

No. 1 Supreme Warrior chapter 2131-2140

Chapter 2131

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

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

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

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

These words were like a big rock stuffed into Wesley's throat, and Wesley felt that his interaction with Jackie would only make his blood boil. His sensible nerves were at the brink of disappearing, too. His eyes had reddened like red-colored glass beads, and they almost popped out of his sockets. At this moment, their surroundings suddenly quieted down.

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

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

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

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

Wesley then walked a couple of steps forward to keep some distance between himself and Jackie. Jackie sighed lightly, finally no longer having to be

interacting with this disgusting fly. Noel and Brook let out a long sigh of relief when they saw how Wesley turned around to leave. Brook slowly spoke as he placed his hands on his chest and a tangled expression appeared on his face, "You both were talking so sharply at one another that I thought you'd break out into another fight."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

At this moment, almost all the disciples were observing the formal elders on the platform, like what Jackie did. Although other disciples knew more about the

formal disciples compared to Jackie, they still could not help but observe the elders as if they wanted to observe something from these people.

Jackie raised his brows and asked in a low voice, "Why is the sect master nowhere to be seen?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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The Elder spoke loudly, "Several days ago, the elder of the Thousand Leaves Pavilion visited us and told us something extremely important. I'm sure everybody knows that our West Cersei State only has two fourth-grade sects.

One of us is located in the North while the other is in the South, and we do not interfere with one another. Recently, the upper management of the Thousand Leaves Pavilion received news that the Corpse Pavilion in the South had secretly transported a large number of disciples over to the North. We're sure that this isn't good news. Hence, everybody needs to get themselves ready during this period."

The news was like a stone that caused a thousand ripples. This was the first time everybody heard about this, and their eyes were widened. Originally, no one dared to discuss anything as the elders were present. However, none of them could suppress themselves when they heard the news, and chatters erupted in the area.

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

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

"Do they have other plans in mind?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Second Elder also took two steps forward, and rather expressionless at that. However, he did not stand three steps behind the First Elder like what the

Eleventh Elder did. Instead, he stepped forward and stood by the First Elder's side.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The man with a mustache standing in front of Jackie could not help but scoff coldly. "Just like what you said, they've already predetermined their choices. If so, why did they make it sound like all the disciples of our sect are given the choice when they initially mentioned the matter? I'm sure that many people had been looking forward to this for a couple of days, and none of them realized that the group of people had been predetermined. This is really..."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The people around him were even more surprised when they heard what Noel said. Noel did not tantalize everyone on purpose and continued explaining, "I'm sure everybody knows about the relationship between Oliver and Elder Sayer. Elder Sayer is an unwavering supporter of the First Elder. On the other hand, Calvert has a great relationship with Oliver and I heard from others that Calvert

has a close relationship with the Sixth Elder. Calvert's mother is from the family that supported the Sixth Elder. In the beginning, I thought that the Sixth Elder would accept Calvert as his elder disciple."

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

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

He heard from Noel previously that half of the formal elders supported the First Elder while the other half supported the Second Elder. That was why Gresham spoke insolently as he was fighting for the best chance for himself. Although Jackie disliked Oliver, he had to admit that Oliver's strength was undeniably strong as he was capable of being in the eighth place among the formal disciples.

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

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

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

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

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

On top of that, Oliver was slightly stronger than him and he did not have such a good relationship with Oliver. Oliver might kill Gresham after they go onto the battle platform, but he would stop at the correct moment when it came to facing Calvert. After all, the two of them were on the same team. No matter who became the Eleventh Elder's last disciple, it would be a win for the First Elder.

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

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

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

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

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

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

The First Elder narrowed his eyes and glanced at the Second Elder angrily when he heard this. "What do you mean by the value of grooming him is low? There are so many disciples in the final stage of innate level in our sect. Do you mean that

all disciples in the final stage of innate level aren't worthy of being groomed by us?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I'm telling you! By doing this, you are depriving the disciples of the opportunity. As the Second Elder, you should consider every disciple and be impartial, but look at what you are doing now, taking away the opportunities for the other formal disciples..."

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

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

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

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

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

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

Jackie arched his brow. Noel had analyzed and explained this sentence to him before. He thought that Elder Godfrey meant to say that his closed disciples must be excellent in all aspects. With this in mind, his gaze fell on Oliver and the other two, who were handsome, talented, and came from prominent backgrounds. Faultless, in every way.

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

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

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

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

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

“What did the Eleventh Elder say? Who did he say he has chosen as his last disciple? Jackie? Who is that?”

“I must have heard it wrong. Is there a Jackie amongst those three up there?”

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

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

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

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

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

Noel turned his head and saw Jackie with the same expression as he did. “The Eleventh Elder just chose you as the last disciple...”

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

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

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

Wesley insisted on sticking to the narrative he knows well about Jackie. If it was before, everyone might have believed him. After all, the informal disciples were all rubbish, but Jackie had proven himself to be a cut above the rest when he defeated Wesley.

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

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

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

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

It was really the Jackie that they despise so much!

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

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

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