

Read Novel Life After Prison Chapter 1861

Life After Prison Chapter 1861-Half a day had passed, and the sacred lake tournament was about to enter the most competitive phase. Nearly forty participants from all the major families in Nontwa City joined the tournament, and Severin's party totaled eleven level nine royal saints. Other prominent families like the Lischalts and the Gahrns four or five level nine royal saints each, while the remaining contenders represented weaker factions such as the mayor's mansion and other second-tier families.

Following half a day of battling, sixteen contestants had successfully secured their advancement. Notably, eight out of Severin's eleven members had successfully progressed. Diane, Sheila, and Sofia were the only ones who failed to advance, given that they had just attained level nine royal saint. Their slightly weaker stage was therefore somewhat disadvantageous for them against opponents of the same level. However, their valiant efforts resulted in a close contest, and they would have won had luck been on their side.

News of the remarkable achievements made by Severin's group spread rapidly throughout Nontwa City, surprising many who had not expected a second-tier family like the Chorteaus to have level nine royal saints. Speculations about the family's sudden luck and strength abounded, and some even began to strike up a conversation with Rourie before the first day's battles ended.

Kiyu then announced the commencement of the second round, where 16 competitors would vie for the top ten spots. Severin took the opportunity to distribute pills to Wuhlricht and his group in preparation for more intense battles ahead.

The second round promised to be of much greater intensity, as only the strongest participants were able to advance. Their singular goal was to secure a top-ten ranking and the coveted chance to enter the sacred lake. Breaking through to supreme saint was the ultimate aim, and the sacred lake was the only possible route available for one to achieve that. Those who failed would have to wait twenty years before getting another shot at it. A royal saint might be able to live for a thousand years, but there was no guarantee that one would always get a chance to enter the sacred lake.

The first match ended with both contestants battered and bloody, ending in their eventual removal from the arena by the mayor due to their severe injuries and exhaustion.

Kiyu's announcement of the next match caught the attention of the spectators.

"The next round will feature Severin and Thoroldr The crowd gasped, as a match between Severin and Thorold would only stir much speculation and anticipation.

"They're going head-to-head now!" "Do you think Severin can defeat Thorold?" "I have my doubts. Thorold is an inner disciple of the Deifirm Sect, and he has the Thunderbolt Constitution. His lightning-based combat techniques are formidable, and facing him at such an early stage of the second round might be too tough for Severin." "What a shame." The spectators were unaware of the true feud that existed between Severin and Thorold, but they had already begun to express sympathy for Severin's challenging situation. In their view, Thorold was going to go all out on Severin after the latter killed one of Gahr's elders in the previous round.

Life After Prison Chapter 1862-Ferland from the Grandiuno Sect was initially optimistic about Severin, but that optimism dulled considerably after knowing that Severin's opponent was Thorold. Though he acknowledged Severin's strength from the previous battle against Janik, Ferland knew that Thorold was a whole different adversary. As an elder of the Grandiuno Sect, Ferland was well aware of Thorold's reputation within the Deifirm Sect.

'It'll be a shame for such a bright sprout to be nipped in the bud,' Ferland thought to himself and decided to save Severin once the battle ended.

At the same time, Rourie became anxious upon discovering Severin's opponent and was no longer as proud as he was before when he basked in all the compliments. His face betrayed worry and anxiety as he exclaimed, "We're doomed. Is this where my family's luck runs out?" Severin was up against none other than Thorold, renowned as the most exceptional prodigy in Nontwo City! Three factors stacked in Thorold's favor his Thunderbolt Constitution, his status as an inner disciple of the Deifirm Sect, and his past feat of killing a level one royal saint! Any one of those factors would make a normal person a prodigy, so all three of those at once put Thorold into the category far beyond that of ordinary prodigies!

Rourie understood the enmity present between Thorold and Severin. Severin's refusal of the Gahr's request and subsequent assault on the Gahr's elders had escalated tensions.

The animosity would grow even stronger in their clash, and Rourie was worried for Severin's safety. After all, it was Severin's efforts that led them thus far into the tournament!

Rourie wiped the sweat off his forehead and proposed to Severin, "Perhaps you could admit defeat on this occasion?" Severin shook his head in response to Rourie's distressed plea. He smiled faintly before ascending into the air and landing in the arena. Thorold, too, rose from the waiting area and landed opposite Severin.

With both contestants ready for the battle, Kiyu declared, "Let the match begin!" The atmosphere turned solemn in an instant. Severin stood calmly on the ring with his eyes fully transfixed on Thorold. On the other hand, Thorold reciprocated in the same manner. However, his sharp gaze was filled with a murderous intent.

He had not expected to meet someone who would refuse his invitation and even injure his men. Those factors, along with Janik's death at Severin's hands, left Thorold with only one option—to kill Severin.

Thorold glared at Severin. "You're as good as dead after you killed one of my family's men" Thorold then went straight for the kill. With a raise of his hand, lightning began to surge all around him as a colossal thunderbolt dragon began manifesting just above the arena. The dragon's target was none other than Severin.

Undeterred, Severin retorted confidently, "We'll see about that!"

He then raised his sword and took a step forward to deliver a slash. The spiritual energy from the sword collided with Thorold's thunderbolt dragon, creating a thunderous impact on the ground.

Thorold could sense that Severin was on Jangar's level in terms of strength, so much so that Thorold could be pushed into pulling out his trump card. Severin displayed a hint of surprise at Thorold's prowess despite the earlier calmness he exuded. The first wave of attack was aimed at assessing their respective strengths, and once it concluded, both men remained at their initial locations while observing their opponent.

Thorold's aura intensified, and the mountainous pressure seemed to be a little much for the spectators to bear. In response, Severin unleashed his full attainment strength, generating a powerful shockwave that reverbed around them.

The clash of auras caused a gale to appear in the air

Life After Prison Chapter 1863-The oppressive pressure radiating from the arena permeated through the entire arena, eliciting gasps surprise from countless spectators at the venue..

"Gasp! Just the aura from these two is enough to strike fear in me." of "Is this the true might of a genius? Though they are only level nine royal saints, they seem to tower above many of us. Their aura alone can send chills down the spine of ordinary level nine royal saints "Who will emerge victorious? Will it be Thorold? Or will it be Severin?" Thorold narrowed his eyes after sensing Severin's power. A glint of murderous intent emerged from his pupils. "Is this where your confidence is coming from?" The waves produced by Severin's attainment had captured Thorold's attention.

Thorold left the Gahrns to join the Deifrm Sect, where he was accepted first as an outer disciple. He then rose through the ranks, bracing through countless hardships and dangers to become a level nine royal saint. He eventually became an inner disciple.

His strength had placed him among the top few in the entirety of Nontwo City.

As a level nine royal saint who could defeat a post-breakthrough level one supreme saint, he held little regard for ordinary opponents.

There existed a considerable gap between level nine royal saints, and only those with exceptional talents and solid foundations could capture Thorold's eye. Initially, he believed that only Jangar of the Purevoid Sect could fit that criterion. However, Severin's presence had altered the perspective.

Determined to secure a spot in the sacred lake Tournament, Tharald considered Severin a considerable foe that Jangar might not even be able to stop. He was fueled by anger after recalling the previous day's humiliation, whereby Severin rebuffed his invitation, injured one of the men, and slapped him in the face.

Even so, the animosity between them could not accurately be described as being deep-seated, and Thorold was supposed to treat their match as a mere contest and nothing more.

However, Severin's swift killing of Janik deepened the conflict, for it amounted to publicly humiliating the Gahr's!

After taking a deep breath, Thorold sneered at Severin and declared, "Your life ends today!" He casually pointed his hand at Severin, and the atmosphere shifted in an instant. The sky transformed, and an intimidating force coalesced above the arena. An illusory hand crackled with lightning as it slammed down toward Severin at incredible speed.

Severin remained unperturbed and responded calmly, "Let's see you try!" With a swift motion, Severin raised the sword in his hand. The weapon gleamed brightly like a radiant sun that bathed the entire arena in light. A ten-foot-long gleam that was brimming with murderous intent slashed through the air, aiming to crush everything in its path.

The sword produced a piercing wind-like shriek as it collided with the palm. A resounding blast was heard, and the resulting shockwave surged into the sky as it punctured clouds at a height of several thousand meters above them.

Life After Prison Chapter 1864-With their attacks nullifying each other's, Severin and Thorold began to engage each other once more!

The collision of their surging spiritual energy created violent airwaves in the arena.

A sneer graced Thorold's face and his murderous expression grew stronger. He extended his right hand toward the air, conjuring up countless thunderbolts that converged into a mid-air thunderbolt vortex. The sudden appearance of that vortex sent shivers down the spines of onlookers.

In the Lischalt's waiting area, Jangar immediately recognized the vortex and remarked solemnly. "This is the Desolated Thundercloud!" The Desolated Thundercloud was a technique devised by Thorold via a combination of the Gahr's Sun-grade combat techniques with the Deifirm Sect's lightning-attribute training exercise. It was tailored specifically to his Thunderbolt Constitution. Upon execution, it could transform the air into a lightning pool, unleashing various forms of thunderbolts that served as a remarkable offensive weapon.

As Thorold possessed the rare Thunderbolt Constitution, he enjoyed significant advantages with lightning attribute skills and combat techniques. Only one-in-ten-thousand people within the Bleurealm could possess such a constitution, and those who possessed unique variants of the Thunderbolt Constitution were particularly renowned for their offensive capabilities. They could be mentioned in the same breath as those who were devoted to swordsmanship.

Upon seeing Thorold unleash the Desolated Thundercloud, Jangar glanced pityingly in Severin's direction, "It's such a shame that Thorold's opponent will lose. Thorold has honed this combat technique to rival even Sun-grade advanced techniques, and his innate abilities will be extremely challenging to overcome." Though Jangar and Thorold were from different sects, they were equally feared and respected as renowned prodigies. However, even the latter shuddered at the sight of Thorold's strength. As he saw it, Severin's strength—though surpassing that of many people—had its limits. The most that Severin could achieve was winning against an ordinary level nine royal saint. There was still a long way to go before Severin could come to Thorold's level. That Thorold had used his special technique was a sign that he was not even going to give Severin a chance to take a breather.

After summoning the thunderbolt vortex, Thorold's body crackled with visible electric sparks, almost like some kind of an ancient thunder god. An invincible aura emanated from Thorold and covered the sky above the arena.

Covered in an intimidating cloak of electricity, Thorold said coldly, "You should feel honored to die at the hands of my special technique." As he finished his words, Thorold commanded the thunderbolt within the vortex to form dozens of meter- that nearly deafened the onlookers was soon heard, and Severin licked his lips as he watched the impending onslaught of those spears. He wielded his sword, and a burst of swordwill appeared all around him.

"Rose Petal Rain!" The exquisite, petal-like glows produced by his sword surged toward the thunderbolt spears at rapid speed. The clash resulted in a resounding and frightful explosion, with Severin's petals decimating the spears into fragments of spiritual energy.

Life After Prison Chapter 1865-The Rose-Petal Rain displayed its true powers as the petals shattered dozens of Thorold's spears. The petals then continued their course toward Thorold.

Following the sparks that were produced from the explosions. Thorold's pupils contracted as he felt an impending sense of doom. As a level nine royal saint, he was accustomed to effortlessly dispatching same-level practitioners, and even level one supreme saints posed little difficulty to him. Unfortunately, Severin was brimming with a menacing aura that he had never encountered before.

The approaching storm of delicate petals left Thorold with no time to formulate a contingency plan. He could only raise his hand and command the thunderbolts around him to surge wildly. The air around him.

was whipped up a storm, and the thunderbolt vortex erupted with a formidable power. A deafening.

muffled sound of thunder was heard, and serpent-like electric currents swiftly enveloped Thorold's body.

He had fashioned an armor out of the lightning.

A resounding boom echoed as Severin's sward energy collided with the electric armor. A violent shockwave was unleashed, pouring light into the entire arena. Still encased in the electric armor, Thorold's face had paled as he gazed incredulously at Severin.

Severin's technique had penetrated a technique deemed impenetrable by most ordinary level nine royal saints. Although Thorold managed to protect himself with armor, the impact on his chest felt like the combined weight of several mountains. He would have been dead if he failed to manifest the armor in time.

Severin's attack injured him, and blood flowed out from his mouth.

"He's still alive?" Severin mumbled to himself in shock. It came as a surprise to him that Thorold could survive that technique.

The Rose-Petal Rain was his trump card, after all. Faced with normal level nine royal saints, the Rose- Petal Rain was not required, and he could just use the True-Sun Fist to end their lives without even having to move from his spot. Slightly stronger opponents might require a couple more slashes of his sword, but not to the extent that it necessitated the Rose-Petal Rain. Astonished by Thorold's ability to survive, Severin tightened his grip on his sword and tried to pinpoint Thorold's weaknesses.

Meanwhile, Thorold felt a tingling rush of adrenalin when he recalled what just happened. His face was pale, and there were traces of blood seeping from his mouth. Dread and horror soon began to overwhelm him, and he questioned, "What kind of technique is that?" Severin offered no reply and dashed forward, leaving only an afterimage at the place he had stood earlier. His sword energy covered the sky as he attacked Thorold relentlessly. In response, Thorold raised his hands and generated several layers of protective spiritual energy shields.

The huge shockwave—a byproduct of the sword energy clashing with his shield—sent fragments scattering all over the ring. The spectators all held their breath as they bore witness to Severin dominating the battle against Thorold.

"Unbelievable! I'm not seeing things, am I?" "Did Thorold just lose against Severin?" "I'm sure Thorold hasn't fully unleashed his abilities yet. He is a prodigy of the Delfirm Sect, after all. Let's wait and see what happens." Amidst the crowd's discussions, Thorold found himself under a relentless assault. The pressure was fast becoming too much for him. I can't let this continue," he thought, I have to be more assertive.

With that in mind, he yelled, "Die Spiritual energy enveloped his entire body, and the gradually shrinking thunderbolt vortex soon began to erupt once more Roaring thunderbolts appeared around him at his beckoning and tore through the air. The impact was swirled into a mass of spiritual energy that shattered the sword energy assaulting him.

Having seized the opportunity to make a counterattack, Thorold opened his mouth like a rabid snake and absorbed all the thunderbolt into his body. The Desolated Thundercloud dissipated, giving way to a marked increase in Thorold's spiritual energy.

Thorold had used a secret technique to raise his combat strength.

Life After Prison Chapter 1866-With his pupils glowing like lightning. Thorold licked the blood from his lips and directed a fierce grin at Severin.

"Time for you to die!" he shouted, darting right toward Severin. The fluctuations produced by his aura as a level nine royal saint unleashed a terrifying wave of energy, shattering the shield that maintained balance outside the arena. Ferland was momentarily stunned by the sudden development, as the shed was incredibly important to prevent the spectators

from getting hurt. Fortunately, he snapped out of his senses right away and promptly redeployed the shield to ensure that everyone else was safe.

The shield's near-collapse elicited horror from many spectators.

"Is this Thorold's true strength?" "Even the shield deployed by a supreme saint from the Grandiuno Sect is crumbling under the pressure!" "Severin's life is in danger," "Yeah. It's almost certain that Severin will suffer defeat. Thorold's Thunderbolt Constitution was very formidable to begin with, and he seems to be getting stronger the longer the battle goes on!" Rourie became anxious when he witnessed Thorold's overwhelming aura shattering the arena's shield.

Though he had only recently struck up a cooperation with Severin, the Choreaus fortune had taken a turn for the better in that short period.

As a small second tier family that boasted a mere level six royal saint, it was all thanks to Severin that the family made a name for themselves in Nortwo City and was able to associate themselves with more prominent families. Without Severin, the Chorteaus would likely remain an obscure second-tier entity.

Rourie did not want to see Severin lose, much less die at Thorold's hand, but the monstrous aura that Thorold had just produced seemed to suggest a bleak outcome. It was only natural for Rourie to be worried for Severin.

Wuhlricht and the rest of the group wore a solemn expression, while Diane and the other girls were filled with concern for Severin.

Inside the arena, Severin shook his head as he looked at Thorold's reckless charge. "You're asking for it, pal!" Armed with the True-Sun Fist and the Gigantic Hand Crusher, he excelled when it came to close combat. Thorold had relied on the Desolated Thundercloud and launched attacks using thunderbolts—those attacks were somewhat tricky for Severin to handle as his arsenal did not include techniques that were combat might be better instead.

Severin brandished his sword as Thorold advanced, unleashing the Rose Petal Rain once again. At the same time, he charged forth like a tiger and used his fists to fashion a radiant seal that resembled the bright sun. The subsequent barrage of punches overwhelmed Thorold, who realized that his judgment had been impaired by his overwhelming anger.

Each blow that Thorold exchanged with Severin left him feeling increasingly shocked. Severin's strength had surpassed all his expectations. Thorold's desperation continued to intensify as he sensed his waning spiritual power. He roared in desperation, "Die Severin sneered at Thorold's despair. "Struggling is futile!" He then seized an opportunity to create a palm-like print in mid-air and struck Thorold with it.

The impact was so strong that Thorold suffered an injury to his internal organs.

His ribcage was broken, and there was a noticeable dent in his chest. The next second, blood spurted out of his mouth as he was sent flying out of the arena. After landing on the ground, Thorold passed out and had no energy to continue the fight.

Life After Prison Chapter 1867-Kiyu's eyes widened as he witnessed Thorold being rendered unconscious, severely injured, and knocked out of the arena. He never thought that Thorold would suffer defeat, especially not at such a swift pace.

Despite the turmoil that was building up in his heart, he had to continue with his duties as the organizer of the tournament and rose to his feet to announce the results. "The winner is Severin!" The venue sank into an unexpected silence. The shock of witnessing the defeat of a renowned genius like Thorold reverberated through the audience. The fight did not even last very long. Gasps of disbelief erupted from the crowd, and many people could only watch on in stunned silence.

"Thorold. lost?!" "But how?! He's an inner disciple of the Deifirm Sect, and he has the Thunderbolt Constitution too!" "Severin defeated Thorold in less than ten moves! Just how strong is he?" "When did such a powerful individual show up in our city?" The worried expressions of Rourie and the rest of Chorteauss had since changed to that of bewilderment. Seeing that once-arrogant Thorold being dragged off the stage like a broken sack left everyone with their mouth agape.

Inside the waiting area, Jangar stood up abruptly after hearing new news of Thorold's defeat. A flurry of mixed emotions appeared on his face, and he remained speechless as he witnessed Thorold's injured state. He stared at Severin standing in the center of the arena and exhaled deeply after a prolonged silence. Severin's eyes carried an intimidating aura, as well as a resolute determination.

“Even the Desolated Thundercloud was not enough for Thorold to beat you.

Your strength has exceeded everyone’s expectations, Severin... Jangar murmured to himself as he looked over to Severin.

Jangar knew just how strong Thorold was since they were both regarded as the two geniuses of Nontwo City, Thorold, as an inner disciple of the Deifirm Sect with the Thunderbolt Consitution, had a formidable record in defeating a level one supreme saint despite only being a level nine royal saint. However, Severin proved invincible against him, which left Jangar utterly astounded.

Jangar took a deep breath. He shared the same goal as Thorold, which was to secure first place in the tournament. The ranking would then grant him four slots to enter the sacred lake, thus allowing him to lead several of his family members to train there and secure a breakthrough. He had initially considered Thorold to be his main competition, but he soon realized that Severin was a dark horse that stood in his way. Going by Severin’s performance, it was quite certain that Severin was gunning for the top spot too!

Jangar exhaled and retracted his gaze. “My specialty is swordsmanship. I’ve been training for over a decade now, and I’ve grasped true swordwill. The sect elders have praised my potential to become a saint in the future, and I shall use you as a stepping stone to achieve success!

Having calmed himself down, Jangar’s body resonated with sword will as his eyes were ablaze with determination.

Life After Prison Chapter 1868-Meanwhile, Severin stood on the stage after dealing with Thorold and sensed an intense gaze fixated on him. It seemed to be a gaze emanating a will to fight.

Possessing remarkable perception as a level nine royal saint, Severin swiftly identified the source of the gaze as Jangar, who was seated with the Lischalts.

Severin looked at Jangar and perceived the latter to resemble a sheathed sword, Swordwill seemed to resonate within him, and Severin acknowledged it before nodding thoughtfully in Jangar’s direction. He knew that his victory over Thorold had likely attracted Jangar’s attention.

As Severin retracted his gaze, he murmured to himself, “You must be a swordsman prodigy? I’m quite curious to know just how strong you are.”

Severin had encountered numerous prodigies in his journey of attainment. For instance, Frederick of the Horizon Sect became a royal saint at a young age, yet Wuhlricht—the strongest in the Skyblue Sect—was merely a level five royal saint.

In the end, Frederick was pushing up daisies after dying at Severin's hands.

Severin shook his head and left the arena to return to the Chorteaus waiting area. Upon his return, his wives swarmed around him in concern.

Gilda wiped Severin's forehead with a handkerchief and asked. "Were you injured?" Diane took a fifth-grade high-rank pill from her spatial ring and gave it to Severin so he could restore his spiritual energy. "Eat this! Your spiritual energy needs some replenishing" Sheila and Sofia were each busy checking to see if Severin was unhurt.

Their concerned reaction prompted him to reassure them with a bright smile. He waved his hands and said, "I'm fine. I wasn't hurt." The women sighed in relief upon learning that he was unscathed.

On the other hand, Rourie and the Chorteaus looked at Severin with a mix of admiration, shock, surprise, and excitement. When Severin first revealed himself as a level nine royal saint, they expressed shock and surprise at his true attainment. Though they gradually became accustomed to Severin's strength after seeing his displays, they were still taken by surprise when Severin defeated Thorold. After all, none of them expected Severin to be stronger than Thorold. Shock and joy were evident in Rourie's expression as he served some hot tea to Severin. He then used some telekinesis to pull a chair over to Severin and invited him to sit down.

"P-p-please have a seat and drink some tea!" Rourie said respectfully to Severin.

"You don't have to do all this for me." Severin said, smiling.

www.

He took the tea and sat on the chair, silently restoring his spiritual energy while observing the ongoing tournament. As the subsequent rounds unfolded, the intensity of the competition grew.

Wuhlricht and the elders had been called up to the arena for their respective matches, which they secured victory with after displaying their resounding strength. Severin had already expected them to advance, as their veteran status during their time at the Skyblue Sect bore testament to their talents. Though they might find it tricky to transcend their level and defeat a stronger opponent, they could nonetheless win against those on the same level.

Jangar concluded the last round of matches with a crushing victory against his opponent, and the second round of the tournament came to a close.

Life After Prison Chapter 1869-After the second round concluded, Kiyu stood up and announced the list of people who had qualified. The individuals advancing from that round included the seven contestants from Severin's side, as well as two others from the Lischalts—Jangar, and the great elder, Germain. In what could be interpreted as a stroke of bad luck, the Gahrns failed to secure the last remaining spot, which went to the honorary elder.

mayor's Following the announcement that Severin's group had advanced, the crowd erupted in an animated discussion.

"How did the Chorteaus get so lucky? Seven out of their eleven participants qualified for the final round!" "I heard that Wuhlricht and others are all Severin's closest friends!" "Tch...where did they come from anyway? Their strength is insane!" "They secured seven places even though the second round had just ended!"

Won't the Chorteaus get eleven spots at the sacred lake once Severin clinches first place?" "Severin might be strong, but there's still no guarantee he'll get first place!" "He still has to go through Jangar, and they haven't gotten the chance to face each other yet!" Amidst the varied reactions in the venue, the news about Severin's group successfully advancing made some envious of their luck. Others were optimistic of Severin's progress, but some dismissed his chances. However, those discussions had no bearing on what was in store for them in the third round of the tournament.

tooth The third round differed from the previous round in that it was aimed at determining the top three positions. The ten individuals who had passed the second round already had access to the sacred lake, but the first-place finisher would secure four spots, and the second-place finisher claimed three. The competition thus became more intense in respect to those coveted positions.

Severin, having calculated that his group had seven places in the bag, discussed an appropriate strategy with Wuhlricht. Thirteen spots were needed— twelve for Severin's group, and one that Severin had agreed to give the Chorteaus.

Wullricht said, "We have seven spots now, so all that's left is six more. You should aim for first place, while we do our best to get second and third." "Great plan!" Severin agreed readily. He was confident that Wuhlricht and the rest of the group could handle the situation.

+15 BONUS Atop the viewing platform, Kiyu cleared his throat before announcing the start of the third round. As participants drew lots, the Lischalts' bad luck streak seemed to begin as the Germain drew Severin. Meanwhile, Jangar faced an honorary elder from the mayor's mansion. The rest of the matchups were between Wuhlricht and the other elders "Fate must be on our side, Severin! Wutricht remarked, much to Severin's amusement.

As the tournament commenced, Wuhlricht's matchups unfolded like a farce, with one opponent surrendering without a fight. The somewhat scripted nature of their matchup made many spectators envious. Meanwhile, the Lischalts— particularly Jangar—were frustrated at the outcome of the pairing.

Life After Prison Chapter 1870-Jangar had put in a tremendous amount of effort to ensure that at least two people from the Lischalts advanced to the third round. Unfortunately, the lots that they drew were in favor of Severin's group.

Severin was slated to face Germain in what was supposed to be a surefire win for Severin. After all, Severin had already proven himself by defeating Thorold.

By contrast, Jangar found himself against an honorary elder from the mayor's mansion, whom he was sure to win against.

In other words, Jangar seemed like an outsider in a competition where the sure victors were Severin's group. He was furious, as there seemed to be no point in continuing the matches. Unfortunately, he still had to abide by the procedure and face his contender. The honorary elder from the mayor's mansion knew what was coming and conceded, having nothing more to fight for after already bagging one spot. Severin's opponent did the same as well.

However, as Severin prepared to leave, Jangar unexpectedly challenged him openly, "Let's not bother drawing lots anymore. Most of the contestants here are your group, anyway. Let us compete with each other, you and me. Winner takes first place! Are you brave enough to take me up on the challenge?" Severin sneered. "Why wouldn't I be?" Jangar sought to expedite the competition by challenging Severin directly for the top spot, a suggestion that Severin had been hoping to propose as well. The spectators, overhearing the exchange, buzzed with excitement.

"Did you hear that? Severin agreed!" "Who will win this earth-shaking match?" "Jangar seems to be a cut above Severin. He is the Purevoid Sect's prodigy, after all. Haven't you heard about his spectacular feat of killing nearly ten level nine royal saints? Even a supreme saint that had just made a breakthrough would think twice about going up against him!" "Hehe, he can talk big, but I think Severin is stronger. Just take Thorold as an example!" "It's fifty-fifty, in my opinion. It could go either way. Jangar's ability transcends those of his peers, and swordsmen are all stronger than most other types of fighters. We should also remember that Severin is strong enough to defeat similar-leveled people without breaking a sweat." Debates erupted about who would emerge victorious in this anticipated showdown between Severin and Jangar, and while opinions varied, everyone agreed that it was to be a very exciting match.

Upon receiving Severin's consent, Jangar turned to Kiyu and Ferland on the viewing platform. Ferland watched the tournament. Ferland was curious to know if Severin or Jangar would be stronger, but deep down, he had gained a very favorable impression of Severin and was rooting for Severin's success.

Ferland stroked his beard and glanced intently at Severin in the arena. He muttered under his breath, "If you win, I'll do whatever it takes to bring you into the Grand Purevoid Sect!" Severin was completely oblivious to Ferland's intentions, but he stood immovably in the arena with a calm expression. That attitude only fueled Jangar's anger, and he drew his sword before unleashing an impressive display of sword energy that left the spectators trembling in fear.

Swordsmen had to devote themselves to the sword, and Jangar took it to great heights by training his sword energy and comprehending swordsmanship from the day he began to learn how to wield a sword. That was the true dedication of a swordsman!

Jangar remained focused as he looked at Severin. "My sword can slice through mountains and halve seas. Are you sure about accepting my

challenge?" Severin unleashed his swordwill and responded in an equally composed manner, "Of course.