

Read Novel Life After Prison Chapter 1871

Life After Prison Chapter 1871-arena with the whistling of swordwill and an emergence of sword light. The sharp sword energy sliced through the surrounding air, causing even the far-seated spectators to feel a stinging sensation on their skin.

Jangar looked emotionlessly at Severin in the center of the arena. He waved the sword in his hand and eschewed the use of flamboyant sword energy or resplendent sword light. He merely let out a yell as he infused his spiritual power into the sword and slashed it toward Severin. "Sea-Parting Form." His movement was incredibly simple and unembellished, yet it came down at a rapid speed that sliced through the very fragment of space to create a dark void around the blade. When Severin observed this, his eyes narrowed, and the calm expression on his face finally disappeared.

Jangar had lived up to the reputation of being a prodigious swordsman, a fact which Severin acknowledged. Although there was no visible sword energy when the sword was unsheathed, the sword's speed and sharpness carried an exceptional murderous intent. If anyone else was in Severin's shoes, it was unlikely that they could avoid the slash. Death, or if they were lucky, a severe injury, was the only possible outcome.

However, Severin was no ordinary individual. The moment he witnessed Jangar's slash, a resounding sword willl erupted from his body. In an instant, the radiant aura that was produced by Severin shot into the sky and pierced the clouds.

Sonic explosions echoed through the air, and the clouds high above seemed to be ripped open. The atmosphere in the entirety of Nontwo City changed in an instant. Every practitioner heard the same thing- a crisp clang of a sword. Then, each sword within the city seemed to echo with the sword will. It seemed as though every single sword in the city took on a mind of their own and attempted to escape their masters grips. The intense power formed a kind of pressure on the air, and Jangar's slash was faced with the prospect of being annihilated. It was a sight that captivated the attention of every single spectator.

"Is that... is that swordwill?" That explains why Severin is so strong! He has also comprehended swordwill!

“Hehe, this is getting interesting. If both Severin and Jangar have mastery of swordwill, then who would end up victorious in the duel?” Numerous spectators exclaimed in awe and engaged in hushed conversations.

The display of sword will by Severin came as a surprise for everyone, even for Ferland. He began to show more interest in Severin’s abilities and was unable to help himself from showering praise. “His strength is incredible, and he has comprehended swordwill at such a young age too! He’s destined to join the years!” After all, it had been tradition for sects to select disciples from the winners of the tournament.

Life After Prison Chapter 1872-Ferland previously had little interest in the tournament, and it took Severin’s swift victory over Janik and Thorold to pique his attention. At the same time, the transformation in Severin’s aura, along with the overwhelming swordwill, finally made Jangar realize something. “That’s why you weren’t afraid of going against me! This was your trump card all along!” As a swordsman himself, Jangar could keenly sense the stupendous swordwill emanating from Severin. It carried a mighty aura, and Jangar felt as if he was surrounded by thousands of sharp swords. Aside from his feelings of surprise, Jangar also found himself filled with excitement. He had faced numerous difficulties in making good progress, no doubt due to the lack of proper swordsmen in the whole of Southsky. Even prestigious sects like Grandiuno Sect and Purevoid Sect were bereft of any young contemporaries who shared in his ideal.

In the past, Jangar honed his swordsmanship through continuous battles. It went without saying that his excitement would be stirred when he saw someone who possessed swordwill as Severin did. Though he initially viewed Severin as a formidable competitor for the first place, he had since regarded Severin as a worthy adversary in swordsmanship.

Jangar felt his blood boil as his eyes were ablaze with fighting spirit. He looked at Severin. “Hahaha, wonderful! I shall use you as a stepping stone to refine my sword skills!” Severin sneered in response. “Pift! That would have to depend on whether you are worthy of it!” Many had said the same thing, but they all ended up being crushed by Severin.

Frederick was a perfect example of that.

Jangar cut straight to the chase and surged forward as his body was enveloped in a radiant light. “Take this!” he yelled, swinging his sword toward

Severin. In an instant, sword energy that extended a hundred feet materialized above the ring.

The sheer power of the intimidating sword energy caused the entire arena's shield to tremble, as if it was on the verge of collapsing. The lightning-like sword light was hurled directly at Severin with incredible speed.

Severin did not remain idle and unleashed his spiritual energy. As it infused into his sword, there appeared an eye-piercing brilliance akin to the sun's rays.

"Rose-Petal Rain!" In an instant, a dazzling burst of petal-like sword energy darted toward Jangar. The collision of the two sword energies resulted in a colossal explosion that shattered the arena's shield.

The shockwave swept through Nontwo City like a swift wind, causing much damage in its wake. Ferland and Kiyu were called to take immediate action, and they leaped into the air to erect another spiritual shield to protect the spectators from the shockwave.

+15 BONUS Kiyu gritted his teeth and urged Ferland, "Please keep the shield in place, lest the shockwave from these two guys destroy Nontwo City!" Ferland nodded and swiftly ascended to the arena to redeploy the shield.

Jangar and Severin's battle had resulted in shockwaves that nearly obliterated all structures within a two-mile radius. After the shield was reinstated, the two combatants resumed their clash in the arena. They hurtled toward each other like arrows, leaving only visible flight trails in their wake. Sonic booms were produced as they sliced through the air like omnipresent beings

Life After Prison Chapter 1873-Each clash between Severin and Jangar resonated profoundly in a thunderous roar, which came as no surprise as both were formidable swordsmen. The shockwaves from their battles resembled a confrontation between two gods, with their sword light slicing through the surrounding air and threatening to destroy the shield yet again.

Had it not been Ferland in charge of maintaining the shield, it would likely have crumbled yet again under the relentless assaults. The fight continued to intensify and both parties were ablaze with fighting spirit.

“Haha, how thrilling!” Jangar roared as airwaves swirled around him. He channeled his spiritual power fervently into his sword, and a cold light gleamed as an icy killing aura filled the air.

In an instant, Jangar swung his sword at Severin, unleashing a blazing sword light extending a hundred feet in length. Like before, it sliced through space and came down on Severin.

Severin dodged the incoming attack, and the forceful impact of the swordlight left a deep gully at the base of the arena as it hacked the structure in half.

Severin retaliated promptly and rose to the air as his body was enveloped in spiritual energy. When he released his grip, the sword seemed to dance before him as it produced a burst of rose petals. The petals sliced through the air and flew toward Jangar, producing loud explosions that reverberated throughout the venue. The sword movement was so swift that Jangar was unable to evade the attack completely even though he had managed to react in time.

Explosions were then heard, and the protective shield Jangar had formed to protect himself ended up shattering. The petals penetrated through, inflicting a substantial blow on him. In an instant, a deep gash appeared on his chest as he spat out a mouthful of blood. The spectators could only observe in disbelief as Severin dominated the match with Jangar. Gossip filled the square as spectators questioned Severin’s unmatched combat prowess.

“Just how powerful is Severin?” “Did Severin overwhelm Jangar in just a few moves?” “This is insane. Is Severin going to make a clean sweep of this year’s tournament and defeat even Jangar 100?” Jangar grimaced in the arena as he forced himself to withstand Severin’s onslaught. He swallowed the blood in his mouth and put on a vicious expression as he felt the biting swordwill left behind on his chest wound.

“Impressive! This is the first time someone has over injured mer Jangar panted and stared at Severin swordsmanship, and even Thorold—a prodigy acknowledged by most of the Nontwo City—had never been regarded highly by him. Severin was the first person that succeeded in earning his attention.

Being suppressed and beaten by Severin was a reality that Jangar found hard to accept, and he exuded a strong murderous intent as soon as he ended his sentence.

Life After Prison Chapter 1874-Jangar resembled the aura of a peerless sword, and his aura had broken through the arena's shield to envelop Nontwo City. His body was bathed in the glow of sword light as he gazed coldly at Severin. He then nonchalantly tossed his long sword in Severin's direction. The speed of flight was not very swift, and one might even describe it as being remarkably slow. Yet, with each advancement, sections of the blade seemed to dissipate, giving rise to a sword light approximately ten feet long. As the blade vanished, the sword light grew even more, The sword light that was approaching Severin eventually reached a jaw-dropping size of a hundred feet, casting a shadow over the entire arena. Severin resembled a tiny little speck as he stood beneath the looming sword.

"How fancy!" Severin remarked, shaking his head lightly. His fists then radiated a brilliance similar to that of the sun's rays. The next second, he thrust his hand forward and unleashed a seal akin to a small mountain. A deafening sonic boom was subsequently produced.

The collision of energy from both that huge fist and extended swordlight leveled the entire arena, creating a massive crater. In the center of the pit stood Severin, who was suspending himself in the air along with his sword in front of him. By contrast, Jangar's clothes were in tatters from the shockwave and his injuries had worsened too.

Jangar's eyes widened in his disbelief as he gazed at Severin, who emerged unscathed. "Impossible!" "Nothing is impossible, Severin replied calmly.

Realizing that his most powerful blow had failed to even ruffle Severin's composure, a profound sense of frustration began to well deep within him. He had nothing else left up his sleeve after using his trump card, so he could only wipe away the blood from his mouth as he said dejectedly to Severin, "You win." He then staggered out of the ring and disappeared from Severin's sight. The sight of Jangar leaving in defeat and dejection elicited a flurry of comments from the spectators.

"Jangar lost!" "Nontwo City is about to usher in a new era!" "I didn't expect Severin to outmatch even Jangar!" Countless people expressed their shock and disbelief. Klyu shared the same sentiment as he stared in stunned silence. He glanced at Severin and felt mixed emotions as he declared, "I hereby announce that Severin has earned first place in the tournament!" Severin's victory was a well-earned one. With Jangar suffering defeat, Wuhlricht automatically ranked second. In short, Severin and his team claimed thirteen out of the fifteen available places in the tournament.

Once the results were announced, a collective sigh of relief swept through the Chorteaus. Rourie, his children, and all of Severin's companions felt like a weight had been lifted off their chest. Roure was the most ecstatic of them all for it had hardly crossed his imagination that Severin would emerge victorious against Jangar!

Life After Prison Chapter 1875-With Kiyu declaring the end of the tournament and announcing Severin as the participant who had bagged first place, Severin finally heaved a sigh of relief.

Ferland stroked the beard on his chin and raised thirteen tokens into Kiyu's view. The two of them offered a respectful salute to the winners.

Ferland tossed the palm-sized tokens into the air and turned them into streaks of light that landed in Severin's hands. He then smiled and explained, "This token serves as your pass to the sacred lake. Engrave your name on it and you will gain smooth entry." Severin acknowledged gratefully in reply, "Thank you very much." Severin glanced at the middle-aged man before him. Clad in luxurious-looking attire, the gray-haired man had a spirited countenance. Clearly, the man was of high standing, being the elder of the Grandiuno Sect.

Ferland chuckled and waved off the gratitude. "Haha, there is no need to thank me. You are young, yet you possess formidable combat prowess, a keen mastery of swordwill, and secured consecutive victories over well-known prodigies like Thorold and Jangar. This city is too small for you." Soaring from the spectator platform, he had much praise for Severin and seemed to hint at his eagerness to recruit Severin into the Grandiuno Sect.

Even so, Ferland acknowledged that it would be unwise to make hasty decisions. He would like to confirm Severin's ability and wait until Severin could at least become a supreme saint before making a decision. Though the Grandiuno Sect had uncovered many promising talents from the sacred lake each year, Severin had not yet reached the level of a supreme saint and was lagging slightly behind in attainment. The difference between a level nine royal saint and a supreme saint was immense, and one might even liken it to a huge gulley that one had to cross to reach the next level.

Severin had trained under the old wacko since young, was sent on a mission to seek out the 12 hall masters, and had to navigate the complexities of human relationships. No longer the naive young man he once was, he had come to comprehend many intricacies in the world.

The praise and appreciation that Ferland displayed toward Severin led the latter to understand that he had won the respect, favor, and attention of the Grandiuno Sect elder. Ferland was a person of high status who would not exalt an undeserving person, and Severin had earned the praise. Severin thanked Ferland once more after being given the token.

Sensing that Severin might have discerned something, Ferland remarked with a smile, "It's time you return home and get some rest. Don't forget to show up at the mayor's mansion in two days." Severin nodded in affirmation. "I will." Having concluded his conversation with Ferland, Severin kept the token away and returned to the win!" +15 BONUS Rourie's obsequious manner caught Severin by surprise, and he tossed a token to Rourie before saying, "Here, I have now fulfilled my end of the bargain." Severin was not about to renege on his promise after agreeing to secure a place for the Chortheaus in the sacred lake.

Rourie put away the token carefully and said, "I had no doubt that you're a man of your word. Let's head home. I'll gather all our disciples today and hold a celebration for you!" Rourie beamed at Severin with a fawning smile.

Life After Prison Chapter 1876-Severin nodded after hearing that. Despite his near-perfect performance as a level nine royal saint, the consecutive battles had left him a bit overwhelmed and fatigued. He was looking forward to return to the Chortheaus with his wives.

As Severin left, the onlookers in the venue gradually snapped out of their senses.

"Who would've thought that the tournament would produce a dark horse like him?" "Severin's victories over Thorold and Jangar are simply unbelievable! It's amazing that he was able to secure first place." "Yeah! There was a total of fifteen spots in the sacred lake, and Severin claimed thirteen of them! No other family secured a slot. This tournament will likely go down in Nortwo City's history!" "I envy him. Did you notice how much Ferland admired Severin? I predict that Severin's meteoric rise will begin after he enters the sacred lake!" "I'll have to prepare some gifts for the Chortheaus to congratulate them!" Many people pondered over the results of the tournament and were still reeling from the shock. Families that were previously at odds with the Chortheaus rushed to prepare some generous gifts, fearing that Severin might be sent over to cause trouble for them. Those on good terms with the Chortheaus reveled in their good fortune, for they could safely anticipate the family's imminent rise to prominence.

With Severin successfully securing Rourie a spot in the sacred lake, the Chorteauss were poised to gain at least one supreme saint. Those who wished to curry favor with them were wise not to delay their expression of goodwill. By the time the spectators snapped out of their senses, they immediately called upon their elders and made their way to the Chorteauss.

A grand banquet was held upon Severin's return. He made only a brief appearance before retreating to the courtyard to train. However, a continuous stream of well-wishers flooded in, and even the doorman was

nearly losing his voice from announcing them.

"The Walpens have arrived to congratulate Elder Severin! The head of the family has given ten fifth-grade high-rank pills and two ninth-grade spiritual weapons!" "The Roaldes have arrived to congratulate Elder Severin! Represented by the family head, Elder Severin has been given two millennium-old pills and a fifth-grade dragon deman pill!" "The Jentzes have arrived to congratulate Elder Severin! They have presented two Sun-grade combat techniques..." Families from across the city arrived at the Chorteauss' estate for the banquet.

Rourie, previously the head of a small-time second-tier family, had his moment to revel in pride. He felt a sense of accomplishment when he saw those level nine royal saints behaving politely toward him despite looking down on him in the past.

Even so, he did not forget that Severin was the main force behind the Chorteauss' rise. Once the banquet concluded, Rourie handed all the congratulatory gifts over to Severin

Life After Prison Chapter 1877-In the courtyard, Rourie directed his servants to come with him and deliver the carefully wrapped gift boxes to Severin's room. Severin was resting on a rocking chair while Rourie informed, "These are two ninth-grade spiritual weapons and pills from the Walpens. Those others are from the Roaldes and the Jentzes... Severin nodded upon hearing that. "You can just place them here." Severin was given a first-hand experience of the implications surrounding the sudden fame. Though he had only secured first place and had yet to achieve the level of a supreme saint, numerous people were already eagerly offering gifts to him in an attempt to win his favor. The ninth-grade spiritual weapons and fifth-grade high-rank pills from the Walpens would be coveted by many a level nine royal saint.

Each gift was significant, and even Diane and Wuhlrich felt a twinge of envy.

They were both level nine royal saints, yet the weapons they wielded were merely eighth-grade spiritual weapons!

After setting down the items, Rourie grinned sheepishly and explained.
“Umm..

To express gratitude for Elder Severin’s contributions, I have personally decided to contribute two millennium-old pills, two ninth grade spiritual weapons, and ten thousand spiritual stones from the Chorteaus’ coffers!” Rourie’s thoughtful gesture was a testament to his commendable character, social acumen, and leadership skills as the head of the Chorteaus. Although the value of his gifts might not match those from more prominent families, they symbolized the Chorteaus’ support. Though Severin did not need any of those items, he could always allocate them to his family and Wuhlrich’s group.

“I appreciate your sincerity,” Severin said with a smile.

Rourie was very much pleased with Severin’s response and excused himself respectfully as he stated, “Til take my leave now. I shall have to entertain the quests.” Once Rourie left, Wuhlrich smiled at Severin and remarked, “You’ve made a name for yourself in Nontwo City. I can’t imagine how many people are interested in cozying up to you. Look at the gifts they presented. They range from millennium-old pills to ninth-grade spiritual weapons. I got second place in the tournament, but no one seemed to have given me anything!” Gilda rolled her eyes at Wuhlrich and retorted, “Enough with the teasing. Dad.

He’s so strong that all of these are practically useless to him. He’s going to let us have them anyway.” Gilda’s observation was accurate. Severin indeed regarded these seemingly redundant items with disdain. He had no need for fifth-grade high-rank pills, as he was currently refining a sixth-grade pill recipe that allowed for one to concentrate one’s spirit. Once successful, he would ascend to the ranks of a sixth-grade alchemist, and fifth-grade pills would no longer interest him.

Moreover, Severin already had a ninth failed to capture his interest, given his possession of three Sun-grade combat techniques.

Severin waved his hand and extracted the pills from over a dozen gift boxes before distributing the rest to Diane and the others. The gifts had been rather

generous too, for there was a total of ten ninth–grade spiritual weapons and several Sun–grade combat techniques.

“I don’t need any of these, so you’re all free to choose whichever ones you like.” The array of pills, spiritual weapons, and combat techniques in front of them elicited a wide grin from Wuhlricht. “Don’t mind if we do then!”

Life After Prison Chapter 1878-Wuhlricht then took a ninth–grade spiritual weapon and a Sun–grade medium– rank combat technique. Felipe, Samuel, and the other elders each chose items that they believed would be of use to them. Diane and the other girls followed suit, taking some very valuable items of their own. Everyone managed to secure at least a ninth–grade spiritual weapon.

“Let’s familianze ourselves with these spiritual weapons in the next few days. It’ll be a bit of a boost in your strength.” Severin suggested. “We will next be heading to the sacred lake. It is crucial for us to know our limits since we won’t be able to predict what challenges we might have to face in there.” The Grandiuno Sect’s sacred lake served as the breakthrough point for all level nine royal saint practitioners in Southsky. Even a relatively small place like Nontwo City could boast 15 entries, and there were many other cities in Southsky too. There was every chance that more formidable prodigies would exist in other places, just as Nontwo City was able to boast individuals like Thorold and Jangar.

Should any trouble arise, then the group’s collective strength could allow them to have each other’s back. Everyone nodded in agreement after hearing Severin’s words. They understood the need for caution during their upcoming trip to the sacred lake, especially as the dangers within were anyone’s guess.

After taking what they needed, they returned to their respective rooms to begin familiarizing themselves with the ninth–grade spiritual weapons.

Two days later, it was time for them to set off to the sacred lake with Ferland.

Severin got up early, took a quick bath, and led everyone to the mayor’s mansion right after breakfast. The sole entry quota given to the Chortheaus was eventually decided to be given to Rourie after some intense internal discussions. He was already a level seven royal saint after consuming pills the previous day. Given his attainment level, he became the logical choice.

Upon arriving at the mansion, they found Ferland waiting alongside a woman in her 20s. She had a slender figure and a beautiful face that took after Kiyu's looks. Although she was only a mid-stage level nine royal saint, her aura conveyed considerable strength. At a glance, Severin determined that she was Kiyu's daughter.

One of the people who secured a top ten spot in the tournament was an elder from the mayor's mansion.

One could deduce that Kiyu gave their quota to his daughter, Illy. Whatever arrangement the mayor had was none of Severin's business though, so he went up to Ferland and greeted with a smile, "I hope we weren't late." "Not at all. You're right on time," Ferland responded with a faint smile.

With a swift motion, Ferland deployed a small airship and energized it with his spiritual power. The airship sacred lake is several thousand miles away, so we should aim to arrive before nightfall." At his beckoning Severin and the others leaped into the air and boarded the airship. With Ferland at the helm, the airship shot across the sky above Nontwo City like a streak of light and disappeared into the horizon in the blink of an eye.

Life After Prison Chapter 1879-The land before them seemed to grow smaller as strong winds enveloped the airship. Nontwo City soon became a little black speck before ultimately vanishing view. Ferland steered the airship and said to them with a smile, "Don't worry!

This airship is equipped with a protective shield to isolate us from the outside.

You don't have to worry about falling.

Everyone smiled knowingly at Ferland's remark. Of the fourteen individuals heading to the sacred lake from Nontwa City, Kiyu's daughter Illy was the only unfamiliar face there. In no time, the atmosphere became rather lively.

As Ferland was navigating the airship, Severin decided to ask several questions about the sacred lake. He did not want to arrive there without knowing what to expect. He gestured respectfully toward Ferland and asked, "Sir, may I ask if you know how many people will be entering the lake at this time?" Ferland placed his left hand on his back while stroking his beard with his right hand. "Not many. Tens of thousands from Southsky, I believe." Wuhlricht and the others were rather taken aback when they heard that. "Tens of thousands?!" They wondered just what sort of place it would be if so many

level nine royal saints were allowed to enter all at once and make breakthroughs Severin calmed himself down and directed his attention back to Ferland. "Could you enlighten us on what makes this sacred lake unique?" In response to Severin's curiosity, Ferland began to explain, "I'm sure you're aware of the distinction between royal saints and supreme saints. Supreme saints achieve strength by condensing their soul and producing what's known as a martial soul." Severin nodded, having learned about those concepts during his time at the Chortaus. However, he had no clue as to the entire process of condensing the soul Ferland then continued, "The sacred lake possesses tremendous amounts of natural power, also known as the power of heaven and earth. Level nine royal saints can sense this power, and by properly understanding one's body, one will then be able to condense the spiritual power into a condensed soul.

That is what facilitates a breakthrough to supreme saint." "Natural power?" Severin asked in surprise. He reflected on his arrival at the Bleurealm and remembered making a careful observation of the situation around him. Aside from the tenfold density of natural energy and the strong force present all around him, everything seemed to be the same as when he was at the Skyblue Sect. Perhaps the surrounding force was what Ferland described as the natural power—the power of heaven and earth.

Ferland confirmed, "Yes." He then opened his palm and curled his fingers slightly as if to hold a ball. Fine threads of an invisible force soon appeared in his palm, emitting a hazy light and exuding a tremendously formidable aura.

Even a level nine royal saint like Severin felt an eerie sensation when facing that force. Goosebumps appeared all over his body. Ferland then explained, "This is the power of heaven and earth. It is the strongest force in existence, surpassing even the spiritual energy of heaven and earth."

Life After Prison Chapter 1880-sacred lake was shared among the four major sects and thus was not exclusively owned by the Grandiuno Sect. However, the Grandiuno Sect was the most dominant of the four.

Severin took a deep breath after digesting the information. Just as he was about to respond, Ferland added, "By the way, the four major sects tend to recruit disciples during the time that access is granted to the sacred lake. If you successfully make a breakthrough to supreme saint, you might have the chance to awaken a spiritual vein or an exceptional martial soul. That would pave the way for you to join one of the four major sects." This revelation shook Severin and he replied immediately, "Thank you for informing me of that."

Ferland waved his hand and offered a word of caution, “Don’t thank me just yet.

Your acceptance would depend on your performance.” Severin nodded in agreement and understood the implications of the situation.

Ferland’s words came as a timely reminder to him. Though he and his group could continue to remain unaffiliated practitioners after making a breakthrough, resources were much harder to come by at the latter levels. Without the support of an established force, their progress would be stuck at a snail’s pace.

If one of the four sects accepted them as disciples and provided them with the necessary support, it would not be that difficult to gain some resources.

More importantly, Severin wished to become a greater alchemist who could craft much higher–grade pills. Normal families could not possibly possess such pills, and only prominent sects had the capability of producing them.

With that understanding, Severin exchanged glances with his group and nodded. Severin had decided to enter the Grandiuno Sect after he made a breakthrough at the sacred lake.

For the remainder of the journey, Severin and the group did not ask Ferland any further questions and simply waited to reach their destination.

+15 BONUS Every half an hour, the airship made stops in different cities and took on new passengers—those were the victors of each city’s tournament. The number of people on the hundred–foot airship gradually numbered in the hundreds.

The group finally reached Southsky’s sacred lake in the evening. Ferland used a plaque to activate a seal covering the sacred lake before flying the group in.

Before them was a lake nestled within a mountain. The lake was several miles wide, and the sky above the lake was veiled in white mist. In that split second, an immensely powerful spiritual energy began enveloping Severin’s body. A deep breath rejuvenated him and left him feeling incredibly refreshed.