

LIFE AFTER PRISON

Chapter 2221



After a while, Severin bid farewell to the elder and returned to Pearl Light Isle with the map of the Fierce Beast Mountain. Situated several thousand miles away from the Grandiuno Sect, it was a perilous barrier between Southsky and Midland.

One could even say that it was more treacherous than the Artic Heights.

Upon his return, Severin immediately began preparing for the journey. He crafted several seventh-grade healing pills, then restored his attainment to its peak.

After informing his wives of his plans, he rose into the air and transformed into a stream of light that vanished into the sky.

Traveling thousands of miles north, Severin flew past a variety of terrains. Once he passed numerous mountains, rivers, lands, cities, and dynasties, the Fierce Beast Mountain was finally within sight.

On the distant horizon, the mountain range resembled a horned dragon crawling on the ground. Its very existence was intimidating, like that of a huge wild beast.

As Severin drew closer, the grandeur and vastness of that mountain range became more apparent. He accelerated his flying speed and dove directly into the mountains.

Soon, his consciousness detected numerous ferocious beasts on the periphery of the range. Most of them had the strength of a warrior king or warrior emperors, having been displaced by the stronger creatures there.

Several hundred miles into the mountain range, Severin found himself surrounded by towering peaks that resembled a labyrinth of mountains. A toxic miasma was present everywhere, forming a bluish-green haze.

Severin's divine senses perceived countless poisonous insects and powerful beasts lurking in the shadows of that fog.

Despite being a paragon, Severin's flying speed was starting to wane due to the corrosive properties of that toxic fog. As he observed the thick layer of gas around him, he mused, "This Fierce Beast Mountain truly does live up to its name. Vicious beasts and venomous insects are everywhere!"

At that moment, a beast's roared right in front of him. When the sound subsided, a hill-sized Netherspider with an armored exoskeleton was spotted patrolling its territory about ten miles away.

The Netherspider seemed to have the strength of a level nine royal saint. Each of its eight legs were like an exceedingly sharp sword.

Upon sensing Severin's intrusion, the Netherspider issued a warning and swiftly unleashed a black beam of light from its mouthparts towards him.

"You're going down for that!" Severin muttered to himself and sneered at the audacity of the Netherspider.

The next moment, a rainbow-colored beam appeared in his hand, and the Scarletsky Sword transformed into an afterimage as it pierced through the void. Severin directed it straight for the Netherspider like a thunderbolt.

Though the creature possessed strength that was comparable to that of a level nine royal saint, it was sliced in half with the minimum of effort.

Severin then swiftly approached the lifeless Netherspider and dug into its head to extract its essence. He marveled at the glowing beast essence for a moment and then placed it directly in his spatial ring.

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Fifth-grade demon essences no longer held much value to Severin.

With the Netherspider killed, Severin ventured further into the depths of the Fierce Beast Mountain.

The dense poisonous miasma became thicker the deeper that he went, while the ferocious beasts got progressively stronger too.

Soon, creatures of the eighth and ninth levels of the Sovereign Emperor, and even paragon-level beasts, crossed his path.

Severin's expression turned solemn, and his divine senses scanned vigilantly for any disturbances around him.

Inside the heart of the Fierce Beast Mountain, about a hundred miles away from Severin, practitioners in black robes bearing the emblem 'Gahrr' cautiously traversed the treacherous terrain and navigated through the thick fog.

The group, comprising about ten individuals, was led by a young man adorned in a luxurious black robe. He exuded an oppressive power indicative of a level nine supreme saint, but he did not have an arm.

Severin would have recognized that armless individual as Sian, the Gahrns prodigy.

With Sian were two elders, both of whom were level two paragons. As they navigated the toxic miasma, a visibly irritated Sian asked them, "We've been flying through this thick fog for several days now, Uncle Hasa. How far are we from those ancient evil practitioner's ruins?"

"We'll be there soon!" The elder, Hasa, reassured Sian after seeing the latter's impatience.

Sian reluctantly continued the journey deeper into the Fierce Beast Mountain. The purpose of that expedition was to find an item that could help replace his missing arm, which Severin severed during a previous encounter in the Artic Heights.

The residual chaotic swordwill in the severed arm caused Sian excruciating pain, and no attempt to expel it was successful as it seemed embedded into his bone.

After bringing his arm back home, he discovered that it had lost much of its life force, making reattachment detrimental to his future endeavors.

In an effort to preserve Sian's status as a prodigy, the Gahrns opted to seal the severed arm temporarily while searching for a means to reattach it.

His father perused family records and stumbled upon information from thousands of years ago. Back then, the Gahrns had explored the Fierce Beast Mountain and discovered the ruins of ancient evil practitioners.

Among their findings was something called the Chaotic Evil Practitioner's Arm, a terrifying entity that continued to possess a life force even though several millennia had passed after it had been severed off.

The potential benefits of transplanting that hand into Sian's body was an exciting prospect to consider. It might be able to boost Sian's abilities, thereby allowing him to bring glory back to the Gahrns again.

Normal practitioners would not be able to obtain such a technique as only those prodigies from Cesun and Lansbonrket would have the right to learn it at the sacred land.

In other words, the ancient evil practitioner who was met their demise at the Hundred-Beast Range was likely from one of those two states.

A party consisting of a dozen elite disciples and two paragon-level elders embarked on a journey to the Fierce Beast Mountain in order to locate the Chaotic Evil Practitioner's Arm.

Transplanting it into Sian's body could potentially give him the opportunity to inherit techniques from either of the two great evil scared lands.

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Sian had a look of disgust as he observed the bluish-green fog surrounding him and sensed the countless creepy crawlies at his feet. Despite his repulsion, Sian followed his clan elder silently and suppressed his aversion to the area by focusing on the purpose of the expedition.

His expression darkened as he sensed the faint pain from the wound on his right arm and shoulder, coupled with the parasite-like swordwill embedded in the wound.

“Severin!” Sian muttered silently to himself, desiring nothing more than to tear Severin apart.

Ever since Severin severed his arm in the Artic Heights, Sian had become a subject of ridicule and mockery among Southsky’s practitioners. His pathetic escape had become the talk of the town.

Worse still, the lingering swordwill prevented his arm from being reattached, jeopardizing his prospects to make a breakthrough to paragon.

Had that not happen, then the resources in his clan and his innate talent would have propelled him to paragonhood long ago. It was a good thing then, that his family was able to discover an ancient text that detailed a possible way to reattach his arm.

Sian harbored a deep resentment toward Severin ever since what happened in the Artic Heights. The mere thought of his humiliation left him seething.

He gritted his teeth and vowed to make Severin pay when they met in the Starry Sky Battlespace.

He turned to the elder beside him and said, “Let’s make haste, Uncle Hasa. We need to locate the Chaotic Evil Practitioner’s Arm as fast as possible. I’ll need some time to get used to it before entering the Starry Sky Battlespace. I want nothing more than to let Severin taste defeat in my hands!” Hasa sensed Sian’s heightened determination and joyfully complied.

He recalled how Sian had spiraled into depression following the events at the Artic Heights. It had been difficult for Sian to accept that defeat, and he became a shadow of his former self.

All he did was lie about and take naps, or drink his sorrows away. The enthusiasm he had for attainment had since disappeared, and not even a breakthrough to level nine supreme saint with the use of those Breakthrough Pills was enough to rejuvenate his fighting spirit.

Many of the elders thus became worried that Siant would waste his brilliant potential if he were to continue being idle.

As a result, they arranged for the expedition into the Fierce Beast Mountain range as soon as they found out about the Chaotic Evil Practitioner's Arm, hoping that his passion for attainment might return.

It was therefore a very pleasant surprise to see that Sian had returned to his old self even before the hand had been located!

Hasa smiled. "It's good to see your enthusiasm! A single defeat isn't much in the grand scheme of things. As long as we find the Chaotic Evil Practitioner's Arm for you, you'll be able to proceed smoothly to paragonhood! There's still time for you to kill Severin in the Starry Sky Battlespace!"

Another elder with the attainment of a level two paragon echoed the sentiment. "Yes, Hasa is right! As they say, failure is the best teacher! You're talented, and you have an element constitution. If you can regain your confidence and get over all these difficulties in your way, you can achieve many things after fusing with the Chaotic Evil Practitioner's Arm.

Though the Chaotic Evil Practitioner's Arm could not be considered to be a divine constitution, its strength could rival most divine constitutions.

After all, it was formed by the evil sacred land's techniques, which are found only in Cesun and Lansbonrket.

Evil practitioners did not place much importance on natural talent, as those who had developed the Chaotic Evil Practitioner's Arm could use it to absorb

other people's abilities for personal use. That was why many shunned the evil way of attainment.

The elders' reassurance fueled Sian's determination, and he could already imagine fusing with the Chaotic Evil Practitioner's Arm and exacting revenge on Severin in the Starry Sky Battlespace!

Chapter 2224



Several hundred miles away from Sian, Severin held up his map and swiftly navigated the marked route. Along his journey, he confronted numerous ferocious beasts that were equivalent to level nine supreme saints.

Thankfully, he was strong enough to deal with them swiftly.

The Fierce Beast Mountain had been deemed a forbidden and perilous area in Southsky. Only practitioners who had nothing to lose or had no qualms risking their lives would venture deep into its depths.

Normal practitioners typically searched for spiritual treasures and medicinal herbs without going too far in, as further ventures would result in encounters with the toxic miasma as well as potential confrontation with beasts that could rival the practitioner's strength.

Though the Fierce Beast Mountain provide a route to Midland, no one would be willing to go through all that trouble, especially as teleportation formations rendered such journeys obsolete.

He peered at the map and noticed that the destination was drawing near. A wave of relief and excitement came over him as he said, “We’re reaching soon.”

Despite his second-level paragon attainment, Severin could not shake his fear of the Fierce Beast Mountain. The prospect of encountering a beast with the strength of a royal paragon made the entire venture fraught with danger, thus necessitating constant vigilance.

Covering an area of a hundred miles could be done in about the same amount of time that it took for him to savor half a cup of tea.

A valley cloaked in green toxic mist soon appeared on the horizon, and its expansive canyon—with steep cliffs and crisscrossing ravines—seemed like a gaping wound that had been inflicted on the earth.

As he pinpointed the potential location of the spiritual flame and prepared to make his descent, Severin detected signs of a battle from the valley. A raging roar soon followed, causing a hole to form in the poisonous mist.

“Someone must be there…” Perplexed by what he saw, Severin steadied himself and remained alert to his surroundings. He extended his divine consciousness and probed through the opening in the poisonous mist. He was soon able to identify the source of the battle.

A humanoid-snake around ten feet tall, covered in green scaly armor, and exuding an aura of a paragon-level practitioner was engaged in a battle with about a dozen people.

Severin’s face grew serious as he realized that someone had reached the place ahead of him. While he observed the battle, he recognized a familiar face among the group of humans.

“Sian?!” Severin muttered to himself in surprised.

He had noticed that the word 'Gahrr' was printed on their robes and realized that they were from the Gahrns. "They must all be from the Gahrns then.

He felt a mix of surprise and helplessness at how small the world was, and how much of a coincidence it was that he would chance upon Sian in the Fierce Beast Mountain.

Severin's tense nerves relaxed a little once he discerned that the strongest among the Gahrns was only a level two paragon. If he had to face level four or level five paragon, he might be forced to flee for his life.

As he regained focus, a yell came from the valley and rang in his ears. "Who's spying on us? Show yourself!"

Chapter 2225



Zia Gahrr, one of the elders who were escorting Sian, realized that someone was using their divine senses to observe them because he felt his hair stand on end.

As a level two paragon, Zia became alert as soon as he sensed that something was amiss. He then immediately channeled his attainment into his voice and yelled toward the sky beyond the valley.

He then ascended into the sky, with his figure piercing the toxic mist as his hands radiated a spiritual light.

The next moment, he extended his hand in Severin's direction and curled his fingers into a claw. A piercing sound echoed as his hand tore the surrounding

space into pieces, unleashing a torrent of elemental energy that dispelled the toxic mist.

The rest of the Gahrns swiftly regrouped while battling the humanoid snake in the valley. The remaining paragon-level elders targeted the creature, inflicting severe injuries before returning to Sian and adopting a defensive posture. At the same time, they unleashed their divine senses to monitor the situation all around.

Zia's indiscriminate use of combat techniques left Severin with no choice but to make his move too. He raised his hand, and slashed the enormous hand with his sharp sword energy.

There was no point in concealing his presence after his retaliation, so he slowly descending from above and positioned himself above the valley.

Severin looked at the vigilant Zia and said emotionlessly, "That was uncalled for! I didn't think the Gahrns would be so aggressive as to attack me simply for passing by."

Zia did not know who Severin was, and he frowned when he realized that he could not sense Severin's attainment. Such a situation usually indicated that the other party was proficient in hiding their spiritual energy, or that they had a much higher level of attainment. Either way, Zia had no interest in escalating the situation.

Their primary mission, after all, was to continue onward to the deep reaches of the Fierce Beast Mountain. Further battle might disturb dormant paragon-level beasts, and might perhaps attract the attention of beasts on the level royal paragons.

When Severin told them that he was just a passing practitioner, Zia was prepared to let him go when a murderous scream rang in his ears. "Severin! It's you!"

Sian wore a gloomy expression and casted a chilling stare at Severin.

He never expected to encounter his enemy in the Fierce Beast Mountain, of all places. He was immediately reminded of his tragic defeat in the Artic Heights, prompting him to grit his teeth and yell Severin's name in the coldest and most murderous of tones.

Had he the power to kill a person with his gaze, Severin would have died several times over already.

Severin faced Sian's sharp gaze and responded calmly, "Oh, it's you. Mind sharing why you're all here at the Fierce Beast Mountain?"

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Sian could no longer conceal the murderous intention in his heart.

His eyes turned abruptly red, and his entire body trembled slightly as he exuded the aura of a starving wolf. The memory of Severin subjecting him to unprecedented misery appeared in his mind.

As he gazed at Severin's solitary figure, he felt a certain zeal along with a powerful murderous intent.

During that incident in the Artic Heights, the Grandiuno Sect's Oskar had arrived just in the nick of time to prevent the deaths of Gwono from the Deifirm Sect and Favian.

That memory was like a catalyst that led Sian to unleash his aura. He ascended from the valley and immediately came to Hasa.

None of them were aware that Severin had reached the level two paragon, as news of the Grandiuno Sect's tournament results had yet to reach the Gahrns. Sian soon found assurance alongside his elders. He stared angrily at Severin and snorted while gritting his teeth.

Sian then secretly conveyed a message to the two elders.

"Hasa, Zia, are you able to sense whether he has any support?"

Zia promptly shook his head and responded similarly.

"I've extended my divine senses several dozen miles away, and I don't sense traces of another practitioner. I believe he's alone."

Sian's grinned in elation and glared coldly at Severin. "Of the paths you could take, you simply had to choose this one!"

He was tempted to tell Severin, 'Oh, how the tables have turned!'

Since his defeat at Severin's hands, he had become Southsky's laughingstock, thus fueling his enduring desire for revenge. Oskar had protected Severin in the Artic Heights several months ago, so Severin's lack of backup undoubtedly brought joy to Sian as he saw it as an opportunity to finally exact vengeance.

With two level two paragons and a dozen supreme saints by his side, Sian felt that he was in a much stronger position than when he was in the Artic Heights.

His attainment had reached level nine supreme saint, surpassing his previous strength at the Artic Heights by a significant margin.

Meanwhile, he estimated that Severin's strength was only at that of perfect-stage level nine supreme saint. After all, Severin had just secured a breakthrough to level eight supreme saint back at the Artic Heights, and two

or three months were likely not enough for him to make any substantial breakthroughs regardless of how exceptional his talent might be.

After a brief pause, Sian unleashed his fighting spirit and urged his two elders, "Please kill him for me. His death is the only way for me to move on in life!"

Sian then looked at Severin with a violent smile and said, "Surrender now and I might make it quick for you!"

Sian's confident demeanor sparked a playful smile from Severin as he wondered just where did Sian get that boldness from. He wondered if it might be because of the two paragons next to Sian.

Severin speculated that the Gahrns were unaware of his victory against Karl in the sect tournament and were only basing their judgment on his strength from two or three months ago.

Sian felt mocked by Severin's smile. Anger surged within him from out of nowhere, and he had to take a deep breath to suppress that brewing rage. He took a deep breath and said in disdain, "Let's see if you can escape from the two paragons coming with me today!"

Severin responded calmly, "Level two paragons don't scare me at all."

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Sian exploded with rage and yelled, "Shut it! Who do you think you are?"

Both Zia and Hasa were paragons, and while they might not be the strongest members of the Gahrns, they were still considered formidable due to their level two paragon attainment.

Sian believed that while Severin could defeat opponents on a much higher level, it was still impossible to do so against a paragon!

Sian suppressed his rage and asked his two elders respectfully, "I sincerely hope you'll be able to deal with him on my behalf."

Zia nodded and locked eyes on Severin, believing that Severin was already as good as dead. The next moment, he unleashed the aura of his attainment, forming a violent sonic boom that resounded across the void.

He rose to mid-air and stared at Severin arrogantly.

"You were the one who severed our scion's arm in the vast mountains, were you not? I'll offer to make your death quick if you cease any attempt to resist. If not..."

Zia then took one step forward and closed the gap between them within moments. His spiritual energy was surging at full force, and his murderous intent seemed to have turned tangible.

Severin had crossed paths with them alone, as Zia confirmed when he used his divine senses to check whether Severin had brought any backup with him.

In Zia's view, that was a ridiculously foolish move, especially since he mocked them for being a level two saint. He wondered if Severin was under some delusional belief of being able to transcend the several levels simply by virtue of being a genius.

Zia sneered walked over to Severin. The pressure he was exuding bore down on Severin like a tidal wave. Severin snickered when he saw Zia advancing. He soon understood that neither of them had realized his true attainment, believing that he was still stuck at supreme saint.

"Hehe, I'll also offer to make your deaths quick if you cease your attempts to resist!" Severin sneered and looked calmly at the high- spirited Sian.

Zia burst into laughter at scoffed at Severin's threat. He smiled fiercely and snorted. "Hmph! You'll regret it soon enough!"

Zia then descended from above like a swooping hawk shuttling through the air. In the blink of an eye, he had covered so much ground that he was already within thirty feet of Severin.

He threw a punch, and a glow seemed to cloak his body. The bright spiritual energy from his fist made him look like a divine being holding the sun, moon, and stars all combined into one.

The beam struck Severin fiercely, producing a loud boom. Severin's energy and blood trembled at the impact and transformed into a powerful force. In that split second, the orifices in his body permeated with boundless blood and energy.

An unadulterated physical force swept across his body, imbuing his robust muscles with explosive force.

Following the surge of power in his energy center, every fiber in Severin's being devoured the surrounding spiritual energy with avarice, taking the form of a dragon. With that done, he smiled and delivered a punch to Zia.

A shockwave, along with a deafening roar, was produced.

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Severin's formidable physical power promptly destroyed Zia's attack, and the remaining traces of energy struck Zia without seemingly any diminished point in view.

That punch carried the weight of a mountain, and the surging energy delivered a powerful blow to Zia's chest as he penetrated the defensive aura in front of him.

The counterattack caught Zia by surprise, and he could feel several ribs breaking. An unbearable pain seared through his internal organs, and a mouthful of blood spurted out.

Despite realizing that something was amiss, Zia doubled down on his efforts and retreated several dozen feet to create a distance between himself and Severin.

That confrontation, though brief, made him aware of Severin's terrifying physical prowess. Energy as potent as that of the surrounding energy, coupled with a power comparable to that of a real dragon, left Zia in awe.

Wiping the blood from the corner of his mouth, he cursed to himself and said, "Damn it! He's not a supreme saint!"

Even a supreme saint who had specialized in physical training was, at most, as strong as a mediocre-quality spiritual treasure.

However, Severin's physical strength had already surpassed that.

Zia could sense a fluctuation of power that surpassed tens of thousands of kilograms! It was shocking, to say the least! His strength had gone beyond what ordinary supreme saints could be expected to possess.

Zia concluded that Severin must be at least a level two paragon like himself. That no doubt came as an even greater surprise because Severin's attainment was only at level eight supreme saint back at the Artic Heights.

In others words, Severin had broken through from the level eight supreme saint to level two paragon within two months.

A breakthrough a month was unheard of. Such a feat could not have been possible, even for a prodigy. Although Zia doubted that line of reasoning, the pain from his wound was an affirmation that his guess was correct.

A supreme saint could not have inflicted an injury to a level two paragon like him with mere physical strength.

Zia was an experienced person, yet he was still unnerved by it.

After witnessing Zia's fight and observing his comrade's injury, Hasa's expression took a sudden turn for the worse. He deduced that Severin was much stronger than a supreme saint, deciding at once that he had to leave Sian's side to lend Zia a hand.

In mid-air, Hasa retrieved a five-foot-long golden sword from his energy core. It had the aura of a superior-quality spiritual treasure and exuded a strong malevolent aura.

Hasa wielded the spiritual treasure and initiated his attack, slashing down to unleash hundreds of golden sword beams.

Each of these beams extended hundreds of feet, and they resembled bright golden lines slicing through the sky. The malevolent energy within could make any enemy's scalp tingle.

The strong aura emanating from it tore the surrounding space apart and created huge rifts in the void.

Severin sneered at the onslaught of the sharp sword beams and remarked calmly, "Bold of you to challenge me with this insignificant little technique!"

The sky soon turned bright as Severin raised his fist and unleashed his radiant True-Sun Fist. Hasa's several hundred sword beams were swatted away and reduced to flickers of light before they could even approach Severin.



Before long, the other Gahrr disciples above the valley finally sensed that something was amiss. That their two clan elders had teamed up against such an adversary made them realize that Severin was their most formidable foe since entering the Fierce Beast Mountain.

Such a circumstance typically unfolded only when the clan elders faced a strong enemy.

Both elders were level two paragons, and the only enemy that could force them into such a situation was likely someone on the same level as them.

Sian formed a similar conclusion, but he could not accept that it was actually happening. “This can’t be possible!”

It had been just two months since their encounter at the Artic Heights, and no amount of talent could reasonably explain how Severin could make more than one breakthrough since then. Achieving such feats within such a short span of time was unheard of in the Bleurealm.

Unlike a breakthrough from royal saint to supreme saint, the breakthrough from supreme saint to paragon required one to be attuned to the power of heaven and earth. Ordinary practitioners frequently remained stagnant for years-perhaps even centuries.

Even Southsky’s most formidable talents like Karl, Simeon, and the others needed a year or two to reach paragon. It was unthinkable that Severin could leap across such vast barriers in just two months.

Sian swiftly rejected the supposition, but he erred on the side of caution and promptly flew several miles away with the other disciples to establish a safe distance.

Hasa's expression grew solemn after he joined Zia in the sky and witnessed his attack being intercepted. When Zia was finally able to catch a breath, he produced a green palm-sized cauldron that emitted a spiritual light.

After producing the treasure, Zia looked warily at Severin and spoke somewhat threateningly, "This was all a misunderstanding, and I propose we call it a truce. We'll pretend that nothing happened if you leave right now."

Zia already had his guard up against Severin after the brief confrontation. His heart pounded, and fear was starting to creep in.

Severin's ascent from level eight supreme saint to paragon was an achievement that even those in Midland's sacred lands would not be able to achieve.

He could only lament his misfortune after unintentionally provoking such a powerful adversary. His mission to escort Sian in the search for the Chaotic Evil Practitioner's Hand had taken an unexpected turn for the worse.

It would have been easier to deal with if Severin was a warrior emperor, as their attainment-and the two-man tag team of himself and Hasa-would be strong enough to defeat even a prodigy.

Unfortunately, Severin's ability to injure him using only pure physical force was a sign that Severin was at least as strong as a paragon! Furthermore, Severin's status as the Grandiuno Sect's disciple and his mastery of various techniques led Zia to foresee it would be challenging to deal with him, even with Hasa's help.

After all, there was not a big gap between Severin's strength and theirs.

Believing that it would be better safe than sorry, Zia chose to not to engage any further and avoid unnecessary conflict.

His submission, however, came as a surprise to his fellow clan's disciples.

"What's going on? Why is he proposing a truce with an enemy who severed our scion's arm?"

Chapter 2230



"When we return," said one disciple, "I'll ask our family to demand an explanation from the two of them!"

Most of those disciples had witnessed what happened in the Artic Heights, and the bitter taste of failure was something that they could not forget.

Seeing two of the clan elders surrendering to Severin left them shocked and outraged, with Sian sharing the same sentiment as them. He clenched his fist with his unsevered arm, dug his nails deeply into his hand, and stared at Severin with a gloomy expression. He muttered under his breath, "Damn you, Severin!"

With the Gahrr elders' decision to avoid any conflict, Severin thought to himself in surprise, 'I guess there are some smart people in the Gahrrs. Looks like they were able to guess my attainment simply from the strength of my body. Not that it matters, of course.' He was an enemy of the Gahrrs, and accepting their supposed 'truce' might not be the end of their animosity with him. He could not be sure whether or not they would change their mind later and send some stronger people over to deal with him.

Severin had left without notifying Oskar and the other peak masters, so there was a risk he might be killed if some of the Gahrns 'stronger people surrounded him in the Fierce Beast Mountain.

After all, he could not seek help from anyone.

Furthermore, he came to the particular valley to search for the Fire of Nine Ghosts and happened to chance upon the Gahrns there. The only explanation was that the valley contained something that they wanted! He was not about to leave and just let them take something that he had been searching for!

Severin sneered. "Truce? That's a rather bold request when you started this whole thing!"

Zia's had a bad feeling when Severin expressed his unwillingness.

Realizing that a battle was inevitable, he knew he had no choice but to go all out and exchanged glances with Hasa.

The next moment, the small green cauldron in Zia's hand suddenly shot a divine light that slashed the very fabric of space. The beam was directed at Severin and threatened to end his life.

On the other hand, Hasa's figure disappeared in a flash and prepared to launch his attack.

Severin sneered when he saw that both of them had made their move. He decided to no longer suppress his spiritual energy and unleashed his level two paragon attainment. With a raise of his hand, he took out his Scarletsky Sword and aimed his sword light toward Hasa.

The sword light was as fast as lightning, and the chaotic swordwill imbued within the Scarletsky Sword penetrated Hasa's defensive shield. The formidable swordwill erupted instantly and threatened to devour Hasa whole!

Though Hasa was an early-stage level two paragon, Severin's attack was far too quick for him to avoid. He could feel his flesh, blood, and soul begin to disintegrate, and the power was so strong that resisting it was impossible. "NO!" Hasa roared resentfully just moments before his demise.

After killing Hasa, Severin's eyes flashed coldly as he looked at approaching green cauldron. He then raised his hand, curled his fingers slightly, and condensed the power of blood and energy in his palm. He then grabbed the little cauldron. The contact did not result in a mangled mess of flesh and blood, as one might expect.

On the contrary, it produced a clang that sounded like two metal plates striking against each other!

Zia was shocked when he saw Severin grabbing his superior- quality spiritual treasure with his bare hands. Before he could snap back to his senses, he heard Hasa's shrill roar. His expression changed drastically and he had a look of intense fear.


His divine senses could perceive the distinct absence of Hasa's aura, and he looked up at Severin in disbelief. "You're a level two paragon?!"

He had been under the impression that his combined assault on Severin with Hasa would suffice to at least force Severin into retreating, as his initial expectation of Severin's strength was that he had secured a breakthrough to royal paragon not too long ago.

Zia did not expect that Severin was far stronger and had already reached level two paragon!

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Fear was all over Zia's face and a chill ran down his spine.

After all, his and Hasa's attainments were on the same level, but Hasa could not even withstand an attack from Severin. As a level two paragon and the elder, he should not be so easily beaten by Severin since Severin was on the same stage as him. In addition, Hasa also had a spiritual weapon with him.

After all, the higher the level of attainment the cultivator was, the longer and stronger his life span would be. They would not be easily defeated like when they were during warrior king level or warrior emperor level. However, that normality did not apply to Severin. He killed a level-two paragon without any difficulty. How could that not make Zia feel anxious, scared, and shocked?

The moment Zia accepted the reality, he rather sacrificed his spiritual weapon that Severin had snatched over and decided to activate the self-destruction spell on the spiritual weapon. If Severin was any ordinary cultivator, Zia had the confidence to defeat him. However, Severin was not. He was a famous prodigy in Southsky. It was a known fact that a prodigy had the capability to challenge and defeat people who were at higher levels than him.

He knew he was no match for Severin so he chose to destroy his spiritual treasure to stall Severin so his family member would have time to escape.

Before the spiritual weapon exploded, Severin knew ahead and improvised accordingly. He activated a shield to protect his body so the explosion would not inflict him. Despite, the fast reaction, the shockwave from the explosion still hit him and blasted him several feet away. His head felt dizzy and he heard buzzing sounds from both ears.

Once he stood steadily, he realized Zia had escaped with the others.

He quickly shook his head to get rid of the dizziness and went after Zia.

“You think you can run away from me? Well, that’s not going to happen!” he claimed.

There was no way he was going to let them get away. If any of them survived and got words out, it would bring great danger to him. At this moment, he was not strong enough to fight with the strongest person from the Gahrns. In order to make sure there would not be any unbearable consequences, he had to kill every Gahrn today.

Without wasting any time, Severin increased his flying speed so fast that he could hear the wind blowing past him. It was as fast as a comet falling from the sky and his body was heating up like a comet too.

In order to fly faster, Severin took out the Scarletsky Sword to form a light barrier around his body. The Scarletsky Sword flew in circles around his body while encompassing a strong and sharp swordwill.

Zia who was leading the others saw Severin flying after them. He knew Severin would not stop until all of them were dead. The gap between them was getting smaller and smaller.


The breath of the Scarletsky Sword was so terrifying and taunting that Zia’s back was soaked with sweat. He knew there was no way that everyone could escape if he had to bring Sian and the others with him.

Therefore, he made the decision and swung his arm to the side.

“Sian, quickly and get away from here. In the meantime, notify the family. I will try to hold off Severin for now to make more time for you.”

Chapter 2232





After that, he ignored how scared the others were. He gritted his teeth and summoned a spiritual weapon from his energy center.

It was a purple and gold ring that was shining brightly and looked so superior and eye-catching because of the principles encompassed around the ring.

The name of the spiritual ring was Purple -Gold Ring. The name came from the color of the ring.

It was the first weapon Zia was given and the weapon he had carried for all of his life. It had now advanced to superior-quality and its power was at the top of its rank.

Without wasting anything, Zia threw the Purple-Gold Ring at Severin. The ring damaged the space along the flying course and the speed created electricity from the friction. The color of the sky changed and the earth could not withstand the power of the beam that it started to crack.

Severin saw the incoming attack, raised his brow, and sneered.

“Stop struggling and be prepared to die!”

Then he threw the Scarletsky Sword as a counterattack. It flew across the sky with the speed of lightning. The sword sparkled and blasted the ring far away.

At that time, only Severin and Zia were left in that area. Both of them hovered in the sky while encompassing their paragon’s breath. The wind was blowing their hair.

Since the attack did not work, Zia summoned back the ring into his hand. He looked at Severin.

“Severin, I understand what we did was rude. Please allow me to apologize to you.”

He was trying to stall as much time as possible so Sian could reach the outside world and request help. After that, the family would send their strongest cultivators over to save their lives. He believed Severin would not stand a chance by then. With that thought in mind, he quickly thought of more ways to look for more time.

“So you want to apologize to me now? Too bad, it’s too late for that,” Severin replied disdainfully.

It was so obvious what Zia was trying to do and Severin was not buying it.

Zia was disappointed that his plan did not work. He said unhappily, “Think about it clearly. Do you really want to be the enemy of the Gahrns? Do you know we have royal paragon cultivators in the family? If Sian and I died here today, the head of the family would definitely go to the Grandiuno Sect to look for you. Do you think Oskar can protect you?”

Despite the threat, Severin smiled and nodded, “Yes, you got a point there. That’s why I have made up my mind to kill every one of you so your family won’t know who the killer is. Isn’t that right?”

That made Zia so angry. As he was about to reprimand Severin, the space around them started to distort. It was then followed by the appearance of a terrifying power. Then he saw a palm-sized mountain in Severin’s hand. It contained a high level of sky-soil energy that violently ripped open the space around them and created many black holes.

“Is that an elite-quality spiritual weapon?!” Zia stuttered fearfully as he sensed how powerful the mountain was.

Without any hesitation, he took off at the speed of light. Severin saw it and threw the mountain toward where Zia was running.

Suddenly, the mountain started to enlarge and fell from the sky.

Zia panicked and felt anxious because he knew he was in great danger. The heat created by the mountain falling was so hectic that he could feel it while the mountain was still far away from him. He used all of his might and every last power in his body to increase his speed. With the hope that he could flee. However, the speed of the mountain falling increased and smashed on top of it creating a huge sound.

Chapter 2233



“No!” That was the last word said by Zia as his body ruptured in mid-air. Despite that, Flameless Pinnacle continued to fall and smashed to the ground. The ground shook hard as if it was encountering an earthquake. The force was so heavy that it created a giant pit with lava gushing out from the earth and black smoke.

Zia was nowhere to be seen. The attack was so powerful that it did not leave a complete body. The Flameless Pinnacle landed on top of the pit looking so marvelous and divine.

After that, Severin used his divine sense to detect if Zia was still alive just to be safe. Once he was assured Zia’s life was no longer on this earth, he sneered and retrieved the Flameless Pinnacle. Truth be told, he gave Zia the chance to talk just so he could secretly activate the Flameless Pinnacle. If he wanted to kill everyone, he must make sure he could first kill Zia with one blow.

Once Zia was out of the picture, the rest of the people did not stand a chance.

Severin looked over to see where Sian and the others were. Then he boosted his speed to catch up with them. His speed was so fast that it only took several seconds to catch up with the group.

Sian who was trying hard to get out of the place realized Severin was getting closer. He was so scared that he used all of his might and power to increase his flying speed. Acting like an arrow, sonic blasts popped out. However, it was useless.

Severin scoffed. "Do you think that's going to make any difference?"

Sian was nothing but a level nine supreme saint. Even if he used all of his power, his speed was never going to be fast enough for him to escape Severin.

Once the gap became smaller, Severin commanded the Scarletsky Sword to shoot out several sword beams at the other people. It terrified Sian to see his companions around him falling one by one after being hit by the sword beams.

"It's all a misunderstanding!" Sian claimed nervously as he accepted the fate that his speed was never fast enough to escape the situation.

Severin looked calm. All of a sudden, he stood behind Sian with the Scarletsky Sword in his hand. Sian was so scared that he could not stop trembling when knowing Severin was just one arm's length away from him. He felt like death was slowly creeping up on him.

In the next second, Severin swung his sword at Sian. A sword beam hit Sian's back and shattered his clothes. The moment he got hit, his vision turned black. He also felt like blood was rushing up his throat. Obviously, that hit had injured him so severely that he could not even fly at the same altitude.

In order to save himself, he shouted out, "If you spare me my life today, I shall let you know a secret of the Fierce Beast Mountain!"

Because of that, Severin did not launch the attack he planned to do.

Before this happened, he actually wondered how coincidence it was that he and the Gahrns would meet in this mountain range for the mountain had an enormous range. Now that he thought of it, it looked like the Gahrns were actually looking like they were searching for something when he met them.

Severin asked, "What secret?"

It delighted Sian a lot that Severin had an interest in the secret. "I will only tell you if you promise to let me go."

"Then forget about it," Severin sneered.

Suddenly, the Scarletsky Sword made a bussing sound so sharp that it could cut people up. The level of the swordwill also increase vehemently.

Sian was shocked. "Don't! I'll tell you now!"

Chapter 2234



"According to the information gathered by my ancestors, there is a relic of an evil practitioner from ancient times here. There is a section of Chaotic Evil Practitioner's Arm in the ancient ruins,"

Sian revealed, "You can have the Chaotic Evil Practitioner's Arm as long as you let me go."

After hearing that, Severin frowned. He was aware that there was a relic of an evil practitioner from ancient times here in the mountain because it was the birthplace of the Fire of Nine Ghosts.

However, he did not know there was a section of Chaotic Evil Practitioner's Arm in the relic too. What a surprise to know this information now.

According to his memory, the Chaotic Evil Practitioner's Arm was a powerful skill from the Sacred Land of Evil Practitioner. If a person could learn that skill, he would have the power to snatch away his opponent's attainment base. A very evil and possessive type of skill.

Severin thought, 'I guess the relic is not as simple as I thought.' After that, he boosted his spiritual energy to the sword to create a sword beam.

"Severin! How could you break your promise after I told you the secret?" Sian scolded fearfully after he saw the incoming sword beam. He quickly took out his spiritual defense weapon to tackle the attack.

Severin stuck his finger in his ear and said nonchalantly, "When did I promise you that?"

Sian's face blushed angrily as he remembered he just revealed the secret without noticing if Severin agreed with the proposal.

"You-!"

Just as he was about to make another proposition, he stopped talking and his face turned horrible.

The Scarletsky had reached his back without him noticing. The sharp blade pierced through his body from the back with enormous power. The power damaged his organ and his primal spirit.

Looking at Sian's dead body, Severin summoned the Scarletsky Sword back into his hand. In the meantime, he did not forget to collect Sian's spatial ring.

After that, he scanned the whole area with his divine sense to see if any people from the Gahrr escaped. Then, he went back to where he came from.

In the meantime, there was a busy city around several thousand miles away from the Fierce Beast Mountain. The roofs of the buildings were painted in gold color. The pillar had carvings to emphasize the grandness of the building. The aurora was over the sky.

It was none other than the residence of the Gahrns.

In a building, there was a disciple who was in charge of overwatching all the soul lanterns of every member of the family.

He looked surprised and shocked as they saw the fire of many soul lanterns go out. Including Sian, Zia, and Hasa. Those members who went to the Fierce Beast Mountain. In addition, their life tag broke too.

The disciples knew something bad must have happened.

Awakening from the shock, he ran outside quickly.

“Something bad has happened!”

Shortly, several elders came over and saw the dark soul lantern and broken life tag.

The head of the family was in his fifties and a level nine paragon.

His sideburn had turned grey. His eyes were burning with fire when he said in his angry tone, “Find out what happened!


Immediately!”

The disciples and elders had trouble breathing because of the terrifying breath the leader was emitting. Their bodies also shivered uncontrollably.

“Yes, sir!”

Chapter 2235





Meanwhile, Severin had returned to the canyon. He had no idea the death of Sian, Zia, and the others had brought the Gahrns into a complete mess. As he flew toward the deeper side of the canyon, he encountered the poisonous murk. It was a huge canyon. The poisonous murk got thicker as Severin flew further in.

Suddenly, he noticed there was an entrance at a steep side of the valley. It looked like it was a work by men. Maybe it had been there since a long time ago, the surface had dried up with cracks and many uneven surfaces due to weathering.

Severin released his divine sense to explore the cave. Once the sense was several feet inside, it encountered a Boundary Formation that restricted it from going further. He raised his brow and thought, 'There must be something inside.'

Without any choice, he raised his palm and used his spiritual energy to ignite a fireball the size of a palm. Then he walked into the cave while being alert. On both sides of the passage, there were many skeletons. The white bones flickered brightly when it was lit up by the fireball.

It seemed like a few sets of the skeletons had a layer of gel covering them as they looked semi-transparent. In fact, Severin also saw two sets of gold skeletons lying on the ground. Without a doubt, those two skeletons were used to be paragons. As cultivators became paragons, their bodies would encounter a new transformation where their blood became like lava from a volcano and the color of their bones turned gold colored. Once the transformation was completed, the cultivators were truly become paragons.

Based on the deterioration of the skeleton, those skeletons had been there at least more than a thousand years above.

Given that fact, Severin raised his guard up and did not dare to take it easy. He released his divine sense to monitor the area so he could know if there was any danger around him.

After several steps later, he reached the Boundary Formation. Once he examined the formation, he realized breaking the formation was an easy job. The formation must have been there more than ten thousand years ago and was not functioning as it should be anymore.

Without wasting time, he gathered his power in his palm and smashed the formation. After a short period of vibration, the formation broke and scattered into thousands of glass-liked pieces to reveal the cave. Severin was delighted to see the cave.

Suddenly, he heard an angry roar coming out from the cave. Then it was followed by a weird breath and screeching sound.

“That’s not going to scare me!” he shouted.

A blink of light appeared and the Scarletsky Sword flew out from his hand heading inside the cave. It flew until it collided with something which made a big spark. Then it got bounced back toward Severin.

Severin was shocked to see the outcome. This time he transferred a vast amount of spiritual energy into the sword.

“Light it up!” he shouted.

The Scarletsky Sword lit up brightly as if the sword was a rising sun. The golden ray shot into the cave and shined into the darkness. With the help from the golden ray, Severin had clear vision of the cave.

There was a line of three-foot-high skeletons. Those were not skeletons. Instead, they looked like they were made out of crystal because they were transparent and clear-looking. However, they were as hard as diamonds.

Severin knew it because his Scarletsky did not make any dent in the skeletons just now. As the golden ray got closer to the skeletons, a weird situation happened. The hollow eyes of the skeletons had fire appearing inside. It looked so terrifying just like a horror movie.

After that, the skeletons lifted their arms in unison and black smoke started to emit from their bodies. The black smoke rose into the air to form weird human forms.

Chapter 2236



The skeletons gave a derisive and creepy laugh. The Scarletsky Sword flew past through the black human-shaped smoke and pierced into the wall of the cave.

At this point, Severin knew the skeletons were much stronger than he imagined because once again, the sword failed to deal any damage to the skeleton.

“As I expected, there is something very wrong with this place,” he murmured to himself.

After that, he summoned Darkgold Bell and had it hovered above his head.

When the black human-shaped smoke had Severin in their sights, they made horrible screeching sounds and charged at Severin. The air was filled with a pungent smell similar to rotten meat. It was so disgusting that Severin nearly vomited.

Since the black human-shaped smoke was slowly closing in and surrounding him, he blasted out his power as he raised his fist. His fist shined brightly like a sun as he cast the True-Sun Fist.

He threw a punch forward to create a powerful sonic blast with the capability to distort the space in front of him. As the ground shook, the black human-shaped smoke let out an agonizing cry. Then it dissolved into the air and disappeared.

He was delighted to know the True-Sun Fist worked. From there, he quickly assumed those smoke were afraid of sunlight. As he was learning how to cast the True-Sun Fist, he realized he needed to absorb the sunlight during sunrise to cast and unleash the spell's full potential power.

As such, Severin did not wait anymore and continued to cast the True-Sun Fist to light up the cave. On and off, the black human-shaped smoke groaned agonizingly and disappeared into the air.

The rest of the black human-shaped smoke got scared and quickly returned to the skeletons.

All of a sudden, those skeletons came alive and started to attack Severin. "Oh? What a surprise, they have a mind..."

Severin was surprised by the discovery. Without thinking much, he infused the power of heaven and earth into the sword and attacked the skeletons. The sharp blade collided with the skeletons and crushed them into ashes.

Without the hosts, the smoke left the skeletons and flew around the cave looking for an escape.

Severin had no means to let them go. He chased after that and used the True-Sun Fist to destroy them. After numerous explosions, there was no more black human-shaped smoke seen in the cave.

After the crisis ended, Severin finally had the chance to have a look at the cave. It was a humongous cave. To be more accurate, it looked like an underground tomb.

As of now, the place Severin was at looked like the entrance of a black tomb. There were many greenish flames lit around the tomb.

Looking so bizarre and Severin imagined it would how hell looked like.

Further away was an altar with many written runes hanging from the roof. Other than that, it also had many human skins and skulls hanging. A high chance that the runes were giving the altar power to absorb the power of heaven and earth around its vicinity which also made the space around the altar look very unstable.

“Damn! I’m sure I’m in the right place. This must be the evil practitioner’s territory in the past. It’s so creepy in here,” Severin cursed and made his way to the black tomb.

Chapter 2237



Severin stopped when he reached the entrance of the black tomb.

In order to avoid any danger, he decided to explore the black tomb with his divine sense first. As he scanned around, he discovered there should not be any danger in the tomb as he only saw a skeleton lying on the ground.

Since there was no potential threat, he could enter the black tomb fearlessly.

In the tomb was a gold skeleton with a purple color robe with gold lining sitting with his legs crossed on a cushion. As time passed, the gold skeleton had dried up.

“No matter how strong you were, your body or skeleton could not defeat time after you die,” Severin sighed as he entered the tomb.

Then he used his divine sense to examine the skeleton where he found a gold token in the pocket. It was just the size of a palm with a skull engraved on it. On the back of the token, there were the words, Wicked Tribe, engraved.

Severin was shocked. ‘Oh, my god! This guy was a member of the Wicked Tribe!’ he thought.

Wicked Tribe was founded in Lasbonrket. It was known for its different variations of evil spells. It shared the same fame as the Yellow Ghost Tribe from Cesun. Both of them used to be the most popular evil practitioner organizations in history.

All of their members were evil practitioners who practiced black magic such as making zombies from dead people, mind control, and others. Most of the time, cultivators were easily tricked and fell into their traps because of their black magic.

There was no requirement to join the tribes. Even the weakest cultivator who decided to join could be a prodigy in the tribe if he could be the last one standing during the fight for survival.

Because of their black magic and evil practices, the members of both tribes were hated by others. Ten thousand years ago, a war between the cultivators and evil practitioners erupted. The Grandiuno Sect was able to stand firm for many years because of that war.

Finally, Severin realized what was the actual form of that black human-shaped smoke.

He sighed when he thought about the skeletons of those outside the tomb, “Evil practitioner is always so evil. He actually stripped those men’s souls away from their bodies and transformed them into those ghost-liked monsters to help him guard the cave.”

He was wondering why those black smoke could think and come out with the best tactic to attack their enemies. Now he got his answer. Those were not black smoke but the souls of those cultivators who accidentally entered the cave.

After they were killed by the formation, their souls were captivated by the evil practitioner and transformed into the black smoke Severin defeated just now. As time passed, the formation of the cave was no longer as powerful as it used to be. As the evil practitioner died, the souls lost their master.

Severin went on to explore the rest of the tomb then he noticed there was a jade plague underneath the cushion. It was still shining brightly which proved it did not lose its power because of time.

To avoid any danger, Severin used his divine sense to examine the jade plague. Shortly, he opened his eyes and took a deep breath.

“A prodigy of the Wicked Tribe. The Wicked Spell.”

The jade plague contained information about the identity of the gold skeleton and also the guide on how to learn the Wicked Spell.

From there, Severin knew the gold skeleton’s name was Anson Kuvings. He left Lasbonrket and came to Southsky to manage the Wicked Tribe’s branch. However, he was chased after by the cultivators in Midland. Later, he hid in this tomb and died there.

After reading through the guide, Severin inhaled deeply. “No wonder everyone hated black magic.”

The Wicked Spell was the strongest black magic of the Wicked Tribe. According to the jade plague, one had to drink at least ten thousand cultivators' blood to use the spell. And that was just the beginner level.

To reach the expert level and transform the body into a Chaotic Devil Body, one would need to absorb the air of wickedness.

Once the evil practitioner reached the expert level and has the Chaotic Devil Body, he could regenerate life with a drop of his blood and regrow his body parts or organs.

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No man or celestial could defeat the Chaotic Devil Body, as all he needed was a drop of blood to regenerate his life. As compared to The Book of True Void Enlightenment Severin had or the Grandiuno Treasured Notes, the Wicked Spell was much stronger.

It did not even require any special requirements. Any man could easily learn the Wicked Spell. If he reached the expert level, he had the power as strong as any prodigy with a Divine Constitution.

After Severin finished reading, he quickly stored the jade plague in his spatial ring. As the name suggested, the Wicked Spell was an evil spell.

It was easy to learn and it also taught the practitioner many ways to escape in the case of an emergency or life-threatening situation and also many evil tricks and spells.

Truth be told, the more Severin learned about the spell, the more eager and tempted he felt to practice it. Yet, he suppressed the desire with his strong mind.

The Wicked Spell was indeed very powerful. However, Severin knew if he learned it, he would slowly be obsessed with black magic and turn into an evil practitioner. With that thought in mind, he quickly left the tomb to head toward the altar.

According to his information, the Fire of Nine Ghosts was being placed in the middle of the altar. As expected, he saw a blue flame burning in the middle when he was at the altar and felt delighted.

The Fire of Nine Ghosts existed only in the place where it had a high level of air of wickedness. It had a wonderful effect on controlling the divine soul of a person.

The divine souls of the cultivators who had not reached the paragon stage and did not have their primal spirits changed into solar spirits were more prone to suffer damage. Especially if they were attacked with the Fire of Nine Ghosts. The damage dealt was higher than the Soul Devouring Nail Tobias had.

Severin walked forward and raised his hand. The power of heaven and earth came flying around him. Every cell in his body was shining brightly and absorbing all the power of heaven and earth madly.

Shortly, his spiritual energy formed an invisible hand that he used to grab the Fire of Nine Ghosts. Once he had the Fire of Nine Ghosts in his hand, it started to burn Severin's primal spirit. It only took a second before Severin was covered with the blue flame.

Even if he was a paragon and his divine soul had been through an epic transformation, he still was in pain as if there were several thousand needles pricking him.

He quickly cast the Lotus Wildfire spell and shouted, “Stop it!”

The Lotus Wildfire was a fire combat technique created by Wildfire.

It had the ability to control all types of flame. Slowly, the fire on Severin was put out and the Fire of Nine Ghosts shrunk to the size of a thumb.

At this point, Severin quickly imprinted the Fire of Nine Ghosts with his spiritual energy. Later, he did according to the guide of the Lotus Wildfire, and placed the Fire of Nine Ghosts into his energy center.

Half an hour later, Severin’s forehead was full of sweat. He exhaled deeply. His effort did not go to waste as he had finally tamed and had full control of the Fire of Nine Ghosts.

Looking into his energy center, the Fire of Nine Ghosts was hovering in the sky together with Chaotic Swordshadow. He was really very pleased with himself.

“Yes, I’ve gotten the Fire of Nine Ghosts! I’m one step away from advancing to the expert level of the True-Sun Fist!”

Chapter 2239



Once everything was settled, he took his time and rested. After a while, he leaped into the air and continued to explore the other areas of the cave. According to Sian, the Chaotic Evil Practitioner’s Arm was also in this cave.

Although Chaotic Evil Practitioner's Arm was useless to Severin, it was a priceless item. The Chaotic Evil Practitioner's Arm could only be created by the prodigies of the Wicked Tribe and Yellow Ghost Tribe.

If Severin could find it, he could sell it or exchange it with numerous seventh-grade or eighth-grade alchemical pills.

Therefore, he was not about to miss out on gaining a fortune.

While he was up in the air, he released his divine sense to search around. In the meantime, he also created a fireball to hold it in his hand. The darkness was chased away when the fireball provided the light Severin needed to see the cave.

As mentioned earlier, the size of the cave was humongous. Other than the altar, there were many buildings around the tomb with the altar being in the middle.

Soon, his divine sense reached a barrier near a building not too far away. That meant there was a formation. If a building needed a formation to protect it, there could be treasure in the building that needed protection.

This was the tomb of Anson Kuvings, the prodigy of the Wicked Tribe. When he passed away, he was either a level seven or level eight paragon. He must have collected many treasures in his spatial ring during his lifetime.

Enough for a cultivator to live a fruitful life. However, Severin did not discover any spatial ring or treasure when he found Anson. That meant Anson's treasure must be hiding somewhere else.

Severin shook his head and flew toward the building. As he was at the entrance, a light blue light pillar shot down from the sky and dropped a few miles away from him. His sixth sense told him the light pillar was very dangerous. Even with his current attainment, he felt like something had targeted him.

“Something doesn’t feel right. This is a dangerous place. I need to be very careful.” Severin said to himself.

Immediately, he summoned the Darkgold Bell and placed it above his head for protection. Despite that, he still did not feel safe. He waved his hand and used the spiritual energy of heaven and earth from his energy center to form a protection shield. Finally, he felt more secure.

After that, he threw a punch. His fist was like the sun. With his strong body, he punched at the light pillar with pure power. The light pillar flashed for a second after the attack. And that was all.

Other than its color being a little lighter than before, the attack dealt no damage.

Severin was really shocked to see his attack did not damage the light pillar. He assumed the power of the formation must have decreased after many years later. The outcome was just mind- blowing. How could a formation still be so powerful after so many years? How could the formation withstand his attack?

His body and power had surpassed many cultivators on the same level as him.

Chapter 2240



There was not even a single scratch on the formation after his attack. At this point, he knew the formation was far stronger than he assumed. With that, he summoned the Scarletsky Sword.

The sword sparkled as Severin withdrew it. The sharp sword will spread across the cave. Numerous sword energy flew from the sword like fireballs and landed on the light pillar. The sounds of the explosions were as loud as thunder. The wind from the afterwave blew the sand from the ground.

When Severin had a clear vision, he realized he had created a crack in the light pillar this time. He was relieved to know the attack worked. Without any delay, he quickly launched more attacks.

Numerous sword energy was launched at the light pillar to deal more damage. Finally, the formation could not withstand Severin's attack and broke off.

After that, Severin released his divine sense to take a look at the situation in the building. He noticed there were two display cabinets in the middle of the building. They were protected by a formation that was similar to the formation Severin broke just now.

The light pillar also helped to protect the items from disintegration due to time.

Severin looked at the first display cabinet which had a dark arm displayed on it. The arm was emitting many malevolent energy that caused the space around the arm to be unstable. That was exactly the Chaotic Evil Practitioner's Arm Severin was searching for.

After that, he looked at the second display cabinet. A green-colored jade pendant was being locked within. It was engraved with ancient wording and emitted the principles of law. It did not need a prodigy to tell the item must be a treasure as well.

Then Severin used his divine sense to look around for any potential danger. Once it was cleared, Severin walked into the building without fear. He stood in front of the display cabinet.

His palms were emitting spiritual energy to form a giant hand to crush the formation that was guarding the items. Once the formation was broken, he took the items out.

The jade pendant felt cold when he picked it up. Then he realized there were wordings engraved on the back of the jade pendant. He recognized and could understand those words.

“Teleportation Slip?”

He gasped heavily and held the jade pendant tighter.

“Oh, my god! This is a Teleportation Slip!” he exclaimed.

The slip did exactly what it was called. It could rip open the space and teleport a person several thousand miles away. However, it took a paragon many years and energy just to create one Teleportation Slip.

A treasure that every paragon in the Bluerealm wished to give to their families to use in case of life-threatening situations.

All it needed was to break the slip and the person would be teleported away no matter what situation the person was in. Due to that special feature, the Teleportation Slip was a priceless treasure.

Even if you had all the money in the world, that did not guarantee you could buy one. No paragon would actually bother to spend years and energy to create a Teleportation Slip just to sell it for money.

Severin was really surprised to have found the Teleportation Slip in here. Immediately, he scanned the slip with his divine sense. After taking a few breaths, he had a big smile on his face.

“This Teleportation Slip is still working!”