

## Read Novel Life After Prison Chapter 1851

Life After Prison Chapter 1851-The gray-haired old man could only gaze at Severin in shock from several dozen feet away. His body was trembling, and his cheeks had swollen as blood flowed out from the corners of his mouth. He wiped away the blood and shot Severin an ugly expression, for the latter's refusal had ignited a burning anger within him.

Despite his rage, he could not ignore the reality that he was unable to withstand even a single blow from Severin, despite both of them being level nine royal saints. The overwhelming aura that Severin exuded was like a mountain that left him suffocated.

As the Gahr's great elder, he had followed Thorold to the Deifirm Sect and thus possessed a broader perspective on the world. He acknowledged the abundant existence of prodigies and thus had no lofty dreams in pursuit of such excellence. The brief exchange had given him a taste of Severin's strength—it had likely surpassed many ordinary royal saints, and might even be capable of holding his own against several supreme saints.

Although he had received a spiritual treasure as a trump card, he hesitated to use it against Severin because he was unsure if it would be efficient enough to deliver a fatal blow. After taking a deep breath, he glared at Severin coldly and said, "You'll soon understand how strong Thorold is. Thorold, an inner disciple of the Deifirm Sect, was biding his time until the end of the tournament, where he could make a breakthrough to supreme saint at the sacred lake. Doing so would allow him to become an elite disciple.

In contrast, Severin was nothing more than someone who got lucky. Failing to appreciate Thorold's invitation was already bad enough, and he had to hurl further insults at him. Those actions would almost certainly spell death for Severin, without "You'll meet your end tomorrow, Severin!" The man left his last words to Severin and went away looking back. He planned to head home to tell Thorold of the unsuccessful invitation attempt.

As soon as the man left, Wuhlrich and others emerged behind Severin. Diane, wearing a long-sleeved floral-patterned dress, asked Severin worriedly, "What happened, honey?" They had heard the commotion while training in the courtyard and came out to see a gray-haired man flying off into the distance. As level nine royal saints themselves, they could tell that the man was a level nine royal saint as well.

Needless to say, they all wanted to know how and why Severin provoked a level nine royal saint.

Severin proceeded to explain the events that transpired in the hall and recounted what Kiyu had communicated to the Chortaus.

Upon learning the cause, Felipe—who was usually known for being a level-headed man—had a distinct look of anger on his face.

“How unreasonable can one be to resort to such hostility? Felipe yelled in the direction that the man flew off toward. He then glanced at Severin and understood Severin’s rationale for rejecting Kiyu. If Severin had agreed, then two places would be automatically given. Since there had been a promise between Severin and Rouric, one of those two places would have to be given to the Chortaus. The remaining one could go to Severin, and he would also be able to gain entrance to the sacred lake.

However, Severin refused. He knew that Severin did that because he wanted everyone to reach the sacred lake with him

Life After Prison Chapter 1852-t was therefore unsurprising that the Gahrns would send their people over to cause trouble. Felipe, Wuhlrich, and Diane finally grasped why Severin had refused. Diane seemed particularly concerned over it as she asked, “Won’t the Gahrns target you tomorrow after you refused their offer?” Severin grinned in response and caressed Diane’s worried face. He reassured her in a gentle voice, “It’ll be fine. The Gahrns are just a bunch of clowns to me!

Let them face me in the arena tomorrow if they think they have what it takes.

Why would they offer me two places if they aren’t afraid of me? It’s all because I defeated three of the Walpens’ level nine royal saints!” He finished off with a sarcastic remark.

Sheila nodded. “Yeah! But we shouldn’t underestimate them though. They are likely to be very formidable as inner disciples of the Deifirm Sect and Purevoid Sect. We must remain cautious.” “Yes,” Gilda concurred. “That goes without saying.” Severin shook his head helplessly as he listened to his wives and nodded reluctantly in agreement. Ever since the last battle he had with the Walpens, Severin had sensed that his combat strength might rival that of a level two supreme saint! Even if Thorold and Jangar could defeat a level one supreme saint, the gap that they had to close with him still existed. Much of

the fundamentals that he possessed were taught by the old wacko—who had ascended to greater heights—so there was no question about its effectivity. Severin glanced at them and said, “Let’s head back now.” Once they were inside the courtyard, Severin detailed the process of the tournament. The rankings determined the entry quota, with the top ten receiving a place at the sacred lake.

The first-ranked person would secure four spots; the second, three; the third, two; and the fourth until the tenth would get one each.

Severin was aiming for the top spot so he could secure four places, but there were already 11 people including himself and everyone in his group.

Furthermore, he needed to consider that one place had to be given to the Chortaus, and Severin felt a bit helpless when he came to that realization. Even if he were to rank first, he would not be able to secure 11 places for everyone.

Wuhlricht and Felipe glanced at each other when they looked at Severin’s concerned expression. “Have you forgotten? We’re level nine royal saints too! We can join the tournament too!” Even the fifth elder, who was usually the quietest, said, “Yes. What do we have to fear when we’re all level

nine royal saints?” Severin was about to express his worries when Wuhlricht cut him off. “We understand your concern, but we can’t rely on you to protect us all the time, am I right?” 17 Gilda echoed her father’s sentiment and said with a smile, “I want to participate in the tournament as well.

No longer able to dissuade them, Severin smiled in resignation. “Fine. Just be careful, and don’t hesitate to concede if you can’t defeat them!”

Life After Prison Chapter 1853-eifirm Sect and the latter, the Grandiuno Sect, they shared a close association as leaders of Southsky.

Thorold expressed his gratitude for the advice Kiyu gave prior. “Thank you for your guidance, mayor. I am very grateful that you- “Mister Thorold!” came a voice, interrupting Thorold’s sentence. “Severin has gone too far! I asked him to come and meet you, but he refused and said that you were not worth his time. He even threatened me and hurt me!” Everyone was shocked to hear that, especially Thorold’s followers. They were surprised that Severin had rejected Thorold’s invitation and went so far as to harm their elder.

The Gahrre's elders, who always believed themselves to be infallible, were outraged at the intolerable acts.

"This is ridiculous! Allow me to drag Severin here and apologize to you!" "He must think too highly of himself if he could make such remarks about you!" "Death is the best punishment for him!" Thorold frowned at his clamoring underlings and snorted coldly as he held his teacup.

"Be quiet!" he exclaimed as his face darkened with a murderous intent. "First, he rejected two direct entries into the sacred lake. Then, he rejected my invitation to meet him. Let's see if he can keep up his arrogance tomorrow!" A new day had dawned, and the day of the sacred lake tournament had finally arrived. Severin, after spending the night with Sheila, held his back as he walked out of the room. He had been 'busy' the past few nights after she and his other wives had completed their seclusion. After freshening up and having breakfast, he went to the Chorteaus' hall with his group.

Rourie and other Chorteau elders awaited Severin's arrival, and Rourie was still a little rueful that Severin had rejected Kiyu's proposal. However, he knew that dwelling on the past was of no use whatsoever, and the focus had to be placed on the tournament.

Rourie took a deep breath and informed Severin, "Based on the information I received, there will be five participants each from the Gahrre and Lischalt and about eight others from the other families. All are level nine royal saint attainment." Severin listened attentively, knowing that the tournament was a significant event in Nontwo City. Many elders from sects such as the Grandiuno Sect would be attending the tournament as observers to ensure a vast crowd had gathered at the center of Nontwo City for the tournament. A glance across the tournament arena revealed many contestants who were raring to vie for a spot in the top ten. The stakes were high, and everyone was determined to secure a place for themselves. Anyone who fell outside of the top ten would receive mere consolation prizes like pills, spiritual stones, and spiritual weapons. Before long, Severin, his group, and the Chorteaus were led by Rourie to the waiting area.

Life After Prison Chapter 1854-Severin observed the crowd silently, noting that there were few level nine royal saints. Of course, there was every possibility that some had deliberately concealed their attainment. As a result, Severin decided it would be best not to underestimate anyone. As he scanned the surroundings, he suddenly sensed a somewhat murderous gaze landing

upon him. Being a level nine royal saint, Severin's perception of the external world was so acute that he immediately identified the source.

Not far from the Chortaus waiting area stood a young man in a black robe. The young man was surrounded by a group of people, and the onlookers gasped in awe when they recognized him.

I him.

"Isn't that Thorold Gahr? He's an inner disciple of the Deifirm Sect! I didn't expect to see him return for the tournament!" "Rumor has it that Thorold was born with the Thunderbolt Constitution! His ability to wield thunderbolt is second to none" "The Gahrns seem to have put in their all to compete for a spot in the tournament!" The chatter all around Severin led him to realize that the source of that murderous intent was Thorold.

"He's pretty strong. Severin sized Thorold up right away. Thorold was considerably stronger than Rvein from their previous encounter, but Severin was confident that he could defeat Thorold. Severin then turned to Rourie and asked, "Have the Chortaus contestants registered?" Rourie replied in a seemingly confused manner, "Not yet." Wuhlricht then took the opportunity to step forward and declare, "Then we shall also compete for a place!" Rourie was taken aback by that sudden statement. He looked at Wuhlricht in surprise because Wuhlricht's group—whom Severin always addressed as elders—had always been known for being level-headed and low-key. It was out of character for them to behave that recklessly, especially when they should already be aware that the participants had to be at least level eight saints.

Rourie pondered over the sudden statement and assumed it was a bit of banter that resulted from the close relationship between Wuhlricht and Severin. "But you've just made a breakthrough to level one royal saint! You'll be putting your life at risk if=" "Would this set your mind at ease?" Wuhlricht interrupted while producing a formidable wave of spiritual energy.

Rourie, wide-eyed and momentarily stunned, struggled to comprehend how Wuhlricht could suddenly become a level nine royal saint. When the realization finally dawned on him, he could only point at 1 attainment! Rourie's initial shock transformed into elation as he grasped the advantage Wuhlricht's participation would bring to the Chortaus.

"I'll put your name in at once!" Rourie exclaimed.

Felipe was all smiles as he chimed in, "And mine too!" "He's a level nine royal saint too? Rourie could not believe his luck.

Samuel and the other three elders then expressed the same desire. "And us!" Diane, Gilda, and the girls then said, "Hey, don't forget about us too!" "You're...y-y-y-you're all level nine royal saints?!" Rourie felt a slight tingling in his scalp when he saw their determination. Except for eight-year-old Selene, all the others had expressed their fervent desire to join them. Their composed demeanor led Rourie to realize that all the people before him were level nine royal saints. His heart pounded at the thought of hosting 11 such individuals at his home for nearly a month!

His expression became indescribably complex—it was equal parts excitement, anticipation, and trepidation.

Life After Prison Chapter 1855-Severin looked at the bewildered Rourie and smiled. "I apologize for misleading you. We had our reasons for hiding our attainment, and I could assure you that we did not hide our attainment on purpose." During the past month, Rourie and his family had nothing but praise for Severin and his companions. They gave Severin's group treatment that far exceeded that of ordinary honorary elders. When Rourie finally came back to his senses, he took a deep breath and waved his hand. "I was caught off guard by what happened. I didn't expect all of you to be level nine royal saints. With eleven esteemed level nine royal saints on their side, the Chorteaus were bound to secure at least a few places in the tournament regardless of whether or not they performed well.

Rourie brimmed with excitement and hurriedly headed to the mayor's side to put their names in.

Kiyu was left speechless when he learned that the Chorteaus had submitted eleven participants. He warned Rourie solemnly. "Are you not aware that anyone participating in the tournament must at least have reached level eight royal saint? Do not make a mockery of this!

"I can assure you that they have reached the necessary attainment level!" Rourie assured Kiyu as soon as he saw the mayor's anger.

The genuineness in Rourie's response eventually elicited a nod from Kiyu. He was nevertheless surprised by the sudden development and said, "When did the Chorteaus amass such formidable strength?" Kiyu might not comprehend the reasons behind their sudden rise, but he nevertheless handed eleven

entry tokens to Rourie. He then sent someone to relay the news to the other families in the nearby waiting area.

Thorold was leaning on his chair and resting his eyes when he was told of the news. He opened his eyes and narrowed them as he gazed toward the Chorteauss. His jet-black pupils seemed to be glowing with a near-tangible murderous aura. The fact that the Chorteauss had fielded 11 participants made him snort. No wonder Severin rejected the offer, It's because he has a formidable team with him! Still, having more people doesn't necessarily guarantee that they'll secure a place in the sacred lake!" Meanwhile, standing near the Chorteauss was a black-robed young man who exuded an unassuming and scholarly air. His handsome mien was complete with pinkish lips and pearly-white teeth. In his hands was a book that he seemed to be very much engrossed in.

Someone then arrived to relay information about the Chorteauss' participants.

The person also made special mention of Severin's particularly Impressive record. The young man then turned to the Chorleaus and sneered.

After closing his book, Jangar raised his head and glanced at the Chorteauss.

His eyes were fixed on think there'd be so many hidden talents in this small city. I assumed this tournament was just a competition between Thorold and myself. It is no small surprise that a dark horse has entered the fray." Having heard about Thorold's invitation to Severin and the subsequent revelation that the Chorteauss fielded eleven participants, Jangar's anticipation for the upcoming event grew even more.

Shortly afterward, more people gathered as many of the city's major families arrived. Kiyu, the mayor. gave a nod to a gray-haired Grandiuno Sect elder, who flew up into the air. "I hereby announce that the tournament has officially begun!" As the elder articulated the rules of the tournament, the bell-like sound echoed throughout Nontwo City. Seconds later, a colossal arena descended from the sky.

The arena formed by the powers of the Grandiuno Sect elders bore a shield that protected the outside surroundings from the powerful competitors' aura within. It ensured that participants could unleash their full potential without being constrained by external factors.



Severin glanced at the gray-haired old man when the arena materialized, surmising that the elder was at least a supreme saint! When the arena appeared, Severin sensed the formidable natural power emanating from the man's body. The elder's aura was so terrifying that an opponent might feel as if they were up against the whole world!

'Let's get this tournament done and over with as quickly as possible. We must gain access to the sacred and make a swift breakthrough to supreme saint!' Severin thought to himself.

Life After Prison Chapter 1856-Severin's determination was firm as he withdrew his gaze and focused on the arena. Soon, two names were called, and the contestants entered the arena for their match. Severin observed silently in the crowd. The two participants were honorary elders recruited by second-tier families, and both were level nine royal saints. They engaged in an evenly matched battle, drawing cheers from many a spectator.

The match did not interest Severin much, after all, the contestants' attainment was about par and somewhat inferior to Rvein and the Walpens.

The duel concluded in about as long as it took for a candle to burn halfway, and the winner was soon declared. The second round then commenced, featuring an elder from the Gahrns against one from the Lischalts. Severin decided to close his eyes, take a moment to rest, and wait patiently for the outcome. Half an hour later, the Gahrns elder emerged victorious and secured a spot in the next round "Severin Feuillet." Severin's name was called at last and it was finally his turn to step into the arena. As he stood up and went forward, he drew the attention of everyone who was watching. After all, he was the Chortaus honorary elder and a figure who had recently gained prominence in Nontwo City.

"It's Severin! The Chortaus' honorary elder!" "I heard that he's an exceptionally strong individual. He apparently defeated three of the Walpens' level nine royal saints single-handedly! It's almost certain that he'll secure a top-ten position in the tournament!" Those who had witnessed Severin's victory over the Walpens became enthusiastic upon hearing his appearance in the venue.

"For our third match, Severin will be facing Janik Gahr!" The excitement reached a peak when the mayor, Kiyu, announced Severin's opponent. The entire audience buzzed with chatter.



“Janik?!” “He’s the Gahr’s great elder! Rumor has it that he’s stronger than Rvein’s group and that he’s only a step away from making a breakthrough to supreme saint!” “This might prove to be too much for Severin.” “I wouldn’t put my bets on that just yet. Severin is no pushover either.” Janik, the Gahr’s Great Elder, possessed exceptional strength and had mastered the family’s unique combat technique known as the Violet Thunderbolt Fist. He was well-known for his previous accomplishments whereby he defeated two level nine royal saints as soon as he made a breakthrough.

Life After Prison Chapter 1857-By the time Kiyu finished speaking, Severin and Janik took their positions on the arena. A stern expression appeared on Janik’s face as he glanced at the young man who had rebuked Thorold’s offer. In a city where practitioners were striving to align themselves with Thorold and gain entry to the Deifirm Sect, Severin’s rejection and subsequent roughing-up of the Gahr’s honorary elder was a sort of anathema to Janik. It did not sit well with Janik at all, and his expression naturally became sour as he looked at Severin.

With his cold gaze locked onto Severin, Janik sneered, “It was pretty bold of you to disrespect my family’s scion like that. Well, let’s see what you’re made of then!” In an instant, the rumble of thunderbolts emanated from Janik’s body. Thunderous echoes were heard as several silver tentacles bearing fangs and claws surrounded him. It was a hair-raising sight for some.

Spectators marveled at the thunderbolts that were manifested, and they looked on in awe at the electric serpent-like creatures slithering all over Janik’s body.

“Isn’t this the Gahr’s Violet Thunderbolt Fist? It’s a formidable technique!” “I can feel my hair stand on end even though we’re some distance away from the arena!” Severin, unfazed by the thunderous lightning, observed quietly and maintained his composure. He mumbled to himself, “He has sufficient aura, and his combat technique appears to be a Sun-grade high-rank technique! A practitioner of the same level might find it hard, and he could even launch a counterattack with this technique! It’s such a shame that he had to run into me today.” Based on the aura emanating from Janik, Severin concluded right away that victory was all but certain.

Meanwhile, Janik felt a surge of anger when he saw how nonchalant Severin was.

“Die!” he roared, and a lightning spear was hurtled toward Severin at incredible speed. The air reverberated with the sound of the spear, and it carried a terrifyingly strong aura.

Severin eventually lifted a finger when the spear was getting close, He raised his hand, delivered a sun- like slash with his sword, and cut through the lightning spear with little effort. His ease in dispelling the attack caused Janik’s expression to change drastically. He finally realized that Severin’s strength had far outclassed his!

As the Gahr’s Great Elder, he had gained much experience in past battles and considered shifting to close combat due to the ineffectiveness of normal combat.

The Violet Thunderbolt Fist, which was unique to the Gahr’s, focused on sharp attacks that could be lethal in close encounters.

Janik exerted some force through his legs and charged toward Severin like a cheetah closing in on its prey. “Violet Thunderbolt Fist” came his resounding yell. As he aimed the punch at Severin, the crackle of lightning rods appeared in the air. A fist-sized lightning seal was then produced as it hurtled straight toward Severin.

Severin did not flinch at the technique. Armed with the True-Sun Fist and Gigantic Hand Crusher, close- quarter confrontations were advantageous to him! As he raised his hand, his fist emanated a fiery glow while simultaneously exuding an intimidating aura

Life After Prison Chapter 1858-In an instant, the entire arena was bathed in the sun-like radiance. The force behind Severin’s punch could rival that of a dragon, and it engulfed Janik with its characteristic explosive power. Janik was covered in goosebumps as soon as the True-Sun Fist’s grasp drowned him, and a sense of impending doom began to creep in.

Severin’s attack prompted Janik to concentrate all his spiritual energy in front of him, forming a protective shield. “How is he so strong?” he cursed, and his intensifying anger continued to fuel his desire to kill Severin. Unfortunately, Janik soon discerned a faint cracking sound emanating from his spiritual shield.

"This is bad!" Before he could react, the protective shield crumbled, and the True-Sun Fist shattered it completely as it delivered a devastating blow. Janik's arm was broken at the shoulder, and his shoulder blade was exposed.

He spat blood and said tremblingly, "The T-T-True-Sun F-Fist!" bore witness to Severin's overwhelming strength.

Janik, known for defeating two level nine royal saints single-handedly, felt overwhelmingly inadequate in the face of Severin's prowess. For a brief moment, he was given a fright when he sensed a rather strong murderous intent.

Being a great elder meant that he ranked the highest among all the Gahrre's elders. He had earned that rank by swiftly dispatching two level nine royal saints at the same time, yet he found himself dwarfed in comparison to Severin's ability. He was never one to willingly put himself in a disadvantageous situation, especially not when it entailed having to risk his life. That feeling was much stronger after his arm had been crushed and he suffered a reduction of his combat power. Severin's dominance had left an indelible trauma in him, and he did not think twice about wanting to admit defeat.

"I conc-" Before Janik could finish his admission, his body disintegrated under the impact of the True-Sun Fist. All that was left of him was a mist of blood that evaporated into the air. Severin had gone in for the kill, and a blinding ray of sunlight was all that Janik saw in his last moments.

The spectators were gripped with astonishment, shock, and disbelief. Voices murmured in the crowd.

"Is Janik dead?" "How could the Gahrre's esteemed Great Elder be defeated so easily?" "This is unbelievable! Severin's strength is beyond comprehension!" "Is this... Is this Severin's true strength? He ended Janik's life with a single move!" "This is horrifying! Just look at that relaxed expression on Severin's face. The Gahrre are going to find themselves in a tricky situation right now." A winner had been decided after only a few exchanges. The Gahrre elders, many of whom harbored hostility towards Severin, shuddered after being shaken by the sight of Janik's demise.

Thorold, whom the Gahrre placed their hopes on, showed an unprecedented seriousness in his eyes. "I didn't think he could defeat the great elder. It looks

like I will have to go all out when I face him,” he muttered as his murderous intent toward Severin became more pronounced.

Over on the Lischalts’s end, Jangar set aside his book and stared at Severin in equal parts shock and fear. “When did such a powerful individual show up in Nontwo City? The surprises unfolding in this edition of the tournament are making things much more interesting!”

Life After Prison Chapter 1859-Severin’s decisive defeat of Janik sparked an immediate commotion among the crowd. It was particularly noticeable on the mayor’s side, as well as the sect elders who were sitting on the viewing platform.

Among them was a handsome, salt and pepper-haired, middle-aged man who was clad in luxurious- looking clothes. He smiled warmly, and stroked his beard as he remarked. “Your city seems to have produced a prodigy who can kill his peers with relative ease, Mayor Kiyu!” The man’s name was Ferland, an elder of the Grandiuno Sect, one of the four major sects in the whole of Southsky state. He was a level nine supreme saint, and he was in charge of the present edition of Nontwo City’s sacred lake tournament.

Elders from the four major sects were entrusted primarily with managing the tournament to ensure fairness. Their other aim was to identify anyone who had potential. Many disciples were nurtured by the sect from a young age, but others were recruited by the sects after excelling in the tournament. Most of the people who were recruited through the tournament had above-average talent or strength—a testament to their abilities as level nine royal saints. As long as they entered the sacred lake and became supreme saints, they would rank around the mid-level in terms of the sect’s hierarchy.

Kiyu then responded respectfully, “Oh, but the Grandiuno Sect has numerous disciples capable of effortlessly defeating opponents of the same level.” The subtle flattery elicited a smile on Ferland’s face, and he immediately directed his attention back to the ring.

Meanwhile, Rourie was more relieved than anything when he observed Severin’s easy victory over Janik from the Chortaus’ waiting area. Despite the enthusiastic exclamations of his family members, Rourie’s mood was not quite aligned with the celebratory atmosphere. His family members were discussing heartily among themselves.

“He won?! Elder Severin won?!” “He was up against Janik, the Gahr’s great elder! Who would have thought that Severin could kill Janik with barely a couple of moves?” “Haha, it’s finally time for our family to stand proud!” The tournament moved on to the next match after Severin’s triumph, but the subsequent contestants lacked the same ease and confidence that Severin displayed. Not everyone possessed the ability to transcend levels in combat, and it was a rather prolonged affair before the winners were determined.

Mayor Kiyu’s voice soon echoed as he announced the next round. “Jangar Lischalt, please take your place on the arena!” The announcement elicited surprised exclamations from the audience.

\*Jangar is the Lischalts prodigy! He’s an inner disciple of the Purevoid Sect!” “Who will be the unlucky opponent selected to face Jangar?” “He has full comprehension of swordwill despite being only twenty years old. I don’t think anyone in Nontwo City can hold their own against him, other than Thorold and Severin perhaps.” “Severin? I’m not so sure about that! I’d place my bets on Thorold, though, given that he’s a disciple of the Deifirm Sect, and his lightning–based combat techniques surpass even Janik’s. Severin can’t be on the same level as they are!” The mayor soon revealed that Jangar’s opponent was an honorary elder from a second–tier family known.

as the Roaldes. The contender opted not to enter the ring and surrendered without a fight. No one made fun of him despite the somewhat farcical situation that seemed to have resulted, as Jangar’s formidable combat ability was not to be underestimated. Being a true swordsmanship genius, he could effortlessly transcend levels in combat due to his adept understanding of swordwill.

Life After Prison Chapter 1860-Jangar had just risen from his seat when he heard his opponent conceding defeat. He sat back with a wry smile, believing that only Thorold and Severin were his true adversaries in the tournament.

He glanced calmly at Severin who had just returned to the Chorteau’s waiting area and had a flash of determination in his eyes. “I can’t wait to face you next!” ments later, Kiyu called Wuhlricht’s name for the next round. “We shall now invite the Chortea’s honorary elder, Wuhlricht Blausch to take his position in the arena!” Wuhlricht’s opponent was Tonnie, the Lischalts’ fifth elder. Tonnie’s aura was almost similar to that of the Walpens’ members the other day. Wuhlricht glanced at his opponent and stepped onto the arena, whereupon his opponent emanated a burst of terrifying energy that created a gust of wind in the arena.

Rourie could not help his curiosity as he asked Severin. “Do you think Elder Wuhlrict will win?” Given their familiarity with the Lischalts, the Chorteaus were well aware of Tonnie’s reputation within Nontwo City. By contrast, Wuhlrict’s strength remained a mystery due to his deliberate concealment of it, and Rourie was not entirely confident that Wuhlrict would emerge victorious.

Severin waved his hand and assured Rourie, “Yes. My father-in-law will win.” He was stating a fact rather than simply making baseless boasts. Though Wuhlrict had hidden his true attainment since they arrived at the Bleurealm, he had a profound understanding of Wuhlrict’s formidable capabilities and believed that Wuhlrict had what it took to defeat the opponent! After all, Wuhlrict was previously the Skyblue Sect’s leader, and he was even able to handle two opponents perfectly fine!

During that brief conversation, Wuhlrict and Tonnie had already engaged in combat. Their techniques were executed with such speed that it almost seemed as though everything was a blur. The shockwaves resulting from their exchange reverberated throughout the air, and the spectators were in awe of their dazzling display of combat techniques. It was a rather even fight.

Over at the waiting area, Thorold’s attention was focused solely on the contest.

He cursed under his breath, “Just how lucky can the Chorteaus be? How is their honorary elder so strong?” He returned to his family with the intention of securing a place at the sacred lake for his family members, as that would allow them to join the sect and serve him once they became level nine royal saints.

Unfortunately, he did not expect to face such challenges from Jangar and Severin.

He then continued to observe the fight in the arena. Tonnie gave it his all, and his aura surged forth as he executed his techniques. Alas, his inability to penetrate Wuhlrict’s defense led Thorold to conclude that the battle was all but lost. Wuhlrict’s victory was inevitable, for all that needed to be done was to capitalize on Tonnie’s exhaustion at the right moment. Thorold accepted that outcome and closed his +15 BONUS Severin’s earlier prediction came to fruition as Wuhlrict relied on his robust foundation to defeat Tonnie.

He earned recognition from many, though somewhat less sensational than Severin's triumph over Janik