

No. 1 Supreme Warrior chapter 2031

Chapter 2031

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Chapter 2032

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Noel's facial expression changed when he heard the number. Although 280 contribution points was not a large amount to Noel at that moment, it was a lot for newly recruited informal disciples who had just joined the sect to come up with. Their capabilities of obtaining 280 contribution points within a dozen days proved that both Morton and Gerald were much stronger than most of the newly recruited informal disciples.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Chapter 2033

This was why Noel ultimately decided not to ask anything. In fact, Morton and

Gerald should be on their way, seeing as their conversation had ended, and they were not that well-acquainted with one another, too.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Chapter 2034

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

"Who's this person? Where did he come from? Is he crazy?"

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

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

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

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

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

Jackie chuckled softly and looked at Morton coldly. Although he seldom wasted time speaking to others, he was utterly disgusted by how Morton constantly

caused him trouble. He was like the triangular-eyed guy who annoyed Jackie into silent bewilderment." You said that Wesley can kill me with a single finger?"

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

Jackie nodded, not bothering to hide reaction. "I can defeat him, no doubt."

Both Morton and Gerald were stunned on the spot when they heard this. How could this guy be so crazy? He was daring enough to say anything, and he even said that he could defeat Wesley.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Chapter 2035

Such a simple statement stunned both Morton and Gerald, their faces slammed with disbelief, and their mouths hung wide open.

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

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

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

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

Even a dummy would have realized that something was wrong

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Clang! Clang! Clang!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Many of those present looked over to Jackie at the same time when they heard what Noel said. Jackie shook his head decisively. "It is true that I can receive quite a significant amount of contribution points if I accept this task and leave the sect to kill the enemies. However, my strength at this moment cannot ensure my safety. It is true that the members of the Muddled Origin Clan want the people from our sect dead, but the people from our sect are also wishing for my death."

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

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

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

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

However, footsteps could be heard after Jackie finished speaking. Everybody was stunned and wondered who would visit the Soul Hall at this moment. Noel turned around and happened to see Steward Chapman walking in with a smile on his face. He had several items in his hands. Noel narrowed his eyes and quickly stood up from behind the long table. Steward Chapman had a kind smile on his

face but he did not look like an easy-going person as he had an eagle-like nose and foxy eyes.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

After the explanation, Jackie's identity token began to glow slightly. Jackie lightly washed his divine senses across it and as expected, his previously zero contribution points had increased to a hundred and fifty points. Steward Chapman then bowed slightly, turned around, and left with the tray without saying anything

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

Jackie raised his eyebrow nonchalantly. "I'm afraid it's more than that."

Noel's expression changed. "What do you mean? What else is he trying to say?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chapter 2039

Jackie nodded and said, "Yes, fourteen days. I plan to use the remaining ten contribution points on other things."

Jackie had gotten used to the sticky darkness and as usual, he did not let Noel turn up to level five difficulty.

He was confident he would be able to train under level five difficulty but truth to be told, it would be somewhat hard on him.

After the previous training, Jackie had come to understand one thing: stronger stimulation does not guarantee faster progression in his training.

He should maintain a balance by making sure the shock wave was not too strong nor too weak and level four difficulty hit the sweet spot.

After the array had been activated, Jackie immediately felt the familiar stimulation as the soul-shockwave washed over him. Thus, his training had begun.

This time, he intended to condense the Fourth Soul Sword. The seconds ticked by and the more he trained, the more difficult the training was. After four days, he only managed to condense two-thirds of the fourth Soul Sword. Under normal circumstances, two-thirds meant that success was not far off but now he discovered that he had already reached his limit. His spirit energy was all dried up and he could not continue on anymore.

He started to panic. Condensing a Soul Sword must be done in one go and if he stopped halfway, all his previous hard work would have been wasted. Not to mention the contribution points he had already spent.

Beads of cold sweat began to form on his forehead. He pressed his lips into a thin line.

Although he had the experience left by his senior, and there was no doubt that this was better than being personally taught by an elder, there existed a huge gap between his and the senior's spirit energy.

In the process of condensing the Soul Sword, he would not encounter too many bottlenecks but because of his insufficient cultivation level now, his spirit energy was not strong enough.

This made it unsustainable for him to continue on.

Jackie's expression turned ugly when he thought about all the wasted effort and contribution points.

He was taking big gulps of breath and he was completely drenched in sweat.

On the fifth day, the Soul Sword remained condensed at two-thirds.

He knew that he would definitely cause harm to his spirit if he preserved like this.

It hurts him even more knowing that even after hurting his spirit, he would still not be able to fully condense the fourth Soul Sword.

He could and would not accept that fact. He adjusted his spirit energy resignedly and took out a pill from the Mustard Seed.

The pill emitted an abundance of aura and without hesitating, he popped it into his mouth.

As soon as the pill reached his gut, strong spirit energy immediately melted into his body, and the dried-up spirit was instantly moisturized, like a beached starfish being thrown back to the sea.

With the spirit soothed, the feeling of unsustainability disappeared without a trace. What Jackie took was naturally the soul-penetrating pill he had just won.

The soul-penetrating pill, being a soul- attributed pill, not only could repair the spirit but also increase the spirit energy.

After Jackie took the soul-penetrating pill, his spirit energy increased drastically, Jackie seized the time to take the soul-penetrating pill.

He only took it when his spirit had completely dried up.

This had the best effect, and it could also temper his own spirit energy.

He then performed a hand seal again, and the fourth Soul Sword, which had been stagnant, finally condensed quickly with the help of the soul-penetrating pill.

On the sixth day, Jackie successfully condensed the fourth Soul Sword with some spirit energy leftover.

He exhaled deeply, and there were four Soul Swords floating in the palm of his hand.

These Soul Swords were each darker than the previous, which meant that the strength was stronger than the previous.

If Jackie were to go against Wesley now, he was certain that he could easily defeat him without even hurting his spirit.

Jackie closed his eyes, quickly recovering the consumed spirit energy. There was still a lot of time left.

He intended to take advantage of the remaining time to condense the fifth Soul Sword!

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The seconds ticked by and the only constant was the pitch-black darkness.

It was not hard to imagine what would happen when the war between Dual Sovereign Pavilion and Muddled Origin Clan finally began.

Although he did not plan to join the frontline, sooner or later he would have to for the sake of contribution points.

What kind of trials would he have to face at that time, he was not sure himself, the only thing he could do was to continuously improve his cultivation.

Only when he was strong enough then he would be able to protect himself in the war.

Even if he were to encounter dangerous situations, with enough power, he would survive.

That was why, through gritted teeth, Jackie persevered on with training even though he was both mentally and physically exhausted.

After condensing the fourth Soul Sword on the sixth day, he immediately began to condense the fifth Soul Sword.

He planned to use the remaining time to complete the condensation of the fifth Soul Sword.

He kept performing hand seals and the surrounding soul-shockwave continued to crash over him like a tidal wave.

Days passed and on the twelfth day, two-thirds of the fifth Soul Sword was already condensed but the same problem resurfaced as his spirit energy became unsustainable again.

His spirit energy was so dried up that his true energy was running dangerously low too.

After several days of training, he constantly invoked the true energy in his body.

Destroying the Void was a weapon of the soul attribute but when it came down to it, he would need to invoke his true energy too.

Similarly, condensing the Soul Sword required his spirit energy to be supported by his true energy.

Over time, there was not much true energy left.

Taking another soul-penetrating pill would solve the insufficient spirit energy but not the depleting true energy.

Without the support of the true energy, he would not be able to condense the fifth Soul Sword with the remaining time.

After realizing this problem, Jackie slowly opened his eyes, his hands never stopped performing the hand seals, but the helplessness in his heart became more and more apparent.

He knew that he would run into many obstacles in the future if he did not condense the fifth Soul Sword.

Not to mention the contribution points that he would have wasted. He had made a lot of enemies for himself in the Clan associations.

Although Elder Sayer sent someone over to transfer the contribution points to him, it was obvious to any outsiders that Elder Sayer held a grudge against him for what he did to Wesley.

He must improve his strength to deal with the troubles that may arise next.

“I can’t give up now!” Jackie gritted his teeth and said to himself, but doing so would not solve his problem.

He only had one-twentieth of his true energy left and he estimated that it would be completely depleted within a few hours.

Then he would have no choice but to stop his training because even if he still had some spirit energy left, it would quickly dissipate without the support of true energy.

He breathed out helplessly, secretly regretting that he had not thought this through beforehand.

He predicted that his spirit energy would run out but he did not expect his true energy would as well.

The spirit energy could be replenished by taking the soul-penetrating pill but the true energy had no such pills.

The pills he had brought over from the Daxia World were of no use to him now.

After all, his current cultivation base had already surpassed the limitation of the highest cultivation base in the Daxia World.

The only pills that were of help to him now were the soul -penetrating pill and sengen pill.

Suddenly he sat upright and his eyes widened.

“That’s right! I still have the sengen pill I won from the talent test.

It’s a tier-five pill and considered the best amongst that tier.”

At that time, he did not listen attentively to the effects of the sengen pill.

He guessed that it would probably improve the cultivation base which was more useful to the disciples at the innate level.

He took a gulp and thought to himself, ‘oh well, better than nothing!’