

LIFE AFTER PRISON

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Chapter 2301

After Ulva's presence betrayed him, he raised his hand and produced a spear enveloped in black lightning. This superior-quality spiritual treasure exuded a menacing aura. It was adorned by a bloodthirsty glow, as well as the anguished cries of countless innocent souls. Ulva, a gold-medal assassin of Greatflare's assassin organization known as Dragnet Association, was able to showcase his remarkable talent after honing his skills for thirty years. However, the significant resources required for advancement in the Greatflare were monopolized by Greatflare's royals. Despite his exceptional abilities, Ulva had been entangled in conflicts with the royals and found himself stripped of these resources.

He had entered the Starry Sky Battlespace in the hopes of discovering new opportunities, and was immediately drawn to the aftermath of a battle upon his arrival. While he was exploring the meteorite belt, he observed Severin engaging in combat with a galaxy monster. The sight of several spiritual treasures in Severin's possession ignited a greedy look in Ulva's eyes.

'An elite-quality spiritual treasure, a superior-quality defensive spiritual treasure, and another mediocre-quality spiritual treasure. I take it that means you hail from a renowned sect.' Ulva then swung his spear and tore the space around him. In a hostile tone, he demanded of Severin, 'Hand over the treasure or meet your demise!' Severin's response was that of immediate laughter. That was his first time encountering a situation where someone capitalized on his situation. Despite the inherent dangers of the Starry Sky Battlespace and his cautious approach, his recent battle with the galaxy monster had inadvertently exposed his presence.

Severin's expression turned somber as he acknowledged his assailant's remarkable stealth. Remaining undetected within a hundred feet radius was a feat challenging even for a level seven or level eight paragon. It was sobering to think that Ulva might have been successful if he was more patient, and if Severin lacked the extraordinary perceptiveness. Severin shuddered at the thought of that scenario and was glad that Ulva did not try to seize the treasures from him while he was battling against the galaxy monster.

At that moment, Severin wielded the Scarletsky Sword and unleashed a rapid attack of swordlight that was imbued with murderous intent. He aimed at squarely at Ulva, who stood several dozen feet away. After witnessing this, Ulva's expression shifted dramatically and he retorted, "I'll get you for that!"

The spear in Ulva's hand erupted in black thunderbolts, accompanied by the ear-piercing screams of imprisoned souls that reverberated through the starry sky. Shockwaves were released, distorting the surrounding space.

Amidst the chaos, Ulva marveled at Severin's swift recovery of spiritual energy. "How does his spiritual energy recover so quickly?" he wondered.

Ulva had no time to think as Severin pressed on. Gritting his teeth, Ulva summoned a ten-thousand-foot-long silver dragon from his storage bag. The dragon, radiating an aura no less than a level two paragon, hovered in the air. Severin was surprised by the sudden appearance of the unexpected spiritual monster and asked, "Isn't that a spiritual monster? Are you from Eastplain or Greatflare?"

The silver dragon undoubtedly served as Ulva's spiritual companion, yet there were few in Midland-or even Southsky, for that matter-who were able to train spiritual monsters. Not a lot of sects engaged spiritual pets in battle, as the process of taming any creatures deemed suitable for that purpose would require much care and discipline. A small misstep might cause the pet to turn against its owner. As a result, such a technique was mostly confined to Eastplain.

Chapter 2302

Rumors abound that the ancient families of Eastplain were driven to tame monsters in ancient eras where the human race grappled with inferior martial skills and had to vie for dominance against other formidable races. It was not until the continued rise of the human race and the efforts of past generations that higher-grade techniques emerged, rendering the control of ferocious monsters obsolete. Only the venerable aristocratic families of Eastplain and certain other regions on the border with Greatflare still clung tightly to those practices.

Ulva's face curled into a sneer when he realized that Severin saw through his technique. "Ah, so you recognize the situation you're in then. In that case, relinquish the spiritual treasure and metal Uru. I might spare your life if you do so. Refuse, and you'll be fodder for my dragon!"

Severin licked his lips with anticipation and gazed at Ulva with fiery eyes. Though he initially assumed that his foe was a run-of-the-mill treasure-robbing practitioner, Severin was caught off guard by the revelation of Ulva's ability to control spiritual pets, as well as Ulva's concealment technique. He wanted to learn both.

The concealment technique would boost his survivability in battle, while the ability to control spiritual monsters would be very beneficial in future battles. It would go a long way in protecting his wives!

"Hand over your concealment technique as well as your secret to controlling spiritual pets. Perhaps I might consider sparing your life if you do," Severin declared calmly and counter-threatened.

Seeing as his intimidation tactics had failed, Ulva-now infuriated and embarrassed- raised his spear and charged.

"You know what? I sort of admire your ignorance..." Ulva thrust forward to try and engage in close combat.

Alas, a sharp tingling sound was heard, and Severin's figure turned into a blur. Severin's sudden reaction was swift and unexpected, leaving Ulva startled. Ulva raised his spear and used his spiritual energy to cover himself in a light blue shield.

However, Severin inched closer, and a terrifying sword will erupted in all directions from his Scarletsky Sword. The spiritual treasure in Ulva's hand dimmed in an instant and stunned him.

*Tch! If I'd known he was a swordsman, I wouldn't have gotten myself into this mess!" Ulva cursed to himself. He then raised his fist and approached Severin swiftly to deliver a punch.

"Thinking of engaging in close-range combat?" Severin asked condescendingly as he observed every single one of Ulva's moves. The next second, he concentrated the power of heaven and earth in his fist and threw a punch at Ulva.

Severin's strength was comparable to that of a real dragon, and the impact was so strong that it put a dent in Ulva's chest. Blood gushed out, along with bone fragments, and internal organs.

"How are you... so strong?" Ulva's bloodshot eyes nearly bulged out, and his expression was unusually vicious. His vitality drained from him just as he was about to question Severin further. Severin's overwhelming physical power had shattered his soul and annihilated his physical form.

Chapter 2303

"My friend! This is but a misunderstanding!" Ulva exclaimed, and the remnants of his soul made a swift retreat and plunged into the body of the silver dragon. The once frenzied creature was now under the control of Ulva's soul. It cast a terrified look at Severin with eyes that seemed to portray the strongest sense of fear. Without further ado, it tore into the void and took off in a last-ditch attempt to escape.

Paragon-level practitioners were not easily dealt with, as survival secrets were usually part of their arsenal. Moreover, those who ventured into the Starry Sky Battlespace were the prodigies from all states.

Ulva's attempt at escape elicited a sneer from Severin. "Thinking of running? I never said you could leave, did I?"

Following that statement, the Scarletsky Sword in Severin's grip erupted in a brilliant light and unleashed a formidable sword light. The very fabric of space shattered wherever the sword light passed through, and elements began to spring forth from the rifts. The swordwill, formed along with Severin's sword light, struck the silver dragon forcefully. In an instant, the dragon's scales were reduced to fragments, and a dull cracking sound was heard.

With no hope of escape, Ulva's residual soul continued to resist by manipulating the dragon's body, sweeping its tail right toward Severin. The sneer on Severin's face grew wider, and the Green Shield emitted a brilliant glow that formed an impenetrable defense against the tail's assault. A minor shockwave was all that result.

Ulva's felt that his options running out when he realized the futility of his attack. Only remnants of his soul remained, and he had to borrow the body of his spiritual pet too. With less than a tenth of his original strength remaining, a swift escape was necessary to guarantee his survival.

However, Severin controlled the Scarletsky Sword and swiftly closed in for the kill. With his left hand, he slashed down and sent forth several thousand rays of sword light. At the same time, his right hand unleashed the True- Sun Fist, which surged with the brimming power of energy and blood.

Despite being a level one paragon who was using his spiritual pet dragon as a host, Ulva still proved to be no match for Severin. Having patiently worn down his opponent, Ulva seized the chance to close in. He threw a punch that shattered the dragon's body into pieces, destroying what remained of Ulva's soul, thus enabling it to dissipate into the wind. Content from NívelDrama!!

Ulva realized his miscalculation as soon as he faced his demise. His expertise as a gold-medal assassin of Greatflare's Dragnet Association lay in close-combat assassination and evasion. The majority of ordinary foes would succumb easily to his prowess and that of his spiritual pet.

Should a stronger foe come along, then he could always use the Escape Slip in his spatial ring to make a retreat. He soon realized that he had miscalculated.

In the span of a few seconds, Severin reduced Ulva to a fragmented soul that had to depend on a spiritual pet as a host. It was a futile attempt at avoiding the inevitable, as Ulva eventually died in Severin's hands anyway.

At long last, Severin breathed a sigh of relief as the elements and the Nine Heavens Gale engulfed Ulva's shattered soul.

Chapter 2304

Severin raised his hand in a graceful gesture drew Ulva's spatial ring closer. Severin then looked at the dragon's corpse and waved his hand to produce the Heavenly Cauldron.

The dragon's lifeless form was swiftly drawn into the Heavenly Cauldron, and it did not take long for Severin to condense several strong pills from the dragon's vitality and blood. As he looked at the pills emerging from the furnace, Severin muttered to himself, "At least they're good enough to replenish my energy and blood."

Though Ulva's spiritual pet was not exceptionally powerful, it was nonetheless equivalent to a level one human paragon. The pills that were refined from the dragon's essence were effective in restoring his power and blood to some extent. However, as Severin's physical body was already comparable to that of a superior-quality spiritual treasure, the pills were thus less impactful on him.

After stowing away the pills, Severin turned to the galaxy monster's carcass. He stored the carcass into his spatial ring without much difficulty, believing that various parts of it will come in handy later on.

The monster's scales, which were as durable as spiritual treasures, could be crafted into weapons. Meanwhile, its flesh, essence, and blood, were so enriched by the power of the sun, moon, and stars that it could be compared to a level seven or level eight alchemical ingredient. One should not forget also that it had spent a considerable amount of its life consuming metal Uru. The potential uses for crafting pills and weapons made the monster's remains incredibly valuable.

Once the battlefield was cleared, Severin consumed two Grandspirit Pills and sat cross-legged to begin the process of restoring his depleted spiritual energy. Once his energy was fully restored not long later, he retrieved Ulva's spatial ring and intended to assess the spoils.

Severin effortlessly dismantled the spatial ring's restrictions with his formidable divine senses. Several seventh-grade pills, three jade slips, and a book of training exercises appeared before Severin along with a number of other pills and tens of thousands of spirit stones.

A quick glance of the seventh-grade pills revealed that they were incredibly ordinary. He stowed them away in his spatial ring without much thought, and shifted his attention to the three jade slips. Content from NovelDrama!!

As he finished examining them, he sighed and said, "An organization of killers from Greatflare known as the Dragnet Association?"

Ulva's true identity as an assassin had been concealed up until Severin examined those jade slips. "That explains his proficiency with the concealment technique! He was able to approach me undetected within a hundred feet radius because of that! If he had been a little more opportunistic, I wouldn't have been able to detect him in time." Had Ulva decided to mount a sneak attack on Severin while the latter was engaging the galaxy monster, there was a chance that Severin might not have been able to discover Ulva's presence in time.

Ulva would have rued squandering such an advantageous position. Severin shook his head and eyed the jade slips with renewed interest. Aside from finding out Ulva's true identity, the slips contained the technique of controlling spiritual pets named 'Monster Taming Art'.

A map of the Starry Sky Battlespace was also present among the items, detailing the locations of nearby treasures and opportunities.

Severin then turned his attention to another manual. As he opened the yellowed book, a mystical power called the Void Concealment' flowed into his mind. The ability allowed him to conceal his spiritual energy and blend with the surroundings. Once mastered, he could even meld with the void itself, rendering him practically undetectable even for a royal paragon. All those factors made it a very useful tool for stealth and assassination.

After absorbing the knowledge of the Void Concealment, Severin's eyes lit up and a smile graced his lips.

'These spoils are pretty remarkable!' His face beamed with joy as he carefully stowed away the manual. The technique was used for covert assassinations, which explained why Ulva was brave enough to target him. After all, even high-level practitioners feared close-range combat, and the Void Concealment kept the practitioner hidden as well as masked their aura. Severin found those points to be incredibly useful.

In the vast expanse of the Starry Sky Battlespace, prodigies were everywhere and dangers lurked in every corner. The Nine Heavens Gale and black holes occasionally swept through, while ominous galaxy monsters observed eagerly. It was important to be cautious every step of the way.

Mastering the Void Concealment promised more than just survival-it meant heightened success in acquiring treasures and escaping adversity. Severin marveled at how useful it was and muttered to himself, "Looks like I've secured a tool that's perfect for covert operations."

Ulva demise not only granted Severin control over spiritual pets but also bestowed the ability to conceal himself into the void. The value of those two techniques were

indisputable. The pills derived from the pet dragon's corpses, and even the seventh-grade pills and spiritual stones from Ulva's spatial ring, were not as valuable as those two techniques. Above all, the map that Ulva had would prove to be of great use to him- it was an annotated map far better than Oskar's.

As he studied the map, Severin identified some hidden treasure less than a hundred miles away. He retracted his gaze and soared into the air, curious about the treasure that caught Ulva's attention.

Having identified the location in which he was to go to, Severin transformed into a streak of light and vanished into the meteorite belt. Within moments, he reached his destination.

Before him loomed a vast, uncharted planet that was bereft of all noticeable aura. He consulted the map and confirmed that it was the marked point. He then extended his consciousness across that planet and saw what was an anomaly in its center.

A small pool was emitting a potent blend of moonlight and starlight, and the ethereal silver swirl was brimming with life essence. Severin could not contain his excitement. "That's a whole pool of Lunar Dew!"

The Lunar Dew was a rare heavenly treasure in the Starry Sky Battlespace. It was born from the power of the moon and stars that tended to manifest only once every millennium. Rich in life essence, it not only purified the body but also nurtured the soul and treated one's physical injuries. Most notably, it facilitated enlightenment.

Severin's excitement intensified as he soared up and got onto the planet to see the Lunar Dew. As he gazed at the ancient aura it emanated, he exclaimed, "I never expected a treasure like this to exist on such a remote planet!" Severin's breath quickened as he marveled at the celestial radiance of the lunar moonlight dew.

Severin estimated that it would take thousands of years for the dew to condense from moonlight and form. He shed his clothes without hesitation and immersed himself in the water.

As his skin came into contact with the cold Lunar Dew, a strong life essence swept through his body. Pure vitality washed over him, erasing even the smallest of bodily scars. At that moment, Severin began channeling his energy within him to absorb the power of the moon and stars. He also took the opportunity to train and draw upon the Void Concealment he had acquired earlier. Aided by the treasured Lunar Dew, he could sense himself mystically comprehending the Void Concealment that unfolded within him.

His mind and soul seemed to receive clarity, as if connecting with the profound rules of the great way. Scriptures unveiled in his mind, laying themselves bare.

At that moment, a fierce swordwill erupted from Severin's body and exuded a terrifying aura. Thunderbolts enveloped him, and a celestial glow began to radiate. There was also a tri-colored spiritual fire that seemed to set his being ablaze.

As Severin absorbed more of the celestial power from the spring, the details of the Void Concealment began to show clarity. The initially tumultuous aura surrounding him gradually weakened and dissipated as he comprehended the Void Concealment. Eventually, the pool became tranquil, and he resembled nothing more than an ordinary person.

At that juncture, Severin seemed to have returned to his primal state, emitting no trace of even the slightest spiritual energy fluctuation. As Severin absorbed the last vestige of star power from the spring water, his mind seemed to echo with a bang as Severin assimilated and understood the intricate information.

He had already reached Small Success with the Void Concealment, and his aura was remarkably similar to that of an ordinary person after he suppressed them within him. Even the once surging power of energy and blood that seemed to burn like an oven of heaven and earth had been fully subdued.

Severin opened his eyes suddenly and rose from the water. The next moment, his mid-stage level three paragon aura burst forth and tore through the surrounding space.

Then, Severin raised his hands and clenched his fists. His muscles were swiftly interwoven, and they seemed to gleam with a bronze hue akin to the metal Uru. Feeling the surge in physical strength, Severin casually threw a soft punch. Then, his fist erupted in a sonic boom, shattering the void and producing a crack that was several feet wide.

"Haha! My physical strength has increased again! It's almost as strong and robust as a superior-quality spiritual treasure! I will now be able to resist even elite-quality spiritual treasures with my bare hands!" Severin rejoiced with a smile adorning his face.

Absorbing the Lunar Dew had repaired hidden wounds in his body and even elevated his physical form to a higher tier. Every cell absorbed the spiritual energy around it, resulting in a blazing radiance of divine light.

As compared to his previous physical state, Severin believed that he could resist even the elite-quality spiritual treasures with his bare hands. What thrilled him most was mastering the Void Concealment. The divine technique allowed him to control his aura, regulate all the fluctuations within his body, and suppress his physical form's energy and blood. From a distance, Severin resembled a seemingly harmless person. No one would be able to discern the true strength that he possessed.

In the past, Severin could barely contend with a level five paragon using his robust physical body and excellent spiritual treasures. However, the newfound strength he had gave him the confidence of defeating a level six paragon.

The incremental improvement should not be underestimated. Despite being a middle-stage level three paragon, transcending three stages within that level was a good enough demonstration of his extraordinary strength among Bleurealm's prodigies.

After all, as one approached the level of a paragon, even the stages within the levels became increasingly challenging. Other prodigies might only be able to transcend one or two stages at best.

Chapter 2307

Feeling the surge in strength, Severin brimmed with joy and grew more confident about his exploration of the Starry Sky Battlespace. He lifted his head to survey the surroundings, noticing that the pool water now bore no trace of its former sparkling power of the moon and stars. Every drop of Lunar Dew in the pool had been absorbed by Severin.

As Severin rose from the pool, he swung his arm and saw the awe-inspiring power of blood and energy ascending into the sky. It carried a formidable physical power that shattered the void in front of him. One swing seemed to carry several thousand pounds of weight, and it was powerful enough to reduce the void to powder. Such tremendous power-if unleashed against an opponent on the same level as he was-could quite possibly kill them.

Severin believed that a single punch from him would be enough to defeat a foe whose maximum strength was at level four paragon, even if the foe was a talented and strong individual. In combination with his magical prowess and spiritual treasures, even a level six paragon from Midland would face a formidable challenge.

What pleased Severin the most was his mastery of the Void Concealment. His aura was restrained at that moment, and from a distance, he did not seem too different from any ordinary person. No one could tell that he was a practitioner. With the ability to conceal himself, he believed that anyone below the seventh or eighth level of a paragon would find it difficult to detect him within a hundred-foot radius. It would prove to be an invaluable technique, whether for escaping or launching sneak attacks.

Satisfied, Severin walked out of the pool and swiftly adored himself in a fresh set of clothes from his spatial ring. He took out one of the slips he got from Ulva's ring and channeled his consciousness within. A dazzling starry sky pattern materialized in his mind. He followed the map, pinpointed the closest marked point, and saw that it was situated several hundred miles away north of the wild planet.

Having confirmed the direction, Severin soared into the sky. His figure sliced through the air with a swift motion that produced a resounding sonic boom, resembling a meteor that entered the starry sky.

Meanwhile, a hundred miles away from the planet, a green-clad Karl produced a map from his robes. Upon ensuring the surroundings aligned with the map, he swiftly flew toward the wild planet.

"Hundreds of years have passed since the Starry Sky Battlespace was last accessible. The Lunar Dew hidden here would have accumulated significantly. I could even make a breakthrough to level two paragon if I absorb everything!" Karl contemplated with excitement.

The location that Karl was headed to was one that he had stumbled upon tens of thousands of years ago in the Starry Sky Battlespace. Situated on the fringes, its concealed location within the planet made it difficult for any normal person to notice. He had absorbed the Lunar Dew back in the past, and that was precisely the reason for his rise to prominence as a talented prodigy. Later on, he relied on the solid foundation that the opportunity had granted him to pave the way for his breakthrough to become a royal paragon.

Karl had no qualms about reincarnating because of the numerous backups he had arranged for himself. Foremost among them was his familiarity with the opportunities in the Starry Sky Battlespace. As long as he could secure those opportunities, he would have no issues making a breakthrough to level five paragon. While Karl was lost in thought, he suddenly sensed a familiar presence passing by. He extended his divine consciousness and discerned Severin's figure flying from several dozen miles away. That fleeting figure jolted his memory of the recent loss to Severin in the sect tournament. A tinge of regret surfaced as he sighed, "It's a shame I didn't get the chance to go to the Midland's sacred land!"

Chapter 2308

According to Karl's original plan, securing first place in the tournament and acquiring the quota to travel to the Grandiuno Sacred Land was only the first part of his goal. Leveraging his past experiences in the Starry Sky Battlespace and his familiarity with the dangers lurking within, Karl intended to gain a head start on those coveted opportunities. The strategic advantage would propel him to level five paragon, thus paving the way for his journey to Midland.

However, Severin's sudden rise to fame shattered Karl's well-laid plans. The disruption fueled Karl's resentment and disdain for Severin, intensifying his resolve for future confrontation. Karl thought to himself, 'Damn you, Severin! Once I reach level five paragon, I'll settle scores with you right here in the Starry Sky Battlespace!'

The animosity ran so deep that Severin's demise was no longer enough to quell the hatred stirring within him. With that in mind, Karl hastened his flight towards the planet. Moments later, he arrived at the pool and cupped the spring water in his palms. A frown then unfurled across his face, as the water-cold and untainted-did not present any interesting features apart from its ordinary appearance.

Confused, Karl mumbled to himself, "What's going on here? It's already been several centuries. Hasn't the Lunar Dew fully formed yet?"

He was getting increasingly frustrated, and extended his divine senses to search every corner of the pool. After a few seconds, a shadow of discontent clouded Karl's face. Despite his thorough search, not a single drop of Lunar Dew could be found. "This can't be right. It's in the nature of this planet to accumulate the essence of the sun, moon, and starlight naturally. Even if someone absorbed it after the last occasion that the Starry Sky Battlespace was accessible, it should still be able to condense after several centuries...

Another unsettling thought crossed his mind. The Lunar Dew might be scarce, but under normal circumstances, it could not have been completely absent after several centuries. Karl considered all impossible scenarios and widened his eyes as he contemplated the worst possibility.

"Someone must have beaten me to it."

The idea unnerved Karl. He recalled sensing Severin's aura as he made his way to the planet, and he could not shake the feeling that Severin might have seized the opportunity. "This can't be happening! Was it Severin who snatched the opportunity from under my nose?!"

The more he contemplated, the more convinced Karl became of the possibility. Though that had entered the wormhole at the same time, everyone would be scattered upon arrival. As far as Karl was concerned, the remote uncharted planet was incredibly difficult for anyone to discover. Severin somehow arrived at the same location despite not being aware of the Lunar Dew's presence.

Those thoughts prompted Karl to move forward swiftly and soar into the sky. He aimed to reach the next spot as soon as possible, as he yearned to know if Severin unintentionally stumbled upon the Lunar Dew or if Severin had known about the place all along.

Karl wondered if there were still any opportunities remaining for him in the present lifetime. Previously, Karl had utilized one opportunity after another to rise and become a royal paragon, thus cementing himself as a formidable force.

Following his reincarnation, his strategic focus was the Starry Sky Battlespace. If others exploited all its opportunities, then Karl's breakthrough to level five paragon would inevitably be delayed by several years even with the help of his talent.

The span of a few years was not to be underestimated-securing an earlier breakthrough to royal paragon increased his chances of reclaiming the pinnacle of power, perhaps even unlocking avenues to reach supreme paragon!

If he were unable to reclaim his former glory or ascend to the level of a supreme paragon, then his reincarnation would have served little purpose.

Chapter 2309

At the same time, Severin traversed the starry sky swiftly in blissful ignorance of Karl's depression and unease. After departing from that uncharted planet, he charted a course due north, covering thousands of miles in over half an hour.

Surrounded by an ever-densifying constellation of stars and meteorites, Severin retrieved a jade slip and

consulted the map contained within. Having confirmed that he was on the right trajectory, he hastened his flight and aimed for a meteorite belt, where the next opportunity would soon await him.

As the map indicated, the belt was rich in metal Uru, and Ulva's records hinted at a colossal piece of Lumigold that the Greatflare had obtained. The ore was said to have forged into a formidable sword that could control Greatflare's fortunes and shape itself into a golden dragon!

Spiritual treasures fell into three categories within the Bleurealm: spiritual treasures, divine protective weapons, and immortal weapons. Immortal weapons, as wielded by celestials, remained the stuff of legends, with no concrete evidence of their existence. In the last ten thousand years, no major faction in the Bleurealm was known to possess an immortal weapon.

Below immortal weapons were divine weapons, which were treasured by many of Bleurealm's sacred lands. The difficulty in forging such weapons were attributed to the inability of normal material to bear the weight of the world's laws. Only celestial gold was capable of doing so, yet it was scarce, and its value rivaled that of a ninth- grade alchemical pill. Even supreme paragons would fight tooth and nail for such an item!

Severin, at his current level, harbored little hope of obtaining celestial gold, as his attainment was still not strong enough. However, accumulating as much metal Uru as he possibly could was a decent alternative.

Metal Uru was a very valuable item, as they could forge elite-quality spiritual treasures when used in sufficient quantities. Only royal paragons would have such spiritual treasures, and they elevated one's combat prowess significantly. He had only managed to acquire one-the Sky-Soil Zenith-through his immense luck in Wildfire's ruins.

If he could gain enough metal Uru in the Starry Sky Battlespace, then he could wait until he reached royal paragon and then proceed to craft additional defensive elite-quality spiritual treasures.

In the midst of Severin's reverie, he sensed hints of a battle emanating from the direction that he was heading for. "Is a battle unfolding?"

He halted and focused his gaze on the source of the turmoil. His perception seemed capable of piercing through ten or so miles of the void. Before long, he sensed that the epicenter was within a meteorite belt less than fifty miles away-it was a region Severin intended to explore for metal Uru.

Severin's expression turned somber as soon as he realized that someone had already reached the place that he had intended to head toward. The shockwaves from the battle suggested that someone had already lay their claim to what was there.

Severin soon realized that he was lucky to have sensed the battle's shockwaves from some ten or so miles away, or else he would have blindly rushed into a potential conflict. As he scrutinized Ulva's jade slip, Severin's expression sank even more.

The closest source of metal Uru was within the meteorite belt that he targeted. Other locations were located in the battlespace's more perilous depths, where greater dangers lay in wait-aside from the increased black holes, there was also the Nine Heavens Gale and other formidable galaxy monsters.

Severin's strength level was as yet insufficient for him to secure victory against prodigies from the other states. After all, many of the ranked prodigies from Midland's sacred land boasted an attainment of at least level five or level six paragon. Should he encounter even stronger members from a sect, then he would highly likely be facing adversaries at level seven or level eight paragon.

Chapter 2310

After a brief moment of contemplation, Severin decided to vie for metal Uru at that very spot. He promptly employed the Void Concealment to conceal his aura and seamlessly merge with the surrounding spatial environment. With that done, he proceeded to venture cautiously into the area.

Within that expansive meteorite belt, shockwaves from the battle reverberated and distorted the space around the battlers. Rifts appeared in the void, and the elements

seemed to crumble and pour out of those cracks. As Severin approached, he gained a closer view of the skirmish before him.

The two sides comprised three individuals in total. On one side was a young, elegant-looking young man, who was adorned in a red robe and had a hairpin to keep his hair up. The cuffs of his robe bore the pattern of a five-clawed golden dragon, and his attire suggested that he might be some sort of prince. His paragon attainment stood at level four.

The young man's adversaries were two practitioners in beige robes, seemingly disciples of an aristocratic family. The first of them had already attained level four paragon, while the other had reached level three. Their aura radiated like the sun shining majestically in the sky.

Blake Menzie, a member of the duo, threw a punch and seized the moment to retreat some distance away. With a solemn expression, he said to the young man, "Ninth Prince! My family, the Menzies, have our sights set on this place. Please go to another place!"

The prince, Elron Gildon, was filled with anger when he heard that. "Haha, this is a fine show of audacity from Eastplain's Menzie family. I discovered this place first. Where did you get the nerve to oust me? Are you of the impression that I, a prince of Greatflare, am beneath a disciple of one of Eastplain's families?"

Severin's expression became solemn as he eavesdropped on the conversation. He had not expected to find himself entangled with the prince of the Greatflare Dynasty as well as the disciples of a family from Eastplain.

Though his knowledge about the Greatflare Dynasty and Eastplain was limited to books, their somewhat modest attainment levels allowed him to deduce that their combat prowess—even at full strength—was far from reaching level six paragon. Severin had some measure of confidence after seeing that.

Lurking in the shadows, Severin bided his time for an opportune moment to reap the rewards following their conflict. Meanwhile, Blake, the Menzie prodigy, grew cold-faced as Elron refused to withdraw. Without much ado, Blake swiftly coordinated with the other Menzie disciple and unleashed two superior-quality spiritual treasures in a menacing assault against Elron.

Every cell in Blake's body radiated a celestial light, creating airwaves that distorted the space around him. His superior-quality spiritual treasures were each emitting an aura comparable to that of a level five paragon.

Elron, on the other, was not one to be outdone. With his formidable fighting prowess, he wielded a golden, spear-shaped, superior-quality spiritual treasure, managing to hold his ground against the two adversaries.

As the resounding clash echoed through the battlefield, the void was torn, and vast expanses of elemental energy was unleashed. Gradually, the Menzie disciples gained the upper hand.

Feeling the depletion of spiritual energy, Elron finally retreated, but not before glancing coldly at Blake. "I'll get back at you for this!"

He then transformed into a stream of light that disappeared into the sky.

Having observed how everything unfolded, Severin's eyes lit up as he realized that his moment had arrived! Blake and the other comrade, now overwhelmed with fatigue from the intense battle, were in no condition to exhibit their full strength. The opportunity for Severin to make his move had finally presented itself.

"My turn!" Severin declared.

Chapter 2311



Severin had just prepared to make his move when Blake's expression turned serious all of a sudden. Blake gazed at the sky not far away with a wary expression, tightening his grip on the dark-black, lustrous, ring-hilted broadsword. Faint sword energy emanated from the glowing blade, cutting into the surrounding space and distorting the void.

Sensing that something amiss, Severin concealed his figure within the void. He remained curious about what Blake had detected, and the latter seemed to be on high alert.

Following Blake's gaze, Severin glanced over and saw a streak of light rapidly approaching from dozens of miles away, just like a shooting star. Within the glow was a familiar figure. 'Karl?' he thought to himself in surprise.

Ever since he and the rest had traversed the wormhole, they were instantly separated and had no contact with each other. It was rare for one to encounter a familiar face within a place as vast as the Starry Sky Battlespace, and Severin did not expect to run into Karl so soon.

Karl's somewhat anxious expression led Severin to speculate that Karl was likely targeting metal Uru in the meteorite belt.

Severin then turned to Blake. The two had condensed their auras, ready to attack at any given time. Severin grinned to himself and thought, 'This is a sign that the Menzies regard Karl as their enemy

Upon further reflection, it made sense for Blake to perceive Karl as a foe. Blake and the disciple who was with him were both eyeing the metal Uru in the meteorite belt, which Elron-the Greatflare's ninth prince-had contended for too. The duo's spiritual energy had diminished significantly, so Karl's sudden appearance understandably put them on edge.

Severin snickered from the shadows, feeling as though a bag of popcorn would be perfect at that moment.

In the distance several dozens of miles away, Karl sped toward the meteorite belt with an anxious expression on his face. Memories of his time at the uncharted planet had drilled a sense of anxiety and unease. His tenseness was then further heightened as he detected the shockwaves of a battle in the meteorite belt up ahead.

Damn it! I never would've thought that someone is seizing the metal Uru from this meteorite belt too! Karl mused with irritation. He had already failed to secure the Lunar Dew, and losing yet another opportunity would significantly impede his return to greatness!

Fueled by that thought, Karl unleashed his aura and heightened his speed to dart straight toward the meteorite belt. As he neared, however, Karl was unexpectedly struck by a thousand-foot-long black sword light.

The razor-sharp glow cut through the fabric of space in a black line, rupturing the void and producing gusts of elemental energy. The surprise assault made Karl's pupils contract, and he swiftly retrieved a small cauldron and positioned it above his head. The cauldron was a superior-quality defensive spiritual treasure.

A thunderous explosion soon ensued, and Karl emerged from the flames with a disgruntled expression. His expression turned gloomy and intimidating as he yelled coldly, "Who attacked me?"

Chapter 2312



A voice then echoed from the meteorite belt. "Get out! I'm laying claim to everything that's here!"

Karl was already seething with anger from the earlier attack, and found himself further provoked by the scolding and humiliation. Before he could retort, Blake unleashed yet another attack from the meteorite belt.

The menacing and formidable sword energy sent shivers down Karl's spine. He moved to block the attack and realized that something was amiss-the second strike had turned out to be even stronger than the first. The two attacks had nearly wounded him, and he was able to avert immediate bloodshed due to his strength and past combat experience.

Meanwhile, Blake's face soured from within the meteorite belt. He glared at Karl with murderous intent as Karl rushed forth. Blake then nodded to his companion, Zeb, and instructed, 'Let's deal with him and divide the metal Uru equally among ourselves.'

Zeb responded with a determined nod. "Don't worry! A perfect-stage level one paragon like him is asking for it when he showed such disrespect toward our family!"

Zeb unleashed his aura of a perfect-stage level four paragon, creating a towering presence that resonated across the void. He then launched himself toward Karl, who was caught off guard by the situation due to the fear and anger that was still gripping him. As soon as he was able to get a clear sense of Zeb's aura, Karl was in utter shock.

"Perfect-stage level four paragon?!" Karl exclaimed. He had recognized Zeb's attire earlier on as it bore the emblem of the Menzie family on the chest. A chill then ran down Karl's spine as he finally realized the gravity of the situation.

Karl attempted to reason with them and stammered, "H-h-hold on! This was all a misunderstanding!"

Zeb could not care less for those pleas. He ascended, brandished a golden spear, and struck Karl with brutal force.

Karl spat blood out as the blow sent him flying several dozen feet away. After struggling to stabilize himself, Karl rued his bad luck in encountering a Menzie disciple. The Menzies were historically one of Eastplain's eight great families, and they boasted disciples with formidable attainments comparable to certain sacred lands.

Adding to Karl's predicament was the superior attainment that the other two Menzie disciples had. A perfect-stage level four paragon and a level five

paragon stood against Karl, whose current strength was only at level one paragon. Despite his past experience and combat prowess, his overall strength was still far below that of level three paragon.

Realizing the dire odds that he was in, Karl turned around and attempted to flee without a second thought. Upon witnessing Karl's attempt to escape, Blake—who was recovering in the meteorite belt—instructed Zeb, "Kill him!"

Karl's anger had reached breaking point, yet he could only lament the misfortune that had befallen him in that chance encounter. Instead of crossing paths with Severin, he faced the Menzies, who showed no hesitation in trying to kill him without any reason.



Chapter 2313

After receiving Blake's command, Zeb sneered at Karl, who was desperately trying to make a break for it. "I'll spare you the pain if you don't run away!"

Karl thought wryly to himself, 'This can't be happening...' Angst filled his heart as he swiftly tried to explain, "Stop! It's all a misunderstanding!"

Zeb sneered in response. "It doesn't matter to me. You've disrespected my family, so there's no reason for me to spare your life!"

It was of paramount importance that the secrecy of the metal Uru's location was maintained. Having just chased Elron away, neither Zeb nor Blake could afford to let Karl go and risk attracting more prodigies to the treasure. Zeb raced forth with determination and activated his perfect-stage level four paragon attainment. He chased up to Karl in an instant, and he extended his

hand to form a claw that seized Karl mid-flight. A black glow burst forth from Zeb's fingertips, ensnaring Karl within.

Death seemed to have come knocking, and Karl became increasingly anxious as he screamed, "No! This is a misunderstanding, my friend! I swear!"

Before he could finish, Zeb's golden spear descended once more, releasing a crescent-shaped spear beam that was flowing with murderous intent.

Shocked, Karl raised a small cauldron above his head to form a protective shield.

The crescent-shaped light collided with the defensive shield and shattered the small cauldron. Karl felt the residual impact following the destruction of his defensive spiritual treasure, vomiting blood in return as his aura waned.

Concealed within the shadows, Severin was shocked to sense Karl's diminishing aura and decided that it was about time to intervene. "Karl won't be able to hold out for much longer."

Zeb's hands were full with having to handle Karl, and Severin felt that it was the best opportunity to launch a sneak attack on Blake. With Blake out of the way, the metal Uru would soon be his.

Those thoughts spurred Severin into directing his focus over to where Blake was. The energy center within his body seemed to grow exponentially, and his formidable strength was starting to fill his limbs. Even the green lotus within the sea of energy was starting to burn.

The next second, Severin sprang into action.

'Don't hurt my senior!!' Emerging from the void about a hundred feet away Blake, Severin's level three paragon aura shattered the surrounding space and drew forth a slew of elements. The Lotus Divine Attack, manifested as a tri-colored green lotus emitting fierce flames, emitted a piercing howl as it streaked through the air.

As soon as Severin launched his attack, Blake sensed an impending danger while still sitting cross-legged and recovering from his wounds. His expression shifted drastically as he exclaimed, "Who's there?"

The Lotus Divine Attack caused Blake's pupils to contract, and he hastily raised his hands to form a defensive seal.

However, Severin's strength had surged significantly, thereby doubling the power of the Lotus Divine Attack. Even a level five paragon would sustain severe injuries if the attack landed on them. Despite Blake's formidable strength, his depleted spiritual energy that resulted from the battle he had just concluded rendered him at less than sixty percent strength. He stood no chance against Severin's enhanced Lotus Divine Attack.

Chapter 2314



Following the resounding explosion, a burst of fire erupted before Blake, and the formidable shockwave instantly shattered the defensive aura in front of him. The fiery green lotus whirled like a little tornado, voraciously consuming Blake's flesh in an attempt to reduce him to ashes.

Fortunately for Blake, his reflexes were swift enough that he was able to sense the shattering of his spiritual light shield. He promptly deployed his defensive spiritual treasure, but even then, the injuries he sustained were rather severe.

The violent explosion led Blake to feel as though a colossal mountain had collided with his chest, breaking several ribs. What startled him more was the

spiritual fire's ability to scorch his consciousness, inflicting substantial damage to his soul.

As he emerged from the flames, Blake wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth and glanced icily at Severin. In a cold tone, he declared, 'I'll kill you.'

Though he had managed to dodge Severin's sneak attack, the injuries he received were rather substantial. What fueled Blake's anger further was the indignity that he-as the scion of an esteemed family-had suffered.

Some distance away, Zeb halted upon hearing the explosion behind him. He turned around swiftly and looked at Severin after hearing the latter's yell, and his gaze turned much colder as he looked at Karl.

"You came with backup?" Zeb questioned Karl with an icy expression.

Karl was relieved that Severin had come to his rescue, but he nonetheless felt a chill run through him after hearing Zeb's words. He vehemently denied, "No! No! Don't put words on my mouth! He's not backup!"

Fearful of Zeb's murderous intent, Karl decided not to admit any association with Severin and dreaded the consequences of doing so. He glanced at Severin and noticed that Blake's eyes were brimming with murderous intent after being severely wounded. Zeb's glance then reverted back to Karl's as he said, "Don't lie to me."

In the next instant, Zeb attempted to kill Karl.

Meanwhile, in the meteorite belt, Blake wore a gloomy and menacing expression as he clutched his ring-hilted black broadsword. He sneered at Severin and remarked, "I didn't think a level three paragon like yourself would mount a sneak attack on me. That was quite unexpected."

Severin grinned and retorted, "And what about the sneak attack? You have assaulted my comrade! Karl and I have our sights set on the metal Uru here. Now the two of you should scam if you know what's good for you!"

Though Severin desired the metal Uru in the meteorite belt, he acknowledged the formidable challenge posed by the two Menzie disciples. His ploy was to pin the blame on Karl and then see how things go after that.

As expected, Karl erupted in anger and frustration after hearing Severin's words. Severin's ploy had ensnared him. He would have no issues working together with Severin under normal circumstances, but Severin had rubbed salt into the wound by mentioning his name even after he was clearly at a disadvantage from suffering serious injuries.

Karl received the brunt of the beating, while Severin reaped all the benefits.

Chapter 2315



Karl was overwhelmed with rage as he pondered over the situation while being pursued and cornered. Severin's audacity astounded him. He cursed his own misfortune and berated himself for blindly following Severin into the meteorite belt.

Before Karl could fully process his anger, Zeb trailed closely behind him and sneered. "Haha, and you said you're not a part of his group?"

Zeb's golden spear unleashed a formidable aura that was directed right toward Karl.

In his view, it could not have been just sheer coincidence that Karl appeared right after Blake chased Elron away, or that Severin launched an attack on Blake just as Karl was captured by Zeb.

Karl was infuriated. There was no time for him to explain, as Zeb was already closing in for the kill. The formidable spear light shot out, shattering the void and reducing the meteorites to powder. Despite Karl's rich combat experience and the wealth of divine techniques he possessed as a reincarnated royal paragon, the chasm between a level one paragon and a level four paragon proved to be too insurmountable.

Within the meteorite belt, Blake's visage darkened upon hearing Severin's words. As the young master of one of Eastplain's eight aristocratic families, Blake felt an indignant fury at the audacity of a mere level three paragon. Not even the sacred disciples of the sacred lands would dare to act that way toward him.

As he tightened his grip on the black-glowing broadsword, he sneered at Severin and vowed, "Very well! You'll soon know the consequences of offending my family!"

Blake unleashed his formidable level five paragon aura, distorting the void and producing rifts that spewed out elemental energy. Faced with the pressure from Blake's aura, Severin remained unfazed and waved his hand casually to dispel the threatening aura.

Severin then declared calmly. "The metal Uru here is mine."

Blake was angered by Severin's calm demeanor. He had already expended a tremendous amount of spiritual power when fighting against Elron Gildon, the ninth prince of Greatflare. However, he was nonetheless a level five paragon, and he opined that a level three paragon would be incredibly easy to deal

with. Confident in his ability, he taunted, "How dare you challenge me! I'll kill you!"

Blake then brandished his black broadsword and released a swift slash toward Severin. The slash sliced through the air and was fast approaching Severin.

Severin then took off into the void, and his Green Shield expanded to form a hill-sized barrier that emitted a burst of green light. The shield's light resisted Blake's oncoming sword.

Chapter 2316



Although Blake's strength had diminished to sixty percent of its peak, his attack was still stronger than an ordinary level three paragon. Though Severin was able to use the Green Shield to resist, the impact had pushed him a dozen steps back. Fortunately, Severin was able to endure it due to the robustness of the superior-grade spiritual treasure that was further bolstered by his solid foundation.

The ease with which Severin withstood the assault elicited a frown from Blake. A murderous glint then appeared in his eyes as he remarked coldly, "Is this superior-quality defensive spiritual treasure your trump card?"

It was rather noteworthy that a level three paragon like Severin would possess such a spiritual treasure, especially a defensive one. Many of the level four and level five paragons did not necessarily boast such an item.

Defensive superior-quality spiritual treasures were rare—they were generally reserved for elites of major families, sacred disciples of sacred lands, or elders of advanced attainment. That was due to the protective capabilities that such a treasure could afford during times of need.

Though Blake was surprised that Severin would come into possession of such an item despite being at a lower level than himself and Zeb, he did not read too much into it.

In Eastplain, the Menzies were a respected lineage that had been in existence for tens of thousands of years. The depth of their foundation was beyond the imagination of ordinary folks. Disciples with attainment higher than level three paragon routinely acquired defensive superior-quality spiritual treasures.

After letting out a sneer, Blake transformed into a streak of light that hurtled straight toward Severin. His broadsword radiated a dark glow in his hand, and the knife seemed to be strong enough to cleave effortlessly through any material.

Moving at extreme speed, the slash's trajectory was hurtling toward Severin like a comet. A murderous intent was unleashed, and seemed to take on a material form as it produced a screeching sound in the surrounding space. The broadsword was so sharp that it pierced through the Green Shield within moments. Its force did not diminish in the slightest as it continued to make its way toward Severin.

Blake sported a proud smile as he anticipated securing triumph over Severin, but that smile froze instantly as Severin calmly extended his arm to block the broadsword. His robust physique effortlessly resisted the broadsword's force, shattering it into minute fragments.

Severin's physical strength had left Blake astonished, as it was incredibly strong. The shattered sword left him bewildered, and he stammered, "That

can't be possible! How are you able to destroy a high-grade spiritual treasure simply with your physical force?"

Blake's scalp grew numb, and the shock resonated even within the depths of his soul. He knew the immense strength that was required to break a superior-grade spiritual treasure with sheer physical force, as even Northsea's barbarics would need strength equivalent to level seven and or level eight human paragons to achieve such destruction. However, Severin-a mere level three paragon-could display such a fear.

Blake could not fathom how a human's physical prowess could be so strong, especially in the face of a spiritual treasure.

Chapter 2317



Chapter 2317

In response to Blake's stunned expression, Severin said, 'Nothing is impossible.'

Severin's physical body had undergone special tempering, and he was already able to transcend levels since the time when he was still a supreme saint! Armed with the Book of True Void Enlightenment and the exercises he had obtained from Wildfire's ruins, he was later able to focus on honing the power of energy and blood.

When he made the breakthrough to paragon, Severin utilized his body as a vessel to traverse the sea of suffering. In that way, the power of energy and

blood-which could be likened to a furnace of heaven and earth-stirred his primal spirit and allowed him to connect with the power of heaven and earth.

Wildfire was a renowned figure in Southsky thousands of years ago. He possessed an invincible presence with a powerful physical body and the magical power of the Wildfire Lotus. Even the neighboring Westregion and the royal paragons of Midland were unmatched by Wildfire's abilities. Were it not for Wildfire's untimely demise and unsuccessful breakthrough to supreme paragon, Wildfire would have dominated Southsky without a doubt.

Severin, having comprehended the Book of True Void Enlightenment, had later familiarized himself with the Lotus Divine Attack. Coupled with the nourishment of the Lunar Dew, his physical strength could rival even a supreme-grade spiritual treasure. His strength was comparable to that of a true dragon or an ancient non-human being, Severin could manage to crush a superior-quality spiritual treasure with little effort.

Meanwhile, Blake was strong, but his spiritual treasures were limited to superior-quality ones even though he had a level five paragon attainment and was a talented member of the Menzies. Though Severin might possibly be inferior in strength, he possessed a physical body that could move mountains, part the seas, and cleave the void. That alone had surpassed Blake's abilities.

It was for those reasons that Severin had the audacity to encroach upon the meteorite belt that Blake had found. After recovering from the initial shock, Blake admitted, "I guess I underestimated you. I now understand where your arrogance is coming from."

Blake had attacked Severin out of pure rage and was not thinking straight. It was only when Severin successfully resisted him and brandished a superior-quality spiritual treasure that Blake finally set aside his pride and contempt. Blake realized that he was facing an opponent of equal strength to Elron, Greatflare's ninth prince.

Blake hailed from the Menzies-one of the eight aristocratic families in Eastplain. They had made a name for themselves after their ancestors succeeded in laying down the foundations after becoming a celestial. With the Menzies' bloodline, he possessed true celestial blood which was unique from that of other prodigies. Though the true celestial blood within him was only a very small amount-perhaps half of the Menzies true divine sons-it was still something that no ordinary person could hope to get.

'I'll show you what happens when you insult our family!' Blake declared coldly. His tone was laced with murderous intent.

As he spoke, the blood energy within him surged, and a clover-like pattern appeared on his forehead. The surrounding space became slightly unstable, and a chaotic turbulence erupted from its rifts. Then, a transcendent aura emanated from within Blake, dwarfing Severin's level three paragon attainment.


Severin's pupils constricted after witnessing the spectacle. "Is this a bloodline power?"

Legend had it that the big families in Eastplain were on par with the sacred lands. They owed their status not only to the strength of their family heads, but also the possession of celestial blood. Descendants born to true celestials had immense talent, and the inherited bloodline power resembled the demon clan Lansbonrket. Such power allowed them to tap into their ancestral abilities, allowed them to acquire the corresponding divine technique.

In Eastplain, the requirement for every generation's divine son was to have a divine constitution and also a strong bloodline power.

Chapter 2318





Bloodline power was the only vessel that could contain ancestral skills and divine techniques of major families that had ascended to the higher realm. It was unmatched by sacred lands in Southsky, Midland and other regions. Though some founders of sacred land sects succeeded in becoming a celestial, it was essentially not possible to pass down their bloodline's power.

Possessing the bloodline power of a celestial allowed one to draw on the magical prowess during critical moments, creating an unprecedented capability to secure victory against a prodigy of the same level. For it was Severin's first time encountering someone with bloodline power. His muscles tensed immediately, and his expression turned alert.

Elron gathered his bloodline power, and Severin's reaction elicited a sneer. 'Feeling scared now? Well, it's too late for that!'

Determined to end Severin's life, Blake spared no expense as he utilized his bloodline power and ancestral divine abilities to execute a deadly strike. The clover pattern on Blake's forehead shone brightly, and every cell in his body absorbed the surrounding spiritual energy unabatedly.

Within a few seconds, Blake's aura skyrocketed from the initial-stage level five paragon, to mid-stage, peak-stage, perfect-stage and until finally it reached level six. Following the surge in his spiritual energy, he formed a seal with his hands as the mark on his forehead emitted a brilliant glow. The next second, a blinding beam shot forth from his forehead, obliterating everything in its path.

The swift onslaught seemed to bear the might of heaven and earth, and everything-be it the void or the meteorites-were reduced to dust due to the beam.

Even the formidable, turbulent spatial crack seemed gentle in comparison as the beam tore through the very fabric of space around it. Severin did not dare to underestimate the approaching beam. He promptly summoned the Sky-Soil Zenith from his energy center.

With the appearance of the superior-quality spiritual treasure, the power of heaven and earth was continuously absorbed. Sky and soil energy poured into the Sky-Soil Zenith, and it was able to stop the warping space in addition to stifling the swirl of elemental energy. Severin formed seals with his hands, and the Sky-Soil Zenith radiated like the sun as it rose into the air and braced for the impact of Blake's spiritual beam. Within a fraction of second, the beam had already reached to where Severin was.


In a flash, stars several thousand miles away seemed to dim as a brilliance stronger than a hundred thousand suns filled the place with a radiance that stretched for many miles. A violent explosion soon followed, tearing apart the space and creating a huge void.

The shockwave sent Zeb and Karl tumbling, inflicting severe injuries onto them. In the explosion's epicenter, Blake's face had drained of all color. By contrast, Severin was protected by the Sky-Soil Zenith. All he suffered was a bit of blood at the corner of his mouth and very minimal weakening of his spiritual energy.

Upon seeing the spectacle, desperation overcame Blake as he gazed begrudgingly at the Sky-Soil Zenith. "It's... It's an elite-quality spiritual treasure!"

Chapter 2319





Chapter 2319

Blake never would have thought that a practitioner who was obviously inferior to him could possess such a spiritual treasure. Only royal paragons would be able to wield an elite-quality spiritual treasure. Even though he was the Menzies' scion, he had yet to acquire an elite-quality spiritual treasure and was still relying on superior-quality ones. Blake's astonishment was beyond words-his eyes widened, and shock was etched across his face.

An elite-quality spiritual treasure bestowed formidable combat prowess upon paragons. Though Blake was a level five paragon who could briefly elevate his spiritual energy to level six after activating his celestial bloodline, the exchange of blows that he had with Severin had demonstrated the latter's unexpected strength, robust physique, and possession of elite-quality spiritual treasure.

Weakened by his previous battle with Elron, Blake had to face Severin and the elite-quality spiritual treasure. The option of retreating seemed a reasonable prospect in Blake's heart. He began to speculate Severin's identity and question if the latter hailed from a sacred land.

Meanwhile, on the fringes of the meteorite belt, Zeb and Karl had just recovered from the shockwave when they witnessed Severin unscathed at the source of the explosion. Zeb's pupils shrank in disbelief.

"An elite-quality spiritual treasure!" he exclaimed, mirroring Blake's shock. The Menzies only granted elite-quality spiritual treasures to those at level seven or level eight paragon. He could not help but wonder just who Severin truly was.

Realizing that Blake's safety was at stake, Zeb abandoned Karl and returned to Blake's side. He channeled a message to Blake, asking, "Are you okay?"

Blake replied solemnly, "It's nothing serious."

During the battle, the shockwave from the battle had torn the void apart, but Blake was able to withstand the aftermath by activating his bloodline power. However, the consequences of using that power began to manifest, and his body's spiritual energy was already waning. He did not know if he could avoid danger if he continued to engage in combat, especially as Severin had an elite-quality spiritual treasure.

Outside the meteorite belt, Karl could finally breathe a sigh of relief when Zeb ditched the attempt to kill him. He wiped off cold sweat and observed the tense standoff not too far away. Severin seemed to be in a stalemate with the Menzies, and Karl knew that he stood no chance if he intervened.

Lingering any further would likely be risky, so he cursed under his breath, "Just you wait, Severin! I'll kill you eventually!"

It was all because he sensed Severin's aura and decided to follow Severin after finding that there was no longer any Lunar Dew. He would never have entered into the fray and face one of the Menzies' prodigies in battle had he not tailed Severin into the meteorite belt.

Karl had already been defeated by Severin during the sect tournament, and the injuries inflicted upon him had caused his attainment and lifespan to take a hit. As a result, his attainment had only reached that of level one paragon.

Chapter 2320



Karl only managed to survive against a perfect-stage level four paragon like Zeb by leveraging on his extensive experience from fighting royal paragons in his previous life. That had allowed him to push the boundaries of survival.

Lucky as he may be in narrowly escaping death, Karl still bore severe injuries. As he observed the situation unfold, he realized that it was futile to remain there. The meteorite belt's opportunities would remain inaccessible to him regardless of whether Severin or the two Menzie prodigies secured victory. Opting to leave and preserve his life, Karl cast an angry glare at Severin before vanishing into the starry expanse in a stream of light.

Karl's departure went unnoticed amid the intensity within the meteorite belt. A small mountain-sized peak hovered above Severin, emanating sky and soil energy that pounded against the surrounding space.

After witnessing Severin's imposing stature and majestic aura, Blake gasped as a glimmer of light appeared in his eyes. He then yelled, 'Are you sure you wish to oppose our family?'

Severin smiled in response, 'This isn't about opposing your family. I simply have my sights set on this place.' Based on the indications from the treasure map that he acquired from Ulva, a rich deposit of metal Uru was present there. Metal Uru was a crucial component for crafting superior-quality spiritual treasures, and Severin refused to relinquish the opportunity that easily. Even if he did not have much use for the metal Uru, he could at least craft them into weapons for Diane and his wives.

As Blake gazed upon Severin's determination, anger kindled within him as his face turned ashen. The thought of Severin's formidable strength and the menacing presence of the Sky-Soil Zenith left him with no choice but to lament how the situation turned out.

Blake seemed to be in control of the situation, as there was a level four paragon at his side. Furthermore, Severin's attainment was only that of a level three paragon, and even the possession of an elite-quality spiritual treasure did not make it a walk in the park to go up against two people. That being said, Blake recognized that engaging in a three-way struggle was detrimental to his party.

He wanted to gain some of the metal Uru within the meteorite belt, so he cupped his hands at Severin and proposed a diplomatic solution. "There are many meteorites here, and an ideal resolution to our hostility will be to call a truce and divide the amount based on our strengths."

Severin shook his head resolutely. "No."

He could not accept the idea of relinquishing the potential treasure trove to someone else, especially not when Blake was already in bad shape. Blake, despite being a level four paragon, would be mistaken to think that he could defeat Severin.

After all, Severin owed much of his success to transcending levels much higher than his. Having an elite-quality spiritual treasure as well as a body that was stronger than a dragon meant that not even Zeb and Blake could defeat him if they joined hands.

When Blake's offer was met with a staunch refusal from Severin, Zeb berated, "You're out of line!"

He unleashed a burst of anger as he prepared to attack Severin.

However, Blake was already succumbing to the aftermath of using his bloodline power, and a rush of blood had reached his throat. His aura then plummeted from level six to level five paragon.

"Young Master!" Zeb exclaimed at the sight.

Blake glared resentfully at Severin. "Fine. We'll leave!"