

## Read Novel The Prince Who Was Raised In Hell Chapter 581

The Prince Who Was Raised in Hell Chapter 581-In the stands around the arena, the disciples of the six sects were silent.

No one thought that a seemingly anticlimactic battle would turn out to be such a situation with just one move.

Hann, who had an almost spirit tool and was named a Blue Feather Sect's genius, was suppressed by a Heavenly Stars Sect's disciple! Not only that, but Solana's fearlessness of life and death just now, where she forcibly blasted the longsword from Hann's hand with her flesh and blood, also deeply shocked everyone.

Cultivators strived for valiance, courage, and diligence.

Solana's performance just now fitted it perfectly.

In the face of a strong enemy, Solana did not retreat one step, and with a sense of injustice, she suppressed the opponent with all her might.

At that moment, the air inside and outside the arena seemed to be stagnant.

"Is... Is this the way the disciples of Heavenly Stars Sect fight?"

"Don't... Don't they all rely on formations to deal with their opponents, and then use the inscriptions to close the gap..."

"It... It seems different..."

The disciples of the six major sects in the stands could not help mutter to themselves.

Even the other eight disciples of the Blue Feather Sect were stunned.

The Heavenly Stars Sect's disciples showed a completely different style than before.

Caspian smiled and said to Jessica next to him, "Look... Just like what I said, Solana will never lose to Hann when it comes to willpower.

Hann's a typical kind of flower that grows up in care, thinking that the identity of his main branch, the cultivation of the Blue Feather Sect, and the blessing of an almost spirit tool can guarantee his victory.

However, he forgot one of the most basic things, many things in this world are unfair.

His unfairness toward Solana is very common, and it can't give people an unexpected blow.

For Solana, she can't compete with others regarding her father, family, sect, wealth, and magic weapon... Therefore, the only thing she can do is to compete with all her life..."

Caspian suddenly laughed loudly.

"Indeed, we're alike on this.

When she needs to work hard, she can give it all, but Hann has no such courage.

Hence, he'll surely lose this game."

Caspian made such a judgment.

Unfortunately, for the overwhelming majority of people present, they believed even if Hann lost his almost spirit tool, and even though Solana had the upper hand at the moment, they still felt that Hann would still be the winner.

The reason was simple, Solana was a Heavenly Stars Sect disciple!

Among the six sects, Heavenly Stars Sect disciples had the weakest combat power against the same rank, which was a recognized fact, and Hann just made a small mistake.

Next, he just needed to hold on, and he could still win.

"Solana, you pissed me off!" Hann took a deep breath, and the annoyed look on his face quickly subsided, replaced by a cold and chilling expression.

Then, he removed his left hand, and five visible bloody holes appeared on his right wrist.

Solana's attack did not break Hann's wrist, but it caused heavy damage to Hann.

Currently, his right wrist was no longer able to store energy, and his meridians were blocked.

"Although I can't use my right hand, for the time being, your entire right arm can't move either," Hann chortled.

"Next, I'll break your other arm and end this fight.

Your current strength is far from being recognized by me."

As the pride of the main branch, a side branch blowing down his hair would already be an unforgivable offense, let alone breaking his hand.

The sharp light in Hann's eyes kept condensing, like a real sword light that made anyone's scalp tingle at a glance, as if a knife pressed against their throat.

"My teacher also said something else to me a few days ago." Solana did not dodge and looked directly into Hann's eyes.

There was an unprecedented determination in her eyes.

"Who's your teacher? Why is he so long-winded?!" Hann shouted impatiently, "I'll teach you that no matter what he says, it can't change the fact of your miserable failure! Twelve Slaps of Calamities!"

Hann no longer hid his true strength, and he only wished to defeat Solana hurriedly.

After all, only by making her lose miserably would he be able to wash away his shame! In the blink of an eye, Hann shot out dozens of slaps.

Each palm drove the surrounding airflow, and everyone saw the air sinking in.

What was even more frightening was that there would be a distorted face in the center of each depression, either roaring in anger, crying in pain, or crying in grief, which seemed to represent every kind of suffering in the world.

Anyone who witnessed it would feel their heart pounding as panic uncontrollably filled them.

"It's a spell!"

The audience once again went into an uproar.

Hann was no longer using martial arts but a spell that stimulated the spiritual Qi in his body.

The participants from the Heavenly Stars Sect watching the game in the stands suddenly appeared tense.

They did not expect that Hann would still be able to explode with such tremendous power even when his right hand was severely damaged.

Nevertheless, Solana's expression remained calm as she faced the menacing palms.

Thirty meters!

Twenty-five meters!

Twenty meters!

Fifteen meters!

And... Ten meters!

Hann gritted his teeth sharply and accelerated when Solana stayed on the spot.

Then, just like a violent beast, Hann shouted as he rushed toward Solana, "I'll send you down the arena!"

Solana suddenly moved.

"Hann, in the end, my teacher also told me that if a person always wants to be recognized by others, it probably means that he'll always be following in the footsteps of others.

However, as long as I am strong enough, I don't need your main branch to recognize me.

Instead, your main branch will come to curry favor with me!"

As soon as she said that, Solana unexpectedly leaped into the air, twisted her waist, and pressured her entire muscles to the extreme.

At that moment, she pushed her strength to the limit and suddenly concentrated on one area as she slammed her leg out.

"The Thousand Dragons Warfare!"

"How dare you?!" Hearing that Solana said that the main branch would curry favor with her, Hann became extremely angry, and he was about to kill Solana.

All of a sudden, Hann felt a strong force as if the gods opened up a mountain and hit him with loud bangs.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

In the void, all the palms with hideous faces collapsed and exploded instantly one after another.

At that moment, Hann felt that his soul was about to be shattered.

"How's this possible..."

His face froze, and he wanted to say, "How could you possibly fight against my spell?!"

However, he had no such opportunity.

Bang!

There was a crackling sound from the left palm he shot out, and the sound climbed along his entire left arm.

Soon, Hann's left arm trembled as if an electric current passed through, and there was a constant sound of broken bones.

In the blink of an eye, Hann's arm doubled in size out of thin air, swelling into the size as thick as an elephant's leg.

Moreover, when the mighty force smashed into his internal organs and entire bones, Hann was blasted out.

Hann felt as if his internal organs were on fire, and he opened his mouth, spitting out a large mouthful of blood.

## **Read Novel The Prince Who Was Raised In Hell Chapter 582**

The Prince Who Was Raised in Hell Chapter 582-Under everyone's watchful eyes, Hann was like a heavy torn sack, spewing out a puddle of blood.

He was knocked back far away, landing on the ground with a thud.

Before he finally stopped moving, he dragged a terrifying line of blood on the floor.

The entire spectators were silent.

Hann's pompous words where he said he would defeat Solana in three moves before the game still rang in everyone's ears.

However, what he said seemed like a loud slap on his and the disciples of the Blue Feather Sect's faces.

Not only did he not defeat Solana within three moves, but Solana also injured his arms.

In the end, he fell to the ground with blood oozing out from his nose and mouth, and he could not stop bleeding no matter how hard he tried to contain it.

Hann struggled to get up, and he knelt on one knee.

At that time, his organs and throat burned in pain as if hot oil were poured onto them.

However, compared to the agony in his body, his heart was even more frightened and shocked.

Solana's powerful strength made him feel fear, jealousy, and resentment at the same time.

A side branch who was chased away and a person who dared to refuse the main branch's return request had the strength to defeat himself.

The humiliation was unacceptable!

At the thought of that, Hann gritted his teeth with hatred and slowly got up.

Solana's eyes narrowed.

She did not say anything more and rushed directly toward Hann.

Hann opened his mouth, revealing his blood-soaked white teeth, and roared fiercely, "Solana, I want..."

Unfortunately for Hann, Solana did not give him a chance to finish his sentence.

Then, she leaped into the air, sweeping her left leg across.

Bang!

Hann once again spat a mouthful of blood, and the pain deformed his face as he flew out with a bang.

Then, just as his body slammed to the ground, Hann bounced up again, flying a few meters back before finally falling.

That time, he collapsed on the edge of the ring with his eyes rolled.

Han wanted to get up, but his body could not do it.

"I win." Solana exhaled.

She originally thought that after winning against Hann, she would at least feel a little more excited, but now she found that her mood did not seem to have changed.

Solana could faintly feel that Caspian's previous remarks must have affected her.

“What I want to do isn’t to prove my strength to the main branch, because no matter how well I do, once they realize that I’m seeking their approval, then they’ll start to find fault with me, even to the point of nitpicking any problems they can.

However, as long as I continue to become stronger, so strong that I can step on the genius of the main branch, then the main branch will take the initiative to flatter me, even, curry favor with me,” Solana muttered what Caspian said to her before, and her eyes gradually became brighter.

At that time, she thought of an adjective for the main branch of Gibson, ‘B\*tch!’

Solana recalled that word and thought it was funny.

She walked over and was about to push Hann offstage when suddenly, her scalp felt numb, and all the hairs on her body stood on end.

Then, Solana immediately took a step back, looking alertly in the direction that gave her a sense of danger.

Suddenly, she saw a Blue Feather Sect disciple appear out of nowhere not far from her.

Solana remembered the Blue Feather Sect disciple as the other party was also one of the nine disciples participating in the competition.

Moreover, the person was also Caspian’s opponent, and he was in the peak second-stage Pulse Control Realm!

The Blue Feather Sect disciple who was obviously in a higher realm than Solana, glared at her with piercing eyes.

With just a glance, the coercion of the realm made Solana shudder, and a fearful emotion poured out from the bottom of her heart, causing her limbs to become stiff suddenly.

“Senior brother of Blue Feather Sect, are you trying to interfere with the game?” At that moment, a familiar voice sounded from another direction.

The voice was like a morning bell, and Solana’s fearful emotion was instantly dispelled.

Soon, she regained control of her body.

After that, Solana hastily turned her head and found Caspian approaching her.

He looked at the Blue Feather Sect disciple with a faint smile.

The Blue Feather Sect disciple was angry that Solana defeated Hann.

He wanted to take advantage of the fact that Solana was unprepared and used the coercion of his realm to leave a shadow in Solana's heart as revenge.

Nonetheless, just as when he was about to succeed, Caspian ruined his plan.

In a flash, the rage burned in his eyes.

The Blue Feather Sect disciple looked at Caspian and said expressionlessly, "She's so young, yet she still acts so mercilessly toward her clan member.

As a Blue Feather Sect disciple, I'm naturally responsible for my fellow disciples."

Caspian laughed, but his face sank suddenly.

Then, he folded his arms and uttered, "Solana, throw Hann down."

Even though Caspian looked at the disciple, he did not respond.

Instead, Caspian asked Solana to end the game first, causing the Blue Feather Sect disciple to become even more enraged immediately.

"You..."

Solana obeyed Caspian's words unconditionally, so she just pointed her toe out and kicked Hann off the stage.

"Okay, we won the first game," Caspian nodded, then he looked at the Blue Feather Sect disciple and added, "If you didn't point at Solana just now, I would've thought you were talking about Hann."

The Blue Feather Sect disciple was incensed at Caspian's behavior, but he could not change the fact that he lost the first game.

Hence, he could only stare at Caspian, replying, "You better pray that you don't run into me in the last round.

Otherwise..."

Caspian did not wait for the other party to finish, and he quickly interrupted with a scornful smile, "Competitions are ruthless, and one must be willing to admit defeat.

Besides, these are clansmen who have not been in contact with each other for nearly a hundred years.

Dear senior, you seem to attempt to intervene in the competition so urgently.



Do you think the Blue Feather Sect can change the nation's official religion election rules?"

The sudden accusation came without warning, and the Blue Feather Sect disciple was so afraid that his face was ashen.

"You! What are you talking about?!"

As he spoke, he hurriedly looked up at the higher stand in the distance.

There was a ray of light in that area, and even though it was not visible, the Blue Feather Sect disciple knew that the elders of the six major sects must be there, paying attention to the game.

If these elders heard what Caspian said just now, it would inevitably negatively influence him even if they knew that Caspian said it on purpose.

Thinking of it, the Blue Feather Sect disciple no longer had any desire to argue with Caspian.

Instead, he threatened Caspian weakly with a look of despair, saying, "You better watch out."

Then, the disciple left.

However, Caspian's voice suddenly sounded from behind.

"Hey, senior brother, watch your step!"

## **Read Novel The Prince Who Was Raised In Hell Chapter 583**

The Prince Who Was Raised in Hell Chapter 583-The Blue Feather Sect disciple was extremely angry with Caspian, and when he heard the other party's voice, he subconsciously felt that Caspian went to sneak an attack on him.

Therefore, the disciple was immediately startled and hurriedly looked down, but he found nothing strange under his feet.

When he thought of how the disciples of the six sects around him must have seen his panic-stricken appearance, the Blue Feather Sect disciple became even more annoyed, and he turned around, glaring at Caspian.

"What are you trying to do?!"

“Oops, I’m sorry.

I saw it wrongly.” Caspian apologized insincerely to the other party, then turned around and took Solana away.

The Blue Feather Sect disciple was so angry that his nose appeared to be fuming.

At that time, Caspian’s lips faintly curled upward at a corner where the Blue Feather Sect could not see.

Just when the other party bowed his head in panic and lost his concentration, a drop of Caspian’s blood already landed on an inconspicuous corner of the disciple’s clothes.

As the Blue Feather Sect disciple returned to the stand, the drop of blood quietly turned into an eyeball that no one noticed, looking around while transmitting the scene it saw to Caspian.

Not only that, but Caspian could also hear the Blue Feather Sect disciples’ conversations.

“Winston!”

“Winston, the Heavenly Stars Sect disciple is simply abominable!”

“How’s Hann?”

The Blue Feather Sect disciple who just had a verbal conflict with Caspian just returned with a gloomy face, and a group of fellow disciples immediately gathered around him.

Winston Gomez sat down with no expression on his face, and after waiting for everyone around him to be quiet, he shouted, “Natasha!”

The female disciple named Natasha Bryant immediately walked up to Winston, asking, “Winston, what’s your order?”

“In the next match, your opponent will be a female disciple with a lower level than you.

I want you to beat her as quickly as possible!” Winston snapped.

The last game could be described as a fiasco for the Blue Feather Sect, and now that Natasha would fight against a Heavenly Stars Sect disciple in the lower realm, they should not lose.

Natasha smiled confidently.

“Winston, please rest assured that I’ll make the best use of my fastness and let the disciples of Heavenly Stars Sect understand that their victory in the last game was just a fluke.”

“Okay.” Winston nodded.

His gaze was profound as he looked in the direction of the stand where the Heavenly Stars Sect disciples were.

Meanwhile, Caspian sat in the stand, listening to the conversations between Winston, Natasha, and others.

His eyes flickered slightly, showing a thoughtful look. At that time, the second game was about to start.

With a slightly nervous look on her face, Edda prepared to take the stage.

Suddenly, Caspian stopped her.

“Edda...”

“Yes?” Edda turned around to look at Caspian, thinking that he was about to say some words of encouragement.

However, Caspian said in a serious tone, “Edda, your opponent’s greatest strength is her speed.

Hence, you must be extra careful from the beginning.

You don’t need to hide anything and directly showcase your skills.

Also, be careful not to let the other party get close to you.

There is a gap between your realms, but I estimate that your opponent has explosive martial and movement skills.

If you can make her waste more energy, there may be hope.”

When she learned that the opponent’s realm was higher than hers, Edda lost hope of winning the game.

What she expected was a less tragic loss.

However, Caspian let Edda know with a serious attitude that he believed she had a shot at winning.

Moreover, the belief came from the bottom of his heart, and there was no false element.

Not only that, but Caspian even came up with specific tactics and plans for it.

Edda froze for a moment, and she swiftly showed a grateful smile.

“Okay, thank you for telling me.”

Although she did not know why Caspian was so aware of the opponent’s characteristics, Edda believed in Caspian.

Even if her realm was lower and the chance of Winning was slim, Edda also wanted to strive for it as her sect mates and teammates had confidence that she would win!

Stepping into the ring, Edda looked at her opponent.

“I’m Natasha Bryant, a Blue Feather Sect outer disciple.” Natasha smiled at Edda and drew the longsword from the sheath.

The flame-like lines on the sword’s body were like scalding molten lava, and everyone present could feel the scorching temperature even though they were far apart.

‘Infernal Flame Inscription!’ Just when everyone stared at the longsword in surprise, Caspian already recognized the type of pattern, and he looked at Natasha in amazement, who was tall and long-legged.

“It’s really rare for a female cultivator to use such a domineering inscription pattern as it’s difficult to master even for ordinary male cultivators.”

There was another sentence that Caspian did not say, The Infernal Flame Inscription and his Glorious Dragon were both high-level inscriptions.

However, the Glorious Dragon was better at group attacks, while the Infernal Flame Inscription was a good example of small-area armor-piercing damage.

If used properly, even a defensive weapon with a rank higher than Infernal Flame Inscription could be directly destroyed.

‘No wonder Winston wants Natasha to end the game as soon as possible.

On the one hand, it’s to save the Blue Feather Sect’s reputation from its loss in the first game.

On the other hand, as I estimated, Natasha can’t fight for a long time.

The Infernal Flame Inscription is still too much to handle for a female disciple like her.’

When Caspian said these words, his face did not show the ease and pride of guessing the opponent's weakness.

On the contrary, his gaze was even more solemn than before.

'I wonder how long Edda can last...'

Just as Caspian sighed inwardly, the second game began.

As Winston instructed, Natasha took a rushing stance from the start of the game.

As soon as she attacked, a dazzling sword light spewed out, turned into a fiery red scorpion, and rolled toward Edda angrily.

Edda's reaction was swift, and an array map was already inspired with a flick of her wrist.

"The standard play of Heavenly Stars Sect disciples!" Seeing the scene, Natasha was even more confident.

According to experience, when the disciples of Heavenly Stars Sect fought, they all needed a lot of array maps to assist them.

Due to that, the battle between Solana and Hann just now surprised the disciples of the other five sects, especially the Blue Feather Sect disciples.

However, everything returned as usual, and Natasha had no doubts about the victory.

"I'll knock you off the stage with one sword! No matter what formations you use to try to stop me, it'll be useless in the face of my absolute speed!" Natasha's eyes flickered, and the spiritual Qi in her body ran wildly.

At that time, the array map in Edda's hand was inspired, and just when Natasha was about to slash the formation with her sword, something astonishing happened.

## **Read Novel The Prince Who Was Raised In Hell Chapter 584**

The Prince Who Was Raised in Hell Chapter 584-When Natasha saw the light of the formation covering one-third of the arena and how Edda quickly stepped back in the rays, Natasha was stunned for a moment.

The other party retreated? The formation was not used to block the enemy, not to hurt the enemy, but to escape?

In the past, Natasha also heard from her seniors about the situation when they fought with the disciples of Heavenly Stars Sect.

The disciples of Heavenly Stars Sect were good at using formations to block their enemies, and then they would use the formations to hurt the enemy.

Nevertheless, she could guarantee that she never heard of Heavenly Stars Sect disciples fleeing from the ring at the beginning of the match.

After she got away from Natasha, Edda looked at Natasha warily.

At first, she did not know why Caspian told her not to get close to the other party but to keep her as far away as possible.

She still did not quite understand it now, but judging from her opponent's performance, the Blue Feather Sect disciple seemed to be a little confused by her actions?

Edda did not know the exact reason, but the fact that her opponent was caught off guard meant she was on the right track!

Since Natasha was confused, it would be Edda's chance.

In an instant, Edda followed what Caspian said before without any hesitation, activating the formations that could speed up one's speed and movement technique.

During that period, she also did not forget to inspire some formations that could slow down the opponent.

The opponent's speed was slowed down, equivalent to increasing her speed in disguise.

Edda quickly seized the opportunity and used the Skynet Illusion Formation, the Windy Rain Shower Formation, the Net Weaving Array, and even the most common Water-Condensing Formation.

Consequently, there was an unprecedented scene in the arena since the nation's official religion election was held.

The two disciples competed on the stage, one desperately fled, the other trying to catch up.

The one who escaped did everything possible to distance herself from her opponent.

Even though the other one had obvious advantages in speed and explosive force, it was rather unfortunate for her as her opponent not only had many formations but also countless types of them.

For a while, it even seemed as if she had an advantage, yet in truth, she did not even manage to touch the opponent's hem.

In the beginning, many sect disciples in the stands also booed with dissatisfaction at Edda's performance.

However, some noticed that Natasha started to slow down not long after, and she even tended to lose control of her spiritual Qi.

Gradually, they looked at Edda in a different light.

Edda, who was on the field, felt the change more clearly than others.

When she first faced Natasha's relentless pursuit and the Infernal Flame Inscription's powerful force, Edda felt like a small boat in the stormy sea, which could be overturned and smashed into pieces at any time.

Fortunately, Edda's strongest talent was her resilience in desperate situations.

It was evident because she was still able to get a place in the competition despite facing numerous strong disciples.

Edda, the tiny wooden boat, persevered greatly under the ravages of the storm.

In the Blue Feather Sect's stand, Winston's expression was extremely ugly.

He was the one ordering Natasha to beat her as quickly as possible.

However, he never dreamed that Natasha's opponent was as slippery as an eel, and she could not grab her at all.

Winston could have sworn that as long as Natasha got close, she could knock Edda off the stage in the blink of an eye.

Unfortunately, Natasha could not seize such an opportunity no matter what she tried.

Originally, Winston thought that they could win by a swift and decisive attack, but he had a faint feeling he shot himself in the foot.

Winston gritted his teeth, thinking bitterly, "How could it be so coincidental that the Heavenly Stars Sect disciple knows Natasha's shortcomings in a lengthy battle?"

At that moment, a face with a sneer appeared in his mind.

'Is it that guy?' Winston quickly looked in the direction of the Heavenly Stars Sect's stand.

Despite being far apart, Winston could still see Caspian's inscrutable face with his powerful cultivator's eyesight.

"B\*stard! I won't let you go!" Winston clenched his fists tightly.

Due to his anger toward Caspian, Winston's mood was extremely complicated.

On the one hand, he hoped that Blue Feather Sect could win five games as soon as possible and end the game.

On the other hand, he hoped that the game could be dragged to the last match so that he could ruthlessly teach the arrogant Heavenly Stars Sect brat a lesson.

Jessica sat next to Caspian in the stand of Heavenly Stars Sect.

Although she was not a disciple of Heavenly Stars Sect, she was as concerned about the game as anyone present.

When she noticed that Natasha could not catch up with Edda, she asked quietly, "Casper, does she have a chance to win this match?"

"Do you want to hear the truth or the lie?" Caspian asked.

"Of course, I want the truth," Jessica answered.

"She can't win." Caspian shook his head.

"Huh?" Jessica was taken aback.

Then, she asked in confusion, "But didn't you talk to Edda a lot before, and looking at the current situation, she's not at a disadvantage."

"Even though she's not at a disadvantage, she's not at an advantage either!" Caspian shook his head.

Before that, he did not have an obvious concept about the battles of Heavenly Stars Sect disciples.

After all, whether it was his battles or Xander and others, they would use direct combat and rarely used formations.

However, he saw the most orthodox Heavenly Stars Sect disciple's fighting style through Edda, inscription, and formations as main, supplemented by oneself.

The road to immortality relied on four assistance, medicines, inscriptions, tools, and formations.



Once one of these was used as the cultivator's most significant reliance, then the strength of the cultivator would naturally not be that strong.

Edda fell under the case.

Caspian noticed that Jessica was still puzzled, so he explained patiently, "You think that Natasha's at a disadvantage because she can't keep up with her spiritual Qi, but in fact, Edda has used up not less than the other parties."

Jessica immediately understood, and she hurriedly looked at Edda in the ring.

Then, under Caspian's reminder, she made a purposeful observation, and she found out that Edda was gritting her teeth.

As Edda was in a lower realm than Natasha, her spiritual Qi consumption was more than Natasha.

At that time, Caspian continued and whispered in Jessica's ear, "The consumption of spiritual Qi is one aspect, and the other aspect is that Edda has no way to defeat her opponent."

"You mean, she only knows how to run away?" Jessica could not help exclaiming.

Caspian chuckled helplessly.

"It seems to be that case for now, but being able to escape is considered a skill.

Judging from the current situation, it's only a matter of time before Edda loses, but the longer she persists, it won't only benefit herself, but it'll also be an improvement for the entire Heavenly Stars Sect."

"Casper's right!" Jaime, who sat in front, turned his head around and commented solemnly, "Being able to hold on for so long under an opponent who's stronger than herself is already a breakthrough for Edda.

## **Read Novel The Prince Who Was Raised In Hell Chapter 585**

The Prince Who Was Raised in Hell Chapter 585-After Edda, Jaime would represent the Heavenly Stars Sect in the third game. Hence, he watched the match even more attentively than others. As Caspian's analysis was almost the same as his, Jaime could not help turning his head and expressing his agreement.

Jessica pondered and said, "But... You're going to lose this way."

Caspian laughed. "We're going to win in the following matches. After all, the result is not based on one competition, but nine. Not only do we have to do our best to win, but we also have to believe in our teammates. In this case, victory will surely be ours!"

Caspian's words immediately reached the hearts of the rest of the Heavenly Stars Sect disciples present. Among these people, Xander, Omar, Solana, Maya, and Sebastian had all fought with Caspian, and his words touched them the most at that time. Although Jaime and the others had not had such an experience yet, Caspian's words brought back memories in their hearts when they were doing academy tasks with other disciples.

"Yes, we'll win in the end because this is not a one-person game, but a nine-person game," Jaime and Ronald murmured.

Then, the match also ended just as Caspian predicted. Even though the spiritual Qi of the two were almost exhausted, Natasha, who was at a higher level, still had the upper hand. She seized the opportunity, intercepted Edda's route, and blasted Edda offstage with a sway of her sword. However, the inscription pattern on her sword edge could not exert its intended power as she practically ran out of spiritual Qi.

After Edda fell off the ring, there was almost nothing abnormal apart from feeling a little hot on her cheeks. Despite winning the game, Natasha walked back to the stands with such an unsightly expression that not even Winston dared to approach her. The match that was supposed to be over instantly was dragged on for so long. Moreover, Natasha's opponent was in a lower realm than her, and she got even angrier when she thought of that fact.

In that way, the Blue Feather Sect might have won the second game, but anyone who did not know would definitely think that they had a two-game losing streak judging from their appearance.

In contrast, Edda returned to the Heavenly Stars Sect with guilt and remorse for losing the game, but she was greeted by the other eight teammates' encouragement and congratulations. Edda felt like she was about to burst into tears when she was sure that everyone was sincerely appreciating her performance today.

"The next game is up to me." Jaime stood up, sweeping his gaze across the faces of everyone present. Finally, he looked at Caspian, "Casper, is there anything you want to say to me?"

Just now, Caspian had used Eye of Insight again to know the arrangement of the Blue Feather Sect. At that moment, he had more confidence in Jaime than anyone else. Then, Caspian said with a gentle smile, "Jaime, I wish you a speedy victory, but remember the saying, don't rush into action."

“Alright, thank you for that.” Jaime cast a profound glance at Caspian and walked toward the arena.

“Casper, what do you think of this match?” Jessica asked hurriedly as the third match was about to start. She looked like a curious little girl, blinking her big eyes and looking at Caspian with a look of anticipation.

“Jaime is a peak second-stage Pulse Control Realm cultivator, and his opponent is in the mid-level second-stage. In terms of the realm, Jaime has an absolute advantage. Even if the disciples of Heavenly Stars Sect aren’t good at fighting, that’s only within the six sects. In comparison, if compared with other sect disciples in Earlington of Efrac, they still have obvious advantages. Moreover, the other party is not a famous genius. In this world, if challenging another cultivator in a higher realm than oneself is as easy as pie, then why should we cultivate so hard just to pursue higher levels? More often than not, you can roughly guess the outcome by looking at the realm. Nonetheless, if Jaime’s to meet something unexpected, it’ll only be due to the opponent’s bluff, pretending to be defeated just to lure Jaime to attack before catching him by surprise.”

“That’s why you reminded him not to rush into action,” Jessica said.

“Yes, that’s right,” Caspian nodded, “So as long as Jaime doesn’t get hot-headed, there’s almost no chance of losing.”

In truth, the other party’s plan to pretend to be defeated and lure Jaime was just heard by Caspian through Eye of Insight, and the person who came up with the scheme was Winston. Originally, Caspian did not plan to use Eye of Insight in that match, but Winston swore black was white during Solana’s game and severely criticized her. Not only that, but he was now ordering his teammates to use tricks in the competition.

Caspian really could not stand it anymore, so he decided to beat Winston at his own game. Besides, finding out about the enemy’s situation, making preparations, and even using the opponent’s plan to lead the opponent into a trap, was originally a necessary means in the art of war. Therefore, Caspian just utilized some of his experience in leading the army to battle now.

Just as Caspian said, Jaime won the game without surprise. The opponent was not a genius that could go against another cultivator in a higher realm, and Jaime had the advantage of the realm. Hence, from the beginning, the opponent did not get any chance. The only time the opponent had an opportunity to make a feint was seen through immediately by Jaime, as he was reminded by Caspian before. Thus, Jaime simply decided to beat the enemy at his game by pretending to be fooled and then blasted the opponent out when he made a backhand move.

After the first three games, the Heavenly Stars Sect led the Blue Feather Sect by 2-1. The losing match was due to bad luck in the draw as a lower realm disciple was going against a higher realm opponent, causing the defeat. The current score was something

that few of the six sect disciples at the scene, or even the sect elders in the higher stands, expected. After all, Heavenly Stars Sect's performance in the past nation's official religion election was unsatisfactory in the kind of arena, and it was considered excellent if they could win two matches. However, people felt as if the losing round in the competition was an unfortunate defeat, not to mention that they had already won two games.

In the high stand, Terry's eyes showed bursts of approval. Although they had not ultimately won, the current performance of his disciples delighted him.

At that moment, the fourth game was about to start. In the viewing area of the Blue Feather Sect, Winston's face was utterly gloomy. Except for Hann, who was yet to return from being sent for treatment, the expressions of the other seven people also looked rather unsightly. Being outscored by the Heavenly Stars Sect was simply unacceptable, especially when they were still the state religion and were determined to be re-elected.

"In this game, your opponent's realm is lower than yours, so you can only win but not lose!" After a long time, Winston raised his head and shouted at the disciple standing in front of him, waiting for Winston to lecture him. "You're a mid-level second-stage Pulse Control Realm cultivator! If you lose to an entry-level disciple, that'd be a humiliation for the Blue Feather Sect!"

## **Read Novel The Prince Who Was Raised In Hell Chapter 586**

The Prince Who Was Raised in Hell Chapter 586-The Blue Feather Sect disciple who stood in front of Winston appeared ordinary, but there was a terrifying ruthlessness in his eyes.

"Trevor, you know what to do, so I won't say more," Winston cast a profound gaze at Trevor and continued, "A lot of people are watching."

"I know.

I'll not lose," Trevor Lennon nodded expressionlessly, "I'll defeat him at the fastest speed, and if he dares to run for his life like the girl before, trying to take the opportunity to delay time, then I'll tear him apart."

When Natasha heard that, she snorted.

However, she did not say anything.

"Alright, go ahead." Winston nodded.

Then, he glanced at the Heavenly Stars Sect in the distance, with resentment and dissatisfaction flashing in his eyes.

On the stand of Heavenly Stars Sect, Caspian's eyes narrowed slightly.

He listened to the conversation between Winston and Trevor just now.

However, Trevor's characteristics were not revealed at all.

Although Caspian could see that Trevor was not a simple outer disciple through observation, Caspian had no way to come up with a way to deal with him based on mere knowledge.

At that time, the fourth game was about to start.

Omar stood up with an eager look on his face.

Caspian looked at him, wanting to say something when Omar waved his hand to stop Caspian.

"Casper, I don't need any advice from you," Omar laughed, "I know you're well-intentioned, but this is not in line with my true conscience.

What I pursue is to settle the injustice with my sword.

Hence, it's impossible to plan everything in my future journey on the pathway to immortality.

Often more than not, it's all based on passion.

So, I still want to rely on myself to complete this fight."

Having said that, Omar's eyes fell on everyone present.

"Even though I may lose the game, I hope everyone can understand me."

Caspian was stunned, and he nodded.

"Okay."

A cultivator would surely pursue an insightful mind when they acted, and everyone understood Omar's intention.

They also knew that although Caspian could advise them, they could not be with Caspian all the time.

Therefore, they could choose to accept the advantage, but they also had the right not to take it.

“Don’t worry, Omar.” Xander stood up and patted him on the shoulder.

“Xander...” Omar was moved.

After all, Xander’s personality was usually very aloof.

As a man of few words, no one heard him saying any words of encouragement before.

Then, just as Omar was about to thank Xander, he heard Xander adding, “If you lose this game, I’ll win the next one.”

Omar was speechless.

“Puff!” Maya could not help but burst into laughter.

Omar appeared sour as he replied, “I’ll... Yes... I’ll try my best to win.

Wait for my return!”

After saying that, Omar hurried to the ring.

It was interesting to listen to the Heavenly Stars Sect people talking.

Jessica was smiling and turned her head inadvertently, but she saw a seriousness that was not there before on Caspian’s face.

Then, suddenly, her heart sank, and she whispered, “What’s wrong? ”

“Omar’s opponent is probably not so easy to deal with,” Caspian narrowed his eyes slightly.

At that time, Caspian looked at Trevor from a distance.

Although Caspian could not pinpoint the reason, he could sense an extremely dangerous feeling from the other person.

Caspian did not even see it in Natasha, who was at the peak of the second-stage Pulse Control Realm.

Soon, Omar came to the ring, and his opponent, Trevor, also stood opposite him.

Trevor’s weapon was two huge claws wrapped around his arms.

The blades were about half a meter long, flashing with a cold light.

One could even vaguely see some bloodstains on the claws.

At a glance, it was as if one could smell the blood when one looked at it.

At that moment, there was an exclamation from someone in the distance, followed by a burst of heated discussions.

“What’s wrong?” On the Heavenly Stars Sect side, everyone looked at each other.

Sebastian pondered for a while and walked toward the stand of the nearby sect.

Later, he returned with a gloomy face.

“Trevor’s a clan member of an elder in the Blue Feather Sect.

His strength...” Sebastian uttered between his teeth, “Unfathomable.”

“Unfathomable?” Maya exclaimed.

“That’s right.

I just asked the disciples of the Fauna Imperial Sect,” Sebastian said, “Trevor rarely fights in the sect.

Still, the only time he did, he defeated the disciple of the peak second-stage of Pulse Control Realm, and it seemed effortless.”

Caspian looked at Jessica.

Jessica immediately understood, shook her head, and said, “Although Dark Moon Sect and Blue Feather Sect are both in North Earlington with occasional contact, I’ve never heard of this Trevor.”

“It seems that the Blue Feather Sect wants to be re-elected as the state religion,” Caspian rubbed his chin, “They’re training such a disciple but rarely let him show himself.

It seems that it’s not only to hide his strength but also to let him be the stunner in this nation’s official religion election.”

When they heard Caspian’s words, several of the peak second-stage Pulse Control Realm disciples present suddenly burst into a cold sweat.

If one wanted to be a stunner in the nation's official religion election, then defeating a higher-level opponent was the quickest shortcut.

Judging from the information that Sebastian just inquired about, Trevor had such strength.

When the peak second-stage Pulse Control Realm disciples thought they might almost become a stumbling block for the other party, Sebastian and the others felt fortunate, yet they were also worried for Omar.

"If that's the case, isn't Omar... He is in danger?" Maya appeared worried, looking at Omar who held two swords in the ring.

Sebastian was about to say yes with difficulty, but Caspian shook his head at that moment and said, "Not necessarily."

"Omar may have a chance of winning against the ordinary mid-level second-stage Pulse Control Realm opponent.

After all, his qualification was obtained from a disciple of the mid-level second-stage Pulse Control Realm.

However, if his opponent can defeat the peak second-stage disciple..." Maya could not finish her sentence, but everyone understood her.

Caspian still shook his head.

"Even though Omar is usually a little talkative, I can't say that he'll lose in the match.

Omar's the kind of person who relies on the sense of injustice in his heart and can exert his strength beyond his ability.

In other words, what doesn't kill him only makes him stronger.

So, if I had to choose an opponent, I would not choose Omar."

Caspian's remarks made everyone recall their usual impression of Omar.

In everyone's mind, Omar was indeed talkative, but when he named his mansion "The Sword Pavilion", the words he said were utterly different from his usual self.

"Settle the injustice with his sword..." Maya could not help muttering.

At that time, the fourth game officially started.



## Read Novel The Prince Who Was Raised In Hell Chapter 587

The Prince Who Was Raised in Hell Chapter 587-At the start of the game, Trevor looked at Omar and said, "I'll give you a chance to admit defeat now.

It's for your good!"

Omar chuckled.

"That won't happen!"

Trevor nodded.

"Alright.

If that's the case, don't blame me for what's going to happen."

"I should be the one saying that." Omar smiled, and he suddenly took a step forward and rushed toward Trevor.

"Omar's speed is getting faster!" Maya exclaimed in the stands.

Xander also nodded secretly.

After getting a place for the competition, it was evident that Omar cultivated hard again.

As Omar approached Trevor, he let out a long roar, "The Dance of Fire and Ice!"

Omar's Dual Blades of Fire and Ice slashed out dazzling sword lights.

In an instant, the surrounding air was covered with ice blue and fiery red light.

Then, as if being washed away by crushed ice and flames, the cold and scorching air swept through alternately.

In a flash, Trevor was drawn into the light.

"He's not fighting back!"

When the disciples of the major sects in the stands saw the scene, they immediately exclaimed in disbelief.

The next moment, the light of ice and fire stopped surging like a river that was suddenly cut off.

A sharp light flashed in Omar's eyes.

He felt as though his Dual Blades of Fire and Ice were stuck in something, unable to move at all.

Swoosh!

At that moment, the red and blue flames were torn apart like silk, and Trevor's expressionless face appeared in front of Omar.

One of his claws firmly clamped the Dual Blades of Fire and Ice like a plier, and after the other claw easily tore the ice and fire sword light as swiftly as lightning, it directly dug toward Omar's abdomen and chest.

If he was caught that time, Omar's organs would be dug out.

"Crap!" The disciples of the Heavenly Stars Sect shouted.

The disciples of the other major sects also widened their eyes, and they could not help but sigh that Trevor was so fast that he did not even give the other party any chance to react at all.

The light in Omar's eyes condensed, and he hurriedly retreated.

"You can't escape!" Trevor grinned, and a dazzling golden light erupted from his claws like a large net that suddenly opened, shrouding Omar in an instant.

All escape routes were blocked in almost an instant!

"It's over," When Winston saw that scene, he let out a sigh of relief, feeling a lot more relaxed.

However, another sword suddenly appeared in Omar's hand.

"The Raging Sea Storm!"

The Blade of Wind's martial skill was originally supposed to increase the speed and strengthen the sword.

However, Omar used his increased speed to forcibly retreat and rush out before the golden light gathered.

Swoosh!

The golden light gathered at the moment Omar fled.

The piece of space exploded like a mass of viscous seawater, rolling out mightily.

Winston's eyes widened, and he yelled, "What?!"

"It's useless! You're not my opponent!" In the ring, Trevor roared and quickly chased after Omar.

In an instant, Omar felt a surge of Qi and blood pressing toward him.

That kind of feeling was like a big cauldron full of boiling blood crushing on him.

Then, in the blink of an eye, fear, oppression, violence, and all kinds of terrifying emotions blocked the void around Omar, causing him to have a sense of despair that there was nowhere to escape.

"Claws of Slaughter!" With a frantic roar, Trevor's whole body erupted with energy as if to stir the space around Omar, causing his knees to go weak and almost fall to his knees on the spot.

At that scene, the disciples of the six major sects were all in an uproar.

Even though they were far apart, they still felt Trevor's terrifying power as if he were the iron chains that could stop the river from flowing.

A familiar feeling came to Caspian's heart again.

His eyes focused, and he saw Trevor getting closer and closer to Omar.

Suddenly, his heart twitched, and he shouted in a low voice, "Body refiner! Trevor is a body refiner!"

After realizing that, Caspian groaned inwardly.

The most powerful thing for body refiners would be their bodies.

To a certain extent, Caspian was also a body refiner who specialized in blood, so he was too aware of the advantages that a body refiner had in battles of such low-level cultivators.

Moreover, Trevor was too good at disguising before.

Except for Caspian and a few cultivators, perhaps no one realized that Trevor was a body refiner.

At that moment, the sharp claws on Winston's hand collided violently with Omar's sword light.

Despite the constant pressure all around, Omar raised his Dual Blades of Fire and Ice the moment the opponent rushed in front of him.

Clang! Bang! Boom!

The sound of impact, cracks, and explosions all echoed around the arena!

In a flash, it was as if a meteorite hit the ground in the arena, and the rolled-up airflow and vortex whistled toward the surrounding like a blade.

The flow of time seemed to stop for a moment.

Soon, the Dual Blades of Fire and Ice flew out from the center of the cyclone, falling in both directions with a clanging sound.

Omar's body was also knocked out immediately, and blood oozed out from every part of his body until he hit the edge of the ring.

A large amount of blood splattered before he finally stopped moving.

"Ha!" The originally anxious Winston was so happy that he almost jumped up and cheered.

On the Heavenly Stars Sect side, everyone appeared tense, and their faces were full of undisguised worries.

After listening to Caspian's predictions, they all expected Omar to have little chance of winning.

However, no one thought Omar would be severely injured in just one encounter.

At that moment, Omar bled profusely.

After a while, Omar struggled to stand, and he looked almost like a bloody man.

"He's up!"

Compared with the disciples of the Heavenly Stars Sect, who were worried about Omar's injury, the disciples of other sects around them exclaimed in surprise as Omar was still able to stand.

Even Trevor had a surprised look in his eyes.

He was very clear about his strength.

Let alone an opponent whose realm was lower than his, even a cultivator of the same level or higher level like in the peak second-stage Pulse Control Realm, would find it difficult to stand after facing his direct attack.

Yet, not only was the other party standing up, but the staggering opponent was also holding the sword that just suddenly appeared in his hand.

Although it seemed that a gust of wind could blow the bloody Omar down, he gave the impression that he was a tall and upright building that could pierce through the sky.

“I haven’t lost yet.” As soon as Omar opened his mouth, blood flowed out.

He was severely injured just now, especially in his chest.

Not only was his flesh torn, but his chest was sunken, and at least three ribs were broken.

However, there was a burning desire to fight in Omar’s eyes.

That fighting spirit blazed more than when the game just started!

“Are you sure you want to continue?” Trevor sneered at Omar, “If you give it another go, I can’t promise you’ll leave the ring alive!”

Omar stared at Trevor, and just when Trevor thought the other party was afraid, Omar said, “We’re cultivators, so why should we fear a battle.”

## **Read Novel The Prince Who Was Raised In Hell Chapter 588**

The Prince Who Was Raised in Hell Chapter 588-“We’re cultivators, so why should we fear a battle?”

Trevor’s heart trembled instantly when he heard those few words.

He knew very well that with his strength far surpassing Omar, the opponent had no chance of a comeback.

However, Trevor could not explain why a trace of fear grew in his heart because of those words.

Was he afraid of losing?

Trevor hurriedly shook his head in denial.

Then, what was he afraid of?

For a while, Trevor was confused too.

“But these are not important, and I can think about it slowly after I defeat you.” Trevor’s eyes flashed fiercely, and he suddenly rushed toward Omar like a bolt of thunder.

The air around was pressured and separated to both sides like tides.

The area along the way was even hollowed, visible to the naked eye as if the space collapsed.

Nonetheless, the turbulent air continued to extend, like the palm of a giant wanting to slap Omar into a meat patty.

“Sh\*t!” Sebastian was focused on the scene.

“Omar, get out of the way!” Maya exclaimed.

Edda’s body suddenly straightened, and her eyes fixed on the ring.

At that moment, everyone’s hearts were in their throats.

They could all see that Trevor did not hold back in the attack, and he went to beat Omar with thunderous momentum to recover the Blue Feather Sect from humiliation.

“Omar won’t retreat,” Caspian suddenly uttered, and there was a trace of seriousness on his face.

At almost the same time, the corners of Omar’s bleeding mouth rose slightly, and he slowly spat out, “I won’t retreat!”

The next moment, the surface of the Blade of Wind in Omar’s hand shone with countless fragments of silver light.

These rays of light flashed and condensed in an instant, just like rain on an empty hill or even crushed ice.

Not only that, but the surging air around it also became stagnant as if it was frozen, and it seemed to become heavy.

“This is…”

The faces of the people in the stands all changed again, and there was also a hint of surprise in Trevor’s eyes.

“Ha! I didn’t expect to use this so early,” Omar smiled brightly, and he roared after laughing, “This is a spell I’ve never used, the Extreme Frost Slash!”

The snow-white sword glow seemed to be a blast of frost in a flash, turning into a sword shadow as high as two floors in the space.

Then, it slashed toward Trevor angrily with a bang.

“A spell!”

“It’s a spell!”

“It’s so powerful!”

“I’m afraid that even a peak second-stage Pulse Control Realm disciple will greatly suffer when facing this sword!”

“How can the spiritual Qi in this Heavenly Stars Sect disciple’s body be so majestic? He can even use this level of spell!”

“The control of a spell is limited, and this technique is simply on the extreme that the current Pulse Condensation Realm cultivators can control!”

Around the stands, exclamations immediately erupted.

In the Heavenly Stars Sect stand, everyone’s eyes were full of surprise.

At Elenion, the City of Ruins, Omar did not master the spell, or else he would not have such a miserable win for the qualification.

Hence, it was apparent that he only started to practice the technique after the trials were over.

Yet, Omar managed to master such a powerful skill in such a short period.

No one knew how much hard work he put in, but judging how he put all his eggs in one basket and took the risk, it was apparent that Omar wanted to win!

He wanted the victory!

At that moment, the thought arose spontaneously from the arena.

Omar roared continuously in the spreading ice crystal snow fog.

“I know that I’m not as talented as others! I know others might only need a day to reach a certain level of cultivation, but I need at least two days to achieve the same result!”

“But no matter what, I never gave up! I keep telling myself! There’s only one winner, so why can’t that person be me!”

“My lifelong ambition is to wipe out the injustices in the world, and I’m going to do that with the sense of injustice in my heart!”

“Even if I lose today’s battle, I’m going to lose by putting up the best fight I can! I’ll not surrender without giving it a try!”

Omar shouted a few times.

His figure was several times smaller than the sword lights, but he appeared tall and majestic as if he stood between heaven and earth.

Trevor felt the surge of emotion, and his heart started to pound faster.

The next moment, the sword lights collided fiercely with Trevor’s claws.

Split! Boom!

The entire arena seemed to be shaking.

The explosion seemed to collapse the surrounding void, and the finely crushed ice crystals exploded toward the surrounding.

The roaring spread like a torrent of steel rushing past.

The disciples of the six major sects in the stands could not help holding their breath and their eyes fixed on the arena.

The power of Omar’s sword was too mighty.

It was not an exaggeration to say that the attack that squeezed his potential to the extreme and erupted was just like the sense of injustice he mentioned.

Omar pushed the power to the highest level that ordinary disciples in the Pulse Control Realm.

For a while, the victory or defeat that was determined turned out to be uncertain again.

At that moment, the arena was shrouded in frost, and no one could see the result.

Everyone was so nervous that their hearts almost stopped beating.

Suddenly, Xander’s voice reached everyone’s ears, “Omar’s never the most talented disciple.”



As soon as these words came out, everyone immediately recalled when they were still apprentices.

Back then, among the top of the spiritual apprentice list, Xander was recognized as a genius who mastered the Way of Killing, and he was very powerful, Maya also had an enviable talent, and she was born with the Flame Phoenix Physique.

Caspian, a rising star, also had talents far beyond ordinary people.

Not only that, but he also had various magic treasures and martial skills left by his mother, allowing him to improve himself at a remarkable speed.

As for Solana, she was a cultivation genius that various sects fought after, and she was born with the Imperial Jail Deity Physique.

However, no one ever mentioned what was special about Omar from the beginning to the end.

However, it was such a disciple with ordinary aptitude, who was even slightly talkative, ranked second on the spiritual apprentice list, enough to keep pace with geniuses, and no one thought that it was not abnormal.

“Omar is average in all aspects,” Xander continued, “In general terms, being average in all aspects means being mediocre in everything, but Omar uses the efforts that ordinary people don’t have to face every challenge.

In the end, he’s the one who’ll stand out and make everyone feel that he’s the one who should have won.

If everyone has a characteristic, mine is rising from the ashes like a phoenix, fighting harder when I face a desperate situation.

On the other hand, just as Omar said, he has a sense of injustice in his heart, and he’s going to settle it with his sword.”

“Everyone has some sort of unwillingness to admit defeat and indignation against others.

Some people just talk about it, while others choose to be jealous behind their backs.

However, Omar turns this emotion into a fuel, making sure he put ten times more effort than others to keep himself moving forward.”

**Read Novel The Prince Who Was Raised In Hell Chapter 589**

The Prince Who Was Raised in Hell Chapter 589-After listening to Xander's words, the image of a young man gritting his teeth, desperately trying his best to cultivate every day, appeared in everyone's mind.

"There's a sense of injustice in my heart."

Omar used his behavior to interpret the sentence.

The ice crystal fog gradually dissipated on the ring, and Omar still stood on the edge of the arena.

As long as he took a step back, he would fall off the ring.

However, Omar's figure was still as he held the Blade of Wind with a faint smile.

Even if his clothes were torn apart, even if his body was covered in blood, Omar gave others a feeling of an invincible stalwart.

In the direction where the sword's edge pointed, the ground cracked open as if it was dissected by some sharp blade at once, forming a split of more than dozens of meters.

At the end of the crack, Trevor fell to the ground, staring blankly ahead.

His pair of sharp claws were still on his arms, but there was blood oozing out of the gaps between them.

Omar's slash just now caused him a severe injury.

Winston's face suddenly turned extremely ugly, and the surrounding stands were also instantly quiet.

Omar's attack turned the table?

In everyone's hearts, such an incredible thought appeared.

"He... Won?" Maya murmured, but she got no response from anyone.

She looked around and found that everyone stared at the arena without blinking.

There were two people in the ring, no one fell off, and no one admitted defeat.

Hence, there was no way to judge the winner or the loser.

However, from Trevor's increasingly displeased face, everyone could vaguely sense that he had a nervous breakdown.

After all, he possessed a strength that far exceeded the same level, and he could even easily surpass the disciples of the higher level.

Yet, with the victory in hand at that time, Trevor was knocked away by a disciple in a lower realm than his own, and he was even injured.

Hence, his mood was indescribable.

Doubt, bewilderment, anger, sadness, disappointment, and all kinds of negative emotions flooded into Trevor's heart, causing him to be stunned like a fool.

Naturally, his current state could not escape the eyes of all the cultivators present.

Immediately, the faces of the Blue Feather Sect disciples turned pale, whereas the people on the Heavenly Stars Sect showed uncontrollable joy.

Soon, the shouts of the other four sects became louder and louder.

Everyone could see that it would not need a cultivator to push Trevor as even a child could defeat him now.

Trevor's emotions completely collapsed, and he could not recover for a while.

In that state, he had no resistance at all.

"That Heavenly Stars Sect disciple just needs to move a finger, and he'll win!"

"I didn't expect that the Heavenly Stars Sect could even win two matches."

"After four games, they're leading 3-1.

The result is something that no one would have imagined before the game."

There were a lot of discussions from the spectators.

The Heavenly Stars Sect side also stared at Omar with great anticipation.

"Omar, strike him once more, and we'll have a three-to-one lead!"

"Good job, Omar!"

Everyone waited for Omar to end the game efficiently.

However, Omar did not even take a step even after a long while.

"Why isn't Omar moving?" Edda asked curiously after waiting for a long time.

Caspian smiled awkwardly, "It's not that he's not moving, he can't move."

"Huh?" Edda looked at him, puzzled.

At that moment, an incredible commotion came from the surrounding stands, which was many times louder than before.

Edda hurriedly turned her head to look and immediately saw that Omar's body was still holding the Blade of Wind, but he tilted his head and fell backward, falling out of the ring.

As Trevor was still in the arena, Heavenly Stars Sect lost that round.

"This, this..." The change was too sudden, and it was difficult for Edda to react for a while.

Caspian shook his head.

"Exhaustion of spiritual Qi.

Although Omar opened his eyes just now, he probably passed out long ago."

While speaking, Caspian and the others already rushed toward the bottom of the ring.

When they approached Omar, they quickly checked and confirmed that he just used too much spiritual Qi in such a short time, causing him to faint.

After making sure that there was nothing serious, everyone finally felt relieved.

As for Omar's ferocious wounds and broken ribs, the kind of injury was only a piece of cake for a cultivator in the Pulse Control Realm.

Nevertheless, everyone thought it was a pity as they were only one step away from victory.

Maya sighed, "It was so close..."

Caspian smiled and replied, "He might lose this game, but he won a chance for ascension in the future."

"Huh?" Everyone's eyes sparkled, and they hurriedly turned to Caspian.

Caspian did not explain but just pointed at Omar, who laid on the floor.

Everyone swiftly discovered that although Omar was still in a coma, a satisfied smile was on his face.

When Sebastian saw that scene, his eyes flashed, and he said, "Omar must have no regrets in his heart when he forced himself to his fullest potential with his heart and energy, blasting an opponent who was almost impossible to beat and almost turning the tide of the battle.

With such clarity of mind, his path of cultivation will be a smooth one.

From this point of view, we won this match."

"That's right." The other two disciples, Jaime and Ronald, who were at the peak second-stage Pulse Control Realm, also nodded.

Their realm was higher than the others, and their knowledge was naturally much broader.

Therefore, they could all conclude that Omar's gain in the battle was far greater than his sacrifice.

If Omar was a little bit luckier, he could complete another promotion and reach the mid-level second-stage Pulse Condensation Realm after the nation's official religion election.

When they thought of the situation that way, the Heavenly Stars Sect disciples were happier than winning the match despite losing that round.

Moreover, even if they lost the game, the Heavenly Stars Sect and Blue Feather Sect were temporarily tied with 2-2.

Thus, they did not lose, and it did not even count as a disadvantage.

As for the Blue Feather Sect, it was once again the second game.

Even though they won that round, the atmosphere was even gloomier than being eliminated.

When Trevor finally returned, his face was still extremely blank, and perhaps he did not even know how he walked back.

After returning to the stand, Trevor still sat there in a daze.

He did not know whether he was still immersed in the might of Omar's sword, or maybe his self-confidence was destroyed by Omar in a flash, but he could not regain his senses for the time being.

As Trevor had a superior status in the Blue Feather Sect, no one dared to disturb him.

However, the Blue Feather Sect disciples all understood that the battle was a breakthrough for Heavenly Stars Sect's Omar, while for Trevor, it was a traumatic experience.

If he could not get past it, it would probably greatly impact his future ascension.

## **Read Novel The Prince Who Was Raised In Hell Chapter 590**

The Prince Who Was Raised in Hell Chapter 590-Trevor's state did not make everyone in the Blue Feather Sect feel joy despite leveling the score.

Instead, everyone's heart felt as if it was weighed down by a big stone.

The disciples of the other sects gradually realized that something was wrong at that time.

In the past nation's official religion elections, it seemed that there was never a situation where the winning sect was even more pathetic than the losing sect.

That year's competition was indeed eye-opening.

However, the events that made the Blue Feather Sect disciples even more depressed were still to come.

In the fifth game, Xander defeated an opponent of the same realm as himself with an absolute advantage.

During the whole match, not only was the time and speed fast, but Xander did not even use his hole cards.

His overpowering strength already overwhelmed his opponent on their first encounter.

Then, Xander directly knocked the other party off the stage on the second encounter.

They were originally tied, but now the victory tilted toward the Heavenly Stars Sect again.

3-2!

After five games, the Heavenly Stars Sect, which had the weakest fighting ability among the six sects, was ahead of the Blue Feather Sect, which was indistinctly the best.

Perhaps none of the participants or even elders from the six sects anticipated the current score.

However, these elders were much calmer compared to the disciples below the stands.

On the one hand, it was because they have experienced a lot.

The nation's official religion election was just like a drizzle in their eyes.

Although it was related to a resource for decades to come, it was just resources.

On the other hand, the kind of competition was not associated with the sect's survival, so there was no need to worry about it.

In contrast, the spectating outer disciples thought today's events were astonishing.

If Heavenly Stars Sect finally had the last laugh, the group of outer disciples would probably be afraid for a long run.

After winning a match at the same level, the peak second-stage Pulse Control Realm Ronald also faced an opponent at the same level.

Despite being inspired by the previous games, showing excellent form, and even performing exceptionally, Ronald was still a typical Heavenly Stars Sect disciple.

He unfortunately lost against the Blue Feather Sect disciple who fought all out.

Nonetheless, although Ronald was defeated, he learned something from the match, just like Edda and Omar.

As long as there were no accidents, he would probably continue to improve for some time in the future.

The so-called losing the game but winning the future could be seen perfectly through Edda, Omar, and Ronald's performances.

After the Heavenly Stars Sect was defeated in the game, the two sects returned to the same starting line.

3-3!

The next game became crucial as according to the rules of the match, the sect that won the first five games would be qualified to enter the second round, and the other side would be eliminated.

Therefore, the next game could be called the match point.

The sect that won that game first would be like a drowning person who received a short respite, and the losing sect would have a lot of pressure because it was equivalent to standing on the edge of a cliff.

In the seventh game, the peak second-stage Pulse Control Realm Sebastian fought against an opponent whose level was lower than his.

If it were an ordinary sect battle, it would be equivalent to winning 60% of the fight due to the realm advantage.

Unfortunately, it was the Heavenly Stars Sect, and the edge was not comparable to victory.

In that match-point match, Sebastian dauntlessly rushed ahead and fought the most hearty battle in his life.

At the same time, it also allowed Caspian to see Sebastian's re-improved martial arts skill, Pointing to the Stars.

Unfortunately for Sebastian, his opponent mastered a magic technique, being one step ahead of Sebastian.

Although he and the opponent both fell out of the ring, Sebastian landed first, and the opponent was a moment slower than him.

Consequently, the Blue Feather Sect won a significant victory.

In an instant, the spectating Blue Feather Sect disciples all cheered loudly, especially Winston.

He raised his arms and shouted happily as if he won the lottery.

With a wry smile, Sebastian returned to the Heavenly Stars Sect.

He also wanted to win, and he tried his best.

However, that was the way of a competition, and it was only divided into strong and weak.

Hence, victory was not dependent on whether one thought he worked hard enough or put enough effort.

"Don't worry, there's us too," Caspian smiled and comforted him.

"But... Others don't think so," Sebastian whispered.



He was still troubled because he lost the crucial game.

Hearing Sebastian's words, everyone raised their heads and looked around.

Sure enough, very few people believed that Heavenly Stars Sect could win.

It was not that the Heavenly Stars Sect did not put up an outstanding fight or was surprising enough, but it was due to the disciples from the Heavenly Stars Sect and Blue Feather Sect in the last two matches.

In the eighth game, the entry-level second-stage Pulse Control Realm Maya would face an opponent of the same rank, but the disciple of Blue Feather Sect was not so easy to deal with.

The defeat of Ronald and Sebastian before was the best example, and Sebastian even lost to an opponent whose realm was one level lower than him.

Nevertheless, if Maya performed exceptionally well, there might be a glimmer of hope of winning.

Yet, in the final ninth decisive battle, no one thought Heavenly Stars Sect could win.

After all, the entry-level second-stage Pulse Control Realm Caspian would go against the peak second-stage Pulse Control Realm Winston.

Everyone lamented the fate of the Heavenly Stars Sect.

There was finally hope that they could enter the next round of competition, but the last game was a match with such a disparity in the realm.

Whether it was five to three or five to four, the winner of the final game would inevitably be Winston, who was two levels higher than Caspian.

The saying, a quirk of fate, probably best described the situation.

Firstly, they were hopeful, and then they were plunged into utter despair.

At that moment, the disciples of the other four sects looked in the direction of the Heavenly Stars Sect and were full of sympathy.

However, some secretly rejoiced in their luck.

Robert and Joshua from the Dark Moon Sect, as well as Winston, who seemed to be expressionless while sitting in the stand, but he was quietly overjoyed.

“What a shame, what a shame! I’m afraid you won’t even have the chance to stand in front of me.” Winston looked at Caspian in the distance, and he wanted to laugh out loud in front of the other party.

Robert and Joshua looked at each other, and both saw a hint of happiness in each other’s eyes.

“I don’t think that’s enough.” Robert grinned suddenly.

“You plan to hurt him further while he’s down?” Joshua, the loyal lapdog, immediately guessed what Robert thought, and his eyes swiftly lit up.

“That’s right.

How could I miss such a good opportunity to hit him when he’s down,” then, Robert chortled, “Listen closely and do as I say...”