

Read Novel Life After Prison Chapter 1901

Life After Prison Chapter 1901-Some of those individuals were among the top ten prodigies on the list.

Needless to say, to achieve the status of an elite disciple in the Grandiuno Sect requires extraordinary strength.

Each one of them was at least a level six supreme saint, and they formed the backbone of the sect even though there were not a lot of them. Each of them was strong enough to become a pillar of a smaller sect.

In contrast to Shyam and the many other elite disciples who harbored jealousy toward Severin after he became the sixth core disciple, the five great core disciples were more curious about Severin than anything.

Inside a well-tended garden courtyard on the Sixth Mountain sat a woman wearing a blue gown. She sat cross-legged next to a cauldron and had an aqua-blue silk bow tied around her waist. A gold hairpin adorned her long black hair, and white boots embroidered with gold silk completed her outfit. Her fair ankles were visible, and they seemed to complement her cold and beautiful appearance. Her charming eyes and delicate skin made her look like an angel that had descended to earth and was as yet unadulterated by the world.

The woman was Celeste Mullin, the Sixth Mountain's prodigy and the sole woman among the five core disciples. Celeste was once a concubine, and it was by chance that sect elders came across her and found out that she possessed the Forest Constitution. It was a rare Element Constitution that resonated particularly well with alchemy, making her an exceptional talent in the field of alchemy. Celeste thus became a disciple of the Grandiuno Sect's Sixth Mountain.

Once she was accepted into the sect, she lived up to her expectations and demonstrated exceptional talent. Aside from making a rapid breakthrough to supreme saint, she had also achieved the status of at fifth-grade alchemist. Due to the combination of those talents, her ascent to becoming a core disciple seemed set in stone, and the sect conferred that status to her a year ago. Unlike the other core disciples who chose to have their island, she decided to remain on the Sixth Mountain.

Celeste was surprised by the news of the sixth core disciple as she sat cross-legged next to the cauldron. It came as such a big shock that even the pill inside the cauldron was burnt without her noticing.

Not far away, an old woman chastised Celeste gently and exhorted her for letting the pill burn. "You're not paying attention, Celeste. Perhaps I've been too lenient on you all this while." Celeste smiled and explained her distraction coyly. "I was just caught off-guard by the news of a sixth core disciple." She then asked curiously, "Why do you think our sect leader broke away from the tradition of having five core disciples, Aunt Zelia?" Zella shrugged off the question. "I'm sure our sect leader had his reasons. I am merely an elder, so I am not privy to his thoughts. However, it is clear that this new boy is exceptionally talented, or else our sect Zelia's reasoning made sense to Celeste. Celeste had the lowest attainment level among the five core disciples, for she had only just recently made a breakthrough to level eight supreme saint. Even so, few dared to challenge her for her spot because of her talent in alchemy and her reputation for being the most beautiful female disciple in the sect.

Many elite disciples were gunning to become core disciples, and she believed that Severin would be bound to face many challenges from them due to his status as a newcomer who had been given an exception.

Since the Sixth Mountain was near to the Pearl Light Isle, Celeste took out a pill with dense spiritual energy. "Could you please send someone to deliver this sixth-grade Brightriver Pill to Pearl Light Isle?" Elsewhere, on a floating island not far from the Fourth Mountain, there was dense spiritual energy and countless spiritual birds flying around in the air. Spiritual herbs were growing aplenty, and they came in all sorts of colors. In the center of the island was a purple-clad young man who opened his eyes for a while.

Life After Prison Chapter 1902-The young man was about twenty years old, and he radiated an aura that was as majestic and vast as the rising sun. A simple wave of his hand created ripples in the surrounding air, courtesy of the spiritual energy that a level eight supreme saint like him possessed. His golden eyes were particularly alluring, almost as if they could transport one to a mystical world if one stared too long at them.

Raymond Trujilo was his name, and he was ranked fourth out of the five core disciples. He was famed for having an Element Constitution known as the Battle Constitution. He also had what was termed the Voldbreaker Eye. In the

past, he had defeated a level nine supreme saint despite being one level lower.

News of an additional core disciple piqued Raymond's curiosity even more. The only individuals whom core disciples viewed as equals were other core disciples. Elite disciples were merely regarded as slightly stronger than ordinary people, regardless of the elite disciples' true strengths. Core disciples in the Grandiuno Sect were capable of holding their own against people who were stronger than them. Core disciples aimed to become future leaders of the sect, or perhaps even venture into the wider world of Midland and join the Grandiuno Sacred Land!

There were previously only five core disciples in the sect. Celeste, the female alchemy prodigy, did not vie for the position of sect leader or the chance to enter the Grandiuno Sacred Land, unlike the other three.

Karl, the first-ranked core disciple, was a paragon rumored to be the descendant of a legendary powerhouse. He had just recently become a paragon.

Spencer Yade, the second core disciple, possessed the True Dragon Constitution and was physically stronger than a true dragon. Through his unique Element Constitution, he was able to comprehend a special technique that could rival a dragon's strength! He had reportedly killed an opponent one level stronger than him in the past.

The third core disciple, Riley Boyer, possessed the formidable Nine Yang Body Constitution.

With the emergence of the sixth core disciple, Raymond, who once had the weakest attainment among them, felt himself drawn to the unfolding events. Though he was curious about Severin, Raymond realized that Severin would be challenged by jealous elite disciples and not the core disciples like himself.

He shook his head and mumbled, "I hope you can maintain your position as a core disciple, Severin..." Unaware of the sensation that his true identity has caused in the Grandiuno Sect, Severin experienced exponential growth of spiritual energy in his energy core. It seemed to transform into something like a golden ocean glimmering with spiritual energy. The huge waves crashed against his energy core's barrier, as if wanting to expand its size.

Aside from condensing one's soul, a supreme saint's training involves activating several points within their bodies.

These points were commonly known as acupoints or meridian points, and there were 365 points.

throughout one's body. Supreme saints aim to open these meridians one by one, turning them into containers for the spiritual energy of heaven and earth. By relying on the power of his soul, Severin activated the meridians one by one.

Before long, his energy grew stronger.

A few days later, a gust of wind radiated from Severin's body. It was accompanied by a 'click' that only he could hear in his mind, and which seemed to suggest that some sort of shackle had been released.

Life After Prison Chapter 1903-Following that breakthrough, Severin's aura soared to level four supreme saint.

After exhaling his negative energy, Severin scrutinized his primal spirit and was overjoyed to notice that the star-like meridians all over his body were rapidly devouring the surrounding spiritual energy.

Those meridians, hidden in various parts of their energy, might not retain substantial spiritual energy on their own, but the cumulative effect was very remarkable. Severin could sense that his strength was dozens of times stronger than before. He could effortlessly unleash hundreds of feet of spiritual power, capable of leveling mountains and even obliterating ninth-grade spiritual weapons treasured by most royal saints.

More importantly, Severin felt every single cell resonate within his body after activating those meridians, even when he was not actively employing any technique. His body seemed to have become instinctively attuned to absorb the surrounding spiritual energy.

Upon retracting his attention from his primal spirit, Severin decided to call it a day and end his seclusions. "About a hundred and sixty meridians have been activated, so that leaves another two hundred more." Supreme saints make progress differently from other attainment levels, as their primary emphasis was the activation of meridians within their body. Roughly forty meridians required activation within the initial stage, and the ultimate goal was to open

all 365 meridians throughout the body. The practitioner could then sense the world and forge a connection between heaven and earth. Only by harnessing the power of heaven and earth can one ascend to the level of a paragon. That was what separated the supreme saint from the royal saint.

Although some prodigies might be able to go beyond their level against higher– level opponents while they were still level nine royal saints, the activation of those meridians in a supreme saint's body would be able to stifle the efforts of such level nine royal saints. Few supreme saints could transcend their level in terms of strength, and those who could would certainly have exceptional talent.

Having completed his seclusion, Severin moved on to familiarize himself the treasured weapons and Star- grade techniques that Oskar had given to him.

Deliberating on this, he retrieved the Scarletsky Sword and Initiated its practice.

While the Scarletsky Sword appeared unremarkable at first, Severin ignited its flames during the process of accustoming himself to it. A luminous divine light merged with the sword, and the ensuing hum signaled the release of a formidable swordwill. The swordwill shot up to the sky, and the pressure was so strong that even a level four supreme saint like Severin was startled by the piercing pain on his skin.

After days of rigorous training, the swordwill gradually subsided, leaving the Scarletsky Sword looking like rank spiritual treasure. Filled with extensive spiritual energy, a single thought was all that would be needed for him to kill a target that was tens of miles away.

Its strength was evidently several times much. higher than that of an ordinary ninth–grade spiritual weapon.

Following his accomplishment, Severin took a two–day respite before entering seclusion once more. His new goal was the Grandiuno Treasured Notes, a training exercise acknowledged to be the Grandiuno Sect's premier techniques.

It held the potential to elevate one's attainment to supreme saint, for it conferred on a person unparalleled killing power as well as formidable maneuvers.

Severin had always tried to comprehend the training exercises that the old wacko passed down to him, but some of the knowledge was incomplete because the old wacko had already ascended to a higher realm. As a result, Severin had difficulty in navigating through the supreme saint.

Life After Prison Chapter 1904-Even though the old wacko had visited the Bleurealm and left certain knowledge behind, it would be a Herculean task for Severin to explore such an expansive territory. Severin decided to set that aside for now and turn his attention to practicing the Grandiuno Treasured Notes. Two months passed in a flash. Severin emerged from his room with eyes glowing formidably like lightning. As he stood up, a crackling sound resonated throughout his body, and his lean form was now adorned with prominent muscles.

Surrounded by an abundance of spiritual energy, each breath that Severin let out resembled arrows that shot into the green brick floor in front of him. The Grandiuno Treasured Notes' influence surged through his body, causing his cells to undergo a change that enhanced even the texture of his skin to a divine quality.

His skin was delicately silky, and his body emitted a fragrance reminiscent of the immortals spoken of in legends.

After conducting a mental assessment of his physical state, Severin was pleased with the outcome and breathed a sigh of relief. The two-month seclusion was worth it. His physical strength had become comparable to a wild beast, and the vigor in his blood had almost rivaled that of a dragon.

The ability of a Supreme saint to transcend levels was largely dependent on factors such as the number of meridians opened, the constitution, skill proficiency, and spiritual treasure quality. With over a hundred.

meridians opened, a Chaotic Constitution, and the mid-rank Scarletsky Sword that Severin had familiarized himself with, he believed that he could confidently confront a level six supreme saint.

After snapping out of his senses, Severin got up and declared, "I've been training for more than two months now, so it's time I come out of seclusion." As he stretched, his bones produced a crackling sound.

He opened the door and entered the courtyard enveloped by Pearl Light Isle's spirit-gathering array.

Clouds and mist abounded, and the abundant spiritual energy had condensed to the point where the air was saturated with it.

The thick fog created a fairyland-like appearance, made all the more beautiful by the sun's rays. Any supreme saint who stood there could feel a sense of clarity in their heart and lungs, all purified by the rich spiritual energy. If ordinary people lived there, they would be free from illnesses and remain in good health all the time..

Severin was still admiring the island's scenery when Wuhlricht asked, "Have you ended your seclusion?" Wuhlricht, dressed in a plain cyan training uniform, sat under a large tree in the courtyard while playing chess with Felipe.

Severin observed their leisurely demeanor and commented, "You seem to have a lot of time on your hands. Don't you need to train?" Severin had already gleaned some understanding of what was going on outside while he was training. The Pearl Light Isle token that Oskar provided allowed him to have a general sense of the island. Over the past two months of his seclusion, Wuhlricht and the others were initially teeming with excitement. Once that waned, Diane and the girls went to seclusion while Wuhlricht and his group either disappeared for prolonged periods or played chess.

Life After Prison Chapter 1905-In the center of a courtyard, Wuhlricht cocked his eyebrows as he was about to make his move and pointed out, "Not everyone is as gifted as you, Severin, The Chaotic Constitution makes it training second nature to you. Felipe and I recently broke through to level one supreme saint not long after arriving at the sacred lake, and we'd have our solid past foundations to thank if we were lucky enough to progress to level two supreme saint in one go." Felipe then said with a smile, "Don't take this the wrong way, Severin, but you need to attain a balance between work and rest. Secluding yourself all day will make you as dull as a statue." Wuhlricht and Felipe's double act left Severin a little bewildered, but he knew that they were making perfect sense. During their time in the Skyblue Sect, everyone made rapid progress because Severin provided pills for everyone. That assistance allowed everyone, even the less gifted, to make near- effortless breakthroughs.

However, Severin made almost zero progress in alchemy since his arrival in Bleurealm.

Though the Grandiuno Sect provided pills every month, the meager resources were not enough for supreme saints to make a breakthrough. Wuhlricht and the Great Elder were fortunate to have an Element Constitution, thus negating some of the difficulties that ordinary practitioners would face. It might even take several months for such disciples to achieve a breakthrough.

Severin could not help but smile wryly when he contemplated that. He had attempted to refine the sixth-grade pill Prima Spirit Pill that the Chorleaus were given back in Nontwo City, but it failed due to his unfamiliarity with the formula and the high costs of the materials.

“I should take this time to enhance my alchemy skills. It’d be best if I could become a sixth-grade alchemist. This way, Diane and the others can catch up with my pace and advance further,” Severin thought to himself.

His wives Diane, Sofia, Sheila, and Gilda all possessed a Spirit Constitution.

Though they were considered prodigies within Bleurealm, their progress was hampered due to the increasing difficulty faced by those with higher attainment levels. The lack of resources was a huge factor contributing to that challenge.

A sudden thought occurred to Severin and he shook his head with a bitter smile.

‘It’s such a shame how precious these sixth-grade pills are. I might be a supreme saint, but I can only afford eight or nine sets of medicinal materials for the Prima Spirit Pill. If none of the materials will help me to advance to becoming a sixth-grade alchemist, there’s no telling when I will get a breakthrough.’ Sixth-grade pills were exceedingly costly, and Severin only managed to acquire two sets from the Chorleaus. It was a Catch-22 situation—an alchemist had to improve their skills, but in doing so, extensive hands-on practice using real materials was needed to raise the success rate.

After contemplating for a moment, Severin recalled his conversation with the Yaacob, the Grandiuno Sect’s self-professed know-it-all. There was an Alchemy Tower situated next to the Sixth Mountain where numerous alchemists practiced their craft. Severin decided to explore the tower in the hopes of enhancing his alchemy, Wuhlricht’s voice then interrupted his thoughts. “You should be more careful these days, Severin.” Stunned by their serious expressions, Severin asked, “Is there something wrong?” Wuhlricht explained solemnly, “Well, you’ve been in seclusion for over two months now,

and there's a chance that many elite disciples have been secretly gearing up to challenge you for your place!" That would explain why Wuhlricht would advise him to keep his guard up. The Grandiuno Sect permitted elite disciples to challenge core disciples, and the winner would then become the new core disciple.

Such a method might seem cruel, but it promoted a healthy competitiveness that ensured only the most outstanding candidate would be poised to succeed the sect head. As the sixth core disciple, Severin's presence had undoubtedly caused a stir, and many elite disciples coveted his position.

No data found.

Life After Prison Chapter 1907-Severin sneered when he heard that. He was familiar with Shyam's reputation and knew that he was ranked tenth among all the prodigies in the Grandiuno Sect. Shyam had reached an impressive level five supreme saint.

The rankings were conceptualized to motivate disciples to give their all during training. Anyone making it onto the list commanded the highest of respect and was second only to the five core disciples.

Shyam's ranking in the top ten indicated his considerable strength, and he had persistently handed challenge letters to Severin through Wuhlricht and Felipe. However, those challenges were ignored because Severin was still in seclusion, and Severin hardly expected to find himself in that predicament as soon as he stepped out of Pearl Light Isle.

Shyam looked intently at Severin while unleashing the spiritual energy of a level five supreme saint. His imposing presence resulted in fluctuations of the air around him, whipping up a small sandstorm that seemed to consist of tiny razor-sharp blades.

Shyam confronted Severin. "How strong are you that the sect leader had to make an exception for you to sixth core disciple? Are you brave enough to take me up on my challenge?" Severin snickered under the pressure of Shyam's aura. With a wave of his hand, the intimidating wind blades turned into harmless glows of light. Severin was rather annoyed with Shyam's demanding tone and said, "I'll be happy to send you to meet your maker," Severin did not refuse the challenge, as there had already been enough people pestering Wuhlricht and the others about challenging him in the past two months.

Severin's response left a bitter taste in Shyam's mouth. His eyes brimmed with murderous intent as he retorted, "You've got a sharp tongue. Let's see if your strength matches your arrogance!" With that, he darted off in a flow of light and headed straight to the sect's challenge arena. Severin followed suit, viewing this confrontation as an opportunity to assert himself and send a warning to all those who wanted to cause trouble for his group on Pearl Light Isle. Shyam, on the other hand, was thrilled to have a shot at replacing Severin as a core disciple if he could defeat Severin in the challenge. The resources and treatment that a core disciple would receive were undoubtedly very tempting to him.

Severin and Shyam caused quite a stir as they arrived at the arena near the Fifth Mountain. Severin had remained mostly in seclusion on Pearl Light Isle since joining the Grandiuno Sect and never made an appearance outside of the island. After all, he was too busy training and familiarizing himself with the techniques and weapons.

However, his core disciple robe was identifiable at a glance, and everyone immediately knew that he was the new core disciple. Furthermore, Shyam was well-known as the tenth-ranked elite disciple, so the attention was naturally drawn toward them both.

"Look, he's wearing the core disciples' robe! I've never seen him before, so I'm guessing he's the sixth core disciple!"

"And Shyam is there with him! He ranks ten in the prodigies' ranking!" "We'll probably be able to witness an interesting battle! Why else would the new core disciple stand there with Shyam if they're not going to have a duel?" "I've heard that this Severin has remained secluded on Pearl Light Isle since his arrival. Several of our elite disciples have been wanting to challenge him, and it seems that Shyam has the honor of being the first." "Do you think Shyam will take over Severin's position as the newest core disciple? Or do you think Severin has been hiding his true strength?"

Life After Prison Chapter 1908-"Severin is being impulsive! Shyam is a powerful level five supreme saint!" "Severin has allowed his emotions to get the better of him. He is already a core disciple, and all these doubters would no longer doubt him as long as he remains on Pearl Light Isle to train and improve himself," The disciples near the arena immediately engaged in hushed conversations upon witnessing Severin and Shyam's arrival.

Some felt that Severin was too impulsive, as Shyam was a level five supreme saint who ranked tenth in the rankings. Severin might be a core disciple, but many felt that his strength was far inferior because it had only been two months since he joined.

Oskar's unconventional decision to appoint Severin as the sixth core disciple had caused quite a stir in the Grandiuno Sect, especially among those elite geniuses aspiring to hold that position. Many sought to find out more about Severin's background, and a lot of his achievements were soon made known, such as his rapid breakthrough in the sacred lake and his victories over Thorold and Jangar. However, Shyam was a level five supreme saint and a genius of the sect. He was considered a formidable opponent by the spectators, and the majority believed that he would win the duel with Severin.

Upon arriving at the arena, Shyam approached the elder responsible for arena supervision. It was Morian, the elder whom Severin had encountered on the day Oskar brought him to Pearl Light Isle.

Morian looked at Severin with a frown and cautioned. "Think twice, Severin.

Core disciples who have recently joined the sect are exempt from these challenges for the first three months. You have the right to refuse a challenge at this moment." He wanted to make it clear to Severin that stepping into the arena was a grave matter. Losing was not an option for a core disciple, and any slip-up could be costly. He was there when Oskar brought Severin into the sect, and he understood just how much importance the sect leader placed on Severin.

As an elder, he received information quicker and with greater accuracy compared to the information.

received by the disciples. He thus knew that Severin had developed a divine constitution at the sacred lake. The specific constitution that Severin had, known as the Chaotic Constitution, was such that he was destined to become one of the sect's pillars simply by having stable training.

Severin, however, was determined to proceed. "Please set up the arena." He wanted to end the battle with Shyam as soon as possible so he could move on to improve his alchemy at the Alchemy Tower.

Morian saw the determination in Severin's eyes and acknowledged the latter's decision. He activated the shield on the arena and said, "If that is the case,

then let the duel begin.” The onlookers held their breath in eager anticipation of the impending battle.

Upon stepping onto the arena, Shyam clenched his fists and said, “I thought you were a coward who was going to stay on Pearl Light Isle forever.” In the blink of an eye, Severin swiftly launched an attack without warning, leaving behind a series of afterimages as he rushed toward Shyam with remarkable speed. Shyam was taken aback by the sudden attack, and he quickly mobilized his spiritual energy to form a protective shield in front of him before Severin’s punch could land on him.

Life After Prison Chapter 1909-Severin’s fist landed on the protective shield in front of Shyam, and a dazzling burst of light erupted. The impact pushed Shyam several feet backward.

Shyam, being a supreme saint, reacted swiftly. He raised his hand without much ado and summoned a long sword that had a frost-like cold gleam. He then slashed in Severin’s direction, and the speed of his attack was so quick that a sharp whistling sound was produced. The sword emitted a slew of cold air, and it was so cold that it could even freeze the very void itself.

“You’re bound to lose.” Shyam proclaimed with a fierce smile. Consider it an honor to be defeated by my Black Ice Sword!” Although his Black Ice Sword was a low-rank spiritual treasure, Shyam had enhanced its lethality by infusing it with ten thousand years’ worth of black ice. It was strong enough to rival that of a mid-grade spiritual treasure. Furthermore, the sword harmonized perfectly with Shyam’s skills, allowing him to unleash two hundred percent of his maximum combat power.

Confident in his abilities, Shyam was undaunted even if Severin possessed a similar level of attainment.

After all, Severin had only been in seclusion for a little over two months, and he was likely a level two or level three supreme saint. Launching a sneak attack on Severin would undoubtedly result in a severe.

injury.

That confidence was why Shyam dared to challenge Severin. Breaking through to level four supreme saint.

within two months was unheard of, even for someone with a divine constitution.

However, as Shyam's icy sword energy approached Severin's body, Severin calmly reached out and caught the sword light with his fingers.

"Impossible!" Shyam exclaimed as his eyes widened in disbelief. Severin had effortlessly intercepted an attack that even a level five supreme saint would not dare to underestimate.

"Shatter," Severin said calmly, and the cold-infused sword light shattered into several pieces with a resounding bang. Severin's physical strength was comparable to that of a dragon, and he could easily deal with the flying sword fragments.

As the sword light shattered, Shyam stepped back with a horrified expression on his face. Despite being the tenth-ranked elite disciple of the Grandiuno Sect, he was able to adjust his strategy rapidly and launched an immediate attack on Severin.

He wanted to engage in close-quarters combat and seize a chance to mount a sneak attack. However, Severin was much faster than Shyam and closed the distance in the blink of an eye. A loud thud ensued as Severin threw a punch with flames erupting like the rising sun. The tremendous force struck Shyam sack.

Upon stabilizing himself, Shyam mumbled in disbelief as fear crept over him, "Are you now a level four supreme saint?" The onlookers near the arena began to realize that Severin had an extraordinary level of attainment.

"How did he make a breakthrough to level four supreme saint in just two months of seclusion?!" "No wonder our sect leader made an exception for him and designated him as the sixth core disciple." "Hehe, it's never a good idea to run before you can walk. He must've taken some pills before his breakthrough. That's the only explanation for such rapid progress." "It took me nearly a year to break through to the level four supreme saint when I joined the sect, and even Raymond needed four months to progress from level one to level four," Shyam was astonished by Severin's rapid advancement. As far as he knew, Severin had only managed to become a supreme saint at the sacred lake two months ago.

Life After Prison Chapter 1910-Severin had managed to make a breakthrough to level four supreme saint over the last two months. Although Shyam was taken aback by that, he adjusted his mindset to face the situation before him. He wiped away the blood from his lips and declared coldly, "You leave me no choice." Shyam then took out one of his pills and ate it. The pill transformed into a surge of potent spiritual power upon ingestion, and Shyam's attainment ascended rapidly too. In a matter of seconds, he not only recovered from his injuries but also elevated his attainment to level six supreme saint. The sudden advancement stirred excitement among the spectators near the arena.

Observant disciples soon identified the pill that he had used.

"Isn't that the Savagery Pill? Shyam is trying to pull a fast one over Severin! I didn't think he'd use one of the most valuable sixth-grade medium-rank pills!

"This pill heals injuries rapidly and is even capable of enhancing one's attainment by a level." Shyam then glared at Severin. Though his current level sixth supreme saint attainment was artificially boosted by the Savagery Pill and he could only sustain the augmented state for a limited time, he was nonetheless confident because of the significant gap between each stage of a supreme saint's level.

Having gauged Severin's attainment level in their previous battle, he concluded that Severin could not possibly win against a level six supreme saint despite the somewhat startling progress from level one to level four in the past two months.

Shyam wiped the blood from his mouth and sported a manic grin, "Just because you're a level four supreme saint doesn't mean you're strong. You're just a weakling in front of me." His violent aura overwhelmed the spectators so severely that many were gasping for breath. The majority shook their heads in disappointment as if they could already see Severin's defeat.

"Severin is done for. He might not be able to survive a battle against Shyam." "I thought he would have something to show for after he managed to get our sect leader to make an exception for him and appoint him as the sixth core disciple. It's a shame he's got nothing going for him." Faced with Shyam's overpowering strength, Severin stood as tall and unwavering as a mountain. He smiled calmly and asked, "I'm curious to test the strength of a level six supreme saint." In the next moment, a tremor resonated in the void, accompanied by a thunderous echo. Severin. unleashed his spiritual energy,

which seemed to surpass Shyam's! His strength had increased tremendously after his breakthrough to level four supreme saint, not to mention his diligent study of the Grandiuno Sect's Star-grade techniques and the Grandiuno Treasured Notes.

Despite being two levels lower than Shyam, he was confident of dealing effortlessly with Shyam, especially since he had two spiritual treasures at his disposal.

The intense surge of spiritual energy could be sensed even by several elders who were in seclusion nearby. Many others were drawn to what was happening in the arena. Shyam's expression turned gloomy as he sensed Severin's growing power. He felt a tingling feeling in his scalp, and he immediately contemplated retreat.

Shyam's hesitation prompted Severin to shake his head in disdain. "You're weak, both in strength and in heart." Severin then lunged forward with an attack. He summoned his Scarletsky Sword and swung down, producing a radiant sword light that illuminated the sky like the afternoon sun.