

LIFE AFTER PRISON

Chapter 2241



If this Teleportation Slip appeared in the market, it would definitely capture many people's attention. The price people would pay for it was just unimaginable.

One could escape death if he had the Teleportation Slip with him. And it did not require any special skill or movement to activate it. All one needed was to break the slip.

However, the process of creating the Teleportation Slip was too meticulous. First, you would need to collect a drop of morning dew for nine days. Then the paragon would have to use his own energy to carve the teleportation spell on the slip. It sounded simple.

Yet, the spell was very complicated. Any mistake would ruin the slip. Therefore, the Teleportation Slip was a very rare item that you could see. Perhaps there were quite a few in the sacred land across the Bluerealm and families with a long history.

Severin believed even Oskar the sect leader of Grandiuno Sect, the strongest sect in Southsky, did not have it. It was truly a rare item.

After that, Severin looked at the Chaotic Evil Practitioner's Arm. It looked dried and was emitting malevolent energy. He carefully inspected it with his divine

sense. Then he realized it was full of life. And he even sensed that the arm possessed a high desire to kill people.

Severin was shocked by the discovery. It was beyond his imagination that the Chaotic Evil Practitioner's Arm could still hold so much power after being here for many years.

"I don't do black magic so this item is useless to me," he said.

If the Chaotic Evil Practitioner's Arm fell into the hand of an evil practitioner, it would do great assistance to the evil practitioner.

For example, it could enhance the evil practitioner's body making it easier to learn black magic, and also give a boost to the black magic cast by the evil practitioner.

However, it would not help Severin in any way because he was not an evil practitioner. He placed the Chaotic Evil Practitioner's Arm into his spatial ring and thought maybe he could sell it in the future. Then, he went to explore around the building.

However, he did not find anything else so he left the building and headed toward other areas.

Before he knew it, he had been in the ruins for half a day and that was the time it needed for Severin to explore the other buildings.

Therefore, he went back to the altar where he found the Fire of Nine Ghosts.

Other than the Chaotic Evil Practitioner's Arm and Teleportation Slip, he also found two special spiritual herbs that only grew in an environment filled with malevolent energy. Although the rank was rather low, it could be used to produce a seventh-grade alchemical pill.

He was delighted with today's result. After all, he had never expected this. At first, he thought he should make use of his free time to level up the Lotus

Wildfire so he created a mission to gather information about the location of different spiritual flames.

To his surprise, a disciple informed him about a spiritual flame in the Fierce Beast Mountain. Thus, he made his way to the Fierce Beast Mountain to explore. To his surprise, he found more than he was hoping for. The Wicked Spell from the Wicked Tribe, a Chaotic Evil Practitioner's Arm, and a Teleportation Slip!

A good result, he would say. Maybe even better than the time he went to Artic Heights. He put in more effort in the Artic Heights because he needed to defeat many prodigies to get his hand on the treasure.

This time around, it was just a piece of cake to him. He double-checked the items again to see they were all being placed in his spatial ring. Then he calmed himself down from the excitement.

"There are still plenty of times before the Starry Sky Battlespace starts. It's better to imprint the Teleportation Slip with my spiritual energy first. I can never know what is waiting for me when I leave the Fierce Beast Mountain or if I will run into any danger."

He had a good reason to be careful because he had not forgotten he killed Sian and many of his families. If his family knew Severin was the killer, they would never let him go.

In order to find out the truth, the Gahrns would send people over to the Fierce Beast Mountain for investigation. Severin knew he did not stand a chance if he had to fight a level three and above paragon.

Therefore, he rather be safe than sorry. If the Gahrns did come after him when he left the Fierce Beast Mountain, at least he could use the Transportation Slip to make a run.



Anyway, it would be best if Severin did not encounter any danger or met any Gahrns on his way out. He sat on the floor with his leg crossed and the Transportation Slip in his hand. Slowly, he transferred the power of heaven and earth from his body to the slip to imprint it.

Soon, the slip started to sparkle with a greenish light. Later, it emitted a weird power that made the space around Severin to become unstable.

Meanwhile, there was an airship flying toward the Fierce Beast Mountain. Favian was one of the passengers as he looked at the Fierce Beast Mountain from afar.

Beside him was a level three paragon in his midlife. He asked, ”

Brother, based on my information, Sian and Zia were killed here as they came to look for the Chaotic Evil Practitioner’s Arm.”

Favian heard that and frowned. He kept on thinking if they were attacked by a king of beast or were killed by other cultivators.

When Sian and Zia were killed, they were too far away from the Gahrns’ Residence. Thus, even the royal paragon failed to find out the cause of their death after attempting to perform a ritual.

As such, Favian decided to go to the Fierce Beast Mountain himself to find out the truth. As he was nearly a hundred miles away from the valley, he got a bad feeling because he could sense the remaining smell of Sian and the other left in the air.

When the airship was less than fifty miles away from the valley, Fabian discovered something. He saw a mountain that was half destroyed and a deep and long track. He could feel a strong sense of Sian from the track and also a terrifying swordwill.

The remaining sword energy was still very sharp. Many of the cultivators on the airship felt piercing pain on their skins as if needles were pricking them. And that happened when the airship was still far away from the track.

Fabian got cut off from his divine sense as his divine sense was exploring the track for merely ten seconds.

As such, Fabian was assured Sian and the others were killed by a cultivator or cultivators. Because only cultivators could possess swordwill.

He said angrily, "Who the hell was it? How dare he kill Sian? Does he have any idea who is he messing with?"

With that said, he made a gesture with his hand to agglomerate a mysterious light. The light went on to absorb the remaining smell and breath of Sian and the others. It was a special skill created by the Gahrns, called the Backtrack Spell.

After absorbing the last remaining breath of the deceased, the time in the scene would rewind and show a video of the past. In this case, the time when Sian was murdered.

Very soon, the video of how Sian died was played. Fabian witnessed the death as if he was there. When he found out who was the killer, his face turned terrible and he emitted a strong power to show how angry he was.

He gritted his teeth. "It's you! Severin!"

Fabian was one of the members who went to the Artic Heights.

Therefore, he knew who Severin was.

After the mysterious light went out, he said to everyone in the airship, “Full speed ahead! By crook or by hook, find me Severin today!”

Chapter 2243



Everyone on the airship shared the same grief as Fabian.

“Don’t worry, Great Elder. We’re going to find Severin if we have to dig the mountain!”

“How dare he kill Sian? Does he think he could bully us?”

“If Oskar did not arrive in time to save him when we were at the Artic Heights, you had the chance to kill him then!”

The Gahrns onboard the airship hated Severin as they cursed Severin together. They swore to kill Severin when they found him.

In fact, not every one of them saw Severin before. However, all of them heard about him before.

Severin did break Sian’s arm when they were at the Artic Heights.

Sian had to run for his life like a cowardly dog.

Truth be told, it was normal for members from different sects to fight against each other. Although Sian lost the fight and his arm, he continued to live.

Luckily, Oskar arrived just in time and Fabian had no choice but to let Severin go. Due to that incident, the reputation of the Gahrns went downhill a little.

Yet, they did not expect to learn Severin killed Sian and two paragon elders now. It was a huge loss to the Gahrns. They must seek revenge or they will be forever in regret.

Fabian nodded at those elders. They were more than ten of them and they were all paragons.

He knew for a fact that Sian had come here with the purpose of looking for the Chaotic Evil Practitioner's Arm. Since Sian was killed deep in the mountain, it meant Severin must not be far away.

"Divide into different groups and search the area. Even if we have the search all of the mountains, we must find Severin!"

"Yes, sir!"

The elders departed from the airship and searched around the area.

Meanwhile, Severin was still in the ruin. He was not rushing his time as he slowly imprinted his marking and gained full control of the Teleportation Slip. As of now, he had no idea the Gahrns were hunting for him.

More than half an hour later, his primal spirit had merged with the slip and created a connection. It was an intriguing and fantastic connection.

It allowed Severin's primal spirit to detect the barrier in the air. He had a feeling that he now had the ability to tear the air apart to form a safe passage to teleport himself somewhere else.

He understood it was a function of the Teleportation Slip. Since a paragon spent years and energy creating the Transportation Slip, the user could open a safe passage through the principle of law embedded in the slip.

It just went on to prove how rare and special this treasure was. To think, not even Oskar, the sect leader of the strongest sect in Southsky had it.

Severin calmed himself down and continued to imprint the slip.

Soon, the whole process was done. By using the Transportation Slip, Severin had more control over the space around him.

He exhaled. "Finally, it's done."

Chapter 2244



The process required much spiritual energy. Severin's energy center was looking duller than before. He quickly took out two alchemical pills from his spatial ring and ate them.

The alchemical pill melted into water and flushed into every corner of his body to give him the energy he needed. Finally, the spiritual energy in his energy center started to flood along blood in his veins to create more power.

Meanwhile, Severin took the time to practice. Half an hour later, his body had completely absorbed the medicine and his practice came to a stop too.

His power was as strong as the mountain. A layer of white fog surrounded his body. When he breathed in fresh air, he also breathed in the white fog. Then, he opened his eyes. Now, he felt energetic and spirited. His body was full of power. He knew it was time for him to leave the mountain.

What a great day it was for him. In addition to finding the spiritual flame, he also found the Chaotic Evil Practitioner's Arm, the Wicked Spell, and the Transportation Slip. Any of the treasures would bring in an enormous amount of wealth for him.

There was no reason for him to stay in the mountain anymore. In fact, his presence in the mountain could attract the attention of the beast or king of beast. Then that would bring trouble to him.

Besides, he presumed the Gahrns had already found out that Sian and the others who came to the mountain were dead by now.

He would be in great danger if he continued to stay here any longer while the Gahrns made their way over here to find out the truth.

He went back the way he came to leave the ruin and into the valley.

Just shortly after he was in the valley, he sensed a fierce and sharp divine sense had targeted him. He was shocked with it. Without any hesitation, he quickly summoned the Darkgold Bell.

As the Darkgold Bell hovered above his head, he quickly used it to form a shield.

A sharp ray attacked him from behind. It was so fast that there was a whistling sound.

Severin heard the sound and the sound sent chills up his spine. 'Oh, no! There is danger!' he thought.'

Without any hesitation, he took a step and rolled in the air to avoid the attack. A second later, a long spear came flying over where he was before and finally pierced into the ground.

Then Severin heard a voice.

"Haha! I found you!"

A man in a black robe with the word 'Gahrn' in front appeared. He was a level three paragon, roughly around his forties, and a plump guy. Quinton Gahrn was his name, the Ninth Elder of the Gahrns. He was in charge of this area.

When he was searching around the valley, he found Severin's trace and headed over here without wasting any time.

Chapter 2245



As Quinton hovered in the air, he was surprised to see Severin avoid his attack. Supposedly, Severin did not stand a chance because he was stronger than Severin and it was a sneak attack.

When he felt the power Severin possessed, he had another shock.

He remembered very well from the information he was told by the elders and disciples who went to the Artic Heights, that Severin was just a level eight supreme saint at that time.

In just two months, Severin had actually become a level two paragon. Never in Quinton's life had he known a person could have such speedy progress.

Meanwhile, Severin guessed the Gahrns must be everywhere searching for him.

'I'm too careless. I didn't expect them to have reached here so quickly. How did they get here so fast anyway?' he thought to himself.

In order to survive this situation, he knew he had to use both Scarletsy and Flameless Pinnacle in his fight. Quinton looked fierce and sneered. "Severin, if you surrender now, I can think about sparing your life."

His tone sounded arrogant and disdainful. Yet, he knew better than to underestimate Severin's power. As he knew, both Zia and Hasa were killed by Severin.

While he was talking, he also secretly took out the communication token to report back to Fabian.

Miles away, Fabian was resting in the airship with his eyes closed.

All of a sudden, his token vibrated. He scanned with his divine sense over the information. Once he finished reading, his eyes opened, and jumped up from the deck.

“We found you, Severin!” Fabian was very excited. He leaped into the air and flew where Quinton was.

At the same time, the other elders also received the same news and all headed in the same direction as Fabian.

Up in the air of the valley, Severin sneered after summoning his weapons. He did not make any response. As he emitted the swordwill, he swung the sword to create a sword energy in the shape of a boomerang.

The sword energy was so strong that it ripped open the space around it while it was flying toward Quinton.

When he decided to kill Sian, he knew he and the Gahrns would forever be enemies. There was no way that he would accept Quinton’s proposal and surrender.

Quinton was very angry to see Severin attack him without any warning.

“Fine, if that’s what you want! Die, you shall!”

Fabian looked for the right timing and swung his spear. A powerful spear beam flew out and headed toward its target. The flying speed was very fast and terrifying.

The hit crashed in front of Severin and crushed Severin’s sword energy. The energy of the afterwave nearly blasted Severin away.

Although he was not hurt, he also knew he could not get away so easily. It was important not to waste any time during a fight. And that was what Quinton did. While Severin got affected by the blow, he charged forward with his spear like a leopard hunting its prey.

Chapter 2246



The lance that Quinton grasped firmly carried a boundless energy that resembled a dragon. His skill in wielding that lance was capable of levelling mountains, and the glow of his weapon mimicked a dragon that obliterated all obstacles in its path.

The void became unstable, and a web of cracks began to appear.

As Quinton drew closer, Severin's expression transformed abruptly. He swiftly raised his Scarletsky Sword and executed a powerful slash. The sword energy stretched thousands of feet wide, resembling a golden line that materialized from thin air to intercept the advancing lance.

The fierce clash of two formidable weapons resounded throughout the sky. Each blow generated shockwaves akin to thunderbolts.

Soon, ravines stretching for several miles were etched onto the ground.

Quinton's apprehension deepened as the battle drew on. Despite exerting his full strength, he found it challenging to make headway against Severin. By contrast, Severin effortlessly inflicted pain upon Quinton's grip, causing the power of his blood and energy to boil over.

Aware that Severin was already a level two paragon, Quinton knew that such strength was not to be underestimated. Severin could transcend his own level in combat and was therefore a formidable challenger even to accomplished practitioners.

Faced with that realization, Quinton decided to stall Severin and bide his time until Favian's arrival.

Severin was able to grasp Quinton's intention as well, as he sensed the approach of numerous imposing figures flying toward them from dozens of miles away.

'Darn it! If this goes on, my spiritual energy won't be able to endure it much longer! I need to deal with him first and use the Teleportation Slip to escape!' Severin ruminated anxiously.

He felt a little bummed that he had to use the Teleportation Slip before mastering it, but he knew that he could not afford to shift his attention elsewhere at the battlefield.

Without further ado, he brandished the Sky-Soil Zenith, which transformed into a huge mountain that hurtled right toward Quinton. In response, Quinton stepped forward and summoned a defensive spiritual treasure.

When Quinton went on the defensive, Severin had some respite as his divine senses activated the Chaotic Swordshadow in his energy center. The next second, Severin made several hand seals as his the swordshadow shot out from within him.

The strong spiritual energy, coupled with his chaotic swordwill, obliterated everything in its path. A several-mile wide plain formed over the valley.

"Slash!" Severin yelled as he directed the Chaotic Swordshadow mercilessly toward Quinton.

The attack caught Quinton off guard, as he had been struggling against the assault of the Sky-Soil Zenith. Goosebumps appeared all over his body as an overwhelming sense of fear crept in. There was no longer time to react, as the Chaotic Swordshadow had sliced through him and reduced his body, soul, and attainment to a crimson mist.

As Quinton's demise unfolded, Favian's enraged roar signaled his arrival in the valley.

"You've got some guts!"

Severin was barely able to take a breather. Enraged at the death an elder, Favian's unleashed his level nine paragon aura, shattering more than a ten-mile radius of the void.

Chapter 2247



Everything within a ten-mile radius seemed to tremble, and a myriad of web-like cracks unfurled in the void. From those fractured crevices erupted a slew of elements earth that revealed the dark emptiness within.

Favian's expression was chillingly cold, and his murderous intent had reached its maximum. He had raced to Severin's location upon learning of what happened, only to be met with the grim sight of Quinton's demise.

The scene stirred an unprecedented fury within him, further intensifying his murderous resolve against Severin.

A paragon from the Gahr's had been slain, and by Severin no less.

Favian's heart felt a pang of agony, such that his gaze toward Severin was laced with a profound and ominous hostility.

"I'm ending your life today." Favian's roared through gritted teeth. He unleashed his level nine paragon aura and raised his hand.

Upon rising into the air, Favian struck down with his fist. In that instant, his spiritual energy surged forth like a galloping steed, producing a terrifying sonic boom as it sliced through mid-air.

The violent shockwave sent dust and gravel scattering like darts in all directions.

Before Severin could react, the explosive sonic boom had already resounded. The impending crisis spurred Severin into channeling a vast amount of spiritual energy from his energy center into the Darkgold Bell suspended above his head.

The palm-sized bell let out a deafening toll that suppressed the raging elements around it and reduced them to powder. The bell's energy extended outward and swiftly formed a protective shield around Severin's body.

Favian's mile-long fist glow collided into the shield, producing a loud boom. As a level nine paragon, Favian's strength far exceeded Severin's, and a mere mediocre-quality spiritual treasure seemed to be much too insufficient to halt the attack.

A crisp cracking sound emanated from the bell, which clearly resembled the cracking of porcelain. Severin observed small tiny cracks forming on the bell-signaling its impending breakage.

His heart sank right away, and his expression turned solemn. Though he had reached level two paragon, he knew that he was no match for Favian.

As expected, the bell exploded, and the once formidable shield disintegrated into fragments of spiritual light. The resulting impact affected Severin's primal spirit, leading him to cough up blood.

In an instant, Favian's impending attack allowed Severin to sense the formidable power emanating from it. Breathing became a challenge, and he nearly felt suffocated. Cold sweat formed across Severin's body as a profound sense of death gripped him.

With no time for contemplation, Severin distanced himself and activated Wildfire's Sky-Soil Zenith. A huge mountain then suppressed time and space.

Favian's indomitable fist glow was blocked by the Sky-Soil Zenith.

Severin's expression then sank even more as he sensed the injury within him.

Chapter 2248



Favian was utterly surprised as he exclaimed, "You're still alive?"

Favian was already a half-stage away from becoming a royal paragon. His entire physique had been honed to an extraordinary level-his blood possessed a golden hue, while his physical prowess could rival that of a true beast. He was strong enough to smash mountains and part the seas.

Severin, however, was only a level two paragon. Favian, being the Gahr's elder had dealt severe blows to practitioners of that caliber in the past.

Severin might be a prodigy from the Grandiuno Sect who could transcend levels against stronger opponents, but the most he could go was around level

three paragon. It was thus a genuine surprise that Severin was able to withstand Favian's assault.

After his initial shock wore off, Favian sneered at Severin and remarked, "Show me what other tricks you might have up your sleeve!"

Without the protection of his defensive spiritual treasure, Severin was to Favian nothing more than a bug that could be crushed with sheer force.

At the same time, Severin grappled with Favian's near-lethal strike. While he managed to evade a fatal blow, the ordeal had proven to be very taxing. His entire body felt as though it had been placed under the weight of a mountain.

His muscles ached, his bones were sore, and his internal organs seemed to gone out of place, and blood was oozing out of his mouth. Severin suffered severe internal injuries, and the spiritual energy within him had drained.

Realizing the gravity of his condition, Severin understood that using the Teleportation Slip might be his only salvation. Without hesitation, he broke the Teleportation Slip he had already taken out and connected his primal spirit with the power of heaven and earth.

The Teleportation Slip soon shattered, tearing open a spatial channel after the surrounding void had collapsed. After witnessing the abrupt change, Favian's eyes widened as he recognized the item Severin had destroyed.

"The Teleportation Slip?!!" Favian exclaimed in disbelief.

Favian swung his fist at Severin, but Severin had already disappeared into the void that wrapped around him. Severin's figure vanished in the air above the valley. Favian rubbed his eyes in disbelief and his expression soured to the extreme.

He extended his divine consciousness across the surrounding area, scanning fervently within a radius of dozens of miles. Once he finally accepted the fact

that Favian was genuinely gone, he raised his head and cursed under his breath. “Damn it! When did he get hold of a Teleportation Slip?!”

The Teleportation Slip was a treasure exclusive to sacred land prodigies and sons of ancient aristocratic families. It was an exceedingly rare artifact commonly used as a last resort to save one’s life. Such an invaluable treasure could traverse thousands of miles in an instant, but even the Gahr’s royal paragons felt that incurred too much of an expense to refine those slips.

Favian could not fathom where Severin might have acquired such a prized possession. Severin’s quick escape left a bitter taste in Favian’s mouth, and his expression was incredibly gloomy.

Favian could only rue the shame and humiliation of what happened. That an esteemed level nine paragon had allowed a level two paragon to slip through his fingers would surely result in his mockery after reporting on the incident.

At that moment, other Gahr elders finally arrived. A level five paragon scanned the carnage and approached Favian. “Did you manage to kill Severin, Great Elder?”

The mere mention of Severin’s name felt like a burning slap to Favian’s face. He responded with a cold snort and offered no further explanation.

Sensing Favian’s displeasure, the surrounding elders refrained from pressing for more information.

Chapter 2249



Across a serene plain some distance away, something unusual happened as thousands of thunderbolts streaked across the sky.

The space around them warped into a spatial passage about ten feet high.

Emerging from that passage was Severin, who used his divine senses to survey the surrounding terrain. Fortunately, the Teleportation Slip had not transported him to an unfamiliar location, and he recognized the plain as somewhere not too far off from the Grandiuno Sect.

After calming himself down for a moment, Severin retrieved two pills from his spatial ring and ingested them. The pill then transformed into spiritual energy that coursed through his body, mending the misplaced organs and shattered meridians.

“That was close. I nearly died at Favian’s hands.” Severin exhaled heavily and withdrew his consciousness from his body.

The strength of a level nine paragon proved to be far too formidable. Favian executed only one move, yet Severin was already forced to utilize his Teleportation Slip to escape. He was forced to deploy the backup treasure prematurely in the face of Favian’s might.

“Damn those Gahrns!” Severin’s cursed.

“They’ll pay for all this! Just wait!”

Severin was angry at the Gahrns because they had forced him into using an item crafted by a royal paragon for emergencies. Not even the unaffiliated practitioners in Midland might possess that sort of rare item, which made their existence in Southsky even scarcer.

After recovering from his injury, he said to himself, “I should return to the sect as soon as I can in case the Gahrns try to chase after me again.

He ascended into the air, transformed into a streak of light, and headed back to the Grandiuno Sect.

Sometime later, the Grandiuno Sect entrance-surrounded by towering mountains that pierced through the clouds along with dense spiritual energy-were finally within sight. Relief washed over him as he finally returned to Pearl Light Isle.

Upon his return, Severin wasted no time in relaying a message to Oskar and recounting the events. He had a feeling that the Gahrns was not prepared to relinquish their vendetta so easily after failing to kill him in the Fierce Beast Mountain.

The demise of a prodigy like Sian and three paragon-level elders would undoubtedly provoke retaliation. Severin believed that the Gahrns' royal paragon might demand an explanation from the Grandiuno Sect.

Within the First Mountain's main hall, Oskar felt a throbbing headache as he digested everything Severin told him.

"What did that idiot do to create such chaos at the Fierce Beast Mountain?" Oskar's expression soured and he cursed in exasperation.

With the Gahrns' prodigy killed and several paragons fallen, Oskar foresaw that the Gahrns' royal paragon might soon be demanding to see him." From what I know of Clarkin, he won't stop until he gets his revenge."

However, handing over Severin was out of the question, as Severin was not merely a representative of Grandiuno Sect. Having won the tournament, Severin held the quota to the Grandiuno Sacred Land, and could already be considered as a disciple of that sacred land!

Recognizing the impending trouble, Oskar swiftly sent messages to several peak masters and summoned them to the main hall for an urgent discussion.



Over at the Gahrns, a stifling atmosphere hung so heavily that breathing became a challenge.

After hearing Favian's report, Clarkin slammed his palm onto the armrest of his chair and reduced it to bits. "This audacity is beyond me. He killed our prodigy and our paragons, then managed to escape unscathed! He has shown the utmost disrespect to or our family!"

Clarkin had difficulty trying to contain his anger. Upon learning of his son's demise, he promptly dispatched Favian along with a dozen other elders to pursue and intercept Severin. Yet Severin slipped through their grasp and left them eating dust.

Furious, Clarkin's wrath reverberated through the hall, echoing the indignation of all the elders gathered there.

"Sir, perhaps we should launch an attack on the Grandiuno Sect and demand Oskar to surrender him to us!"

"We cannot let Sian and the elders die in vain!"

"Considering the circumstances, I think it would be best to just sever ties with the Grandiuno Sect. We could align ourselves with the Deifirm Sect, as they too have had their prodigy killed by Severin!"

While opinions varied, an elder who exuded a level seven paragon aura stood up and advised, "I think you should reconsider your options, sir. According to Favian's report, Severin used the Teleportation Slip for his escape. This sort

of treasure is beyond what even the major sects are able to obtain. Besides, Severin has also ascended from supreme saint to paragon in just under a year. The talent that he displays is the same as geniuses from Midland's sacred land! I would postulate that he is connected to Midland and holds ties to some of the ancient families in Eastplain."

Favian interjected sharply, "Do not be intimidated by his ability and ambition!"

Several fiery elders echoed Favian's sentiments.

"I agree. Severin seems to have turned you into a coward."

"The Grandiuno Sect discovered him at the sacred lake. If he truly had connections to Midland and Eastplain, why would he come to Southsky?"

"This suggestion must be rooted in ulterior motives!"

In the face of all that criticism, the elder who spoke up earlier- Goldemir-shook his head and said, "I just want to ensure that the Gahrns are not killed. Even if Severin has no relations to Midland or Eastplain, he has ample talent to become a formidable royal paragon in a few years."

The hubbub of conflicting opinions drew Clarkin's ire as he yelled, "Enough! Get our men ready, Favian. I'll be making a visit to the Grandiuno Sect. We'll see if Oskar will defy us for the sake of his treasured prodigy!"

Favian reacted with a tremor and replied respectfully, "Yes, sir!"

Excitement surged among the remaining elders. Clarkin had rarely taken it upon himself to settle matters since attaining the status of a royal paragon, so knowing that he would personally handle the situation brought a sense of excitement in the air.

After all, Clarkin's mere presence as a royal paragon could trigger seismic shifts in Southsky's attainment circle.

While many elders believed that the intervention would lead to Severin's capture, Goldemir-the third elder-could only sigh to himself, deeming the move an unwise one.

Though he did not know how Severin managed to kill so many of the Gahrns' strongest men, he feared that antagonizing such a prodigious talent was disadvantageous to the Gahrns-perhaps even leading to their overthrow and annihilation.

Chapter 2251



Half an hour later, Clarkin stood on his flying boat as it hovered above the Gahrns' land. His countenance was at the peak of somberness, and he glanced back at the dozens of elders preparing to accompany him.

"We will travel to the Grandiuno Sect and demand an explanation!"

At that moment, Clarkin's heart thundered with fury and his rage was like that of a rabid wild lion. The incident at the Fierce Beast Mountain had dealt a severe blow to the Gahrns' dignity, as a prodigy had been killed along with three elders. Never before had such an incident happen.

Though the Gahrns were not on par with the Southsky's top forces, they still held considerable influence as a family who had a royal paragon. Many were careful not to slight them, yet many of their members had met an untimely demise at Severin's hand.

Severin had severed Sian's arm during the expedition into the Artic Heights. Though the Gahrns were incredibly angry at what happened, it could not be

denied that the incident was typical of the minor skirmishes which often occurred in such areas.

It thus became a rather tricky situation for a royal paragon like Clarkin to intervene.

However, the situation at the Fierce Beast Mountain was different –it was an outright affront to the Gahrns' honor. If Clarkin did not respond decisively, then the Gahrns risked becoming the subject of ridicule in the future.

Having taken all that into consideration, a murderous glint graces Clarkin's eyes as he piloted his boat skyward and navigated it into the air.

Meanwhile, within Grandiuno Sect, Oskar sat at the main seat and was flanked by the nine peak masters on both sides. The Seventh Mountain's Myles sensed the gravity of the situation after scrutinizing Oskar's serious demeanor and seeing the attentive expressions of his peers.

The nine peak masters were only summoned when a significant event occurred. Realizing that was likely the case, Myles felt perplexed as he questioned, "Did something gravely important happen? Is that why you gathered us here today?"

Myles's inquiry prompted the other peak masters to direct their attention toward Oskar. They were just as curious as he was.

Oskar placed his cup of hot tea on the table and sighed faintly."

That is indeed the case." He then recounted Severin's encounter with the Sian and the Gahrn's elders during his foray into the Fierce Beast Mountain.

Shock registered on the peak masters' faces as they absorbed the narrative.

"What?! Severin killed the Gahrns' prodigy and several paragon- level elders?"

"This is troublesome."

“The Gahrns will not let this off lightly.”

On the one hand, they were astonished by Severin’s sudden surge in strength. Defeating level two and level three paragons were already a feat in itself, and even more remarkable was his narrow escape from a level nine paragon like Favian.

On the other hand, their scalps tingled as their grim reality began to set in. The death of so many members from the Gahrns- especially that of a prodigy- meant that it was unlikely for the Gahrns to let the matter rest.

The possibility of several paragons heading to the Grandiuno Sect with retribution in mind loomed at large.

There was an unspoken rule within Southsky’s attainment circle that disciples from major sects and families should not lose their lives and only suffer severe injuries at most.

Chapter 2252



As the strongest forces in Southsky, scarcely anyone dared to provoke individuals from the four major sects and the three major families. Even forces of equal might would show some degree of restraint on account of their adversary’s reputation.

Given that understanding, one could most certainly fathom the rage surging within Clarkin upon learning of Sian and several elders’ demise.

Myles took a deep breath and said with a frown, “If I may, Sect Leader, would it not be better to clarify to the Gahrns that this was all a misunderstanding?”

As soon as he put forth his suggestion, Daniella stood up abruptly, and a domineering expression graced her delicate features. “We are a subsidiary of the Grandiuno Sacred Land, and therefore we hold some sway within in Southsky. We should not even entertain the Gahrns. I suggest tha we simply ignore them.”

Lejeune from the Fifth Mountain chimed in with a deep voice, ”

Severin has killed the Deifirm Sect’s prodigy during the expedition to the Artic Heights. Now there is enmity between the Grandiuno Sect and the Deifirm Sect. Now he has provoked the Gahrns.

If their royal paragon decides to do something and join forces with the Deifirm Sect”s royal paragon, it would most certainly spell trouble.

Lejeune’s remark elicited a cocked eyebrow from Myles, who retorted coldly, “Could you care to elaborate on what you’re implying? Are you suggesting that we should just hand over Severin to them if both their royal paragons come knocking?”

Myles rebuke left Lejeune feeling a little embarrassed. He waved his hands hastily and explained, “I don’t mean that. I’m merely stating a fact. Trouble might await us if both the Gahrns’ and the Deifirm Sect’s royal paragons join forces. If that happens, then...”

Lejeune cut his sentence short and avoided voicing them out. He was well aware of the implications he had insinuated, and he pondered why Severin was reckless enough to kill those people when a severe injury would do just fine to get his point across.

Severin had given the sect an immense headache. If everything was not handled well, he might not even get to enter the Starry Sky Battlespace, let alone Midland!

It would not be easy to negotiate with the Gahrns’ royal paragons.

Upon hearing that, everyone's expressions soured, particularly Myles and those who were aligned with Severin.

Oskar gauged the reactions from his seat. Some frowned, while others contemplated, but none of them seemed to suggest a complete retreat.

He was satisfied with the situation and declared solemnly, "Severin is a preparatory disciple of the Grandiuno Sacred Land. We bear the responsibility to protect him because he is our prodigy!"

The declaration sent shivers through the assembly. Oskar made it clear that he would protect Severin and ensure his safety. The nine peak masters brimmed with confidence, feeling empowered by Oskar's words.

Myles rose first and said, "Your righteousness is truly admirable.

We will immediately arrange for the sect disciples to activate the sect formation!" He then rose into the air and vanished from the hall in a streak of light.

The other peak masters soon left one after another to organize the disciples of their respective mountains.

As several of them exited the hall, the ground trembled as if an earthquake was happening. A furious roar then reverberated outside Grandiuno Sect. "Come out and face your end, Severin !"

Accompanying that thunderous shout was a resounding, lightning- like sonic boom that resonated in the ears of all the disciples throughout the Grandiuno Sect.

With that came a gust of wind that whipped up sand and gravel, creating a maelstrom of debris that hurtled toward the Grandiuno Sect.

Oskar's gaze turned cold when he saw what happened. He raised his hand and dispelled the debris with a wave of his hand. He then took one step into the air and appeared right in the sky at the sect's entrance.

"The Grandiuno Sect is not a place for your wanton behavior, Clarkin!"

Chapter 2253



Oskar stood suspended in mid-air above the sect's entrance and there were fluctuations in the air all around him. His somewhat graying hair moved in the wind, producing a crackling sound in the stillness.

He gazed at a hill-sized silverish-white boat that was some ten miles away in the sky.

Clarkin acknowledged Oskar's presence with a greeting gesture.

"Greetings, Oskar."

While Clarkin was a royal paragon, he was only at level four, thus paling in comparison to Oskar. Respect was key when facing someone of Oskar's stature.

Oskar noted the multitude of hostile-looking Gahrr elders on the boat and asked, "Are you waging war against my sect, Clarkin?"

Clarkin shook his head and relayed to Oskar that Severin had killed the Gahr's elders. He then concluded, "I seek to take Severin's life.

My wrath will find no solace he remains alive."

These words triggered shock and disbelief within the Grandiuno Sect. Many disciples had finally learnt that Severin had killed the Gahrns' prodigy along with multiple paragon-level elders, even managing to escape from a level nine paragon like Favian.

Everyone began to talk about what Severin had done.

"That's unbelievable! I can't imagine how powerful Elder Severin might be!"

"He killed three paragons and even managed to escape the clutches of a level nine paragon like Favian!"

"Severin is a monstrosity. His progress is simply too quick that even the Gahrns' seasoned paragons are no match for him."

"This marks the first time in Southsky's history that the Gahrns' royal paragon decided to personally deal with a level two paragon."

Countless disciples voiced their astonishment, creating a tumult within the sect.

Over on Pearl Light Isle, everyone glanced over at Severin who was in seclusion. Their gazes shifted from him to the imposing figure high above the sect.

His wives, in particular, were speechless because they knew just how severe the situation was.

Severin was tending to his injuries inside the training room, but he emerged from his retreat upon hearing Clarkin's declaration.

Knowing that he could not just shirk from the situation, he decided to go over to where Oskar was.

His wives, along with Wuhlricht's group, gathered around him.

Diane expressed her concern. “Their royal paragon is here. Why don’t you stay in the training room for now?”

Severin shook his head and asserted, “No. Oskar knows the truth.

The Gahrns are simply trying to cause trouble for themselves. I’m sure that their royal paragon would not dare to make any presumptuous comments in the Grandiuno Sect.”

Despite Severin’s reassurance, the anxiety on the women’s faces only intensified.

Severin observed their distress and tried to comfort them. “Don’t worry. I have some the very best spiritual treasures with me. Even a royal paragon would have a hard time killing me. The sect has protective formations in place too.”

Severin then rose into the air and headed toward Oskar in a stream of light.

In a quaint wooden hut on the Sixth Mountain, Celeste was busy crafting pills when her concentration was disrupted by Clarkin’s thunderous shout.

Disturbed by the ruckus, she rose into the air and caught snippets of the conversation between Clarkin and Oskar. Shock etched across her face as she muttered, “Severin killed the several of the Gahrns’ members and even escaped from Favian’s grip?”

Chapter 2254



“I’m not surprised that the Gahrns’ royal paragon would personally intervene and bring over so many of their elders,” Celeste muttered. The chasm that separated her and Severin seemed to widen with every passing moment.

Over on a secluded spiritual island near the Fifth Mountain, Raymond found himself dumbfounded upon learning of what happened.

He reflected on Severin's journey in the sect over the past year, from Severin's rise to fame, then his feats against Sian and Uzair in the Artic Heights, and finally the recent escape from the clutches of a level nine paragon. It was simply too surreal to imagine.

If the figure outside the entrance was someone other than the Gahr's royal paragon, Raymond would have assumed that the person came after being invited by Severin.

He chuckled bitterly and muttered, "You could've just killed their elders and be done with it, Severin. Why'd you have to go after their prodigy?"

Clarkin's stern countenance outside the sect led Raymond to believe that there was no easy way out of the situation.

Over at another spiritual island, this time near the Second Mountain, Spencer- the third-place winner in the sect tournament -opened his eyes in disbelief. The details of Severin's conflict with the Gahr's left Spencer shocked to the core.

"Severin probably never even revealed his full strength during the tournament..."

Killing the Gahr's paragon-level elders as well as their prodigy was no small feat, and it was all the more impressive that Severin managed to escape from Favian, the Gahr's great elder.

Any one of those feats would have been enough to stir Southsky. Spencer thanked his lucky stars and breathed a sigh of relief that he did not piss Severin off during the tournament.

Meanwhile, on an island aglow with purple fog, Karl looked into the sky in astonishment. He had recently just recuperated from his injuries, and the unusual phenomenon in the sky drew out a cold smile on Karl's face. Through gritted teeth, he muttered, "Severin!"

By Karl's estimation, the involvement of the Gahr's royal paragon left little chance for Severin to survive. Even if Oskar succeeded in protecting Severin at all costs, Severin would still have to face the combined might of the Gahr's and the Deifirm Sect at the Starry Sky Battlespace.

In the sky outside the Grandiuno Sect, dozens of rainbow-colored lights streaked across the air as a group of sect elders gathered before Oskar. Severin soon joined them, and Oskar took the opportunity to chastise Severin. "You brat! Look at the mess you've made!"

Amused by the helplessness in Oskar's tone, Severin chuckled in response. "You need to get justice for me, Sect Leader! I had no choice but to fight back, and I was lucky to escape certain death too."

The surrounding elders were left speechless at how Severin downplayed his perilous escape after killing the Gahr's strongest individuals. Oskar decided to cut the conversation short and assured Severin.

"Don't worry. I'll seek justice for you."

After all, Severin was Grandiuno Sect's prodigy, as well as the Grandiuno Sacred Land's preparatory disciple.

Oskar had a hunch that Severin could become a supreme paragon-or even take it a step further to reach celestialhood-in less than a century.

There was no time like the present to make amends.





Clarkin's face turned red with anger as he overheard the exchange between Severin and Oskar.

'What does Oskar mean by getting justice for Severin? Our family lost a prodigy and several paragon-level elders! We'd become the laughingstock of Southsky's practitioners! Who's going to get justice for us then?'

His body shook with fury, and it was his first time encountering someone so shameless.

Clarkin glanced intently at Oskar and said in a solemn tone, "Are you sure you want to make an enemy of my family for the sake of a young paragon?"

He then glared viciously at Severin, believing that his death was the price that needed to be paid for the Gahrns' to redeem their honor.

Oskar maintained his composure and responded, "What's this about making an enemy of your family? I haven't even approached your side yet, and you're already showing your arrogance at my turf. You don't think I'm that easy to mess with, do you?" Oskar's face soured.

His gaze was so sharp that it produced an audible cracking sound, almost as if it could slice through the air.

Clarkin's face remained solemn as he retorted, "And what are you implying with that statement?"

Oskar then said indifferently, "Your prodigy ambushed Severin at the Fierce Beast Mountain with the help of several elders, and a level nine paragon attacked him later on too. This is plainly ganging up against the weak, and he

was lucky to have escaped. You now bring your men to our turf to seek vengeance, which I assume would entail killing him.”

Clarkin was aghast at the shamelessness. Oskar painted Severin as the victim even though Severin had killed the Gahrns' members. It was as if the Gahrns were at fault for venturing into the Fierce Beast Mountain, engaging with Severin, and sending the level nine paragon.

Clarkin snickered in anger and did not conceal his displeasure. “My, you’re rather articulate! You’re now painting the wrongdoer as the innocent party!”

Oskar waved his hands and asked, “What compensation will you offer our sect?”

The sarcastic smirk on Clarkin’s face froze, and a murderous gaze soon appeared in his eyes. His chest heaved rapidly and he felt as if he was on the verge of an explosive outburst. Oskar’s shamelessness was truly an eye-opener.

Before Clarkin could respond, the rest of the Gahrns were in uproar after hearing Oskar’s statement.

“Compensation? Do you take us for a bunch of fools?”

“Severin killed our prodigy and our elders! Why are you making him out to be the victim!”

“This is utterly infuriating!”

The Gahrns’ elders erupted in outrage. Even the Grandiuno Sect’s nine peak masters gazed at Oskar in surprise after he offered that distorted account of the truth in defense of Severin.

Then again, considering Severin’s status as a preparatory disciple of Midland’s Grandiuno Sacred Land, they chose to abandon their misgivings and allow Oskar to do what was necessary.



Myles was first to come forward. He pointed at Favian and said, Picking on the weak is bad enough. Now you're calling upon a royal paragon to back you up! You're all shameless!"

The Sixth Mountain's Daniella cocked her eyebrow and shouted coldly.

"I find it appalling to see a royal paragon taking it upon himself to deal with a mere paragon. Is this the standard that the Gahrns hold themselves to?"

Rowan of the Eighth Mountain voiced his agreement, followed by Lejeune of the Fifth Mountain and all the others.

Severin observed from a distance with a perplexed expression when Oskar and the peak masters made him out to be the victim. It was nevertheless a comforting gesture as they were very much ready to throw their support behind him.

As Clarkin listened to their righteous drivel, he realized that the Grandiuno Sect was not prepared to surrender Severin over to him.

He sneered at Oskar with a dour expression and declared, "If that is the case, then let's have it then!"

A terrifying aura surged forth from Clarkin's body and shot into the sky.

The very fabric of the surrounding space was torn open, and extensive cracks had developed in the void. Turbulent bouts of elemental energy resulted in strong airwaves, and web-like cracks stretched for several dozen miles on the ground.

The formidable spiritual energy enveloped the entire Grandiuno Sect, bearing down on the disciples and leaving them struggling to breathe. Weaker disciples fainted instantly as the pressure was simply too much to bear.

“This strength... it’s the strength of a royal paragon!”

“A royal paragon’s anger can cause such dramatic shifts in the environment!!”

“The Gahr’s mean business. Severin might be captured and brought to justice in the end.”

Many of the Grandiuno Sect’s disciples stared at the sky in horror and discussed what was happening.

Bloodshed was almost a given whenever a royal paragon’s temper blew up! With Clarkin deciding to deal with Severin himself and mobilizing dozens of enraged paragon elders, a war with Grandiuno Sect seemed inevitable. Weaker disciples tended to suffer in battles of such a scale.

A cold snort was heard just as everything was fearing the worst from Clarkin’s pressure. The snort came from Oskar, and that was all it took to dispel Clarkin’s aura and remove the overwhelming pressure.

“You’re looking to dig your own grave if you attack the Grandiuno Sect,” Oskar bellowed. He strode forward and raised his hand to deliver a powerful punch right toward Clarkin.

That punch tore through the void and spewed a dazzling display of elemental energy.

Even the sun’s brightness seemed to dim momentarily with that attack. The punch ripped through space, unleashing a torrent of energy toward Clarkin.

The resulting explosion produced a shockwave that radiated outward. Like a tornado, the energy uprooted trees and churned the ground. The aftermath

resembled a plowed field, and a mass of destruction lay in the wake of the attack.

Chapter 2257



Clarkin maintained a calm expression on his face despite taking a powerful punch. By contrast, the elders around him nearly fell over due to the airwave. Clarkin trembled as he raised his hand and summoning a nine-foot-long purple-gold spear.

Ablaze with white flames and flickers of thunder, its aura was strong enough to make it difficult for a person to breathe. The space around it warped and disintegrated due to the intense fluctuations—a clear sign that it was a superior-quality spiritual treasure.

Clarkin displayed commanding poise as he held the weapon. His hair billowed in the air as he locked his gaze on Oskar and declared in a cold voice, “Show me what you’ve got!”

In an instant, Clarkin darted forward and swung his spear with ruthless force. Unfazed by the attack, Oskar unleashed his level six royal paragon aura. He extended his hand and condensed a dark glow in his palm.

He then smacked Clarkin and sent him hurtling away. The resulting shockwave created massive cracks in the ground.

Oskar sneered after sending Clarkin flying. “That’s what you get for trying to act proud in front me.” Without a second to spare, Oskar dashed toward

Clarkin, who managed to react in just in time to thrust his spear forward. The weapon's cold glint pierced through the surrounding space.

While the two of them were clashing, Favian leveraged on the chaos to attack Severin. He glared nefariously at Severin and yelled, "Your life ends here, Severin!"

Favian brandished a golden dagger and unleashed his terrifying aura as he charged forward with murderous intent. The Gahr's other elders decided to join the attack and summoned their spiritual treasures too.

"Disciples! Come with me and defend our formation!" the Ninth Mountain's Lyka retrieved a compass and activated it in mid-air.

Ripples emerged, transforming into pillars of light that tore through the void and obstructed Favian's advances.

The nearby peak masters made the proactive decision to conjure their spiritual treasures and unleash their level nine paragon aura.

Each one of them rose into the sky like rockets and rained attacked on the Gahr's.

A cacophony of explosive blasts echoed through the sky, leading to a rather dramatic change in the surroundings. With nine level nine paragons leaping to the defense of the Grandiuno Sect, the Gahr's elders quickly found themselves at a disadvantage.

Their troops consisted of only three level nine paragons, while the others were level eight and level seven paragons. Such strength levels might be a cause of fear for most unaffiliated practitioners, they were no match for the prowess of the Grandiuno Sect's strongest. The nine peak masters suppressed them effortlessly.

As the battle reached a stalemate, Favian's strength level began to falter, causing anxiety to creep into the remaining elders.

A one-against-three struggle against Myles, Daniella, and Rowan was simply too much to handle. Favian then urgently channeled a message to the other paragons, instructing, "Kill Severin!"

The lower-level elders who had yet to participate in the battle were shocked by his instruction. Before long, slightly less than twenty elders redirected their course toward Severin with the sole goal of eliminating him.

With Myles and the rest unable to concentrate on anything other than the situation at hand, they attempted to block the twenty or so people by raising their hands to create several beams of spiritual light.

Alas, two level three paragons managed to avoid interception and headed straight for Severin.

In response, Severin activated Wildfire's Sky-Soil Zenith and channeled the power of heaven and earth to counter the attackers.

A thunderous blast was heard as the Wildfire Sky-Soil Zenith, resembling a towering sacred mountain, unleashed a devastating shockwave that wreaked havoc across the area for miles and miles.

Chapter 2258



The two paragon-level elders reacted swiftly and defended themselves, thus averting severe injury.

As they wiped the blood off from the corners of their mouths, they swiftly regained composure and rejoined the fray.

“Kill him!”

Severin’s had an icy expression, and the Chaotic Swordshadow within his energy center grew restless.

The swordwill enveloping him then erupted into the sky, and his Chaotic Swordshadow materialized in his hands. Every single sword-wielding disciple in the Grandiuno Sect felt their swords resonate uncontrollably before hovering up into the air.

Grasping the Chaotic Swordshadow, Severin’s eyes gleamed with a murderous intent as the overwhelming power of heaven and earth surged into the small sword. Its aura soon intensified, and it emitted a chaotic black-yellow luster while echoing with a loud swordwill.

“Slash them!” Severin commanded.

The Chaotic Swordshadow shot forward, tearing through the very fabric of space, leaving a pitch-black gap in the void. The sword’s form shifted like an illusion, turning into an arc-shaped golden sword beam the following second.

Then, it rose a hundred feet tall in another second, and illuminated the entire sky with a golden glow the second after that.

The bright display of sword light had already targeted the Gahr’s elders from the very moment it had manifested. Escaping was impossible. The sword light tore their bodies apart and reduced their forms to a spray of blood.

A ground-shaking boom followed, creating a ravine thousands of feet long. The remaining swordwill continued onward, obliterating everything within its path.

Clarkin was still engaged in mid-air combat with Oskar when he witnessed Severin kill two more of his family's elders. His eyes filled with a ferocious, murderous intent, as if he had emerged from the very depths of a mountain filled with corpses.

"SEVERIN!" he roared viciously.

In response, all Clarkin heard was a snicker.

"It's never a good idea to let yourself get distracted!" Oskar teased as he smacked Clarkin.

The overwhelming force struck Clarkin like a mountain, shattering his internal organs and causing him to spew blood as he plummeted from the air.

Clarkin's heart sank, and his unhappiness was showing on his expression. He knew that continuing the fight would spell his end.

Oskar's superior strength left him little chance of securing a victory.

He had hoped that his intervention would prompt Oskar to hand over Severin, but it was only after his resounding defeat that he realized the futility of his expectations.

Clarkin gritted his teeth and glared bitterly at Oskar. In the end, they said to all of the Gahrr elder, "Cease the assault. We're leaving!"

Chapter 2259



The resounding shout jolted the rest of the Gahrrs, whose clarity had returned and replaced their heightened aggression.

Favian, who was still locking horns with Myles and the others, held his spiritual treasure that was glowing brightly. The aura from his weapon radiated from him as a center and sliced across the air in a circular shape.

As Myles and the others evaded, Favian seized the moment to retreat to Clarkin's side.

Not long later, dozens of enraged Gahr elders returned with various injuries across their body. The ravines carved into the ground by the multitude of sword light only deepened Clarkin's frustration, casting a somber gloom all over his face.

He brought over nearly 80 of his elders, including the formidable Favian and two level eight paragons.

In the end, many were injured, and he took it as a personal affront that Severin had killed another two of his paragon-level elders.

Despite his unwillingness to concede, Clarkin found himself helpless to face with the situation at hand. Oskar's strength far surpassed his own, and a continuation of the battle would likely result in the demise of both his strongest elders and himself.

He recognized the futility of dragging the battle any further, and he pulled a long face as he glanced up and snorted.

Given his status as a royal paragon, Clarkin assumed that his intervention would prompt Oskar to hand over Severin. Yet that did not go as planned—Oskar sided with Severin and did not hesitate to defend the wrongdoer even if it meant confronting the Gahrns.

The unfavorable development demonstrated to Clarkin that coercing Oskar into surrendering Severin was a foolish exercise. He clenched his fists so tightly that his nails dug into his flesh.

When he finally relaxed his fingers, he turning to his group and said, "Let's make our retreat."

Clarkin transformed into a streak of light that disappeared into the sky. The rest of the Gahrns had their spirits crushed, and there was nothing else they could do except leave the Grandiuno Sect in dejection.

Once all the Gahrns had disappeared from sight, the nine peak masters breathed a unanimous sigh of relief.

Myles-clad in black training clothes, white trousers, and black shoes-descended to Severin's side and asked, "Are you injured?"

He had witnessed Severin employing a mysterious power to effortlessly eradicate two level three paragons simultaneously. The resulting swordlight had carved a ravine thousands of feet long on the ground, where traces of his strong swordwill remained.

Severin shook his head in response.

"I'm fine."

His trump card was a simple technique that would end the life of his opponent as soon as he unsheathed his sword, and two level three paragons posed no threat to him at all.

Myles grinned when he saw that Severin was unharmed.

"I've weathered the attacks of several paragons for you. I hope you won't forget this gesture."

Severin nodded with a smile. "I'll always remember your help."

He understood that the nine peak masters had taken a stand for him because they wanted something in it for them as well. There was no free lunch-that much, he acknowledged.

The other peak masters continued to expressed their concern for him.

“Haha, the Gahrns are nothing to worry about. Favian can rage for as long as he wants, but we will never allow him to lay a finger on you!”

Chapter 2260



Another of the peak masters said, “However, I must add that we’ve now incurred the Gahrns’ unabated wrath because of you.”

Severin looked solemnly at the nine peak masters. “I will never forget the kindness that you’ve shown me today.”

“I Oskar gradually descended from the air and said calmly to him, Since you’re all right, I suppose you’ll be able to return to Pearl Light Isle on your own then. I’ll handle everything else here.”

With less than half a month remaining before the Starry Sky Battlespace, Oskar hoped that Severin could use that period to refine his attainment.

Winning in the Starry Sky Battlespace might be too high an expectation, it was of paramount important that Severin must have a safe return.

After all, Severin was a preparatory disciple of the Grandiuno Sacred Land-he held the potential to make history in Midland within a few years, especially once he managed a breakthrough to level five paragon.

“Thank you, Sect Leader,” Severin responded earnestly. His smile faded into solemnity as he clasped his hands respectfully and offered his sincere appreciation.

Oskar waved his hand and remarked, "Don't mention it. You're a disciple of my sect. It is my duty to protect you."

As a sect leader, he held a responsibility to protect his disciples, and that desire was fueled further when he saw the Gahrns' arrogance despite their relatively modest strength.

As the head of Grandiuno Sect and a prominent figure in Southsky, he had to maintain connections with the Grandiuno Sacred Land in Midland.

The Gahrns' audacity as a second-rate force in Southsky was laughable, to say the least.

Severin nodded appreciatively and leapt into the air to head back to Pearl Light Isle. The peak masters and elders soon returning to their respective residences as well.

Many disciples glanced at the Gahrns retreating figures in disdain.

"Tch! The Gahrns are in over their head if they think they could go our Sect. They're just worthless troublemakers spewing empty threats!"

"Did you see how amazing Severin was? He single-handedly took down two elders! It sends shivers down my spine."

"Even prodigies such as Simeon from the Deifirm Sect and Callie from the Marvair Sect are no match for Severin's talent!"

"Shouldn't we be calling him Elder Severin? He's an elder now, isn't he?"

Severin could not help but laugh at their playful banter as he listened to the disciples' comments about him.

Though the Gahrns had retreated, Severin knew that it was unlikely for them to concede that easily. He would be in for some big trouble without the support of Oskar and the nine peak masters.

Severin clenched his fists and felt a surge of determination welling within. He recognized his own shortcomings and knew that he could easily defeat the Gahrns if he had the attainment of a supreme paragon.

With such levels of strength, he already envisioned that Clarkin would apologize to him and accept that it was the Gahrns fault which led him to kill Sian.