

Read Novel Life After Prison Chapter 1811

Life After Prison Chapter 1811-The wolf's strength was on par with that of a level one royal saint, yet Severin had managed to kill it with ease. That act, simple though it was, made them seem like seasoned individuals in Rainier and Frostia's eyes.

Severin's group was unaware of how elated Rainier was after knowing that they were unaffiliated practitioners. Rainier felt that it would be ideal if he could convince the entire group to join the Chorteau. The Chorteaus had been struggling amidst a decline and suppression by other families, so getting more royal saints to align with them would greatly help improve their situation. It might not be the ultimate solution to solving the problem, but it would bring some reprieve at least.

The Chorteaus was a second-tier family in Nontwo City, and their strongest member was only a level five. royal saint. Had it not been for the recent pressure put on them by other families, Rainier and his sister would not even have had to risk their lives to scour the vast mountains for herbs and spiritual stones.

They were the direct descendants, and they had no reason to embark on such endeavors.

In light of those considerations, Rainier told Severin's group every detail about the sacred lake. They fully intended to provide him with the necessary information.

"The sacred lake is not some kind of hidden secret. All thirteen of the Bleurealm's states have a sacred lake. It spans a radius of several thousand miles, and any practitioner aspiring to become a supreme saint must utilize the sacred lake to improve their attainment. Through the lake water's purification process, their body and soul would fuse to produce the primal spirit. Its existence is rooted in history, and it has been said that it existed since the Bleurealm existed. It was only later when strong individuals protected it and..." Rainier began.

"Sorry for interrupting, but is it that difficult for a practitioner to become a supreme saint without the sacred lake?" Felipe asked with a frown after seeing how significant the sacred lake seemed to them.

The existence of those lakes was no secret to everyone in Bleurealm. After all, there was one for everyone to use in each of the 13 states. Frostia could tell from her brother's look that he was eager to recruit Severin, so she clarified with a smile, "Yes, it's very difficult. No one has successfully become a supreme saint without entering into the sacred lake. The power of a supreme saint lies in the primal spirit, which is a union of spirit and flesh. It is where one's technique is controlled, and it is also powered by the martial soul. The need to utilize standard combat techniques that require one to draw on spiritual energy will no longer be necessary." As Severin and Wuhlricht processed this new knowledge, they glanced at each other and continued to draw out more information from the siblings. Before long, they were able to elicit information ranging from the sacred lakes, Nontwo City, and even the Chorteaus. Severin began to frown as the siblings explained further about the lake. From their description, the lake, with its structure and requirements, Once an individual reached level nine royal saint, they were required to ammass sufficient spiritual stones while waiting for the sacred lake to open. They would thus be allowed to receive the power within However, only those who have practiced within its confines, allowing their bodies to be cleansed by the holy water, possess the potential to become a supreme saint.

The lakes were governed by top-tier organizations from each state. Nontwo City fell under the jurisdiction of Southsky state and so was governed by the Grandiuno Sect. Rumor had it that the sect has many supreme saints.

When Felipe had almost all the information they needed from the siblings, Wuhlricht expressed his gratitude to them and said. "Thank you for explaining it to us." Rainier responded with a proposal and said, "I'm sure you're asking about the sacred lake because you intend to train there? My family is planning to journey to Southsky's sacred lake next month. Would you like to travel with us?"

Life After Prison Chapter 1812-Sensing an undertone in the other party's suggestion, Severin exchanged a knowing look with Wuhlricht and the elders. He then smiled and said, "We'll be happy to take you up on your offer." Severin's acceptance brought joy to Rainier. He continued, "I can see you are all royal saints, and I am grateful that you do not see us as beneath you even though you're stronger than us. We are thankful for your saving grace. My family has a certain level of status in Nontwo City, and I'd be honored to grant you honorary elder status. Our honorary elders are allowed to bring their families to reside with us. They also receive hundreds of spiritual stones and pills each month, along with the opportunity to enter the sacred. lake. It goes without saying that they are also obliged to contribute in one way or another to

the family's well-being in times of crisis." Severin accepted Rainier's invitation readily. Given their recent arrival in this unfamiliar environment, their original plan was to visit Nontwo City and gain some insights into the city. The invitation from Rainier presented an opportunity to fulfill that goal, in addition to being bestowed the status of an honorary elder.

No one had any doubts about the plan. After giving each other a subtle nod, Severin said to Rainier, "We appreciate your gesture very much, and we are happy to accept it." Rainier was elated after hearing that. He believed that the presence of those people, who all seemed to be royal saints, would help resolve the recent crises faced by the family.

The siblings became increasingly more partial to Severin, including Sofia and the women. After spending some time tending to their injuries on the barren mountain, the siblings led them all toward Nontwo City.

As they traveled several hundred miles eastward, they noticed that the mountains gradually decreased in height until a vast plain was revealed. Soon, Nontwo City, the siblings had mentioned, came into view.

When they arrived, they followed Rainier's lead into the city and toward the Chorteau's estate. It was clear that most people in the city had achieved a significant level of attainment. Warrior emperors, in particular, were everywhere!

Severin and the group even encountered numerous individuals whose attainment could be compared to the level six up to level nine warrior emperors they had known from the Skyblue Sect.

The elders could not help but feel impressed as they saw that some three-year-old children on the street were already warrior emperors! Reminiscing about their arduous journeys to reach the attainment of a level two warrior emperor left an unusually bitter feeling in their heart!

"We're in a pond full of big fish now. Even the little children are warrior emperors!" The Skyblue Sect disciples would all be jealous if they saw what Severin's group was seeing! Becoming a disciple came with the prerequisite that they must be warrior emperors, which necessitated so much of their effort to train! By contrast, even children were already at that level in Bleurealm!

The siblings who were leading the way did not seem to catch on to the elder's remarks. Rather, they seemed secretly pleased with the group of unaffiliated

practitioners and felt a sense of superiority and delight at the group's amazement.

Upon reaching the entrance of the residence, Rainier and Frostia were just about to inform the gatekeeper when a harsh voice sounded from within the gate. "Well, well! If it isn't the useless loser, Rainier! Who are these bumpkins with you?"

Life After Prison Chapter 1813-The voice came from a young man wearing a robe adorned with a purple-and-gold cloud-patterned embroidery. His spiritual energy reflected his strength as a level one royal saint. Several level nine royal saints accompanied him as he strolled out of the Chorteaus' gate.

Rainier had a sour and displeased look on his face when he saw who it was. His anger seemed to be rather evident as he clenched his fists. "Please show some respect to my guests, Endric!" Endric, however, could not contain his laughter. His mental energy had picked up on the group's awe of the little children before they even approached the entrance. The naivete in those comments led Endric to view them in a derisive light, especially since he was not on good terms with his cousin, Rainier.

"Your guests?" Endric chuckled. "Not every person is worthy of being a guest in our family. These bumpkins will only tarnish our family's reputation!" Severin grew increasingly displeased at the belittling and spiteful tone that Endric had. The information they had gleaned from the siblings about the Chorteaus circumstances revealed that neither Rainier nor Frostia were favored by the family. It was unfortunate, considering that they were the direct disciples.

Endric, an 18-year-old with the attainment of a level two royal saint, was the one who received much nurturing. He was hot on the heels of the current generation's family head in terms of attainment.

Rainier and Endric had a history of discord and frequent conflict, so the current confrontation was nothing surprising. Rainier took a deep breath and glared coldly at Endric. "I've recruited new honorary elders. Please show them some respect." Having gone to such lengths to convince Severin's group to become honorary elders, all that effort would go to waste if they left after feeling offended by Endric's words. After all, Severin's group had been recruited to increase the Chorteaus strength!

However, Endric looked at Severin and his companions with disdain after sensing that their strength levels were merely that of saints. He had also heard the surprised comments from Felipe earlier, which led him to conclude that they were merely unsophisticated individuals from a remote area. He wondered what sort of ruse they had used to captivate the two siblings.

“Honorary elder?” He said, raising an eyebrow, “Do you think some random saint you pick up on the streets is worthy of being our honorary elder? You’re not thinking straight, Rainier.” He was about to tell the guards to remove Severin’s group when he noticed Gilda and the girls. He was captivated by their striking appearances and elegance. The first thought that crossed Endric’s mind was, These women are like angels! And there are four of them too! Why would such beautiful women associate themselves with these bumpkins? Gilda, Sofia, Diane, and Sheila were the most beautiful girls he had seen.

With a lustful glint in his eyes, Endric approached them and tried to hit them up.

“Do you lovely ladies also wish to become the Chorteaus’ honorary elders? I can guarantee you a place in exchange for some small favors.” The girls exchanged glances and were disgusted by his advances.

Gilda looked at Endric with a disdainful gaze and asked, “Who are you?” Sheila chimed in, “You’re not exactly a charmer with that appearance.” Even Diane, who was known for her calm and gentle demeanor, could not hide her revulsion. She turned to Severin and sighed, “Ugh, I can’t believe that some people here are so full of themselves!”

Life After Prison Chapter 1814-Sheila and Diane had the lowest attainment out of the four women, but even they were level six royal saints. That so-called prodigy before them was like a puny little ant in their eyes. Had it not been for Severin’s reluctance to let them reveal their strengths, they would have taught that pervert Endric a stern lesson in respecting women.

Endric’s lecherous gaze elicited a disapproving gaze from the two siblings. On the way there, they learned that the women were all Severin’s wives. Though the siblings were astonished to hear that, they surmised that Severin must have won the hearts of four beautiful women because of his strength. Recalling Severin’s feat of slaying a wolf as strong as a level one royal saint, the siblings estimated his power to be at least on par with a level two royal

saint or possibly even higher. Provoking him could jeopardize their agreement to make Severin an honorary elder.

Aware of the potential complications that may arise, Rainier stepped forward and positioned himself in front of Endric. “Mind your own busin...” Before he could finish his sentence, Endric sent him flying with a wave of his hand. He glanced lewdly at the women and licked his lips, saying, “I’m so turned on by these feisty ones.” He then looked at Severin and said, “You bumpkins need to offer up a little something in exchange for becoming honorary elders. Lend me your wives for a night, and I’ll guarantee you’ll be appointed as honorary elders! You can even come with me to the sacred lake!” His lewd comments and inappropriate advances sparked Severin’s fury. “Watch your mouth!” Severin bellowed, his cold expression intensifying. He swiftly approached Endric, raised his hand, and unleashed a lightning–quick punch.

The force of his blow felt like a mountain crashing into Endric’s chest, fracturing his ribs and propelling him backward. Endric landed heavily on the ground with blood flowing out of his mouth. He was barely clinging on to life even.

After noticing what happened, the Chorteaus’ guards rushed at Severin in a fit of anger. Each person was holding a weapon, and it was clear that they were going to end Severin’s life.

“You’ve got guts!” “You’re getting yourself in trouble for harming Endric!” Before they could reach Severin, Wuhlricht and the others made a move and no longer concealed their strength. After learning that the Chorteaus’ strongest were only level five saints and that the strongest in Nontwo City were only level nine royal saints, Severin decided that there was no need to conceal his power any longer. This was particularly true after Endric’s uncalled–for remarks toward Severin’s wives. In everyone’s minds, Endric’s actions warranted a harsh response. “How arrogant!” Wuhlricht and Felipe acted swiftly and killed the guards in the blink of an eye.

Just as the guards fell to the ground, a furious voice echoed from inside the Chorteaus. “Who is causing chaos on my turf?!!” A level five saint, along with seven or eight level three and level four saints, rushed toward the gate.

However, before these individuals could intervene, Severin smirked and deliberately unleashed his concealed aura.

In an instant, the force of a level nine royal saint overwhelmed them and made them kneel on the ground.

“A level nine royal saint? S—spare us!”

Life After Prison Chapter 1815-When the siblings’ father stormed out angrily with seven or eight elders, Rainier intended to step forward to stop the conflict and explain the situation. However, a terrifying aura emanated from Severin, pinning his father and the Chorteaus’ elders on the ground.

“A level nine royal saint?!” Rainier’s father exclaimed in shock. Rainier and his sister Frostia were utterly stupefied to hear that.

However, the siblings had already anticipated that Severin and his group possessed extraordinary capabilities. After all, he had saved them in the mountain range by killing a creature equivalent to a level one royal saint. That act had earned him significant respect in the siblings’ eyes, hence Rainier’s decision to recruit Severin as an honorary elder. The siblings had expected Severin to be a level two or level three royal saint. Any stronger, and Severin would have made a name for himself in Nontwo City even if he was an unaffiliated practitioner.

However, neither Rainier nor Frostia could have foreseen that he would be a level nine royal saint! The sudden revelation made Rainier feel a little dizzy in the head.

On the other end, Rourie, the head of the Chorteaus, had been pinned to the ground by Severin’s overwhelming aura. His expression changed dramatically to reflect his fear and unease. He had not expected such an audacious intruder to be a level nine royal saint. Such individuals were uncommon in Nontwo City. The majority of forces, aside from a few first-tier families, had only level five and level six saints.

As head of the Chorteaus, Rourie understood the perils of engaging a level nine royal saint in battle. Even a small difference in one’s level as a royal saint created a vast gap in terms of strength. Furthermore, some elders accompanying Severin displayed an aura that suggested they were also seasoned professionals.

While Rourie was unable to precisely gauge the strength of Wuhlricht and the other old men, he could.

discern an air of authority typically associated with individuals such as the mayor of Nontwo City. Such authority was reflective of those who have held high positions over an extended period. In his view, the group confronting them was not to be taken lightly.

He glanced at his severely injured nephew Endric and then at Severin. The latter had demonstrated the ability equivalent to that of a level nine royal saint, so Rourle was well aware of the gravity of the situation. However, given that his family had been unjustly attacked, he felt that it was his duty as the family head to address the problem.

He swallowed his unease and addressed Severin, "My family has never provoked you In so far as I can recall. I would appreciate an explanation from you. I acknowledge your formidable strength, but my family Following his statement, the elders who came with him clenched their fists. They channeled their spiritual energy subtly and adopted defensive stances.

Their reaction snapped Rainier back to his senses, and he immediately understood the gravity of the situation. Fearing that any misstep could escalate the conflict, he swiftly intervened and clarified, "Dad! It's all a misunderstanding.

It's all a misunderstanding. This is Elder Severin! He saved my life in the mountains! I have invited him to become our family's honorary elder, which he has accepted! Elder Severin had no choice but to retaliate when Endric made disrespectful comments toward his wives!

Rourie breathed a sigh of relief after Rainier's explanation.

Life After Prison Chapter 1816-Deep down, Rourie felt nothing but anger for Endric, 'You must be in over your head, Endric! How dare you show such disrespect to a level nine royal saint?' Though Severin had injured Endric and several of the family's guards, there was at least a justifiable reason behind all that. Endric might be a prodigy, but he deserved it for his disrespectful comments toward Severin's wives. The Chorteaus were lucky not to have been eradicated that way!

With that in mind, Rourie swiftly picked up from where Rainier left off. His expression transitioned from a stern facade to a cheerful smile as he said to Severin, "I must apologize for my son's failure to inform me of such a significant event beforehand. I could have greeted you personally..." After that initial flattery, Rourie turned his gaze to Endric. The young man lay

unconsciously on the ground and was barely hanging on to life after being severely wounded. He looked at the Chorteauss' elders firmly, giving them a stern order, "We have spoiled Endric. His behavior nearly provoked a conflict between my family and our honorary elder. I will have him expelled from the Chorteauss, effective immediately." The Chorteauss' elders nodded in solemn agreement. "Yes, sir." With Endric's punishment done and out of the way, Rourie looked at Severin's group with a cordial smile. "This punishment is a satisfactory one for you, I hope." The impartiality displayed by Rourie impressed Severin's group. Severin nodded in approval and said, "It is.

With the crisis averted, Rourie felt as if a weight had been lifted from his chest.

At the same time, he was surprised to know that Severin was the honorary elder that Rainier had recruited. The Chorteauss was merely a second-tier family in Nontwo City, and its strongest member was a level five saint.

Based on the city's hierarchy of prominent families, they were considered to occupy the lower rungs.

However, the presence of a level nine royal saint in their midst was a potential game-changer that could elevate the Chorteauss' standing to a first-tier family! It would yield increased profit and even help them secure a place in the quota to visit the sacred lake!

Rourie seized this opportunity to welcome Severin and Wuhlricht with enthusiasm, saying, "Please come on in. Allow me to welcome you into our family! We shall have a good chat over a few drinks!" "Much obliged." Severin nodded after seeing Rourie's sincerity.

They followed Rourie into the Chorteauss' compound and received a very warm welcome from the family.

That evening, Rourle convened a meeting with his children in a secluded chamber. He wanted to know 12 After learning of the chance meeting in the vast mountains and their rescue from the wolf, Rourie remained pensive for a moment and appeared to reach a decision. He exhaled deeply and remarked, "I am pleased to hear that. His willingness to save you suggests that he isn't a greedy person who would do anything for treasure. Our family has struggled to secure a place to visit the sacred lake for several centuries now, I'm not strong enough to vie for a place this year, so I'll have to place my hopes on Severin.

After some more thought, Rourie continued, “As a level nine royal saint, he can at least secure a place or two for our family in the sacred lake...”

Life After Prison Chapter 1817-Meanwhile, in another part of the estate, Severin was sitting alongside Wuhlricht and the former Skyblue Sect elders. After arriving at the higher realm, their chance encounter with the Chorteau siblings and subsequent decision to save them led to Severin being invited to become their honorary elder. Bit by bit, they were beginning to develop a preliminary understanding of Nontwo City.

www Wuhlricht was the first to address the group. “Based on my conversations with the Chorteaues’ other elders today, we are in Southsky, where Nontwo City is located. The most influential figure in the city is the mayor. Though he is only a level nine royal saint, he is rumored to be a disciple of the Grandiuno Sect.

The remaining powerful families include the Lischalts in the south, the Gahrre in the north, and the Walpens in the east. Each of them has more than two level nine royal saints, and that qualified them as first-tier families in Nontwo City. Other families like the Chorteaues have, at most, level seven or level eight royal saints.” Following Wuhlricht’s explanation, Felipe chimed in, “While the Chorteaues may lack a high number of experienced fighters, they do have a lot of practitioners who are below level five royal saints. On our way here, I noticed about twenty or thirty practitioners who are level one and level two royal saints. The Chorteaues are considerably more powerful compared to the overall strength of the Skyblue Sect as at our departure.” This news left Samuel and the others puzzled for a moment. The Chorteaues were, after all, just a second-tier family. However, the elders were content to know that the spiritual energy in the Bluerealm was superior as compared to the Skyblue Sect.

Gilda could not help but raise a question to Severin. She wanted to know why he suddenly decided to no longer keep their attainment a secret in front of the Chorteaues. “Why did you choose to display your strength today?” Sofia, Diane, and Sheila looked on curiously too. “Yeah, Didn’t we decide to keep a low profile and familiarize ourselves with our surroundings before making any significant moves?” “Rourie would still have treated you with respect even if you had capped your strength at level six royal saint.” Wuhlricht and the elders were just as curious about Severin’s rationale as Severin’s wives.

In response to their queries, Severin smiled and began to explain, “The situation was urgent. Even though I could have just revealed to them that I am

a level six royal saint, we're new to this unfamiliar place, and Endric was a prodigy that the family considered to be an elite disciple. If he were to be injured, his uncle and several of the elders would likely seek justice." Severin then continued, "I wanted to ensure that they would think twice about wanting to protect him despite his wrongdoings. Showing them that I am a level nine royal saint will discourage them from doing that and avoid any unnecessary battles." Wuhlricht nodded in agreement after hearing Severin's explanation. "You're right. Even if they decided to get revenge for their disciple, they would have to reconsider after seeing our strength." The explanation brought forth several more questions from Gilda. "Should we reveal our true strength, then?" Severin chuckled when he saw her eagerness. "No, not for now. Knowing that they have a few level seven or level eight royal saints in their midst will make them all feel unsettled!" Everyone laughed heartily at the notion, knowing full well that the Chorteaus would be petrified to know of their full strength. As they continued their discussions in the room, they tentatively decided that Severin would take on the responsibility of dealing with things while the rest of the group would keep a low profile and continue their observations.

Midnight soon came, and they all went to bed in their respective rooms

Life After Prison Chapter 1818-The next morning, Rainier and Frostia came to Severin's room after breakfast.

The siblings politely extended an invitation to Severin and his companions, inviting them to the main hall for a conversation.

Severin suspected that Rourie was about to announce his status as an honorary elder.

When they arrived at the hall, Rourie sipped his cup of hot tea and said to Severin in a solemn tone, "Good morning. I believe Rainier has already explained to you the benefits of being a Chorteau elder, so let me start by once again expressing my sincerest apologies for Endric's inappropriate behavior yesterday. I would like to offer you an additional two fifth-grade pills a month, and one Sun-grade low-rank combat technique." The Chorteaus elders looked at Severin with envy.

"Aren't these terms exceptionally generous?" "If I recall correctly, even the mayor was only given three fifth-grade pills." The Chorteau's honorary elders received decent benefits, including a consistent supply of spiritual stones and two fifth-grade pills each month for self-training. Hearing that Rourie was

offering Severin an additional two fifth-grade pills a month prompted envy among many of the existing elders. Fifth-grade pills were very valuable, and Sun-grade low-rank techniques more so! It was a perk that would be regarded as a treasure by many smaller families. Many unaffiliated royal saint practitioners were in no financial position to acquire such techniques!

The conditions presented by Rourie were so favorable that a middle-aged man felt the need to speak up.

He trod lightly and remarked, "Don't you think this is a bit much, sir? Our honorary elders are usually given two fifth-grade pills as their monthly training resources. Offering an additional two fifth-grade pills to Elder Severin may draw certain unfavorable remarks. It is also quite unprecedented for someone to be granted a Sun-grade technique." Severin enjoyed his tea in silence.

Meanwhile, Sheila and his other wives were not too pleased when they heard the middle-aged man's remarks. As they saw it, Rourie had presented those perks as a gesture of apology. Attempting to stop that could easily be interpreted the wrong way.

Wuhlricht shook his head discreetly at the women as a signal to stop them from being Impulsive. They had already agreed the previous night that everything would be decided by Severin.

It was not the right time for them to intervene after Severin revealed his abilities openly. If they did, Rourle would not dare to accept seven or eight level nine royal saints into his family. After all, his strength was only that of a late-stage level five royal saint. The mere thought of hosting seven or eight level nine royal Rourie gazed at the elder and shook his head after hearing those protests. He said in a nuanced manner, Do you think Elder Severin is just an ordinary honorary elder? Does his strength not deserve the provision of two additional fifth-grade pills and a Sun-grade combat technique? That's thinking is somewhat narrow-minded."

Life After Prison Chapter 1819-The middle-aged man caught Rourie's hint and came to realize that Severin was a level nine royal saint instead of just an ordinary practitioner! Such a powerful figure would be treated with the utmost respect by any of Nontwo City's families.

Everyone was startled that Rourie would so generously double the number of pills given to Severin and even offer a Sun-grade combat technique. However, the techniques were useless without a person to learn them, and

having a level nine royal saint in the Chorteauss' ranks would elevate the family's standing dramatically in Nontwo City. They could soon compete with first-tier families and share a substantial portion of incoming profits.

Moreover, Southsky's state's sacred lake would be opened to the public the following month. Such an occasion occurred only once every 20 years and would soon become the center of intense competition.

for all the families in Nontwo City.

Upon considering all those factors, the man apologize, "I apologize for my comments." Rourie, in a conciliatory tone, said, "Our third elder can be a bit rash and crude sometimes. Please don't take his words to heart." Severin smiled and chose not to dwell on it. The siblings had told him and his group about the remuneration given to honorary elders, so Rourie had been exceedingly generous, as the middle-aged man suggested.

The fifth-grade pills were of little interest to Severin because he was already a fifth-grade high-rank alchemist. However, the offer of a Sun-grade combat technique had caught him by surprise. In all his years of training, he had acquired only one Sun-grade technique which is the Rose Petal Rain. The magnitude of that offer suggested that Rourie wanted something in exchange.

After pondering for a moment, Severin gently placed his teacup down and asked calmly, "I am thankful for your generosity, and I would like to take this opportunity to inquire if there is anything you would like to ask of me." Rourie chuckled when he realized that Severin had caught onto his intentions. "I assure you that the Chorteauss harbor no ulterior motives. I simply have a favor to request." Rourie had come to that decision after some careful consideration the previous night. A level nine royal saint, along with several other individuals suspected of being royal saints, were a group that could challenge the Chorteauss in terms of strength. The rewards provided to an honorary elder would hardly suffice, so he thought carefully and decided to make some sacrifices for the family's sake.

It would undoubtedly be beneficial for them to reach a potential alliance with Severin, and he almed to reasons for Rourie's magnanimity.

Severin looked at Rourie and asked. "May I ask what favor that is?" Rourie smiled and said, "My children must've told you all about the quota for the sacred lake that all of Nontwa City will vie for." Wuhlricht nodded and said, "Yes." Rourie took a sip of hot tea before saying, "I offered the generous

remuneration to Elder Severin in the hopes that we might be able to strike a cooperation with each other. I would greatly appreciate your help to secure us a quota in the sacred lake.” Once Rourie broached the topic of the sacred lake, Severin merely put down his tea and stopped drinking.

The information he and his family received from the siblings had only touched the surface. They were aware that a sum of spiritual stones had to be paid to the Grandiuno Sect for access to the sacred lake, and it was in the sacred lake that the opportunity to make a breakthrough to warrior emperor existed.

However, the details of how one might obtain a quota remained a mystery to Severin and his group.

Life After Prison Chapter 1820-Severin’s curiosity was piqued after hearing Rourie’s statement. He responded slowly, “As many of us know, there’s no such thing as a free lunch. Please do share with us the details.” Rourie proceeded to explain, “To be honest with you, Elder Severin, our family isn’t considered among stronger ones in Nontwo City. We are not very confident of vying for a place at the sacred lake.” He paused for a moment before continuing with a sigh. “The lake is open only once every twenty years.

Those who wish to participate will need to pay the Grandiuno Sect a hundred thousand spiritual stones.

Unfortunately, there’s no guarantee that we will be able to secure a place simply by making that payment.

We would still need to compete with other contenders from other families.” Severin deduced that the Chorteaus might want him to join the tournament. At the same time, he could not help but wonder why the Chorteaus were not that confident despite their strength. “You’re strong, and you should be able to...” Rourie interjected before Severin could finish his sentence, “Perhaps you are not yet aware that the quota is limited only to ten people. Aside from the mayor’s daughter and the level nine royal saints from the city’s first-class families, there are at least ten unaffiliated practitioners who are also level nine royal saints. As you can see, securing a place for my family is an almost herculean task.” Severin finally understood why the competition was so tight. “That explains it.

What do you propose we do, then?” Severin seemed willing to discuss it further rather than rejecting it outright.

Rourie thus felt renewed hope in his idea for cooperation. He rose from his chair and said, "I would like to ask you to fight on behalf of the Chorteaus. It doesn't matter how many places you can secure. We wish only to have one." Severin fell into contemplation rather than accepting immediately.

On the other hand, Wuhlricht and the elders beside him were elated. "Can I confirm with you that you only want one of the spots we secure?" They left the Skyblue Sect and came to that higher world to become a supreme saint. Securing a few places for the sacred lake for the Chorteaus would allow them a chance at achieving that. It was only natural for them to feel excited.

With a smile, Rourie confirmed, "Yes. We want only one place regardless of how many places Elder Severin obtains." He was well aware that the Chorteaus' chances of securing a place at the sacred lake were slim.

However, they might be able to secure one place with Severin's assistance as a level nine royal saint.

turn, affected their share of the city's resources and profits.

Having listened to the explanation, Severin nodded after a brief thought. "I agree." Severin's definitive answer brought relief to Rourie. He smiled and said, "I look forward to our fruitful cooperation then!" Today's Bonus Offer