

Read Novel Life After Prison Chapter 1841

Life After Prison Chapter 1841-When they arrived at Nontwo City, Selene was a level six saint. As she was given plenty of alchemical pills from the Chorteauss, she was about to improve vehemently.

Nonetheless, Severin figured she would need at least half a month after the end of the tournament to become a royal saint. Yet, he was wrong.

Wulricht stood up and looked at the whirlpool with shock. He said, "Severin, Selene has definitely inherited your talent. Just how long it has been and she's already becoming a royal saint!" Felipe smiled as he stroked his beard and said with jealousy. "An eight-year-old royal saint. The youngest royal saint that I know!" The Chorteauss did not expect to hear this mind-blowing news. They stood there looking baffled and shocked. Especially Rourie, who had prepared his congratulations speech.

Initially, he thought it was one of Severin's wives. To find out that it was Severin's daughter instead, his jaw almost dropped to the floor. He had seen Severin's daughter and knew Selene was just eight.

The elders continued to look shocked and had a hard time accepting it. Wulricht and the others found their reactions very amusing.

"An eight-year-old royal saint?!" "Mister Severin, are you sure it's your daughter?" |

"Oh, my god! An eight-year-old has just become a royal saint? I was only a warrior king when I was eight.

years old!" "Never compare yourself to a prodigy!" The whirlpool was getting bigger and bigger until it finally covered the entire compound. Spiritual energy within the 10-mile radius gathered.

As more spiritual energy was gathered, Severin furrowed and started to feel nervous. It was easy for an adult to break through from a saint to a royal saint.

However, Selene was just eight years old. Severin was worried sick about her.

Felipe and the others sensed how worried Severin was and consoled him, "Haha. Don't worry too much.

I'm sure Selene is going to be fine." Wulricht agreed with a nod. "That's right. Selene is very young but she's very smart. With the plentiful supply from the Chortaus, sooner or later she is going to be a royal saint." Severin shook his head with a smile and said nothing.

Luckily, Selene did not make him feel worried for too long. Severin's telekinesis sensed that Selene's power was increasing as the spiritual energy gathered more and more. Soon, her power surpassed the saint level, making her a royal saint.

Severin was aware of the result with the help of his telekinesis. He finally felt relieved and smiled happily.

With Selene's breakthrough, the spiritual energy whirlpool blasted up into the sky and penetrated the cloud.

Wulricht smiled happily. "Haha. Just like I said, there's no need to worry." It was only 1 It was only then Severin could stop worrying. He strode to Selene's room. Just as he arrived, Selene said, "Dad! I'm a royal saint now!"

Life After Prison Chapter 1842-The door was opened by an invisible power. Selene was jumping up and down in her training uniform. She had tied up all of her hair into two separate ponytails. Her skin was looking fair and glowing, probably because she just had a breakthrough.

The skin of her face was as soft and flawless as a newborn baby's. She looked so cute, like a little fairy from a fairy tale.

As Selene walked out of her room, Severin bent over to hug her. He scratched her nose and said, "You did a good job, Selene." Then, he carefully inspected her body and discovered Selene was in a very stable stage. He nodded satisfyingly. "An eight year old royal saint! I'm so jealous of you!"

When he was trying to become a royal saint, he needed the aid of a fifth-grade alchemical pill to succeed.

What a surprise to see Selene becoming a royal saint now, Roure and the Charteaus' elders' shock continued as they saw Severin and Selene talking happily. They were shocked and jealous when they saw Selene with their own eyes.

At least when they were eight years old, the strongest they could be was a warrior king, but Selene, who was eight years old, was in the same stage as they were now.

Shockingly, all of them were jealous of her. They all understood what kind of future was waiting ahead of her. Selene had a bright future ahead of her. She could achieve far greater than Severin and be the most hopeful person to ascend to the celestial realm.

Rourie, who regained his senses, took a deep breath and congratulated, "Congratulations, Mister Severin and your daughter for becoming a royal saint.

This is great news for all of us in the family." The elders snapped back into reality as they heard Rourie's voice. Then they started to congratulate Severin too.

"I'm afraid she's the youngest royal saint in history!" "I think the strongest inner disciples below ten years old from any sects with a long history or any top-tier families are just a saint." "Your daughter has a great future ahead of her. Perhaps she will also be the youngest to ascend to the celestial realm." Severin smiled and nodded. As Selene's father, he felt extremely honored and proud of her. He waved his hand and said, "Thank you but that's enough compliment for the day. I don't want her to become a proud Selene pouted and said unhappily, "I'm not going to be that kind of person!" "Haha. I know you are not," Severin chuckled, seeing how upset Selene felt.

Wulricht, Felipe, and the others from the Skyblue Sect laughed out loud as they thought Selene looked very cute.

Rourie and his elders exchanged looks with each other and felt extremely happy and glad. He knew he had made the right decision to invite Severin to become an honorary elder.

Luckily, he was persistent with his decision when he suggested supplying more training resources to Severin and the others, while other people objected to it.

As long as they had Severin with them, they did not need to be afraid.

Life After Prison Chapter 1843-After Rourie regained his senses, he quickly congratulated with excitement, "Congratulations, Mister Severin. Your

daughter is so gifted that I have never heard of anyone younger than her becoming a royal saint. I'm sure she would be able to ascend to the celestial realm and become a paragon!" Severin smiled and said humbly, despite Rourie's attempt to please him, "It's far too early for that. My only wish is that she grows up happily." After that, Rourie looked serious and said to his elders, "Elders, bear in mind none of you should reveal or tell this to anyone. I mean it, and you will face consequences for breaking this order!" An eight years old royal saint. What did it mean?

Even the prodigy from the strongest sect in Southsky was just a saint when he was eight years old. A royal saint could live up to a thousand years. Selene was only eight years old, and there was plenty of time for her to grow.

Her future achievement would be beyond imagination. If she was a grateful person who remembered about the Chorteaus in the future, just a little something she had gained in the future would help to bring the Chorteaus to a higher new level.

If this got out, the other families in the city would start to feel threatened, including the Grandiuno Sect. If it headed to a positive outcome, it would be the best, but what if it was a negative outcome? Severin would be the Chorteaus downfall.

Thus, Rourle knew the stake involved and disallowed anyone to spread this news.

The elders knew how important this was and nodded to show they understood.

Severin was very pleased with Rourie. From there, he could tell Rourie was a smart person, and he could lend a hand to help Rourie in the future. Severin could let other people know he was a level nine royal saint, and the same went for Wulricht and the other elders.

However, before they were strong enough to protect Selene, he could not let the others know Selene was a royal saint too.

Therefore, he appreciated Rourie's kind gesture. "Thank you, Mister Rourle." The commotion must have startled many people because of the spiritual whirlpool. It would not be safe for Selene to stay out just in case someone wanted to investigate the reason behind the whirlpool. He quickly carried Selene back into her room.

As Severin left, Rourle did not waste any time and went to the hall to announce a piece of fake news. He in the city suspected anything. Clearly, it was beyond imagination and absurd to believe an eight-year-old to be a royal saint.

After the announcement, many families visited the Chorteaus to congratulate them. Rourie did not stop them and was extremely happy to entertain them. Of course, Rourie did not keep any of the gifts and gave them to Selene.

Severin was not shy to accept them and passed them to Selene.

After a while, Severin spent most of his time teaching Selene. When he was free, he would go to the Chorteaus' library to read different attainment techniques, combat techniques, and travel diaries.

He had the same routine for the next ten days. In the morning, he would be teaching Selene. During the afternoon, he would be seen in the library reading.

At night, he would return to his room and try to produce the Prima Spirit Pill.

Too bad he had failed countless times. The difficulty was beyond his imagination. One had to have good control of telekinesis and also vast knowledge of medicinal herbs.

Life After Prison Chapter 1844-After numerous failed attempts, Severin did not force himself to try again. He relaxed and waited for the day of the tournament.

Severin was cuddling with Gilda on a rocking chair. He had in his hand a book called The 13 States of Bluerealm. It was a travel diary, and the story had captured Severin's attention.

Several hundred years ago, there was a practitioner called Charlie, who was also a monk. He wrote about his travels, which started from Nontwo City to the other states in Bluerealm.

Not only did it mention the rank of each force in the Bluerealm, but it also had the name of the strongest practitioner, the war between Southsky and the monster, evil practitioners invading the western region, and so on.

It had broadened Severin's knowledge of Bluerealm and let him know how huge Bluerealm was.

Bluerealm consisted of 13 states and was situated on a huge piece of land that had many strong practitioners.

According to the diary. Southsky was famous for having the strongest sect and two reputable families.

The Grandiuno Sect guarded the sacred lake. It was said that it was founded more than ten thousand years ago. Rumors had it that the sect's founder had ascended to the celestial realm many years ago.

The other families were not weak either. The weakest members had at least the saint attainment.

When he put down the book, he was still fascinated by what was written in the book. He sighed and said, Nontwo City is a small city. There's only so much you can achieve here." His goal was to be stronger. So strong that he would one day ascend to the celestial realm.

During his stay in the Chorteaus, he had started to slack and got comfortable.

Gilda, who was refilling the tea, chuckled with her hand covering her mouth.

"Alright. We can leave this city after Diane and the other sister reach level nine royal saint. After the tournament is over, we will become supreme saints." A few days after Selene's breakthrough, Gilda ended her training because she had reached level nine royal saint. She was initially level eight, so it was just a matter of time before she had a breakthrough.

After that, Severin and Gilda had the chance to enjoy the moment alone because Diane and the others.

were still training.

After hearing what Gilda'said, Severin nodded. Just when he was about to return the book to the library, he sensed a powerful aura coming from the rooms. The aura went through the roof and rocketed to the Once Severin knew where it was coming from, he was shocked and thrilled.

“Are Diane, Sheila, and Sofia breaking through together?” Despite that, he quickly flew up into the sky and used his hands to press at the void to stop the aura from spreading. During Selene’s breakthrough, the entire city knew about the commotion.

Rourie had to make a fake announcement to avoid letting others know it was Selene who became a royal saint at a young age.

Because of that, Severin knew it was best to block the aura within the yard when Gilda was having a breakthrough. It was the same now, When Severin had done that, he used his telekinesis to look into the rooms where they were training.

Life After Prison Chapter 1845-Sheila, Diane, and Sofia had their eyes shut as they sat with their legs crossed in their rooms. The spiritual energy rushed into their bodies, creating a rainbow of light glowing around them.

As they absorbed the massive quantity of spiritual energy, their attainment rose rapidly. Soon, they made the breakthrough and became level nine royal saints.

Severin was relieved as he used his telekinesis to witness it.

Among his wives, Diane and Sheila were the weakest when they arrived at the Bluerealm. They were only level six royal saints. After two weeks of training plus the fifth-grade high-rank alchemical pills Severin gave, they did not disappoint Severin and became level nine royal saints.

Sofia, who was a level higher than them, was slowly on the verge of the breakthrough too, with the aid of the training resources.

To Severin’s amazement, he did not expect the three of them to enter the breakthrough together. He quickly acted and covered up the sign of their breakthrough to avoid making the Chorteauss the talk of the town again.

As the tournament was getting closer, Severin hoped that his wives could reach higher attainment in order to qualify and reach the sacred lake to become a supreme saint.

Although Severin had covered the sign, it was just within the perimeter of the courtyard. Wulricht, Felipe, and the others sensed it.

They were sparing against each other but quickly flew out of the room to where Severin was.

“Severin, are Diane, Sheila, and Sofia having their breakthrough? Wulricht asked happily.

Severin nodded. “Yes, surprisingly, it happens together.” “Haha! That’s good, isn’t it?” Felipe chuckled while combing his mustache. He pointed at Severin and said, “Now that we’re all level nine royal saints, there is a huge chance that we’re going to take most of the quota for the sacred lake!” There were twelve of them, and eleven were level nine royal saints.

The number of people allowed to be at the sacred lake for Nontwa City was fifteen people.

Severin also smiled as he looked at them.

After waiting for half a day, the aura from the rooms was getting stronger.

Severin knew they had When evening came, the first one to open the door was Sofia. She walked out of the room in a white dress. She looked around calmly. Half of her hair was tied up into a bun, while the rest was left down.

She was looking for Severin. When she saw him, she quickly ran out happily to where Severin was. Severin! I did it!” Severin stroked her head and smiled. “Not bad. You have the same attainment as me now.” Sofia looked around and asked, “Diane and Sheila haven’t come out yet?” When she was having her breakthrough, she could tell there were people around her doing the same, and she knew they were Diane and Sheila.

Severin smiled. “Nope. They are still in their rooms.” Just as Severin finished talking, another door was opened. It was Diane. She was wearing a blue dress. After absorbing the spiritual energy around her, her skin was looking fair and soft.

Life After Prison Chapter 1846-When Severin laid eyes on Diane, all he could think to himself was, ‘She’s as beautiful as ever.’ Selene happened to come in while holding Gilda’s hand. As soon as Selene saw Diane emerging from the room, she rushed forth with open arms and threw herself into Diane’s embrace.

Having earlier seen Rourie's congratulatory salute to Severin, Selene mimicked his gesture and said in a solemn tone, "Congratulations on making a breakthrough to level nine royal saint." Amused by her daughter's behavior, Diane smiled. "Haha, congratulations to you too for becoming a royal saint at last." Though Diane had been in seclusion, she remained aware of the goings-on in the outside world, including Selene's recent breakthrough.

After settling her daughter down by Severin's side, Diane tapped Selene's nose with her finger and asked playfully, "Did you cause any trouble for your father recently?" "Nope!" Selene declared proudly.

The mother and daughter exchange left Severin feeling a bit bemused. "Let's save the congratulations for later. Sheila still hasn't come out yet." A few seconds later, Sheila's cheerful voice came from the other room. "Hehe, I've made a breakthrough too." Her black hair billowed in the wind as she stepped out of the room, and her eyes shone like the stars in the night sky. Her skin was so fair and delicate that it resembled an artist's depiction of an angel in a classic painting.

Severin felt a sense of relief upon seeing her. So did Diane, who smiled and remarked, "This is perfect, then! We're all level nine royal saints now!" Sofia then said proudly, "Hmph! No one's going to bully us now!" Though they had all been in seclusion, she was aware that Gilda and Severin had spent a lot of quality time together. None of them were jealous, and they were in fact rather pleased at the prospect of catching up to Severin.

Severin then suggested, "Haha! We should celebrate tonight then!" He summoned the Chorteaus' servants and instructed them to prepare some ingredients for a barbecue. He had brought enough spices with him before leaving the Skyblue Sect, and his wives' collective breakthrough deserved a proper celebration.

The servants understood Severin's status in the family and wasted no time in preparing a variety of high quality spirit beast meat.

With everything in place, Severin set up the grill and threaded the meat onto the skewers before grilling them. Accompanied by drinks from the Skyblue Sect, the group indulged in a delicious barbecue as they discussed the upcoming sacred lake tournament. The festivities extended into the midnight hours and concluded only when Wuhlricht left with his elders.

Severin and the others prepared for bed. A well-deserved rest was much needed to welcome the new day. He bathed and washed up before entering Diane's room. Having also taken a bath to freshen up, she donned a green robe that set off beautifully against her fair and smooth skin. She looked just like a beautiful angel who descended to the world from the heavens.

In response to Severin's sudden appearance, Diane bit her red lips and asked, "Have you been enjoying your time with Gilda these few days?" Severin pulled Diane into his arms and asked, "Are you jealous?" "I" Before Diane could articulate her response, Severin silenced her with a kiss.

The room soon echoed with sounds of their passionate moans.

Life After Prison Chapter 1847-The following day, Severin emerged from his room with a refreshed look on his face and did a stretch.

Upon reaching the yard, he engaged in some boxing to limber up his muscles after all the physical exertion from the previous night. Once the morning exercise was over, he drank the hot water that the Chorteaus' servants had given him and washed his face before having breakfast.

Not long later, Rainier and Frostia entered the yard. When they saw Severin reading leisurely on a rocking chair, Rainier approached him swiftly and greeted him respectfully. "Elder Severin, my father has requested to see you. He has something to discuss with you." Severin placed his book down and looked at them. "Is the tournament about to begin?" "Yes," Rainier nodded. "It's tomorrow." "Time flies. I can't believe it's already been a month since we were invited into the Chorteaus." Inside the hall, Rourie had an unemotive expression as he sat on the main seat with a cup of hot tea.

Flanking him on the right were three or four elders. Their attainment was about that of level six royal saints, and they were waiting silently for someone. On Rourie's left sat an unfamiliar middle-aged man who dressed somewhat like that of a scholar. He exuded an aura of learned wisdom, and Severin deduced him to be a level nine royal saint from the mayor's mansion.

Severin settled into a chair upon entering the hall. After being served some hot tea, he turned to Rourie and asked, "What can I do for you today?" Rourie gestured toward the middle-aged man and explained, "Haha, you should direct that question to the mayor here, Mister Kiyu Gahrr. He is the one who requested to see you." Severin directed his gaze to the middle-aged man that Rourie pointed at.

He was Kiyu, the mayor of Nontwo City and a disciple of the Grandiuno Sect.

Despite being only a level nine royal saint, Kiyu possessed the strength to defeat supreme saints. It had only been a month since Severin had arrived in Nontwo City, and he had yet to meet anyone from the mayor's mansion. As a result, he could not help but wonder just why the mayor would want to meet him on the eve of the tournament.

Severin gestured respectably toward Kiyu and asked, "Greetings, sir. May I know why you wanted to see me?" Kiyu could tell that Severin had some doubts over the sudden courtesy call, but he smiled heartily and reassured Severin. "I come bearing good news, so please rest at ease!" He continued, "Considering your recent victory against three of the Walpens' royal saints, both the Gahhrs allow you to advance directly and avoid having to compete in the tournament." Kiyu, as the mayor, seemed to have experienced a fair share of such situations in the past. Severin had demonstrated exceedingly strong abilities, so much so that the Lischalts from the south and the Gahhrs from the north were feeling a little unsettled after hearing the news. They thus decided to make a concession of two places to Severin so he did not need to enter the competition.

Severin was taken aback by the proposal, in stark contrast to the others who seemed to have been told of the news for some time already.

Life After Prison Chapter 1848-." He was not alone in feeling that way. Wuhlricht, Felipe, and his wives were all eagerly awaiting to secure a breakthrough at the sacred lake. They were not about to accept a measly two places just because it was given to them as a concession.

Severin's rebuff of their offer elicited a stark change of expression in Kiyu, Rourie, and the rest of the Chorteaus.

"It would be wise to accept it," Rourie suggested with a wry smile. "I heard that the Gahhrs and Lischalts have already recalled their disciples from the Deifirm Sect and Purevoid Sect for this tournament." One of the elders said, "Thorold Gahrr, who is from the Deifirm Sect, is rumored to have been born with the Thunderbolt Constitution. His thunderous ability reaches a near-ideal level of perfection, and his combat strength can rival that of a level one supreme saint even though he is just a level nine royal saint!" Godfrey, the ninth elder, supplemented additional information on the Lischalts.

“Jangar Lischalt, who is a member of the Purevoid Sect, is much stronger. He has attuned himself to the swordwill since a young age and was immediately accepted as one of their inner disciples.

Rourie then added, “I heard that both Thorold and Jangar are now elite disciples, and they intend to bring some of their family members into the sect. The upcoming edition of the tournament will almost certainly provide some intense competition.” Severin listened to their narratives and took note of the intensified competition caused by the return of these sect elites. The two prodigies were hoping to do a clean sweep of the tournament!

Not one to back down from a potential challenge, Severin rejected Kiyu’s offer flatly. “No, thank you, Mister Mayor, sir. I appreciate you passing the message to me personally, but as I’ve said earlier, two places are simply not enough for us. Let the true results be determined on the tournament stage! Severin was not about to give in to their offer and settle for just two places.

The next tournament was slated to occur twenty years from then. Waiting two decades was not an option for his group, as they were all gunning to make a breakthrough to supreme saint.

Severin’s stern refusal prompted Kiyu to shake his head. Kiyu warned, “Don’t say I didn’t warn you. Those When Kiyu left, Rourie expressed his disapproval of Severin. “Your decision was made in haste,” he said, implying that Severin should have just taken what had been offered to him.

In Rourie’s perspective, securing the spots from Thorold and Jangar in the tournament would prove challenging even though Severin was very strong. Refusing the offer simply because he wanted to gain more than two places might just prove to be biting off more than he could chew, especially in the face of such strong opponents. By contrast, Rourie’s main goal was simply to secure that one single place for the Chorteays.

Alas, Rourie was only a level six royal saint, and thus unable to dictate Severin’s choices.

Severin kept quiet and shook his head with a smile after hearing Rourie’s lament. Once he finished his tea, he said to Rourie, “I’ll take my leave now if there’s nothing else.” He then exited the hall without even waiting for Rourie’s reply.

Life After Prison Chapter 1849-Inside the mayor's mansion, a fair-skinned young man sat in silence as he sipped some spiritual tea. The young man was Thorold, and he was surrounded by seven or eight of his family's elders. Thorold exuded a thunderous aura despite his youthful appearance, and the elders around those elders were that of a level seven or level eight royal saint.

Having joined the first-tier Deifirm Sect in Southsky a few years ago, Thorold started as an outer disciple. He later put in a tremendous amount of effort and became a level nine royal saint, after which he was allowed to become an inner disciple of the sect. His combat prowess was formidable, making him a force to be reckoned with even by level one supreme saint.

His return to Nontwo City was aimed at helping the Gahrns secure some benefits, and in turn, he could bring some of the Gahrns' elders to the sect and have them serve as his attendants. Thorold came back and learned about the existence of a formidable individual named Severin who had just arrived in the city.

Desiring a situation whereby he did not need to worry about Severin, he decided to offer up to two available places for the sacred lake.

In Thorold's eyes. Jangar was his primary adversary in the upcoming tournament. From the information he had been given, Jangar was on the cusp of breaking through to supreme saint and possessed such exceptional swordsmanship that he had many remarkable feats to his name. He had excellent comprehension of the swordwill, and one example of his feat was slaying a dragon in the east sea.

Jangar returned with the same intentions as Thorold, which was to select talented family members to join their sects as elite disciples. This practice was commonplace across Southsky, where sect disciples could choose family members to follow them in their training once they had become a supreme saint.

Such actions were not unwelcome for two reasons: the first is that resources would be channeled to those who truly deserve them within the sect, and the second is that such elite disciples would become the backbone of the sect's strength after being absorbed. As a result, many of the spots that were available for the sacred lake would have been monopolized by families whose members were part of a sect!

Thorold placed his teacup down and inquired about Jangar from the person beside him. "Heard any news about Jangar recently?" "Jangar has remained at home since his return," the person replied. "As a result, it is difficult to find much information on him." Thorold remained in silent contemplation. At that moment, Kiyu showed up after returning from the Chorteaus.

Thorold asked calmly, "How did the negotiation with the Chorteaus go?" He would much rather avoid any pesky individuals interfering in what he deemed was a straight fight.

between himself and Jangar. The two sects that they were from—the Deifirm Sect and the Purevoid Sect—were not on good terms with each other, and a no-holds-barred battle would always erupt should both sides run into each other.

Kiyu shook his head in response to that question, "Severin rejected the offer, claiming that two places were insufficient." Thorold frowned, evidently angered by Severin's refusal. After finding out that Severin had killed the Walpens' level nine royal saint. Thorold gritted his teeth and decided that two spots could be offered in the hopes that he would just have to battle it out with Jangar for the remaining 13 spots. Had Severin been any less strong than the rumors claimed, he would have sent some of his people over to end Severin's life.

After hearing that Severin refused. Thorold turned to the first elder of the Gahrns and said, 'Since the mayor has not been able to persuade him, perhaps you could take my spiritual treasure to him and get him to meet me. If he knows what's good for him, you may bring him to me. If he insists on going against me for those spots, I trust you'll know what course of action you ought to take.' Inside the Chorteaus' estate, Severin was just about to return to his residence when he saw a flash of light streaking across the sky. An uninvited guest had shown up.

Life After Prison Chapter 1850-The visitor was a level nine royal saint. He was a gray-haired old man clad in green, and his arms were reminiscent of withered tree branches. As soon as he showed up above the Chorteaus' estate, he skipped any formal introduction and called out to Severin by name.

"Where is Severin? Tell him to come out here right this instant! The contempt and arrogance in the man's.

expression led Severin to feel a sense of disgust. It was clear that the person was either from the Gahrns or the Lischalts. He arrived hot on the heels of Kiyu's departure, and it was quite obvious that he came with ill intentions.

Severin sneered as an illusory sun appeared in his eyes. The strange light emanating from his pupils seemed to be laden with a terrifying power. His spiritual energy began to surge as he rose from the ground and advanced swiftly toward the gray-haired old man.

Severin sneered. "Who are you?" The gray-haired old man might be a level nine royal saint, but a strong feeling of intimidation and fear crept into the old man as soon as he gazed into Severin's emotionless eyes.

Severin's past feat of killing three of the Walpens' level nine royal saints left the old man reeling with some fear.

After a few breaths, the old man took a deep breath and conveyed the purpose of his visit. "Hear me out, Severin. My family's scion, Thorold, wants you to come over and visit him! You and your friends might face a difficult time in Nontwo City if you refuse!" Severin sneered after hearing that. He would have accepted the invitation had it been sincere and done in good faith, but the condescending demeanor of a mere messenger made Severin reconsider. If a subordinate could act that way, then it stood to reason that the person he answered to was cut from the same cloth "Who does your scion think he is anyway? Has he any right to command my presence?" Severin asked.

The old man's expression soured at that response, believing that Thorold had made a mountain out of a molehill. In his view, Severin was but a mere speck in comparison to a talent like Thorold. Had that clown been slightly weaker, Thorold would not have even bothered to send him over to deliver the message.

The old man flung his hands and exuded the spiritual energy of a level nine royal saint. He then declared arrogantly, "Our scion has granted you a significant favor by inviting you to meet him. This is an opportunity many wish to have." Before the old man could continue any further, his expression changed abruptly as he attempted to retreat. Alas, Severin appeared far too quickly and delivered a swift slap. "How dare you?!" The old man exerted the full breadth of his attainment and raised both hands to conjure up a wind shield. However, his efforts to block Severin's slap were futile, as Severin's force extinguished the shield with relative ease. In a split second,

Severin's fist landed squarely on the man's face. The man yelled in agony as he staggered several dozen feet away from the impact.

"I won't entertain you!" Severin said, waving the man away.