

LIFE AFTER PRISON

Chapter 2331



Although Simeon was not clear why the evil practitioners were targeting Severin, he would root for Halbert as long as he could kill Severin. Only then would the burning hatred in his heart be appeased.

Tobias could not help but shudder when he saw the crazed expression on Simeon's face. In fact, even before entering the Starry Sky Battlespace, Tobias was prepared. After all, the seventh-grade Breakthrough Pill of the Deifirm Sect was not so easily obtained.

However, when it came to really facing Severin, Tobias could not help but feel scared and apprehensive. This was because, during the competition for the Wildfire royal paragon treasure in Artic Heights, Severin had left a deep fear in him.

Tobias became even more horrified when he witnessed Severin, who was a level three paragon, actually engaging in a battle with a level five paragon. He could not shake off a vague sense of unease and wondered, 'Could he possibly win? No! That's impossible! Absolutely impossible!'

Tobias quickly shook his head, feeling that he was just being overly anxious. As strong as Severin was, his opponent was ultimately a powerful level five paragon!

At the same time, the battle between Severin and Halbertding caused quite a sensation in the Starry Sky Battlespace. Almost everyone within a radius of a thousand miles rushed to the scene at the first possible moment when they sensed the power flowing out of there.

As that particular starry sky region was still on the outskirts of the Starry Sky Battlespace, the surrounding space was relatively desolate. Therefore, the cultivation of the cultivators there did not exceed level five paragon.

Among those secretly watching the battle were evil practitioners from the states of Cesun and Lasbornket, and they recognized Zhouyuan with just one glance.

"That's Halbert, the sixth core disciple of the Yellow Ghost Tribe's sacred land."

"Wait a moment. Could the person using an elite-quality spiritual treasure on the other side be the one who previously defeated Blake?"

"Whoever he is, that guy doesn't have a chance! Halbert is the sixth core disciple of the Yellow Ghost Tribe's sacred land, and he once crossed levels to kill a level five ferocious beast while he himself was still a level four paragon."

"The power of Yellow Ghost Tribe's sacred land's disciples is beyond our imagination. That guy can't possibly win against Halbert even with an elite-quality spiritual treasure."

Many of them who were closely watching the great battle were not optimistic about Severin's chances of winning. After all, no matter how they looked at it, Halbert was immensely more powerful than Severin.

After all, Halbert was a core disciple of Yellow Ghost Tribe's sacred land, and while his status may not be as high as the saintment of Yellow Ghost Tribe's sacred land, his power at level five paragon was still quite formidable.

Both of them being prodigies, they possessed the ability to be invincible at the same level and the skill to fight across levels.

While Severin managed to gain an advantage over Blake earlier-provoking Blake to the point of extreme anger and leading him to reveal Severin's possession of an elite-quality spiritual treasure-it was important to note that an elite-quality spiritual treasure was ultimately an inanimate object and not an all-powerful tool.

From the perspective of raw strength, Severin's cultivation at level three paragon level was indeed lower than that of Halbert. Moreover, Halbert was a disciple of the sacred land; disciples from such prestigious sects were not easy to deal with, each possessing formidable abilities.

In the midst of the intense battle, Severin was unaware that those secretly observing the battle had a dim view of his situation. They were all in agreement that Severin would soon enough meet a grim fate.

Severin unleashed one attack after another using Flameless Pinnacle on Halbert. Although he still could keep up with Halbert's moves, he understood that it would not be long until he lost.

Halbert's strength surpassed Severin's by a significant margin, and as time passed, Severin knew that the moment when his spiritual energy was depleted would be the opportunity for his opponent to counterattack.

Feeling the rapid depletion of spiritual energy in his energy center, Severin's expression gradually turned grim. 'I can't continue like this. If this drags on, I'll have no chance of winning.'

With this realization, Severin started to grow somewhat anxious. He continued to unleash one powerful strike after another, and they appeared as majestic and formidable as a blazing sun.

Flameless Pinnacle was indeed powerful and renowned as the signature treasure of the Wildfire royal paragon.

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It could be said that the number of prodigies in the entire Starry Sky Battlespace who possessed an elite-quality spiritual treasure did not exceed ten individuals! Sometimes the success or failure of a battle hinged on these elite -quality spiritual treasures.

Given Severin's cultivation level then, he still found it quite strenuous to fully unleash the power within the elite- quality spiritual treasure he had.

As a level three paragon, Severin could not control the elite-quality spiritual treasure for a long time. He was unable to achieve what a paragon cultivator could supposedly do, namely - shattering vast distances with a single strike.

At best, he could only have the Flameless Pinnacle hovering above his head for defense and occasionally use it to strike opponents.

It would be likely that a single strike would drain the spiritual energy from within his body, leaving him depleted, if he were to fully activate the true power of the elite-quality spiritual treasure. It was a dilemma he did not know how to solve.

Meanwhile, Halbert, his opponent, appeared relaxed and at ease. A large expanse of black, demonic energy swirled around him as if coming to life, forming a dense and impenetrable mist.

The Soul-Devouring Bone Whip in his hand gleamed with a faint eerie light while emitting the wailing cries of tortured souls that shook the surrounding air, creating ripples like waves colliding against each other.

However, those ripples were instantly suppressed by the radiant brilliance erupting from the mountain-like Flameless Pinnacle. Seeing that his attacks could break through this turtle shell-like defense for the time being, Halbert remained unfazed.

He knew that as long as he kept attacking, Severin's defense would eventually crumble. Once Severin was at a disadvantage, Halbert would be able to effortlessly defeat him and seize the elite-quality spiritual treasure.

Halbert smiled coldly and looked mockingly at Severin at the thought of his impending win. He had initially thought Severin was formidable since he had defeated Blake, but it seemed he was nothing without his elite-quality spiritual treasure.

Level three paragon cultivators like Severin were nothing new to Halbert; he had faced and defeated many. Halbert scoffed and said, "Heh, let's see if you have any hidden trump card left!"

As soon as he finished speaking, he whipped the bone whip in his hand. Hundreds of terrifying whip shadows instantly slash out along with the rolling demonic energy in the surroundings.

Each of these whip shadows pierced through the air, and the aura they emitted was enough to make any level five paragon quake in their boots. The fierce whip shadows struck the Flameless Pinnacle's descending sky-soil energy, creating intense explosions.

With each explosion, Severin was forced to retreat one step back.

Beads of sweat gradually formed on Severin's face as he struggled to contend with the relentless and intensifying onslaught. The aura emanating from Halbert was difficult for even a prodigy of the same level to withstand, especially considering Halbert was a disciple of the Yellow Ghost Tribe, which was renowned for their sinister and cunning demonic technique.

Many of Severin's skills were blocked by the mist-like demonic energy in front of Halbert, leaving him in a difficult situation. He was completely on the defensive, and the spectators nearby were shaking their heads in disappointment as they watched Severin gradually fall behind.

"It's a pity. He must be a prodigy to be able to last this long against a level five paragon when he himself is only a level three paragon. Unfortunately, his luck ran out when he came face to face in a battle with Halbert."

"Halbert is a core disciple of Yellow Ghost Tribe's sacred land, with power only surpassed by the saintmen and a


few high-ranking core disciples. I won't be surprised if an ordinary level five paragon won't be able to take him down."

"I bet it's all thanks to that elite-quality spiritual treasure that he's been able to hold out against Halbert for so long."

Among the spectators, Simeon was the most delighted. When he saw Severin falling behind, he broke into a wide grin, as if he could already anticipate Severin's imminent defeat.

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Above the battlefield, the battle between Severin and Halbert remained intense, but it was becoming gradually clear who had the upper hand.

Halbert's attacks were fierce. The bone whip in his hand-mixed with the surrounding demonic energy-created a howling sound each time it whipped through the air, which unleashed numerous shockwaves and rifts in the surrounding void.

Severin, however, found it harder and harder to defend himself, let alone put on an offense. He could only use the Flameless Pinnacle as a defensive treasure, placing it above his head for protection.

Despite the formidable power of his True-Sun Fist technique, each explosive punch- resembling a brilliant sun- was swiftly engulfed and almost completely consumed by the vast demonic energy in front of Halbert.

The sword beam unleashed by the Scarletsky Sword in Severin's hand was terrifying, sharp enough to cut through space, yet it was still blocked by Halbert's bone whip.

After hundreds of exchanges, Severin's attacks proved ineffective, gradually causing him to fall into a disadvantageous position.

'No! I can't continue like this!' Severin thought to himself as he realized the increasingly dire situation he was in. It seems like I have to play my trump card since ordinary divine techniques and martial arts attacks don't work on those demonic energies.'

Gripping the Scarletsky Sword, which emitted scorching flames, Severin decisively infused a large amount of the power of heaven and earth from his energy center into it.

The crimson flames on the Scarletsky Sword quickly erupted into bigger flames as though Severin had poured hot oil onto it. The intense heat caused the surrounding void to distort, and a terrifying aura spread for hundreds of miles around!

At that moment, every cell and every pore of Severin radiated a brilliant light. An awe-inspiring swordwill filled with vigorous combat spirit burst forth from him, causing his hair to move without the presence of wind.

In that instant, the void for miles around seemed unable to withstand the pressure of this terrifying swordwill. It shattered, forming large rifts in the empty space. Countless elements of earth, water, wind, fire, and chaotic swirls surged out from these rifts, covering the entire battlefield.

The entire battlefield became even more chaotic and unpredictable from the spectators' perspective. A palpable sense of dread suddenly emerged in the air when Severin roared.

As Severin's voice fell, the spiritual energy within his energy center transformed into a rapidly boiling golden ocean. It led the shadow of a small sword, which was suspended above his energy center, to fly out.

The moment the shadow of the small sword flew out of Severin's body, the vibrant swordwill crazily cut through the surrounding void, obliterating countless elements of earth, water, wind, and fire. The Chaotic Swordshadow carried an extremely terrifying force as it slashed toward Halbert at incredible speed.

In the blink of an eye, Halbert suddenly felt an inexplicable sense of fear, causing every hair on his body to stand on end. His face turned pale with shock, his pupils constricted sharply, and a chill ran up his entire spine.

The extremely dangerous situation was reminiscent of what he had encountered only in the presence of the Yellow Ghost Tribe's sacred land's saintmen!

"Wh-what the hell is that thing?!" cried Halbert as he watching the rapidly approaching Chaotic Swordshadow, from initially being less than the size of a palm to growing several times with each step forward

There was no time for him to waste time in finding out. Severin's chaotic swordwill continued to grow in size and surged forward at an alarming speed. In fact it was nearly upon Halbert in a blink of an eye.

Halbert quickly unleashed a palm strike. The demonic energy around him seemed to come alive, swiftly forming a protective circle around his body. At the same time, he quickly summoned a small purple cauldron. The superior-quality spiritual treasure aura it was emitting struck fear at those around it.

As Halbert unleashed the fist-sized small cauldron, it rapidly transformed into mountain-sized. Bright purple light radiated from it, creating a protective barrier that enveloped Halbert within.

After he set up two layers of defense around him, he wasted no time in forming hand seals, and a spiritual light barrier materialized in front of him.

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After completing these actions, Halbert's expression turned solemn. He tightly gripped the Soul-Devouring Bone Whip which was flickering darkly, causing the aura of a level five paragon to erupt from his body.

He then rushed towards the incoming Chaotic Swordshadow. His expression changed drastically the moment he made contact with the Chaotic Swordshadow, and he tried to retreat.

In the next moment, a horrifying swordwill burst forth from the Chaotic Swordshadow. This chaotic swordwill, resembling the principles of the universe, surged with a majestic aura. Countless principles bombarded the purple cauldron above his head, creating a series of clashing sounds like a torrential downpour of lightning and thunder.

The purple cauldron, which was a superior-quality spiritual treasure, endured the intense onslaught for only a few seconds. Cracks resembling porcelain spiderwebs began to appear on its surface, and finally, it exploded in the sky like a dazzling firework.

"How is this possible!" Halbert exclaimed in shock and fear.

His purple cauldron was a superior-quality spiritual treasure; how could it be shattered so easily?

Before he could think further, the Chaotic Swordshadow swiftly tore through the space, striking Halbert's second layer of defense. The surrounding black demonic energy dissipated rapidly as it came in contact with Severin's swordwill; it was akin to darkness meeting light.

The residual force of the Chaotic Swordshadow mercilessly hit Halbert, instantly shattering the protective barrier in front of him. The chaotic sword attack slashed through his flesh, soul, cultivation, and lifespan.

In an instant, Halbert's physical body was covered in cuts while numerous streams of blood sprayed out. His spiritual soul received a heavy blow, and he

instantly became spiritually weak. His cultivation plummeted from mid-stage level five paragon to early stage, and it continued to drop.

His lifespan was instantly cut by more than half, and his once-black hair turned white in an instant. His youthful face aged rapidly, causing him to appear ten years older in a blink of an eye.

Halbert became overwhelmed with terror as he felt his spiritual soul, physical body, cultivation, and lifespan slipped away from him. Despite being a core disciple of the Yellow Ghost Tribe's sacred land and having broad knowledge, he had never encountered a technique capable of severing others' cultivation, physical body, and lifespan in all his years of cultivation.

Halbert, now in a state of shock, screamed in fear, "Wh-what kind of divine technique is this?!"

However, Severin did not answer him. After unleashing the Chaotic Swordshadow, Severin immediately formed hand seals to unleash his most powerful trump card - Lotus Divine Attack. The flames-three-colored and resembling the petals of a colorful lotus-appeared in the starry sky, causing a terrifying aura to annihilate the void for dozens of miles around.

Halbert had no time to react as Severin unleashed the Chaotic Swordshadow and immediately followed up with Lotus Divine Attack. The Chaotic Swordshadow paved the way, but the true lethal move was Lotus Divine Attack. Halbert's eyes turned bloodshot, and he appeared on the verge of madness, when he came face to face with Lotus Divine Attack just after dealing with the Chaotic Swordshadow. Without hesitation, he threw his bone whip. and it turned into a light beam that streaked towards the flame lotus. At the same time, he tried to turn and escape. However, there was no way Severin would let him escape that easily.

The flame lotus had long locked onto Halbert, and his bone whip was instantly obliterated. The flame lotus then ruthlessly smashed into Halbert with destructive force.

In an instant, a tremendous bright light erupted in the dark starry sky. Following the light was a violent explosion, causing the stars within dozens of miles to quake and crack.

After the explosion, only a mournful and resentful roar lingered in the starry sky.

"No!"

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Halbert was dead. The furious roar he let out before his death echoed for a long time across the sky.

Severin breathed out a heavy sigh of relief after making sure the flame lotus had completely engulfed Halbert's body and extinguished his spiritual soul until there was no trace of him left.

"Phew. I finally got rid of him!"

The intense battle had depleted Severin's spiritual energy significantly; if the battle had dragged on any longer, he might have found himself in a precarious situation.

Despite having an elite-quality spiritual treasure, Severin did not dare to be overconfident in the face of Halbert's formidable strength, especially with his mysterious and powerful dark arts.

Severin had to bring out all his trump cards to ensure his victory when fighting against a prodigy like Halbert. Fortunately, Halbert-perhaps accustomed to winning in battles-did not take Severin seriously. He was directly struck by the Chaotic Swordshadow, and his cultivation, lifespan, and cultivation were all severed, causing his level to plummet. That allowed Severin's subsequent Lotus Divine Attack to be a lethal blow.

Terrifying shockwaves surged from the large void rifts where Halbert had died; they resembled tsunami waves crashing against the cliffs.

In an instant, Halbert's spatial ring and the superior-quality spiritual treasure bone whip were engulfed. The two items were swept away by the violent winds into the chaotic swirl, disappearing without a trace.

Severin felt his heart bleeding when he saw that. After all, he had suffered a significant loss by not taking possession of those two items.

At the same time, those who were secretly observing the battle reacted explosively upon witnessing Halbert's fall. "Gasp! Halbert's dead?!"

"Oh my god! I can't believe a level five paragon was actually slain! He couldn't even escape with his spiritual soul!" "Good heavens, I can't help but think he must've cheated in all of his previous battles!"

"No way! Absolutely impossible! Severin is only a level three paragon. Even if he has an elite-quality spiritual treasure, Halbert is still a level five paragon. Plus, he's a core disciple of the Yellow Ghost Tribe's sacred land. How could he be killed so suddenly?"

"It must be the divine technique! Did any of you feel something off with that sword shadow just now? After Halbert got hit, there was a moment when his cultivation dropped. And that flame lotus afterward was even more terrifying..."

'Oh my god, that sword beam we just witnessed was simply suffocating. It was so terrifying, as if it could shatter the void. But I never expected Halbert to be unable to counter it!'

The spectators were all stunned to see Halbert being killed in an instant, unable even to escape with his spiritual soul. Especially Simeon, who had been eagerly anticipating Severin's downfall.

However, at that moment he was staring in wide-eyed disbelief with his jaw dropped open at Severin.

"How is this possible! How is this possible?!" cried Simeon as he clutched his hair crazily while shock, surprise, and disbelief flashed across his face.

Halbert was undeniably more powerful than Severin. It was just a moment ago that Severin had been struggling, unable to retaliate, forced into a desperate situation where he had to rely on his spiritual treasure to block Halbert's fierce attacks.

Thus, how was it possible that the situation completely reversed after Severin had a burst of power? Halbert, a level five paragon, was instantly slain by Severin!

Even if it were someone like Tobias, who had recently broken through to the paragon realm, Simeon felt that Halbert should have been able to put up some resistance. After all, the life force of a paragon cultivator was extremely formidable. Their spiritual souls were connected to the power of heaven and earth, and even if the physical body was destroyed, their spiritual soul should have been able to escape.

Yet, Halbert did not even manage to escape with his spiritual soul let alone survive the attack.

Was Halbert really that weak?

Being a core disciple of the Yellow Ghost Tribe's sacred land held significant weight. To become a core disciple, especially in a sect like the Yellow Ghost Tribe, one needed considerable strength.

Throughout the Bluerealm, it was well-known that the Yellow Ghost Tribe acted according to their whims, and employed ruthless means to get what they wanted. Whether dealing with enemies or fellow sect members, they were all known for their cold-blooded nature.

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These practitioners of the dark arts operated only on their self-interests, and some would have no moral qualms about sacrificing millions for the sake of mastering a certain technique.

Halbert, as a core disciple of the Yellow Ghost Tribe's sacred land, undoubtedly possessed power far beyond his fellow sect members. His cultivation of level five paragon was considered to be superior to most prodigies who had entered the Starry Sky Battlespace.

Yet, even with such power, he was still slain by Severin. How could Simeon not be shaken?

Alongside the shock, there was a strong sense of resentment in Simeon's heart. He had initially believed that a core disciple of the Yellow Ghost Tribe's sacred land like Halbert could easily defeat Severin, only to be harshly proven wrong by reality.

Simeon's face darkened when he saw Severin was still alive and well. At the same time, he was torn between whether to launch an attack at Severin when he was all tired out from an intense battle or let him be.

However, the thought of Halbert dying at the hands of Severin made Simeon hesitate and doubt if he could succeed in defeating him.

Many prodigies in the vicinity shared similar thoughts. They were contemplating whether to seize this opportunity to steal the Flameless Pinnacle from Severin. After all, material wealth had always served as a powerful motivator, especially when it came to an elite-quality spiritual treasure.

Ordinary paragon cultivators typically wielded superior-quality spiritual treasures, and obtaining an elite quality spiritual treasure was a rare feat. Usually, only saintmen and divine heirs from major sacred lands had the possibility of acquiring such treasures.

Possessing an elite-quality spiritual treasure would undoubtedly provide a significant advantage in a battle set in the starry sky.

At that moment, someone had already taken action. A level four cultivator, dressed in a black, boldly made the first move.

With a blood-red sword in his hands, he rushed forward at Severin at an incredible speed with the intent to kill him. When he was less than a hundred yards away from Severin, he swung the blood red sword abruptly to unleash a terrifying blood-red sword beam.

The thousand-mile long sword beam carried with it the scent of death, instantly shredding everything in its path. Even the space itself could not escape as it was torn into rifts.

Severin simply raised an eyebrow at the sudden ambush while a cold smirk appeared on his lips.

"Huh! I see there's another fool who's not afraid of death!"

He had long sensed the presence of the spectators hidden in his surroundings, thus he made sure to keep up his guard. He was not about to let things go as the assailant wished since the latter had decided to attack him while he was still recovering from an intense battle.

His Scarletsky Sword flew out, unleashing countless sword beams that swept through the air like a shower of heavy thunder. Among these sword beams, Severin cunningly concealed a Chaotic Swordshadow.

The long-faced young man, feeling self-satisfied as if he saw an elite-quality spiritual treasure beckoning to him, raised his hand and gently waved it. Instantly, he summoned a lantern-shaped spiritual treasure to defend against Severin's attack by creating a bright light curtain.

Severin's sword beams struck the light curtain, causing flames to erupt, but it remained in place.

"It seems like you have indeed been weakened," said the black-robed youth happily.

However, it was at that moment the Chaotic Swordshadow descended upon him. The fiercely violent sword will tear and shred everything in his body without mercy.

"Ah!"

In just an instant, his physical form began to disintegrate, his soul extinguished, his cultivation regressing and falling through realms. Ultimately, he exploded with a resounding "bang," and transformed into a mist of blood.

The group of spectators dared not draw Severin's attention any further after witnessing him kill a paragon cultivator in the blink of an eye. A chill ran down their spines; each of them was terrified. Without a second thought, they turned around and fled.

Simeon, who had considered making a move, was terrified to the point of turning pale. He glanced at Severin, and with an reluctance, he ultimately turned away and headed towards the depths of the starry sky.

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In the starry sky, Severin could not help but breathe a sigh of relief when he sensed that the hidden spectators had all retreated. Using his divine sense, he scanned the area within dozens of miles to make sure that those people had indeed withdrawn before safely retracting Flameless Pinnacle.

Looking at the mist of blood in the starry sky, Severin sighed. "Fortunately, I didn't use all of my spiritual energy in the battle with Halbert just now. Otherwise, things might have taken a turn for the worse this time."

Severin had used two of his ultimate trump cards against Halbert. He managed to kill him by first unleashing the Chaotic Swordshadow and then Lotus Divine Attack.

After the battle, he had to be vigilant against potential sneak attacks from those secretly observing nearby.

Fortunately, Severin had prepared in advance, keeping some tricks up his sleeve. This allowed him to swiftly eliminate the level four paragon with a single sword strike.

Severin took out several alchemical pills and ate them. He then sat cross-legged to begin the process of restoring his injuries.

The pills rejuvenated his internal organs, meridians, and the entirety of his body. The energy center, previously somewhat depleted, gradually filled with spiritual energy.

After a moment, Severin abruptly opened his eyes. He parted his lips slightly and breathed out. A streak of white mist shot out accompanied by a resounding "crack." The white mist extended across a hundred yards like thunder echoing in the sky.

Using his divine sense, Severin observed that the depleted spiritual energy in his energy center had been replenished. Thus, he slowly stood up.

He looked towards the dissipating blood mist not far away and muttered, "I hope whatever is inside that guy's spatial ring is worth almost depleting my spiritual energy for."

Severin waved his hand, bringing forth the spatial ring that had been floating around the blood mist. Following that, he used his divine sense to quickly inspect the spoils within.

Among them, most were ordinary alchemical pills, with a few seventh-grade herbs, a fist-sized starry metal Uru, and a few jade plaques. Severin took out the seventh-grade herbs, placing them in a jade box to prevent the loss of medicinal properties.

After handling those, he took out the three jade plaques and began examining them. After a moment, Severin put down the jade plaques, and cursed, "Just my rotten luck to get the spoils of someone so poor!"

Among the three small jade plaques, one was a simple Starry Sky Battlespace map, which was even inferior to the one Severin already possessed. Another one contained a low-rank heaven-quality cultivation technique called Green Wood Art," while the third one contained a low-rank heaven-quality martial technique called "Divine Dragon Transformation.

Considering the overall value, it did not even match the spatial ring Severin obtained from Ulva earlier. The disappointment led Severin to unleash a string of curses.

Nevertheless, he ultimately stored away the jade plaques. After all, they were his spoils from the battle, and he could exchange them with the sect when he returned.

After resting for a moment, Severin resumed his journey. He planned to delve deeper into the Starry Sky Battlespace in search of opportunities. His figure streaked across the sky like a shooting star, swiftly disappearing from sight in the blink of an eye.

Little did he know that shortly after defeating Halbert, the entire Starry Sky Battlespace was in an uproar, and the situation was gradually intensifying.

In the depths of the starry sky, on a star brimming with vitality, a young man dressed as a scholar slowly set down a small jade plaque for voice transmission. His eyes were shining.

"A core disciple from the Yellow Ghost Tribe's sacred land is dead?" exclaimed the scholar in surprise. "And he's killed by a mere level three paragon with an elite-quality spiritual treasure?"

He raised his head to gaze at the profound and boundless starry sky. His interest in Severin grew even stronger.

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"Interesting. I wonder which sect's prodigy this person is, to be able to kill Halbert who's two levels higher than him."

The scholar suddenly erupted with an aura of level seven paragon.

The terrifying aura instantly stirred the entire planet, causing the sky to change color, and the ground to crack and split apart in the blink of an eye.

The scholar arrived at the core of the star, raised his hand, and grasped a massive piece of metal Uru, with magma still flowing on its surface

He recalled the information transmitted through the small jade plaque as he looked at the crimson metal Uru in his hand.

"Although there's plenty of metal Uru, it's still not enough. It'd be great if I could obtain that elite-quality spiritual treasure," he muttered with a lick of his lips.

Meanwhile, within a pitch-black spatial crack—an area perpetually swept by the bone-chilling Nine Heavens Gale—harbored a terrifying spatial turbulence. A paragon cultivator could easily lose their way and never find his way in the chaotic flow if not careful.

Yet, at that moment, there was a figure seated crossed legged within the spatial crack, seemingly contemplating something.

The young man, dressed in splendid brocade, had a robust and sturdy figure. His bronze-like physique seemed to shimmer like a radiant spiritual treasure, enabling him to withstand the fierce Nine Heavens Gale and the spatial turbulence around him.

Just as he immersed himself in contemplation of the void, the small jade plaque suspended at his waist suddenly vibrated, snapping him out of his thoughts.

A look of surprise flashed across his face after reading the information sent through the small jade plaque which was then replaced with a look of keen interest.

"Interesting. I didn't expect that the guy who defeated Blake last time could actually kill Halbert, who's of a higher level than him," said the young man.

Ellery Gildon was quite familiar with Halbert, considering the latter was a core disciple of the Yellow Ghost Tribe's sacred ground. Even though Halbert was not as powerful as Ellery, a level five paragon was not to be taken lightly.

However, despite his power, Halbert still fell at the hands of Severin. Nevertheless, for someone of Ellery's caliber and level of cultivation, Severin's slaying of Halbert was hardly worth much attention.

His opponents were the saintmen from those sacred grounds, the divine heirs of the Eastern Wilderness clans, the disciples of the Great Thunderbeat Temple in the Western Regions, the young lords of the barbaric tribes in the Northern Sea, and the son of the Demon King in the Thunderpeak Region! Only these individuals could be considered his adversaries!

At the same time, Blake—who was in the midst of cultivation—could not believe his ears when he learned that Severin had not only fought but also killed Halbert.

"No way! Severin's only a level three paragon! How is it possible for him to surpass two realms, even with an elite-quality spiritual treasure?!"

Blake could not help but feel like the news was fake. How could a level three paragon defeat a level five paragon? Not to mention, everyone who could enter the Starry Sky Battlespace was considered a prodigy.

However, Blake fell into complete silence as more and more credible information reached him.

*D*mn it! That guy is a monster!"

Blake's face darkened, his expression filled with a mixture of gloom and a hint of fear. At the same time, there was a sense of relief.

He was thankful that during his previous battle with Severin, the latter had not unleashed all his trump cards. Otherwise, he might have ended up dead like Halbert.

Severin continued his swift journey across the starry sky, unaware of the tumult caused by Halbert's fall. His name had now entered the sights of prodigies from various major sects and top-tier clans.

Severin's streak of light resembled a shooting star, his figure darted through the vast expanse of space as he headed towards the depths of the starry sky from the battlefield where space had been shattered.

Thousands of miles into his rapid flight, Severin noticed that the number of stars around him had significantly increased compared to the outer regions. At regular intervals, he would spot scattered meteor belts in the starry sky.

Metal Uru within these meteor belts, both in terms of quality and quantity, surpassed those in the outer regions. After consecutively capturing several large meteors and scavenging a few chunks of the metal, Severin's anticipation for the depths of the starry sky grew.

Observing the stars twinkling all around him-which were emitting an ancient and primeval aura in the serene silence-Severin could not help but exclaim, "The vast expanse of the starry sky resembles an ancient cosmos filled with chaotic energy. This place truly lives up to being the remnants left behind by the celestial being from ancient time.

Compared to any secret realm Severin had visited in the past, the Starry Sky Battlespace was undoubtedly the most top-notch and expansive! The Wildfire royal paragon's legacy, hailed as the top-notch realm in the entire Southsky, resembled a vivid little world.

Royal-paragon powerhouses not only had the ability to traverse the void but could also venture into the chaotic currents without losing their way.

Those royal paragons with more formidable strengths were able to gain profound insights into the forces of heaven and earth, causing the power of heaven and earth to surge magnificently within their bodies, and transforming their energy center into a microcosm of the cosmos. Even after death, this microcosm continued to evolve, eventually merging with the heavens and the earth, forming a small-scale secret realm.

However, when compared to the Starry Sky Battlespace, this small realm appeared quite tiny. Severin had grossly underestimated how vast the Starry Sky Battlespace was; it was probably as big as the entire Southsky!

It was worth noting that the Southsky region spanned tens of thousands of miles in all directions. Even a paragon, without stopping to eat or drink, would need several days to traverse the entire South sky. Moreover, the Starry Sky Battlespace itself was merely formed from the void fissures created during the battle of the celestial beings from ancient times. This raised questions about just how powerful those celestial beings were.

As Severin admired the splendid and colorful starry sky around him, he suddenly sensed energy fluctuations of a battle not far ahead through his divine sense.

The moment he detected signs of a battle, he immediately concealed his own aura, deploying the Void Concealment technique to vanish into the void. After all, he had experienced several major battles since entering the Starry Sky Battlespace.

After infiltrating the void, Severin murmured to himself, "The environment here is indeed brutal, with constant battles."

He cautiously advanced towards the depths of the battlefield, hoping to reap some rewards as a bystander. Soon, after traversing over a hundred miles incognito, he finally arrived at the scene of the battle.

There were two factions on the battlefield. Foremost among them were two cultivators dressed in luxurious embroidered robes, each adorned with the family name "Burke" on their chest. Both of them had formidable cultivation, reaching the pinnacle of level three paragon. The leading figure

wielded a green longsword, and was surrounded by his own swirling swordwill. His hair was flapping around, even though there was no wind, while his entire body emitted an unrestrained and majestic aura, reminiscent of a sword immortal.

The other person, with a robust and muscular build, radiated a bronze-like glow from his muscles. His vitality surged like a furnace of heaven and earth, displaying an elusive and invincible demeanor.

Chapter 2339



Severin continued his swift journey across the starry sky, unaware of the tumult caused by Halbert's fall. His name had now entered the sights of prodigies from various major sects and top-tier clans.

Severin's streak of light resembled a shooting star, his figure darted through the vast expanse of space as he headed towards the depths of the starry sky from the battlefield where space had been shattered.

Thousands of miles into his rapid flight, Severin noticed that the number of stars around him had significantly increased compared to the outer regions. At regular intervals, he would spot scattered meteor belts in the starry sky.

Metal Uru within these meteor belts, both in terms of quality and quantity, surpassed those in the outer regions. After consecutively capturing several large meteors and scavenging a few chunks of the metal, Severin's anticipation for the depths of the starry sky grew.

Observing the stars twinkling all around him-which were emitting an ancient and primeval aura in the serene silence-Severin could not help but exclaim,

"The vast expanse of the starry sky resembles an ancient cosmos filled with chaotic energy. This place truly lives up to being the remnants left behind by the celestial being from ancient time.

Compared to any secret realm Severin had visited in the past, the Starry Sky Battlespace was undoubtedly the most top-notch and expansive! The Wildfire royal paragon's legacy, hailed as the top-notch realm in the entire Southsky, resembled a vivid little world.

Royal-paragon powerhouses not only had the ability to traverse the void but could also venture into the chaotic currents without losing their way.

Those royal paragons with more formidable strengths were able to gain profound insights into the forces of heaven and earth, causing the power of heaven and earth to surge magnificently within their bodies, and transforming their energy center into a microcosm of the cosmos. Even after death, this microcosm continued to evolve, eventually merging with the heavens and the earth, forming a small-scale secret realm.

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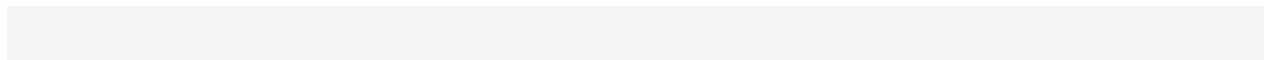
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The other person, with a robust and muscular build, radiated a bronze-like glow from his muscles. His vitality surged like a furnace of heaven and earth, displaying an elusive and invincible demeanor.

Chapter 2340



Their opponent was a radiantly glowing girl wielding a shield, who was accompanied by enchanting celestial music. The girl was dressed in a plain-colored gown, adorned with a jade hairpin. Her appearance—devoid of any makeup—was as delicate as the petals of a rose, with a complexion as pure as morning glow on snow. Her wispy brows were furrowed in anger while her big eyes were filled with a hint of indignation.

Severin's eyebrows shot up in surprise when he recognized who she was. "It's her!"

The girl was none other than Callie Romero from the Marvair Sect, whom Severin had met once before.

At that moment, Callie appeared bedraggled with blood trickling from the corner of her mouth. Her face was pale as paper, and her aura seemed somewhat unstable, indicating that she had suffered serious injuries. On the other hand, her two opponents seemed to be in much better condition. Radiant lights flicker around them, making them look like ethereal celestial beings.

One of them, a robust man with a body developed like the twisted roots of an ancient tree, laughed heartily. "Haha, little lady, you're already heavily wounded. If I were you, I'd hand over that treasure map!"

"Cut the nonsense! I don't have the treasure map! If you want to fight, then fight!" Callie retorted with a delicate but firm voice.

The young man wielding a green longsword and emitting vigorous sword will scoffed. "Huh! Even at death's door, you dare to be defiant. I'll teach you a lesson for stealing from my family!"

Hector Burke gathered the sword will around him to unleash a formidable sword bear that swiftly shot towards Callie.

Faced with the fierce attack, Callie had no choice but to block with her shield while frantically infusing the shield with the power of heaven and earth to protect her.

At the same time, Severin—who was still concealed in the void—after hearing the conversation from both sides, began to ponder.

Judging from the attire of Hector and his companion, Severin deduced that they should be members of the Burke family, one of the Eight Great Clans of the Eastern Wilderness.

As the name suggested, the Eight Great Clans of the Eastern Wilderness were the eight strongest clans within the Eastern Wilderness. Their ancestors were once formidable figures who ascended to immortality, and subsequently gained fame in the ancient times.

The foundational strength of these eight major clans could go head to head to any of the various major sacred sects! Blake, whom Severin encountered earlier, was also a prodigy of one of the Eight Great Clans of the Eastern Wilderness.

Severin was not particularly curious about the identities of the two individuals; after all, any prodigy capable of entering the Starry Sky Battlespace was unlikely to have an ordinary background. He was more intrigued by the treasure map that Hector had mentioned.

It made sense the Burkes would send someone after Callie if she had stolen a treasure map from them. Just as the thought crossed Severin's mind, the battle had reached a climax. Severin could not sit idly by as Callie, who was severely wounded, faced the onslaught from the Burke family's disciples. Metaphorically speaking, Callie's back was already forced to the wall.

Thus, Severin was compelled to take action seeing as Callie was on the brink of defeat. After all, he could not afford to let the opportunity slip by, Callie just

might really have a treasure map in her possession. Even if she did not, extending a helping hand to a fellow Southsky native was a small effort for Severin.

No matter the circumstance, Severin had nothing to lose. With that in mind, he deactivated his concealment technique and stepped out of the void.

"You two should feel ashamed for ganging up on a girl like that!"

