

Life After Prison chapter 2161-2170

Three tolls of a bell resounded throughout the Grandiuno Sect in the early morning hours, marking the day of the tournament.

On Pearl Light Isle, Diane and the girls were helping Severin dress up. With their attire fully on, Severin smiled at them.

“Time to go. The tournament will start soon, and it’s about time we head to the arena.”

Severin exited the room and traveled across the air in a streak of light. Similar scenes appeared across the Grandiuno Sect, as the sky filled with a profusion of rainbow streaks that numbered upward of several hundred thousand.

It did not take long for Severin to lead his wives to the sect arena, which was situated between the Sixth Mountain and the Seventh Mountain. Tens of thousands of spectators

filled the arena, and Severin's arrival stirred an immediate sensation among the crowd.

“Look! Elder Severin is here!”

“How is he that young? I heard that he just made a breakthrough to royal paragon!”

“His talent is nothing short of extraordinary! No one can secure breakthroughs from supreme saint to paragon in just a year!”

“Hehe, I wonder if he'll be able to secure first place in the tournament?”

“He stands a good chance, in my opinion. I can't think of anyone aside from him who stands a legitimate chance of securing first place.”

Severin approached the arena calmly and ignored the hubbub.

Many elders were already waiting on the high platform above the arena.

“Come and have a seat, Severin!” Myles offered.

“Thank you, Peak Master Myles.” Severin accepted the invitation and led his wives over before taking a seat next to Myles.

Severin glanced at the spirited participants across the crowd and remarked to Myles, “Everyone is raring for the tournament.”

“But of course,” Myles replied. noveldrama

“This importance of this tournament isn’t limited to the battles for the core disciples. Even elite disciples vie for a spot in the rankings because of the rewards that the sect would confer on them.”

Severin nodded. He knew that the top three hundred disciples in the tournament would receive corresponding rewards. Though those rewards were not particularly abundant, the pills and inferior -grade spiritual treasures were valued by the elite

disciples, as most of them were less alchemically talented unlike Severin.

The top hundred would then be awarded an additional Crystal Spring Pill, while the top 50 could obtain mediocre-quality spiritual treasures. Only the top ten would be given more substantial rewards that encompassed spiritual treasures, techniques, and pills.

Several familiar faces were spotted in the crowd, but Severin did not dwell too much on their presence. Among them were Shyam-whom he defeated, Radyn, and not least of all the core disciples such as Celeste and Raymond.

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Severin observed the crowd silently and noticed that most of whom were elite disciples. Very few were level nine supreme saint, and the only two he noticed were Celeste and Raymond.noveldrama

He was the sole paragon at the moment, as the remaining core disciples had yet to arrive.

Sometime later, his keen divine senses-courtesy of his paragon attainment-allowed him to sense and pinpoint a gaze that was looking murderously at him.

A multicolored stream of light flew past swiftly and soon revealed an unassuming and well-dressed young man.

The disciples around him erupted into heated discussions.

“That’s Riley!”

“He’s the third core disciple!”

“I heard he made a breakthrough to paragon a few months ago. Guess the rumors were true then. He just gives off such an intimidating vibe”

“Who would have thought that three of the five core disciples made a breakthrough to paragon. I wonder who’s the strongest among the five!”

Their discussions identified the person as Riley.

“So, he’s Riley.”

In the year since he joined the sect, Severin only knew two of the five core disciples- Celeste and Raymond. The other three remained enigmas who rarely showed up in public. That was Riley’s first encounter with Raymond.

Realizing that the hostility was coming from Riley, Severin thought to himself, “He must be the vengeful type.”

Despite never meeting or interacting with Riley, the animosity Riley displayed suggested to Severin that it could be a result of the recent rise to paragon. Of the five core disciples, Raymond and Celeste were slightly

weaker. Only three were paragons-Riley, Spencer, and Karl. The tournament was their time to shine, and it was only natural for them to feel unhappy when Severin showed up out of nowhere.

Severin retracted his glance. His relationship with Riley was purely competitive and not borne of any resentment.

Suddenly, a rainbow streaked through the sky and a young man in a black robe approached the arena with several people surrounding him.

They soon recognized the person as Spencer.

“Isn’t that Spencer!”

“I heard he has an element constitution known as the True Dragon Constitution. It makes him as strong as a true dragon, and he even mastered a secret technique unique to his constitution that is said to be powerful enough to kill a dragon.”

“He made a breakthrough to paragonhood some time ago. I wonder if he can defeat the other core disciples in this tournament?”

“Things are getting interesting. Three out of four paragons have now shown up.”

Severin glanced up and scrutinized Spencer carefully. True to what the disciples described, the energy and blood in Spencer’s body were strong and overflowing. Despite a lack of prominent muscles, he exuded a powerful aura around him. Though the aura was very carefully controlled to avoid spilling out, it left everyone feeling suffocated.

The prospect of fighting Spencer excited Severin.

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Spencer sensed someone watching him as soon as he arrived near the arena. He turned his head abruptly in the direction of the gaze

and looked at Severin with an indifferent and vaguely hostile gaze.

Among the younger generation of disciples present there, the only paragon-level practitioners were Spencer, Riley, Karl, and Severin.

Karl had not arrived yet, and since Spencer knew Riley already, he was able to deduce which one Severin's appearance via the process of elimination. noveldrama

Spencer was not going to underestimate Severin. The sect tournament was far too significant, as it offered them a chance to reach Midland or even become the sect's junior leader. Such opportunities were beyond the reach of ordinary elite disciples, and Spencer had no intention of letting those opportunities slip away.

Since Karl had the best chance of securing first place along with the quota to reach Midland, Spencer prioritized the chance to

become junior sect leader because that would put him on the same level as Oskar.

Een the nine peak masters had to show respect to him. Such a position also came with a supply of various attainment resources, high-grade spiritual treasures, strong techniques, and so on.

Karl was the only core disciple that Spencer took seriously. Riley might have a strong attainment, but Spencer considered himself superior due to the True Dragon Constitution.

With a physique similar to that of a real dragon as well as a stronger power of blood and energy, he did not think Riley would be a match for him. Thus was the source of his 90 percent confidence in securing the junior sect leader's position.

Severin's unexpected rise had disrupted the path he had carved for himself to become junior sect lead. He rid his head of those

thoughts and went calmly to a quieter place at the side of the arena where he could meditate.

Severin withdrew his gaze as well. That brief exchange of glances was all it took for him to discern that Riley and Spencer harbored ill intentions in the tournament. As fellow paragons, their drive and determination were set in stone, and no one would be willing to yield to the other. A fierce battle between them was inevitable.

Though Riley and Spencer's were all late-stage first-rank saint attainment, Severin was not intimidated by either of them. In a circumstance where both sides' strength was equal, then it was a matter of who had the stronger trump card. The victor would almost certainly be the person who had honed their technique and sharpened their combat abilities.

Severin's breakthrough to peak-stage level one paragon had significantly strengthened

his physique. Like a walking spiritual treasure, his body had grown stronger than that of a beast, and perhaps even several times stronger than Spencer's.

Every pore in his body radiated with a glimmering light, devouring the surrounding spiritual energy in gargantuan amounts to nourish his divine constitution.

His divine techniques and swordsmanship had been further enhanced by the Enlightenment Stone, and he felt that he would be able to hold his own even against a level three paragon!

As Severin was deep in thought, someone screamed.

“Look! It's Karl!”

Everyone glanced at the same direction and saw a well-dressed figure exiting a streak of rainbow-colored light. A powerful pressure bore down on everyone within a several-

hundred-mile radius, causing everyone's hair to stand on end.

“Is this how intimidating our first core disciple?”

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“The aura from miles away was enough to make me feel suffocated.!”

“That is to expected from the sect's first core disciple. His aura is similar to those seasoned paragons!”

“He is the reincarnation of an ancient powerhouse, after all, and he also has a divine constitution. He became a paragon after only several years of training, and I don't there are a lot of people in Southsky who could achieve that sort of feat.”

“I'm pretty sure that he can get first place in the tournament!”

Severin looked up and saw Karl emerging from the light. His entire body was filled with the power of blood and energy, which seemed to cloak him in a layer of red light.noveldrama

His breathing produced audible shockwaves that resonated throughout the sky, and one could almost feel a suppressive aura crashing into one's face. He was the embodiment of danger.

Severin's eyes lit up and he thought to himself, "I'm pretty sure Karl's reputation is well-deserved. There must be more to him than meets the eye."

The threat that Severin sensed from Karl was a signal that Karl was far stronger than Spencer or Riley.

A few seconds later, Karl descended from the sky and landed on the platform. Several peak masters and elders around him stood up

from their seats and greeted him with a smile.

“Over here, Kar!”

“It’s been a while. Come and have a chat!”

Karl responded with a warm smile and decided to sit next to the first mountain’s peak master. Severin frowned when he saw that, as several of those peak masters were good at buttering up those whom they deemed were of value to them. By contrast, only Myles’

group greeted him when he showed up at the arena earlier.

Severin decided not to pay any mind to that. He prepared to close his eyes and meditate as he awaited the start of that important tournament.

Karl, however, glanced over with a probing gaze as soon as he sat down. He had a little

smirk as he looked condescendingly at Severin.

“You must be Severin, the one who’s been making waves throughout the sect recently.”

Severin frowned slightly when he heard that.

“Are you going to spare some advice for me?”

Severin did not believe that Karl would strike up a conversation with him for no reason, especially since they had never crossed paths ever since Severin’s entry into the sect.

Karl had a playful look in his eyes as he said to Severin, “None at all. You’re incredibly talented. You made a breakthrough from supreme saint to paragon in just a year, a feat so amazing that I heard about it even when I was in seclusion.”

Those remarks sounded like praise, but it carried traces of ridicule and mockery. The

best way to get to someone's head was to stroke their ego!

Karl resumed his little diatribe and looked at Severin in a condescending manner, "At long last, an opponent worthy of my attention! I hope you'll do your best in the tournament. Don't get eliminated too quickly."

Severin's expression sank slightly and he felt a strong sense of unease!

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Karl's slight haughtiness drew a little snicker from Severin.

"Guess I'll have to go all out then!" noveldrama

Severin refocused and closed his eyes to meditate. Perhaps an ancient powerhouse like Karl viewed him as nothing more than just a slightly bigger fish, not that it should come as any surprise that Karl would think that way.

After all, due to a past life as a royal paragon, he could change Southsky's terrain simply by stamping his feet!

That he would look down on paragons was normal, as he might be under the impression that first place in the tournament was already a given for him.

Severin thought to himself, 'So what if you're a reincarnation of a royal paragon? The way of attainment goes against the will of nature, and it's a never-ending competition against each other!'

He had killed countless prodigies-some even stronger than him- and secured victory despite being at a disadvantage in his attainment.

At that moment, Diane comforted him, "Don't take that to heart., Severin. The tournament is about to begin, and it's important for you to keep a level head!"

“Of course. I’ll be fine, honey.” Severin nodded. A couple of remarks was hardly enough to piss him off. Severin closed his eyes to rest and waited silently.

As time went by, more and more disciples arrived to the arena, and every corner was filled with people. All of a sudden, thousands of rays of light appeared in the sky, and purple mist filled the surroundings. This stark change in phenomenon elicited gasps of awe across the venue. Severin opened his eyes slowly, and he soon saw the purple light that appeared above the arena. All of a sudden, a ten-foot tall rift in the void appeared, and out came a white- robed Oskar with a horsetail whisk in hand.

Everyone in the arena stood up and saluted him.

“Greetings, Sect Leader!”

“Greetings!”

Oskar waved his hand and conjured up an invisible force that settled the disciples down.

“That’s enough. You can dispense with needless etiquette.”

Following his command, Oskar swished the spiritual horsetail whisk, filling the entire Grandiuno Sect with a celestial glow.

“I hereby announce the start of the Grandiuno Sect Tournament!”

The toll of a loud bell then spread throughout the entire Grandiuno Sect, and immediately nearly a thousand huge arenas descended from the sky and remained suspended in mid-air.

Those arenas had materialized via Oskar’s wielding of the power of heaven and earth. They ensured that all spiritual energy of the contestants within the arena would not spill over to the outside world, curbing the

repercussions of a battle between level nine supreme saints!

Only then can all contestants be able to perform to their full potential.

As soon as those arenas appeared, Severin sensed the power of heaven and earth emerging from them. He could sense that it was like an independent space of its own!

At that moment, the nine peak masters soared one after another into the air and channeled rays and rays of spiritual light from their hands. There were tens of thousands of rays which morphed into a palm-sized black-and-gold token as they landed on each of the contestants' hands.

Severin received one as well, and he noticed that head of the token was a delicate pattern of carved dragons and phoenixes, while the tail was column that showed the accumulation of points.

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Just as Severin was trying to figure out the use of the numbers on the token in his hand, the nine peak masters came to Oskar. One after another, they began explaining the rules of the tournament.”

You can gain points by defeating the opponent and advance to the next round. Furthermore...”

Severin understood the rules after Oskar’s explanation. Each token in their hands was equivalent to a point! The basic principle of the game was simple-snatch the tokens from the opponent’s hand to increase one’s own points. Those with the most points would then face opponents with similar points after advancing to the next stage.

At the same time, all contestants were allowed to use their trump cards, such as spiritual treasures, pills, spells, and various divine techniques in the arena. Only one

restriction was imposed, and that was not to kill one's opponent.

Those who were at risk of death could silently chant 'I concede'

while grasping the token tightly. They would then be escorted out of the arena. After all the rules had been explained, Oskar officially announced that the tournament had begun.

The names of two thousand contestants were called and allowed to enter the arenas to compete. Most of the disciples were level two or level three supreme saints, and thus evenly matched. Severin glanced briefly at the matches and opted to meditate. After some time, the winners across countless arenas were decided, and the second round of the tournament soon began.

The token in Severin's hand turned slightly hot all of a sudden, signaling that his turn had come. He opened his eyes suddenly, and a flash of light burst forth from his pupils!

Severin immediately stood up and ran toward the nearest arena, where he soon realized that his opponent was a mere level four supreme saint.

As the sight of Severin, that opponent had a bitter smile and said, "Have mercy on me!"

Severin nodded in acknowledgement. His opponent then made the first move and produced a fan-shaped spiritual treasure. He raised his hand and waved at Severin, producing divine light that whipped up a hewing gale. The opponent's attack brought a smile to Severin's expression, and he raised his hand to touch the oncoming wind. The surrounding space then seemed to turn still and block the wind out.noveldrama

Feeling a little unhappy that his attack was dispelled that easily, he reached into his spatial ring and took out a golden sword. A sonic boom was directed right at Severin. The slash from the golden sword landed on Severin's body, but a metallic clink was

heard and all that resulted from the impact were sparks.

When the sword bounced away and demonstrated the sheer futility of even the strongest attack in the disciple's arsenal, a wave of disappointment washed over him. He handed over his token in despair and said to Severin, "You win!"

Severin raised his hand to take the token, which fused with his own and increased his by a point. The disciple, having lost his token, was teleported out of the arena.

In less than a few minutes, the second round was over. The third and fourth rounds came, and Severin's attainment level as a paragon allowed him to clinch easy victories against many of the disciples, whose strength was only level six or level seven. Like a shark in a tank full of fish, he accumulated points swiftly, taking only half a day to reach a hundred points. At long last, Severin finally

met his first worthy contender-Riley, one of the core disciples.

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Inside the arena, Riley stood with a calm expression as he unleashed a burst of spiritual energy that shone like the sun in the sky. Severin mirrored Riley's expression and avoid projecting dominance or submission. The momentum that erupted from their bodies were like billows of waves colliding and crashing against each other in mid-air. From time to time, roars and shrieks filled the air.

The tense scene aroused discussion among the audience.

“We finally get the chance to see these two core disciples going head-to-head!”

“Exactly! We're just small fry compared to sharks like them! I didn't even get past my

first round. Severin took my points as soon as I entered the arena!”

“Hey, who do you think, Riley or Severin, can win?”noveldrama

“I’m placing my bets on Riley. He managed to make a breakthrough to paragon much earlier than Severin, and he has the Nine Yang Constitution too. He wields a particularly terrifying power of the sun!”

“I’m feeling optimistic about Riley’s chances too. I heard that he could fend off practitioners who had just broken through to the paragon when he was merely a level nine supreme saint.”

At that point, Severin’s supporters retorted, “You people are underestimating Severin. Have you forgotten what he achieved in the Artic Heights? Severin relied on his level eight supreme saint attainment to defeat people who were stronger than him such as Uzair and Sian!”

Others nodded in agreement. “They’re both prodigies, so I think it’ll the chances are pretty even.”

Their discussion naturally reached the ears of several prodigies who were watching the battle from a nearby platform. Severin’s wives were starting to worry, as evident from their solemn expressions, yet could only sit quietly beside Myles in the hopes that everything would be all right. Diane, in particular, seemed to be the most worried of them all.

Although Severin was a paragon, Riley was no pushover. Gilda glanced worried at Wuhlricht and asked, “Do you think Severin can win, Dad?”

“He’ll be fine. I have every confidence in him!” he said, glancing up at the two contestants on the arena.

Spencer, sitting some distance away, had an imperceptible twinge of joy because a loss of

either Riley or Severin would mean the elimination of a competitor.

Further away, the white-clad Celeste stared at Severin and said silently to herself, ‘I hope you’ll win, Severin!’

“Severin...” Raymond, who was standing next to Celeste, breathed heavily as he glanced Severin’s direction. He had failed to make a breakthrough to paragon before the tournament, so he knew he stood no chance of getting either first or second place in the tournament.

With three out of five core disciples being paragons, and Severin’s last-minute breakthrough adding a fourth, there were already too many people competing for top spot. Raymond knew that it would be a futile attempt and elected not to compete at all.

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Raymond had known Severin longer than most because he had befriended Severin since the latter's entry into the sect. When they went into the Artic Heights, Raymond had failed to obtain the most precious of Wildfire's relics, but each interaction that had allowed him to comprehend the sheer incomprehensibility of Severin's true strength. Uzair's death had deeply shaken Raymond and instilled a sense of fear.

Severin seemed to be a person favored by the heavens, as there never seemed to be an end to Severin's progress. With Severin and Riley competing in the same arena, Raymond found himself slightly eager to see Severin's failure. "Even the strongest will be defeated. Today might be that day for you, Severin..."

Not far away, Karl opened his eyes after a bout of meditation. He glanced at Severin and Riley on stage before closing his eyes once again. That intense battle might have captivated the attention of many, but Karl

viewed it like a mere insignificant tussle between two ants.noveldrama

At the same time, the peak masters stood high in the sky and observed the battle with Oskar. The expressions on their faces were varied, with the first to the fifth having rather indifferent expressions.

Myles of the Seventh Mountain felt a little nervous and was frowning a little. He had not expected Severin to face such a formidable opponent right at the outset. Daniella was similarly concerned. Riley was a paragon, and thus had formidable strength.

They had previously supported Severin and provided him with numerous resources, all of which would end up in vain if Severin was eliminated at Riley's hands.

Lejeune noticed their expressions and chuckled, "Who would've thought that such a huge clash between two prodigies would

happen so soon? Would Severin be the winner? Or would Riley?

How about we make a wager on who will come out victorious?”

The first five peak masters were Karl’s supporters, so they were evidently pleased with the impending elimination of either one of them. At Lejeune’s suggestion, Holvieg Standt – the fourth peak master-said, “I’ll place my bets on Riley then!” He then took out an eighth-grade pill and presented it to everyone as his wager.

Meloirin Jamell of the Third Mountain smiled and offered up a piece of gold. “My bets are on Riley as well!”

“Count me in too!” The bets were soon casted, and the first five peak masters placed their bets on Riley’s victory.

Myles’s face soured, as he was well aware of the intentions behind their actions. He then

declared in a cold tone, “I’ll bet on Severin’s victory!”

Daniella, Rowan, and Lyka reluctantly followed suit despite being well aware of the humiliation that they were facing at that moment. What Lejeune did was a clear expression of disdain for their earlier decision to support Severin over Karl.

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The betting seemed to show a distinct inclination toward Riley, who picked up on what was happening and glanced condescendingly at Severin. “I’ll spare you from further suffering if you concede defeat.”

Severin snickered to himself and found it rather amusing that Riley would even entertain the notion of assuming that he would just concede defeat like that. The practice of striving for attainment was essentially an exercise in challenging the

laws of heaven. One could only reach the peak of one's ability by undergoing countless challenges, and whether or not the elders held him in high regard was immaterial to him.

"I'll take my chances," Severin replied. He gazed intently at Riley, perceiving the latter's oppressive aura. Spiritual power circulated within Riley's body, whose muscles had tightened in anticipation.

Riley's face soured and he yelled. "Hmph! You don't know what's good for you!"

A sinister smile appeared on Riley's face, followed by a resounding surge in aura. A hewing gale whipped through the arena, slashing the void like invisible knives and producing a piercing whistling sound.

Severin then leaped into the air and raised his hand to counter the incoming wind. A resounding bang was later heard, and the wind dissipated instantly. The neutralized

attack drew a snicker from Riley. He summoned a nine-foot-long sword, which emitted a greenish energy that rapidly spread across the entire arena. Riley's green robe fluttered audibly in the air as a result of the surge in energy. His aura enveloped the mountain and had a sense of awe that was reminiscent of an ancient mountain. The shockwave crushed everything in its vicinity into powder, and Riley infused all his spiritual energy into the sword before commanding, "Behead him!"

In response, a thousand feet-long sword light materialized in the sky and sliced through space at incredible speed. Its target was none other than Severin. Cracks began to form in the arena that was designed to contain battles of level nine supreme saints. The strong aura generated shockwaves that caused many of the disciples to tumble over.
over.noveldrama

“Is that the strength of a paragon? The shockwaves are strong enough to send us flying!”

“He’s so strong! My goodness!”

“Severin’s got the bottom hand!”

“Conceding is much better than letting his reputation be tarnished by a loss.”

Severin heard the onlookers’ exclamations, of course, but he did not have the luxury of contemplating their opinions of him because the green sword light was already rapidly approaching him. He raised his hand gently and released countless waves of dark and gold-colored energy from his body.

A thunderous bell-like clang then echoed across the crowd.

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The palm-sized Darkgold Bell materialized in Severin’s hand and expanded into the size of

a hill after being summoned. It covered his head, and a wave of energy descended from the bell to form a protective shield around Severin's body. Everything happened so quickly that it had already surpassed the reaction of an ordinary practitioner.

Severin summoned the Darkgold Bell just milliseconds before the green sword light struck down. The spark from the collision seemed to drain out even the sun's color, turning the world dim and dark. A massive shockwave emanated from the arena that destroyed everything within a few miles. The vibrations affected the mountains many miles away, as if an earthquake had occurred.

Being at the center of the explosion resulted in Severin having to bear a tremendous force. The protective shield was struck so strongly that the bell began to emanate a cry. At the sight of that occurrence, Severin

directed the spurt of spiritual energy from his body into the bell.

The explosive shockwave went as swiftly as they came, having dispersed into auras in the sky.

“You’re strong, I’ll give you that,” Riley remarked in surprise after failing to break Severin’s protective shield.

Riley’s surprise soon turned into fierce determination, as a murderous aura surged froth from his eyes. They seemed to take an almost solid form that exuded a faint red light. Like a devil emerging from hell, Riley unleashed even more of his energy as he poured his paragon-level attainment poured into his sword.noveldrama

“Die!” He soared to the air and propelled himself forward to attack Severin.

“Melee combat?” Severin snickered when he saw Riley’s intention to engage in close combat and test their physical strengths.

With a wave of his right hand, he summoned his Scarletsky Sword and unleashed his spiritual energy. The energy tore audibly through the void, and he disappeared in the blink of an eye as he headed toward Riley.

Less than a second later, the two of them clashed in mid-air with their spiritual treasures. Shockwaves and fire abounded, yet Riley was starting to feel that he might be at a disadvantage in close combat. Severin's physical strength was simply too strong, resembling a ferocious beast in human form.

Riley had a bad feeling as the battle progressed. "How is his physical body that strong?"

Every single clash left Riley's palm numb, forcing him to adjust the spiritual energy in his energy core to make up for what the impact.

Severin, on the other hand, was brimming with energy, confidence, and fighting spirit.

As soon as Riley was distracted by Severin's physical strength, he sneered. "Don't get distracted during our fight!"

Severin unleashed another wave of his endless power of energy and blood, like a smoke signal that had sensed the presence of a hostile force. His physical strength increased once again, and he seized Riley's brief lapse in concentration to deliver a mountainous punch onto Riley's body.