

After Prison 1751

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Rachel's words brought renewed hope to the other two despairing Skyblue Sect disciples. They began giving it their all in their resistance.

"Elder? Did their elders enter the Paradise Secret Realm too? The Highworld Sect disciples were immediately taken aback, and many even ceased their attacks for a moment. The thought of confronting rival sect's elder was an intimidating prospect because those who could become an elder would almost certainly be very strong.

"Impossible. They must be lying to us. Elders are usually at least royal saints, and most of them will be much higher than just level one or level two royal saint," a Highworld Sect disciple mused. "Unless the elder that they speak of is an alchemist. That is much more reasonable. Most alchemists have lower attainment levels and may only be a level seven or level eight saint, but their ability in alchemy might allow them to be conferred the status of an elder."

"Hahahah! Then there's nothing for us to worry about. We might even be able to loot a couple of pills. One of the level eight saints laughed when he heard his teammate's remark. Rather than fearing the Skyblue Sect elder's arrival, he was very much looking forward to it.

Severin soon approached them. He glared intently and declared, "You Highworld Sect disciples are courting death. You've got some arrogance messing with our sect's disciples when your numbers are only half of ours!

One of the Highworld Sect disciples chuckled. "Don't you know that having a good strategy beats having more people any day? Besides, everyone gets split up after entering. If our sect can locate our other members and assemble in groups of ten or more people, we can kill whoever we encounter without suffering."

Severin grinned coldly and threw a punch. A massive spiritual energy tiger appeared in thin air. It roared mightily, just like a real tiger.

"His skill is no joke."

"Isn't that a Sky-grade medium-rank technique?"

"Beats me. Can Sky-grade techniques produce that sort of thing?"

The Highworld Sect disciples panicked as the color drained from their faces. They had never encountered something that intimidatingly dangerous before.

"Charge!" Severin pointed with one hand, sending the gigantic tiger charging forward.

"Our techniques won't

have much effect on it." Though the disciples had a decent level of attainment, they quickly succumbed to despair and crumbled under the tiger's attack.

The rapid demise of their most powerful members shattered their lighting spirit. They turned and attempted to escape, but Severin did not give them a chance to flee. He pursued them swiftly and eliminated them all.

“He’s... he’s so strong! Those disciples had such high attainment, yet he ended their lives so easily,” remarked a female level eight saint from Rachel’s group.