cut on Samson’s face. The cut was forming blisters and decaying in mere seconds! It was obvious that the thing that slashed his skin open was poisonous.

“There’s something wrong with the petals, be careful!” Jack looked at Isaiah and urged kindly for the sake that they were both from the same clan.

The three men perked up, fully alert at this second. All four of them started forming a protective spirit, summoning their true energy to wholly protect themselves.

The petals that fell onto the ground still exuded sweet scents. A whiff of wind swept the petals off the ground. The petals surrounded them and flew in their direction as if they could see them.

The petals looked fragile and harmless, and at first it seemed to just blindly follow the wind. However, Jack noticed that the petals had strong motivation to attack the four of them.

‘Swoosh!’

Jack snapped his head back to find that the protective spirit he had cast had been attacked by the razor-sharp petals.

Fortunately, Jack’s protective spirit and true energy were dense enough that the petals were unable to perforate through it. Jack knitted his brows once again, glaring at the petals falling incessantly from the sky. He staggered a few steps back using the laws of space, attempting to dodge the petals’ attacks.

Jack looked up at the rest of them to find that they were still staring at the sky in bewilderment. “Run! What are you guys waiting for? If the petals penetrate your protective spirits, you’d lose your limbs-or worse, dead!” he spat in desperation.

Chapter 2286

Jack’s words snapped everyone out of confusion, and the three of them rushed outside immediately.

Petals were raining all around, and they did not know which way to head out. The three of them lost their sense of direction at that moment and just ran around blindly.

It was as if the wind could sense their desire to escape, the little breeze blowing on them suddenly became stronger, and eventually turned into a powerful gust of wind.

Jack could only hear the sound of air current crashing and splashing like a hurricane. There were so many petals falling around that his surrounding vision was obstructed, and he could smell the floral fragrance all over the place.

Jack and the others did not bother to stop and appreciate such beautiful scenery. He just ran the laws of space and instantly moved ten meters away in a blink of an eye, dodging the attack of the densest petals.

The petals were not giving up that easily. As Jack shouted to the three people moments ago, the petals scattered around and quickly gathered toward him again.

Jack frowned, and immediately activated the Spirit Shield. He made a series of seals with both hands, and a gray-black energy substance began swirling on his fingertips!

In an instant, thirty-five soul swords were wrapped in front of Jack's body. A muffled bang sound was heard as another petal, sharp as a blade, vigorously attacked Jack on his Spirit Shield.

The impact force of this petal was not very strong, but there was more than just one around him trying to attack. Jack looked around and noticed there were hundreds of petals surrounding him, like ghosts in the wind. Not every petal was aggressive, but Jack could not tell them apart. His eyes flashed coldly, staring at the petal that had just hit him. He flipped his hand, and instantly a soul sword appeared and sliced the petal, shattering it to bits.

Jack gritted his teeth, he did not know what he was going to do next. He could continue holding on for the moment. After all, void slaying was a longranged attack. With all the soul swords in front of him, he could still resist the attack temporarily. However, he did not know when the petals would cease, and whether the fiend who was hiding in the dark would be depleted of true energy and stop attacking them.

Jack's spirit was tense as he kept making seals with his hands. Several continuous bang sounds were heard as more petals that attacked Jack were quickly obliterated by the Soul Sword. The surrounding petals were still too much as if it was never-ending. Jack felt a little overwhelmed by just looking at them.

At this moment, Isaiah's voice came from a distance, "I can't get out!" he shouted loudly, "There are petals everywhere, I can't see clearly. Their attack power may not be strong, but there are just too many of them. We can't hold much longer!"

Indeed, they could not hold much longer. By then, their true energy would be completely exhausted, and only death awaits them. The old voice had said clearly, this level would not only bring great opportunities for everyone but also extreme danger. The sudden

appearance of the petals had caught them all off guard, and now they got themselves in a helpless situation, unable to escape.

“I’m going to die, there are too many petals! Guys, do something!” Samson shouted with all his strength. He was injured by a petal attack moments ago, the wound festered and turned black in an instant. Although these petals have a strong fragrance, they contain toxins within, and any person that gets into contact with them will be poisoned.

Chapter 2287

The situation was bad as Samson struggled to hold on. He discovered the fiends had minds of their own. The petals attacked him more violently as they sensed him getting weaker.

Hayden let out a sigh, cold sweat breaking out on his forehead. He stayed silent as he listened to the screams of his other two companions. Now that they have fallen into a quagmire, death was the only way out if nothing was done.

Hayden still had a bright future ahead, and the last thing he wanted was to die in the Secret Place of Resources.

“Find the fiends! We know it’s hiding in the dark!” shouted Hayden loudly, “Only by killing the fiends can we be safe!”

He was right. With petals surrounding them everywhere, they did not even know which direction to flee in. If they failed to escape, the petals would eventually consume all their true energy and leave them to die.

The only way for them to get out was to slay the attacking fiend that was hiding in the dark. However, the problem was that they never discovered any fiend in the first place, and if it was not for the fiend’s attack, they would still be chatting around ignorantly!

They had activated their Aesthesis Sense previously to survey the area, but nothing was found. They could not feel any large energy movement nearby, as if there was nothing else around except the four of them.

“I can’t find anything!” Isaiah exclaimed in exasperation, “I’ve used my Aesthesis Sense to investigate around, but there’s nothing! What should we do next!”

“Why are we seeing such terrifying fiends here? I thought they would only appear around Netherworld Mountain?” Samson asked with a desperate tone of voice.

This question puzzled the three of them. They entered the blood world a few hundred kilometers away from Netherworld Mountain and encountered many small fiends at the beginning of their journey.

These little creatures did not pose any threat to them at all. They expected to face challenging fiends as they approached Netherworld Mountain, but they did not imagine themselves already fighting such formidable monsters just within the first ten kilometers of their journey.

The four of them were not the top among the crowd when it comes to strength, but they were not weak. For a fiend to trap and deal with all four of them at the same time, it was indeed one powerful creature.

Now that they were already facing such a formidable foe within the range of just ten kilometers, they could not imagine what sort of monsters they would meet if they proceeded further. This was an impossible task, even the oldest disciple of the Corpse Pavilion would not be able to advance much.

The four of them were feeling doubtful and apprehensive. Samson did not expect an answer to his question, but it got Jack to realize something.

Samson was right, their location was indeed too far out, it was impossible for fiends of this level to appear. Jack was a little puzzled by the weak attacks of the petals. Although he was trapped by the petals, he clearly felt their attacks were not strong.

Jack may not be able to resist if the petals were to all strike him together, but he had never met with a swarmed assault. Even if it was a dense attack, it would only come in two petals at most...

Chapter 2288

Jack had a sudden recollection in his mind. Something felt very familiar as if he had seen this kind of attack somewhere before!

The more he thought about it, the more familiar it felt. He took a breath, and memory suddenly flashed in his mind. This memory was a little vague, but he could still remember it clearly.

“This kind of Illusory Wind Demon is the most troublesome. We can find it quickly if it’s on dry land. But it would be troublesome if it’s in a closed jungle.”

“But I remember that the Illusory Wind Demon is just a tiny fiend that has just entered the early stage of the innate level...”

“Its attack power may not be strong, but it can draw true energy from Heaven and Earth anytime to make up for its lack of strength. As long as you are entangled with it, you need to have good strength and vision to overcome it. Otherwise, it would be trouble!”

The conversation flashed in Jack’s mind. This memory did not belong to Jack, but it was inherited from his predecessor back when he was still weak in his cultivation level. This particular conversation happened to his predecessor during a chatter with his friends in the third-world where he was there to fight a war with the goal of training and gaining experience for himself.

Moments after the conversation, Jack’s predecessor and his friends really did meet the Illusory Wind Demon. However, that one, in particular, did not rain petals all over the sky, but maple leaves instead! Countless maple leaves formed a small circle, trapping them in it, but after a series of tossing around, they managed to escape.

Back in the present, it was a different scenario. Jack would not have remembered if it was not for the reminder of Samson’s words.

They were very close to the periphery of the blood world and had only advanced within a range of ten kilometers. Logically speaking, it was impossible to encounter any powerful fiends. How could such a weak creature be able to pull off something so strong!

However, the Illusory Wind Demon is capable of doing this. When it matured into an adult, the Illusory Wind Demon was only at the initial stage of innate cultivation and considered weak amongst the fiends. But after encountering it, one would realize that it was actually troublesome to the core. It was more problematic than facing two fiends from the late innate stage, the Illusory Wind Demon may be weak in attack power, but it can trap its victims!

The Illusory Wind Demon could absorb the true energy around while attacking to make up for its own deficiencies. The attacks are continuous, making the Illusory Wind Demon a very difficult opponent to deal with, encountering one would just feel like falling into a quagmire!

If it goes on like this, it would not take long for the Illusory Wind Demon to completely deplete them of their true energy. After that, it will start attacking them. In addition to the creature's poisonous features, the situation would become critical.

"I didn't expect it to be an Illusory Wind Demon," Jack thought to himself as he let out a long sigh. These fiends did actually exist in reality, but they all inhabited different continents.

Nowadays, there were not many exchanges between continents. Such monsters may only exist on one continent, and news about them could not be passed on. Naturally, people on the Hestia Continent had never seen this kind of attack, nor can they identify what exactly it was. Jack, however, was different. With the help of the memory which he inherited from his predecessor, he instantly recognized the creature!

The Illusory Wind Demon was not undefeatable. As long as its weakness was pinpointed, it could be taken down easily!

Jack could still remember the words of the friend of his predecessor from his memory.

"The Illusory Wind Demon was named in such a way because of its ability to conjure up illusions. It could disguise its attacks behind a façade of an everyday object, such as a leaf. They are excellent hunters, consuming the true energy from your body while they can. As you succumb to exhaustion, they would then strike you with their strongest killing blow, and absorb the nutrients in your body after you are dead. Human beings are a delicacy to the Illusory Wind Demon! These creatures could be troublesome, but as long as you find their physical bodies, you could easily diffuse their attacks."

Chapter 2289

"Where are their physical bodies?" Jack's predecessor asked, being less knowledgeable during that period of time.

"It's right next to you! They will morph themselves into plants," his friend raised his chin as he replied to him, "Once they turn into plants, they can't move on their own. This is their biggest weakness. Also, their defense is very weak. Once you find their physical bodies, attack them! Even if they are in their early stages of the innate level, they can be easily taken care of!"

These words kept flashing in Jack's mind. The Illusory Wind Demon would transform into a plant, and their range of attack was limited. Their physical bodies would just be around nearby as they conduct the attack.

Jack clearly remembers not seeing any plants the moment he first set foot in the area. All around him were just barren, blood-red land. The closest to him was only a dead tree, and not even a single weed was found

Jack froze all of a sudden. He realized he had overlooked something.

“Help! I can’t hold on much longer!” Samson’s gnashing voice came from a distance.

His hands trembled slightly as he struggled to hold up the Spirit Shield. At the same time, he used martial arts to attack the aggressive petals around him.

The petals’ attack increased as if knowing that Samson could not hold on any longer, and seized the opportunity and struck him viciously.

“Hang in there!” shouted Jack loudly from afar.

The three of them were stunned as they heard Jack. What is this kid going to do? Does he have a plan? Now that they are trapped helplessly in this quagmire of petals, nobody seemed to have figured a way out. What could that kid do? It’s ridiculous. Perhaps he was just trying to comfort Samson, who was struggling to hold on at the moment.

Samson had the same depressing thought. Even if he held on longer, it would be futile. They did not have an escape plan. As he thought about his impending demise, he could not help but let out a bitter laugh, his entire self sunk into sadness.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Three more petals slammed into Samson’s Spirit Shield, simultaneously consuming his true energy. In addition to himself being poisoned previously, Samson finally could not withstand it any longer.

A part of his Spirit Shield shattered and left a fist-sized hole wide open. The petals scattered around Samson seemed to be waiting for this perfect opportunity, they quickly gathered and drilled themselves into the shield hole.

Samson could not stop them from coming in. The sound of slicing air could be heard as the first petal flew toward Samson, cutting his knife-wielding arm. Samson screamed as he felt severe pain.

Isaiah and Hayden both heard Samson's scream. Their hearts tightened immediately, "Brother, are you alright!" Isaiah shouted.

They did not hear any reply from Samson, it seemed that he had reached a critical point. As the petal pierced his arms, it also released its toxin into his wounds. A second petal was already aiming for Samson's neck. Now that he was seriously injured, he could no longer defend himself from the attack of the second petal!

Samson's mind was clear as ever in this very dire moment. He knew if this petal got to his throat, it would be his end.

Chapter 2290

Samson could feel the aura of death wrapping itself around his throat. His eyes were already shut as he slowly waited to die.

Sometimes, when a person knew they were at the brink of death, they would instead calm down. Samson was precisely in that state, although he really wanted to live on. He had a bright future ahead of him, after all.

He was an internal disciple in the Thousand Leaves Pavilion. As long as he did not give up, he would be able to be a deacon in the Thousand Leaves Pavilion or even an informal elder. He had many possibilities.

Yet, that was all about to go up in smoke. The smell was so dense it stunned him, and he suddenly heard, "Found him!"

The next second, many wails filled Samson's ears. Samson suddenly opened his eyes, and the flowers in front of him seemed to have had their lives drawn out in front of him, wilting suddenly

As if decades had passed for them, the flowers turned to dust after they wilted, and a gentle breeze blew on Samson's eyes.

Samson's breathing became erratic, not believing what had just happened. He had clearly felt the scythe of the grim reaper right on his neck earlier! The next moment, the thing that had threatened his life had turned to dust.

'What happened!' That was the first thing that flashed in Samson's mind when he woke up. The shouts he had heard earlier did not seem like they were made by a human, it sounded like the devil!

“Samson, are you alright?!” Isaiah’s voice could be heard in front of him.

Without the flower petals blocking them, Samson could finally see his surroundings. Isaiah seemed to be in a bad state as well. His clothes had been ripped in several places, but thankfully he was not injured.

As he looked at himself in worry, Hayden’s voice was heard, “You’re injured! The poison’s pretty bad as well, your lips are already turning purple. Hurry up and take the antidote!”

Hayden’s warning caused Samson to wake up completely. He did not dare think of anything else as he hurriedly retrieved a poison-curing pill from his ring, swallowing it. The pill entered his body, the medicinal powers poured out, and temporarily stopped the poison from spreading out in his body!

When his body felt a little better, he said loudly, “What happened? How did those flower petals disappear?” The moment he said that he noticed Isaiah and Hayden with shocked gazes looking behind him. Samson looked back.

What he saw was the masked brat earlier next to a large withered tree, hacking away at the withered tree’s trunk with his blade.

The tree that was an unknown number of years old was oozing out a pinkish-red, blood-like liquid after being pierced through by the blade.

Looking at it in detail, they could actually see the tree seemingly shaking. It seemed to be having a final struggle before its death. The three of them were incredibly shocked at the scene, not knowing what to do.

Jack stood upright, looking right at the tree! That was the true body of the Illusory Wind Demon. Due to the memories left behind by that person, he knew that the demon’s weakness was that it was unable to move its true body.

The Illusory Wind Demon had a limited range where it could use its skill. If it wanted to trap them, then its true body could not be far away. The demon would turn into a plant, hiding around them.

Yet, Jack clearly remembered that there were no other plants around them other than that tree. The reason why Jack did not think about the demon immediately was because

of that tree. The reason was simple, the tree did not have any signs of life at all, it seemed like a tree that had been dead for many years.

Chapter 2291

Jack stared at the demon trembling for a good long while, and the Illusory Wind Demon finally died! Under the surprised looks of the others, the demon suddenly exploded, turning into a pink light.

The light got more and more intense, so radiant it started to hurt their eyes. After a breath of time, the pink light disappeared. A round pill appeared in front of the three of them! The pill had a strong medicinal smell, and was obviously no common pill!

Jack raised his eyebrow, sending his divine senses out. After that, he determined that the pill should be a seventh-grade pill. The only trying was that he did not know what the name or effect of the pill was.

However, no matter what, he was the one who killed the demon, and the pill should belong to him. He did not think much about it as he pulled out a box from Mustard Seed, placing the pill inside and keeping the box right in front of the three of them.

All of that was done very casually. The other three might be glaring, but they knew very well that they

Able to fight over the treasure with Jack!

After all of that, Jack did not speak, and Samson was the person who broke the silence, "That was so scary! I thought I wouldn't be able to see another day. The two of you don't know, but the flowers almost slit my throat!"

Samson's face was very emotional as he said that. He did not say that to break the tense atmosphere, it really was true that he was terrified. That moment, he had already accepted death, and his eyes were already dark.

If Jack had not made a move then, he would really have died. The moment Samson said that he walked forward and saluted Jack.

"Thank you so much for saving my life. If it wasn't

Exchanging looks before they walked forward and saluted Jack as well.

Even though Jack's identity was suspicious, Jack had given them so many reminders earlier. After Jack had killed the demon and saved their lives, they felt that they should at least show some respect.

Jack nodded, not thinking much about it. He wanted to turn around and continue by himself, but Samson suggested that moving in a group would be safer.

The blood-colored world had danger hidden everywhere. No one knew what would happen the next step of the way, so why not move together! Jack frowned slightly, not feeling like he would benefit much from moving with them.

However, after thinking for a moment, he agreed to Samson's suggestion. Even though Hayden was still suspicious of Jack, he decided not to pursue it since Jack was not willing to say anything.

Isaiah smiled slightly and said, "We can understand you not wanting to reveal your identity, but can you give us something to call you?"

Jack nodded, thinking for a moment before saying, "You can call me White."

Hayden and Samson nodded, both of them calling him that at the same time. Isaiah's expression changed slightly when he heard that name.

Jack's expression seemed to have something behind it, so Isaiah had his suspicions, but after measuring Jack, he shook his head, feeling like there it could not be so coincidental.

Chapter 2292

There were more than a hundred and eighty people who came into the Secret Place for Resources. Among those, who knew how many of them had the word White in their names. Furthermore, that guy was so mysterious, White must just be a meaningless moniker.

Thinking about that, he sighed, pushing away those thoughts from his head. Samson's attitude had changed after Jack saved him, treating Jack incredibly attentively.

Jack had planned on advancing himself. After all, he had a special identity, and it would save a lot of trouble. However, sometimes traveling alone could greatly increase the danger.

The few of them could still help each other if anything happened. Furthermore, with how attentive Samson was, Jack could not leave easily. The four of them formed a small alliance.

The alliance between the four of them was actually more honest than the alliance Jack had with the five before he entered the Divine Void Slope.

The four of them continued walking toward the volcano as they talked. Samson's mouth never stopped, and completely revealed everything about the three of them.

"Honestly, the three of us shouldn't be this familiar with each other, but fate works in strange ways. Last year, I went to Mount Beasts to hunt monsters and was unlucky enough to meet a monster that was at the spring solidifying level.

"At that moment, my only idea was to frantically run. I did not care where I would end up, and I ended up bumping into Isaiah and Hayden.

"That beast was so bloodthirsty, it went straight for the three of us. The three of us were backed into a corner and used everything we had. Using some geographical advantages, we finally managed to kill that beast."

Jack raised his eyebrow and asked curiously, "The three of you killed a spring solidifying realm beast together?"

It was not that Jack was looking down on their skills, but that spring solidifying realm beasts were not something innate stage combatants could deal with. The three of them were strong together, but it would still not have been enough.

Samson sighed helplessly, "The three of us together was somewhat enough. Even if we can't really beat it, we can still hold on for some time.

"At that moment, the beast was already injured, and we had the geographical advantage, which was how we killed it."

At that moment, his eyes glinted in a strange light. After falling into nostalgia, he found it hard to pull out.

Jack nodded slightly, not asking any deeper. After all, the matter was already in the past, he did not really care if it was real or not.

Hayden did not feel like talking about the past. He raised his head and looked at the distant volcano. His dark eyes glistened as he excitedly interrupted the topic, "Who do you all think will pass?"

His question was enough to gain the attention of the other two, and the topic changed to what was on the minds of practically everyone in the blood-red world.

Chapter 2293

In their hearts, everyone was wondering who would pass. They wondered who would arrive at the foot of Netherworld Mountain, being the person who passed the ninth stage. Only that person would stand atop the peak of the Divine Void Slope. All they could do was look on in admiration.

Samson had a clouded look in his eyes, "I don't know. Maybe it's that guy from the Corpse Pavilion. It could even be Graham, or our other senior, Jack."

Samson calling Jack a senior caused Jack's heart to move a little. He had entered the Dual Sovereign Pavilion late, and he had only become the disciple of an Elder. Everyone else usually addresses him as a junior.

Yet, with the skills that he had displayed in the Divine Void Slope, everyone acknowledged that Jack's skills were stronger than almost everyone there, so he was now a senior.

When Samson finished, he suddenly turned around and looked at Isaiah with curiosity, "Jack's from the Dual Sovereign Pavilion, what do you know about him?"

"I heard he was an elder disciple, if that's the case, you two must be very close"

Isaiah felt a sense of awkwardness at those words, not knowing what to say at that moment. In truth, Samson's words were definitely logical.

Normally, disciples with insane talent like Graham would not interact much with the normal disciples. He was an untouchable existence, and one would be looked down on by others for trying to suck up to someone stronger if they tried to talk to him.

However, Jack was different. He was an elder's disciple. His status meant that he could be approached easily. With Isaiah's status as a chosen disciple, he could definitely talk to Jack easily.

Isaiah was not one of those people who liked to put on pretenses, so he shook his head bluntly, “Jack’s situation is a little special.”

His mouth trembled slightly when he mentioned Jack. After all, Jack was still only an elder’s disciple, he was a level higher than Jack.

Yet, he was not so naïve to think that he was better than Jack. Jack was clearly much stronger than he was. When Samson heard that, he was suddenly interested, and even slowed down his pace.

He widened his eyes, saying, “What’s so special about him? Is he actually the illegitimate child of some elder? Or is he someone sent by a high-ranking clan to train in secret?”

It had to be said that Samson had a very rich imagination. His thoughts even caused Jack’s lips to twitch.

Isaiah smiled, somewhat speechless as he said, “What are you even saying. I say he’s special because he only became an elder’s disciple not too long ago. I wouldn’t have had much time to interact with him at all, even if I wanted to.

“Furthermore, he doesn’t really enjoy interacting much with us. I thought he just liked moving alone and did not enjoy mingling. Now it seems like it’s just because he’s on a different level from us.”

Hayden caught on to the key point, and said in surprise, “He just became an elder’s disciple? Then surely he was one of the top internal disciples before this?”

Isaiah did not know how to answer that question even more. He somewhat awkwardly pursed his lips, looking around. He was very conflicted, not knowing how to answer for them to believe that he was not spouting nonsense.

Chapter 2294

Jack sighed somewhat helplessly. No one knew better than him how he got to where he was. He knew what Isaiah was conflicted about, and he merely smiled plainly, wanting to see Isaiah’s explanation.

After a long time, Hayden and Samson's faces were getting impatient before Isaiah finally said slowly, "Jack used to be an informal disciple, an incredibly ordinary one at that. He improved very quickly."

Hayden and Samson were stunned in place as if they had just heard something blasphemous. They looked at Isaiah with suspicious looks.

Those looks seemed to be accusing Isaiah. The looks seemed to imply that he should not have said something so dumb even if he did not want to reveal the truth

Isaiah sighed when he saw their expressions, "I'm really not lying. If you don't believe me, you can ask any other disciple from my clan. You'll know after that, it's not really a secret within our clan."

Isaiah's explanation caused them to believe it. Samson reached out and rubbed his face, "Is that true? He really was an informal disciple?"

Isaiah's nodded earnestly. Isaiah could not really believe it either. How did they never notice Jack before? If Jack had not been at the Divine Void Slope and had such a stellar performance, he would not even know who the guy was.

Hayden let out a long breath, "Jack is already on the level of the best disciple from the Corpse Pavilion, and the third best-chosen disciple from the Thousand Leaves Pavilion! He's just an elder disciple from a third-grade clan. Something like that has never happened before..."

Hayden knew Graham's skill and potential very well. After all, Graham was in the same clan as him. Thinking about that, he let out a sigh.

"I feel so useless comparing myself to them, but you two still haven't said who you think can pass."

Samson frowned before thinking about it in earnest. "Logically, the disciple from the Corpse Pavilion should pass, but I feel like Jack has a greater chance of passing than he does."

"Yes, Jack's level is lower than the Corpse Pavilion disciple's, but he's been able to overcome everything thrown at him so far..."

Even though Samson looked a little silly, he was serious when it came to important matters. He did not mention Graham and only the Corpse Pavilion's disciple. After all, Hayden was from the same place as Graham, it was a little impolite for him to evaluate Graham so honestly.

Hayden nodded, admitting it bluntly, "Jack really is strong, and I feel like he's full of secrets. He should be able to pass!"

The conviction behind his words made it seem like he was more confident in Jack than Jack himself. The other three did not know the subject of their discussions was right beside them, quietly listening to them.

After their evaluations, the three of them slowly went quiet. Jack did not participate in the discussions from start to finish and merely listened on.

Chapter 2295

Samson felt like the three of them had spoken too much nonsense. Jack never participated throughout, cutting himself out to be a lonely figure. He said, "White, what do you think?"

Jack raised his eyebrow, earnestly thinking for a moment, "I think the masked man will pass, and Jack should as well."

He merely said it to that point, which revealed Jack's thoughts. He did not think that Graham would pass. In through, the other three did not have that much confidence in Graham as well.

Yet, the other three never said it out so firmly. Hayden was a little unhappy, "White, you seem confident in your judgment as if it will happen for sure."

The words obviously bore meaning behind them. Jack was no idiot, he could tell that Hayden was a little angry as well. However, he did not care about that and did not reply to Hayden's words.

Even though Jack had saved the three of them, Hayden still harbored some feelings against Jack. He felt that Jack hiding his status like that was very cowardly.

Jack not answering caused Hayden to be even more angered. Hayden's eyebrows were raised as he prepared to shoot a few mocking words at Jack. Yet, at that moment, something happened, and he abruptly looked over.

"There's someone there! Let's go take a look!"

Jack glanced at Hayden somewhat curiously. He did not expect Hayden's senses to be so sharp. Jack had not even felt anything when Hayden was immediately certain that someone was there. The few of them nodded at the same time, carefully walking toward the direction Hayden talked about.

There was a hill there, and the nearer they got, the louder the sounds of battle they could hear. Listening carefully, Jack suddenly heard a familiar voice.

Byron's whole body was trembling slightly. His right hand was clutching his left arm as blood flowed through the cracks in his fingers. It was obvious that he was injured. His face was pale as he looked over somewhere in anger.

"Let me say it again! We were the ones who discovered and killed this beast. The corpse flower it turned into after it died has nothing to do with you! Don't even think about it!"

A cold laugh answered him, "That's just wrong. We discovered the beast a long time ago, he just never made a move. It's not that we couldn't defeat it, we just didn't want to get injured because of it.

"So we were waiting for more people to gather before we attacked, but you guys ended up making the first move! The Corpse Pavilion's rules have always been finders keepers, it has nothing to do with who killed the beast!"

Byron's face darkened, it was clearly daylight robbery. Everything they said was just a forced argument.

Jack frowned, surprised that it was Byron. Jack was only one hill away from them. No one noticed that they were there after they suppressed their auras.

Hayden angrily said, "They're such bullies! Do they think the Thousand Leaves Pavilion is easy to bully?!"

Isaiah said seriously, "It seems like there are three of them on both sides. If the numbers had not been equal, the Corpse Pavilion would probably have attacked!"

Chapter 2296

Over at the hill, two parties were preparing for battle. There were six of them in total three from the Thousand Leaves Pavilion, and another three from the Corpse Pavilion. Byron was leading the Thousand Leaves Pavilion, he remembered that Byron was a decent disciple of Thousand Leaved Pavilion, his ranking in the clan was pretty high.

Jack's only impression of Zamian was from their previous quarrel. From what he knew, he was just a lickspittle, always lingering around masked man, kissing and wiping his a*s.

You would probably need to have a decent amount of power in order to be the masked man's bootlicker. The disciples of Corpse Pavilion who were under the reign of the masked man at the time were pretty respectful toward Zamian. Even though Zamian was not one of the chosen disciples, his position within the internal disciple was still reasonably high.

Jack thought to himself and turned his head toward Hayden, "Do you guys know Zamian Ness?"

Upon hearing that, the three men paused in sync. Hayden looked at Jack with a knowing eye, "Can't believe junior Jack knows of Zamian too." 1

Jack nodded, "As I mentioned earlier, both the Corpse Pavilion and I have grudges against each other. I know some of them who were of higher ranks. You know what they said about knowing yourself and your enemy."

That was just an excuse given by Jack. Whether or not Hayden believed him was not of importance. His only objective was finding out the identity of Zamian Ness.

Hayden chuckled lightly, his eyes glued onto Jack. "Zamian is one of the internal disciples of Corpse Pavilion. I heard he ranked first amongst the internal disciples, he had some impressive skills as well."

Jack frowned upon hearing that. It was within his expectation, he thought Zamian was at the very least a chosen disciple, but he apparently had not reached the standards of a chosen disciple yet-he was just a mere internal disciple.

No wonder their conflicts were mostly just harmless quarrels. If one party were to overpower another, it would have been an actual battle instead of arguments.

Fury thrummed through Byron's veins as if he was going to tear Zamian. "Despicable rat, you exceeded my expectations of you. I knew you're a piece of sh* t, but I didn't know you'd stood as low as a maggot!"

Zamian snickered nonchalantly, he was completely unaffected by Byron's words. It was as if nothing Byron said would ever have an effect on him.

Byron was huffed and puffed, his whole being, shook in raw anger. "There's no way I'm giving you the corpse flower!"

Zamian's brows furrowed, his eyes were ablaze with flames. "Are you saying you want to duke it out?"

Byron hummed coldly, "If you say so. We'll settle everything at once!"

The reason he said that was because he remembered—if it was not for the sudden shift of space, the five men would have died under the men that the masked man led.

Zamian chuckled nonchalantly, "As I said, this corpse flower is mine! If you wish to die under me, I'll grant it. Don't forget, my men are on a winning strike, you three on the other hand- either injured physically or drained of true energy. You'll never beat us!"

Byron bit the inside of his cheeks in anger, his face paled. Zamian was not wrong, the three of them were spent after the previous battle.

They were indeed no match for him, but they refused to give up on the corpse flower they attained with their sweat and blood. It was humiliating, to say the least.

Chapter 2297

Hayden exhaled a long, deep breath. He shot up from where he was and dashed from the back of the hill to the front. "Follow me!" He turned his head and ordered as he galloped.

He appeared in front of Byron within a blink of an eye, Zamian and his men were taken aback by the sudden appearance and took a few steps back.

Hayden had quite a bond with the other two men. Sure, the two men hesitated but they eventually followed closely behind him. Since both Isaiah and Hayden were gone, it would be embarrassing if they stayed behind by themselves.

They sighed resignedly and followed closely behind. Upon seeing Hayden, Byron exclaimed as if he had found his savior, "Junior Hayden!"

Hayden nodded and strode next to Byron without saying a word. He straightened his back and stood closely beside Byron, it was obvious that he was here as his backup.

Zamian frowned as Hayden's appearance was completely unforeseeable. It would have been fine if it was just Hayden, but he had three men with him. They were definitely at disadvantage now that Byron had four extra helping hands.

Even if the four of them were not as powerful as him, they could still win by sheer quantity. Zamian thought as his face darkened into an ugly shade.

Ever since Hayden heard their quarrel, he had despised Zamian's guts.

Hayden sneered, his tone cold as the Antarctic, "Is everyone in the Corpse Pavilion as despicable as you? Shamelessly claiming something that others had attained with their sweats and blood as your own. Even using some pathetic, baseless excuse! Such an abhorrent act, I can't even stand to look at your revolting face!"

Zamian's face scrunched as if he had just swallowed a bee.

"You-" He pointed his finger at Hayden as fury smoldered him, rendering him speechless.

Samson disliked every single disciple from the Corpse Pavilion, especially Zamian now that he knew of the treacherous things he had done.

He spat aggressively, "You better f*ck off now before we f*ck you up! We'll make sure you either crawl out of here without all four of your limbs or die!"

The terrorizing words rained on him, he felt embarrassed knowing what they said was probably true. If they really were to get into a fight, he would definitely be at a disadvantage.

Seeing as Hayden seemed to have decent skills, Zamion was considering fleeing the scene before trouble fell on him. As he was still torn between wanting to leave and stay, a gust of wind whiffed aggressively.

He turned around to find a familiar shadow approaching them from a distance, leading three men in long, gray robes.

“Brother Rufus!” Zamian yelled excitedly.

Jack turned his head around to look at the man. Rufus Bate was charming looking, his white robe varied from the others. He looked at Zamian and frowned in displeasure, and then moved his eyes toward Jack and the others.

Rufus nodded faintly, he had not spoken a word since arriving. Zamian briefly greeted the men behind Rufus.

It was easy to tell that they were all from the Corpse Pavilion from their clothing, they were of higherups positions, too. Jack raised his brows as he found the scene before him to be amusing.

Chapter 2298

Jack inched closer toward Hayden and said in a suppressed voice, “Who’s this Rufus? What’s his position within the Corpse Pavilion?”

Jack knew very little about the Corpse Pavilion. He knew only a few people who were from Corpse Pavilion, and that was the limit of his knowledge. As for what went on within the Corpse Pavilion, he knew nothing compared to others.

Other than the few people in front, he only recognized the masked man and that man called Lennon. Lennon’s skills lost out to the masked man, and Rufus’ skills must be decent as well.

Otherwise, Zamian would not treat Rufus with such a respectful attitude, practically wagging his tail at the man. Hayden shot a look at Jack as if he was especially irritated by Jack’s continuous questioning.

Yet, they were still a small team, and in the end, he calmed himself down as he answered, “Rufus is a Chosen Disciple from the Corpse Pavilion, and is only just behind Lennon in skills.”

Hayden's tone was quite serious. He looked at Rufus as if the man were a ticking time bomb. Jack raised an eyebrow, somewhat understanding what Hayden was feeling

If Rufus was really only second to Lennon, then Rufus is probably a huge threat. Thinking about that, Jack shot his gaze at the others.

All those who knew who Rufus was could only look at Rufus with a serious and helpless expression. Even those who did not know of his identity could basically guess a thing or two from Zamian's respectful tone.

On their side, they did not have a single chosen disciple. Even though Isaiah was the chosen disciple of a third-grade clan, compared to one from the fourth-grade Corpse Pavilion, he was not worth anything.

At most, he would just be a relatively stronger internal disciple there.

Rufus did not seem to care about any of them at all. He frowned as he looked around, saying in a cold tone, "Are you so weak that you can't even deal with a few minnows like them?"

The words were full of arrogance, dumping Jack in with the rest of them. It was as if they were useless goods that could be destroyed at any time. Zamian had a bitter look on his face when he heard that.

In truth, he wanted to curse and swear, but he did not have the guts to. He hurriedly bowed, adopting a sincere tone, "How could I compare to you. With the tiny bit of skills that I have, there's no way I can deal with that many people."

Rufus' words naturally infuriated Byron and the others. The Thousand Corpse Pavilion's disciples were all red with anger as they stared at Rufus with hateful looks.

Possibly because he had been too emotional earlier, but Byron could not hold back anymore. He could not help but walk forward as he coldly glared at Rufus, "Rufus! The Corpse Pavilion is just a bunch of bullies!"

Rufus looked over at Byron as if he was looking at an ant, his gaze greatly angering Byron. Byron wanted nothing more than to rush over and speak his mind, but he was stopped by Hayden's arms.

Rufus plainly said, "Bullies? Why are we bullies? My fellow disciple said earlier that the Corpse Pavilion already had our eyes on this corpse flower a long time ago.

"You're the ones who rushed in and stole what's ours. You should be thankful we're not asking for anything back."

Chapter 2299

His tone had been incredibly rude. Even Jack felt angered listening to him, let alone the others.

Byron's hands were already shaking with anger. His right hand was clenched tightly, and his left hand had already retrieved his weapon from his storage ring. The atmosphere was once again tense with the chance of battle at any moment.

Samson helplessly sighed, he was forced to whisper, "Rufus won't be easy to deal with. He's right behind Lennon in terms of skills in the Corpse Pavilion, and Lennon was in the top five earlier."

Lennon might have been eliminated advancing from the sixth stage to the ninth, but he had definitely proven his skills. No one would question how strong Lennon was. So, for someone to be right behind Lennon, he was definitely strong as well.

They were obviously at the disadvantage side, and Byron was already wounded. If they started to fight, it would be hard for their side to gain anything, and they might even lose a few lives. Samson's skills were probably the weakest among the seven of them, so if someone were to die, he would probably be one of the first.

That was why he chose to speak up at that moment. Byron glanced at Samson indignantly, "So we're supposed to just hand over the corpse flower we so painstakingly obtained just because we're scared?"

Earlier, the few of them had put in so much effort to kill the beast and obtain the corpse flower. With just a few nonsensical words, the Corpse Pavilion wanted to take it for themselves. How could he just accept that?!

Zamian let out a cold snort. He had been quietly observing the discontent among the disciples of the Thousand Leaves Pavilion. All they could do was accept their anger in silence.

After all, with Rufus' skills, fighting one against two would be something incredibly easy. Even the two strongest among the seven would not be able to stand up against Rufus, which meant their even numbers were useless.

In that situation, Zamian felt fearless, "How haven't you left yet?! Are you really planning on fighting over the corpse flower with us? Why don't you look at yourselves in the mirror first? With Rufus here, there's no way you can obtain the corpse flower!"

That was adding oil to the fire, causing even more discontent among Jack's side. They were so angered their faces were all red. All they wanted to do was rush forward and fight to the death against Zamian.

However, they knew very well that Zamian would only hide behind Rufus in a battle. Rufus was an incredibly strong backer.

When Rufus heard Zamian's words, his face remained emotionless as he said coldly, "Either you get lost, or you die!"

Those words seemed to trigger something in Jack's heart. Before they entered the Divine Void Slope, the masked man had used a similar threat against them. He still deeply remembered how much he suffered.

With Rufus saying the same thing with the same tone, Jack's anger had been thoroughly ignited.

Samson's face was darkened as he forced himself to lower his voice, saying to the other six, "Rufus isn't someone we can deal with easily. Let's just bear with this for the moment. After all, this isn't the only fiend around. After this, we might be able to kill even more fiends and gain more treasures."

Samson received no reply. Everyone knew it was the right thing. Samson's words might have sounded awful to listen to, it was still the truth. Rufus was not someone they could deal with easily.

Chapter 2300

For them, trying to face the seven of them head on would not bear any good results,

Yet, ever since they came to this place, they had been humiliated immensely, How can they just swallow their anger and leave so easily?

Byron's face was incredibly dark with anger. In order to kill the fiend earlier, he had used up a lot of his strength. No one could stand being humiliated like that with an injury on them.

Just as Byron wanted to resist again, a clear voice could be heard next to him, "I didn't want to do anything, but I really can't stand it anymore. You're Rufus? You're the hardest one to deal with?"

Those words successfully attracted the attention of everyone present. Both the Corpse Pavilion and the Thousand Leaves Pavilion's sides were all focused on Jack.

Jack walked a few steps forward, and his eyes were fixed on Rufus, Rufus smiled coldly, clearly not seeing through Jack.

In order to properly cover up his identity, Jack had even used his true energy to suppress his power. Of course, the suppression was temporary. The moment he fought, everyone would notice,

Rufus narrowed his eyes, measuring the masked man in front of him, "How ignorant! Do you know the consequences of mocking me?!"

Jack laughed coldly, saying casually, "I'm not really mocking you. I just really can't stand the sight of you. Do you think you're very strong? Prove your strength to me then."

After saying that, everyone heard a swish as Jack raised his hand. In a flash, a long black blade appeared in his hand.

The sword was full of densely packed seals as usual. The sword itself was actually not that special. It was something he found on Derek after killing the man.

Jack felt like the sword felt very comfortable to wield, so he kept it in Mustard Seed. Looking at Jack, everyone was stunned. Was he challenging Rufus?

Was he insane? Did he not know who Rufus was? Did he really think he could face a chosen disciple from the fourth-grade Corpse Pavilion?

If Jack had been a chosen disciple from the Thousand Leaves Pavilion, with skills close to Rufus, they could be hopeful. However, they had never seen a chosen disciple like Jack from the Thousand Leaves Pavilion at all.

Furthermore, the chosen disciples of the Thousand Leaves Pavilion would never mask their looks and power. Since he was not one, he was purely looking for death.

Isaiah's mouth twitched as he berated in a low voice, "White? What are you doing? Are you trying to die?"

Hayden frowned, saying unhappily, "A duel against Rufus, how bold of you. Did you not hear my introduction of him earlier?"

Jack let out a sigh, not caring what everyone around him was saying. His eyes were fixed on Rufus, Rufus let out a cold laugh as he looked at Jack like he was looking at an idiot.

He stepped forward and pulled out his weapon from his storage space as well. Just like Jack, he used a sword. Only, his sword was silver, and it glowed lightly with the light of the stars, like the milky way.

"It's been so many years, I've never seen someone look for death quite like you. If you want to die so badly, I'll fulfill your wish!"