

After Prison 971

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“An elite-quality six-lined pill?” Zeke was someone who had seen the world, and there were not of things that could surprise him. However, he could not help but gasp when he was told about the elite-quality six-lined pill, and the astonishment on his face was clear for all to see.

“In that case, Mister Severin’s alchemy skills must be very advanced!” Zeke was startled. Severin would be a cut above the rest if he was a second-grade high-rank alchemist or even a third-grade alchemist. Being a second-grade high-rank alchemist meant that Severin could refine pills of a similar level. Such pills would be very helpful to those whose attainment was that of a level nine warrior king because it would undoubtedly be able to help them achieve the level of a warrior emperor.

Though he did not know what sort of pill Severin refined, he still felt a little hopeful.

At that moment, the somewhat peeved Riken came forward and explained, “The successful refinement of a six-lined pill cannot be equated to having high alchemy skills. Repeated refining of a pill will also allow one to reach a near-perfect mastery of those pills.” He then paused before adding, “Moreover, Severin merely refined a first-grade low-rank pill, which doesn’t prove anything.”

Zeke had a slightly odd expression after hearing that. Everyone present there could tell that Riken was jealous of Severin. After all, he was a proud person who generally did not like comparing himself to other people, and he would have never made such statements unless he truly was jealous.

“He’s right. This isn’t proof of anything.” Satchel said. Riken was one of his own, after all, so Satchel understandably felt the need to back him up. “Riken is more experienced when it comes to this.”

When Zeke heard that, he could only cooperate with a smile and say, “Yes, indeed. Alchemy is an esoteric art that ordinary people like us could never hope to understand. Alchemists such as yourselves would, certainly understand these more than we do.”

After saying that, he added, “Well then, everyone! The banquet is ready, so let’s all enter right away!”

“The Chappells have given a gift of seven and a half million dollars along with a pair of gold bracelets!” The person in charge of registering the gifts announced when one of the families from Skydra City present their gift.

Next to him was another person who was in charge of receiving the gift. When the guest who had presented their gift walked in, Zeke would bring the main members of the family to shake hands with the guest in a show of gratitude. “Welcome to my birthday banquet. I hope you’ll have a good time today.” Severin soon discovered that the upper-class families had prepared at least seven million, while others gave sums of 15 million, and some prepared nine million.

Some of the mayors began to give upward of 30 to 40 million, while others even threw some spiritual herbs and gemstone pendants into the mix.

“Mister Timon Lovren, governor of the north county, has present ten second-grade medium-rank spiritual herbs along with three hundred million dollars!” Timon presented ten second-grade medium-rank spiritual

herbs.

Such herbs were of high value since they could be used to improve one's attainment, and Timon gave ten of them at once.

"That's very generous of you, Mister Timon. Please come in and enjoy the banquet!" Zeke was very happy and his eyes lit up considerably.

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"Hehe, I'm sure your gifts will be much better compared to some mayors or upper-class families. Just look at how generous the North County's governor is!" Draven chuckled as he came to the Severin and remarked with a grin.

Severin smiled and said, "The nature of the gift is not important, and I don't like comparing myself with other people. It's to each their own when it comes to gifts."

"Hehe, that's a very good mindset to have!" Draven chuckled and followed Satchel to the entrance.

"The Jolls have presented ten second-grade medium-rank spiritual herbs, three hundred million dollars, and one second-grade low-rank pill!" The person in charge announced. 1

Many people started discussing it among themselves when they heard that. It was a very generous gesture to be giving away second-grade low-rank pills, and the Jolls were probably the only family who was willing to do so.

Draven turned around, glanced at Severin behind him, and had a sarcastic smile. His insinuation was very obvious: "We, the Jolls, are from Skystream City Mansion, but our gift is almost as good as that of North County Mansion. We can't wait to see what wonderful gifts you have for the province governor!"

Most people did not immediately walk to the inner plaza after presenting their gifts and slowed their pace down because they were curious what sort of gift the new South County governor would have for Zeke.

After all, it was the first time that Severin attended the province governor's birthday banquet and met the man in person. To show his sincerity, his gift must not be any less valuable than that of the other three county mansions, or else it would be rather shameful if Severin handed anything that was far below those standards.

Severin went to the person in charge of registering the gifts and exchanged smiles with each other. He then waved his palm, produced a small porcelain bottle, and handed it over.

Many people were stunned to see that because most of the guests gave money or antiques. The money that was given came in the form of bank cards, and some also gave spiritual herbs. The small porcelain bottle that Severin gave did not seem to fit into the category of an antique.

"A porcelain vase? Hehe, you're not going to tell me that this is an antique, right?" Kroan was waiting in line to give his present, and he remarked with a sly grin when he saw an opportunity to humiliate Severin.

Many people laughed after hearing that..

Severin responded indifferently to his remarks and smiled slightly, "You have a knack for cracking jokes, Mister Kroan. Why would I give just an empty bottle? There are pills in it."

"He's giving pills?" The alchemists of several families frowned. Some of them had given pills too, but they were usually first-grade medium-rank or first-grade high-rank pills. It was already quite remarkable that the Jolls had given a second-grade low-rank pill earlier.

"You're not going to give healing pills, are you? It doesn't seem appropriate on such an occasion, because that would seem to imply that the province governor's health is deteriorating!" Satchel grinned and said. with a smile.

Sure enough, Zeke had a gloomy expression on his face and wondered if Severin was going to give him a healing pill. If that was true, then

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"Hehe, I think I understand why you were able to refine those elite-quality six-lined pills from earlier. It's because you refine them often and have mastered the means of making them. As amazing as they are, it doesn't seem to be a good idea to gift pills that are used to cure diseases instead of improving one's attainment," Draven mocked with a chuckle.

Calum came forth at that moment and responded coldly, "Have you seen the mills, Miser Draven? Are you sure that the pills Mister Severin will be giving to the province governor are used to cure diseases? Aren't you worried that these wild accusations might backfire, especially since he hasn't even taken out the pills?"

Draven's mouth twitched a few times, and he pulled a long face after being chastised by a war god in front of all those people. He felt humiliated, like he had just received a slap in the face. Since Calum was a high-ranking war god, Draven could only smile wryly and say, "You're right, I shouldn't be making these wild accusations when he hasn't shown them yet."

However, Draven thought to himself, 'Oh, Calum. You might think you're awesome because you're a war god with high attainment, but I'll be a disciple of the Stormy Moon Sect soon! Once I join them and train. hard to improve my attainment, do you think I'd still be afraid of you? You war gods and governors will all kneel before me when I become a strong warrior emperor, or else I'll slap all of you in the face!' He felt much more at ease after ranting in his heart.

Seymour naturally supported Severin, so he just smiled and said, "Make sure you take a good look at the pills later, young man. I might not have seen them yet, but I'm more than confident that these pills are specially for improving one's attainment, not some first-grade low-rank pill for healing purposes!"

"Shall we end the discussion so I can see what it is?" The man who was in charge of registering the gifts smiled wryly and carefully opened the little bottle to look inside.

Everyone kept quiet at that moment. It was precisely because of the controversy earlier that everyone was curious about what sort of pills were contained in the small porcelain bottle that Severin gave.

The old man opened it and looked inside. Upon seeing that, his mouth widened in surprise and he immediately rubbed his eyes.

“How... how is this possible?” The old man asked in surprise.

“Hehe, what sort of pills are they, Louie? We’re all curious to know. Did we guess right? They’re healing pills, aren’t they? Did they frighten you?” The stunned silence from Louie, the butler, made Draven wonder if he had hit the nail on the head with his guess. He immediately took on a proud expression as he asked that question.

Louie then said, “Ten elite-quality second-grade medium-rank pills! This is very generous of you, Mister Severin

“What?! Ten second-grade medium-rank pills? Riken’s Jaw nearly dropped to the ground, and he was very shocked to hear the announcement.

He could not believe that Severin was able to come up with these second-grade medium-rank pills. If Severin had given only one or two pills, then maybe Severin got them as a gift from someone else or through some other means. However, the presence of ten pills at once could almost conclusively prove that most of the pills had been refined by Severin.

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After all, no one would be willing to hand over such valuable pills unless they could produce them!

“Impossible, are all ten of them elite pills?” A first-grade high-rank alchemist immediately expressed his disbelief.

Even a single pill can allow a level four or five warrior king to achieve a breakthrough by about two levels, and Severin gave the province governor ten such pills.

Louie smiled wryly and found it bothersome to offer too much of an explanation. He simply waved his hand and levitated the ten pills out from the small porcelain bottle.

“How is this even possible? Two of them have one line, seven have two lines, and one has three lines. This is simply too amazing.” The first-grade high-rank alchemist from earlier stepped forward to look carefully at those pills. His voice trembled with excitement, and for such pills to be refined into ten elite pills was a testament to Severin’s alchemical skills.

Riken’s complexion soured even more, and he never dreamed that the alchemical skills that he had always been so proud of would be trampled to bits and crushed by Severin.

He had refined many second-grade medium-rank pills, but none of them were elite-quality pills. The most that he managed to refine was superior-quality pills. After pausing for a brief pondering, he asked Severin again, “Did you refine these pills, Mister Severin? Or were they given to you by someone else?”

He did not believe that Severin would be so talented and wondered if Severin had met some extremely powerful alchemist who refined those pills and gave them to him.

However, the truth came as a huge blow to him as Severin smiled and said, “I refined them.”

The first-rank high-grade alchemist then exclaimed, "How many pills have you refined in the past for you to reach a level where you can produce ten of these elite-quality pills? This is no small feat."

Severin smiled and said, "I haven't been refining much. Whenever I refine two pills, at least one of them will be elite-quality pills, and occasionally both of them will be elite-quality pills."

"You're a true genius! I've never seen someone so talented before." The alchemist was even more excited and his eyes were full of adoration as he looked at Severin.

Another second-grade low-rank alchemist ran over directly, knelt on the ground, and said to Severin, "Please accept me as your disciple, Mister Severin! My name is Chandler, and I wish to learn alchemy from you! I'll be at your beck and call at all times!"

Riken's mouth twitched violently a couple of times, and he silently cursed Chandler for being so shameful. Chandler was well on the way to catching up with him, and he used to be Riken's rival before too. Seeing him kneel and demand to be taken in as an apprentice made Riken feel disgusted.

"Please accept me as your apprentice too!"

The situation soon got out of hand, with the first-grade high-rank alchemist from earlier and two other alchemists kneeling before him too.

Severin nearly fainted when he saw that situation. Having one apprentice was already troublesome enough, and he was in no position to be taking in so many people.

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Severin's lips twitched a few times. Those alchemists' talents were nothing to shout about, and he was so pressed for time that it was impossible to take in any more apprentices.

He smiled awkwardly and said, "I'm sorry, everyone, but I'm not planning to take any more apprentices now. I already have one, and he's all I'm capable of mentoring right now."

"Sigh, looks like we were a step too late!" All those alchemists knew there was nothing more they could do. They had no choice but to stand back up as they lamented not being able to meet Severin earlier.

On the far end, Benjamin was secretly delighted that he had such a great master. After all, Severin became the focus of everyone wherever he went, and he was still as charismatic as ever even with Skystream Province's upper-class individuals.

"How could you have such a high success rate with elite-quality pills?" Riken's complexion turned even more distorted, as such a thing was virtually unheard of. As he began to think more carefully, he could not help but exclaim, "Wait a second! Could you be a third-grade or fourth-grade alchemist? Only such highly-skilled alchemists will be able to create elite-quality second-grade pills so easily."

Riken's guess was a very reasonable one because only those very highly-skilled alchemists could easily refine lower-grade elite-quality pills.

"My guess is that he's at least a fourth-grade alchemist. I can't believe I have the pleasure of meeting one today!" The first-grade high-rank alchemist from earlier could not help but exclaim after a sudden realization.

“A fourth-grade alchemist? Does Skystream Province have such powerful alchemists? I’ve never even heard of third-grade alchemists before, and yet here we have a fourth-grade one in Mister Severin?”

Zeke’s voice was also trembling with excitement. If he could make good friends with an alchemist like Severin, it would be incredibly easy for him to become a warrior emperor powerhouse, and he might even be able to turn into a level nine warrior emperor powerhouse one day.

At that moment, he looked at Severin with reverence, like a deity descending from the heavens to the earth.

On one side, Draven was shocked to see Severin’s talent. However, he breathed a sigh of relief when he remembered that Severin would soon be killed. Someone of such talent would probably be unstoppable in the future if they were allowed to go on developing!

Severin did not know whether to laugh or cry when he saw the reactions from the crowd. He had no choice but to explain himself. “I wish I was that sort of alchemist, but I’m afraid I’m not at that level yet.”

Riken immediately asked, “Are you sure? If you’re not a fourth-grade alchemist, then you must at least be a third-grade alchemist! My guess can’t go wrong.”

Severin said, “My skills aren’t as high as you all seem to believe. I’m just a second-grade medium-rank alchemist, and I’m already happy to be where I am right now.”

“Are you really just a second-grade medium-rank alchemist?” Riken looked at Severin in disbelief and shook his head. “That’s impossible. Your talent is a monstrosity!”

Calum could not help but feel amused when he saw the astonished expressions of all those alchemists. He said with a smile, “Well, just because you can’t do it doesn’t mean other people can’t as well. There will always be geniuses whose abilities cannot be measured by common sense!”

Seymour added, “Mister Severin is truly an amazing individual! How about we go in and have some drinks? I have to raise a few toasts to your abilities later!”

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Felicia then said, “Hehe, did you see the looks on the Jolls? Their expressions were downright horrendous! They still can’t get over what happened yesterday and wanted to give Severin a hard time, but they only ended up humiliating them!”

“There are so many tables, and each table is filled with so much good food!” Megan salivated when she saw all the delicious food on the table.

“Why haven’t I seen this style of cooking before?” Felicia asked curious when she looked at some of the food that had been served. “Everything is so foreign to me!”

Severin looked at the food and said. “There are a few dishes here that were made with the meat of wild game or spiritual beasts. They are very precious, and it’s not surprising that this is your first time seeing them.”

“My taste buds are in for a treat then!” Megan’s eyes lit up instantly as she gulped.

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Diane smiled when she saw Megan's excited look and said, "Calm down. We need to stay calm and keep our composure in front of everyone, not act as if we just came out of a cave."

Megan immediately put on a serious expression and said, "You're right! I need to stay calm!"

"Let's go over to that table. It's specifically for family members of VIPs. The other VIPs will all be sitting in the front row," Megan said to Diane.

"Let's go then!" Diane smiled and immediately went there with Megan and the others.

Severin walked over, sat at a table with Calum, Timon, Seymour, Faye, and the other important people.

Everyone had a good time enjoying the food, and Satchel-who was sitting in front of Severin-was just as happy despite being humiliated in front of everyone earlier. After all, he firmly believed that Severin would be having his last meal that day.

He believed that a level nine warrior king like Severin would never be able to hold his own against the two warrior emperor powerhouses from the Stormy Moon Sect.

"I've had many birthday celebrations over the years, but this is my happiest birthday ever!" After drinking for three or so rounds, Zeke was evidently a little ditzy as he stood up and declared to everyone.

After some of the mayors had finished their meals, they rested for a while before making their way back to their respective cities.

Severin and the others rested for a while too, and before long, they decided to say goodbye to Zeke.

"We'll be heading back soon, Mister Zeke. I'll be sure to keep in touch with you." Severin smiled faintly and said to Zeke.

"Of course, we're friends now, so feel free to ring me if you need my help!" Zeke had a good time and said with a smile. After all, the pills that Severin gave could improve the strength of his stronger men, and it was worth the effort to establish a lasting friendship with Severin.

More importantly, Severin was still very young, and he was only a second-grade medium-rank alchemist. If his momentum of personal growth continues to grow, then he could break through to second-grade high -rank or even third-grade low-rank alchemist. It would be a shame not to take the chance to deepen his ties with Severin.

"Haha, you're very kind, Mister Zeke. I promise to reciprocate if you ever need my help too!" Severin said to Zeke with a nod.

"I'll see you out." Zeke did not see out any of Skystream City's first-tier families or even the mayors from other cities. His respect toward Severin was therefore evident when he willingly offered to see Severin out.

"It would be an honor!" Severin replied.

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Severin knew that it would not be ideal to refuse Zeke's request, so he followed the old man out of the gate.

"We're going back too!" Kroan, Walbert, Satchel, and their men were about to leave when they happened to spot Severin leaving too..

Draven and Walbert walked slightly further behind, and they exchanged wicked smiles as they glanced at each other.

"Are your seniors already outside?" Walbert whispered to Draven while they were walking.

Draven nodded. "Don't worry, Walbert. The show will begin very soon. I just sent them a message saying that Severin will be heading out any time now."

Walbert nodded in satisfaction. "You'll be an internal disciple of the Stormy Moon Sect in the future, I can't help but feel jealous of you."

Draven grinned and said, "Haha, I just happen to be lucky. Besides, if our family didn't offer so many attainment resources to the Stormy Moon Sect over the years, I don't think I'd have the chance to enjoy such benefits."

Walbert then said in admiration, "You and your family are backed by the Stormy Moon Sect, and if I were to seek such an opportunity, they might not be willing to give it to us."

Draven could not help but smile and say, "You flatter me. Walbert. I'm quite certain that you have your backer, but it's just that your family decided to keep it a secret from everyone else." After ending that sentence, Draven thought of something and told Walbert, "By the way, I hope that you and your father won't go around telling people that we're backed by the Stormy Moon Sect."

"Don't worry." Walbert nodded. "Your family has been on very good terms with mine, and I can assure you that I'll keep my lips sealed. Besides, our family's backer is far behind that of yours."

The two of them chatted happily away and finally arrived at the waiting lounge.

A sudden thought occurred to Walbert and he added, "You and are very good friends, Draven. Once you join the Stormy Moon Sect, you must train hard and cement your status there. Hopefully, you won't forget me once you've settled in."

"What do you mean by that?" Draven asked with a frown even though he had already guessed what the other party meant by that.

Walbert smiled and said, "I'm saying that it would be great if you can put in a good word for me within the sect so I can join one day and become a disciple. I believe that you're talented enough to become an elite. disciple, and some of the elders would think highly of you too. When the time comes, there probably won't be any issue if you recommended me as a new recruit."

Draven could not help but sneer in his heart. "Why would I want to let anyone benefit off of me?"

After some thought, he said to Walbert, "Well, it's not impossible, but I'm afraid it might not be so easy. Think about it, even if I've gained a firm foothold there, why would their protector or elder agree to it? You're probably aware that people nowadays don't do things unless there's something in it for them."

Walbert was stunned for a moment, but he came to his senses immediately and said to Draven, "Don't worry. I understand that principle well. I'll give you some spiritual herbs to help you train. If you need something to bribe them, then by all means, I'll give you some spiritual herbs too. That should be more than enough, right? You need to help me out here! I'll be your junior by the time I enter the sect."

Draven smiled jovially after hearing what Walbert said. "Well, you and I are on such good terms, so I'll help you whenever I can. Anyway, it's almost time for us to watch my seniors kill that kid, haha!"

"Hehe, he stole the limelight earlier for being a second-grade medium-rank alchemist, the pill he concocts is better than Riken's. Had he not offended the Stormy Moon Sect, he would have had such a bright future. "Walbert lamented when he thought about what happened earlier.

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"Hehe, some people become successful at a young age but get too proud of themselves. These people get in over their heads the easiest."

Draven chuckled and sighed. "There are times when these people ought to keep a low profile rather than stand out too much, or else they might one day encounter people that they can't afford to provoke. Just take Severin and the Stormy Moon Sect as an example. He's digging his own grave by killing four of the sect's disciples!"

Walbert sneered inwardly. Draven was the son of Skystream City's mayor, and he had been just as arrogant in the past whenever he was outside. He had never seen Draven keep a low profile, so it was downright ridiculous for Draven to be preaching about keeping a low profile!

However, he knew that he would have to curry favor with Draven if he wanted to achieve his goals in the future, so he nodded quickly, "You're right. We shouldn't be too proud as human beings, otherwise, we might get ourselves in trouble sooner or later."

As the two of them were chatting happily away, everyone else had reached the outer area too.

"Take care, Severin. If you have the time these next few days, our doors are always welcome for you to have some tea!" Zeke nodded at Severin.

Fonzo also said, "Thank you for taking the trouble to treat me in the next few days. I've already sent you the location of where I'm staying."

Severin nodded, "Rest assured, you'll be walking like a normal person once the treatment is over."

"I have not a sliver of doubt in your medical skills! Fonzo laughed.

Someone then shouted out of the blue. "I'll kill you!"

A man and a woman were standing on the opposite side of the street, and the man was darting in their direction at lightning speed..

"Your life ends today! That is what you get for killing the Stormy Moon Sect's disciples!" Meldrick flipped his palm, took out a sword, and charged straight at Severin.

"It's him!" Sofia uttered in shock. She had been following closely behind Meldrick, and she immediately recognized Severin at a glance.

She yelled, "Stop" before dashing to one side in a flash to slap the air. A huge spiritual palm then appeared out of nowhere.

"Boom!" A huge roar sounded, and Meldrick's attack was immediately intercepted by Sofia.

"What's going on with them?" Satchel and Kroan looked at each other in stupefaction. The attack earlier seemed to be very powerful, and one strike might even be enough to end Severin's life. Therefore, they were both puzzled as to why the young woman from the Stormy Moon Sect would try to stop her fellow disciple.

"Why did she do that?" Draven and Walbert were just as speechless, and they had an astonished look on their faces. They wondered what act those two were putting on, and whether it was something like 'good. cop, bad cop'.

Walbert, in particular, had a stronger hatred of Severin because of Lucy's death. He wished that Severin would just die right before his eyes, even if he was not the one to end Severin's life. At least that would allow Lucy to die in peace.

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As a result, it came as a bit of a surprise that such a scene would happen.

Severin was taken aback for a moment, and he was just about to fight back when the woman behind him unexpectedly saved him. As soon as he managed to get a clear look at the woman, he had a somewhat puzzled expression.

"Why did you stop me, Sofia? He killed our juniors! All four of them are now dead because of him! Don't you want to get revenge?" Meldrick was bewildered by Sofia's actions and did not understand why she would do that.

Once Meldrick was in front of Severin, he shot Severin a cold glare.

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Sofia then said to Meldrick, "We can't kill him. He's the one who saved me the other day."

"He saved you?" Meldrick knew that there was no persuading her anymore after hearing that. After all, Sofia's identity was not as simple as it seemed on the surface. Although his attainment base was higher, he had to listen to Sofia on various matters.

Sofia nodded. "Yes. He's my savior, so I won't let you kill him, especially since we haven't even gotten a clear idea of what happened. Let's talk to him before we do anything rash."

"All right. You have the final say." Meldrick was a little upset, but he still shrugged and spread his hands open.

Sofia smiled slightly and walked toward Severin. Her eyes seemed to light up when she looked at Severin. "Do you still remember me, Severin?" Sofia flashed a beautiful smile.

Severin reciprocated her smile and said to her, "Of course I do. I saved you in that forest the other day!" "You do? I'm glad to hear that. I wanted to repay you that time, but you didn't even give me a chance to do so!" Sofia's cheeks were a little red.

Meldrick was beside her the entire time, and he was not very happy when he saw Sofia's reaction to seeing Severin. She had never shown her gentle side to the other male disciples, and he could not help but wonder if she was feeling that way simply because Severin had saved her!

As soon as that thought popped up in his mind, Meldrick wished that he could just kill Severin immediately. After all, he had been lusting after Sofia for a long time, and he was not prepared to let someone get ahead of him after spending all that effort to get close to her.

"I was never expecting anything in return when I saved you, so please don't worry about it!" Severin chuckled.

"And who are the two of you?" Calum came forth and asked with a frown.

Judging from the speed and technique of that chubby guy's attack, Calum could sense the two people had a rather strong attainment-either on his level or probably slightly higher.

"Who are you two? And why did you attack the South County governor earlier? Do you want to get yourself killed?" Zeke-who was a little woozy from the drinks-looked down on them and took a step forward. while clenching his fists. It looked as if he was going to fight them head-on.

"Yeah. You've got some guts trying to kill a governor in front of all these strong people. You're just trying to get yourself killed!" another mayor spoke up.

However, Meldrick sneered and said, "So what if he's a county governor? I am an elite disciple of the Stormy Moon Sect. I don't need anyone's permission to kill him." After a pause, Meldrick then added, "We've been courteous enough to avoid killing him during your birthday party."

"The... the Stormy Moon Sect?!" Hearing that he was a disciple of a sect like Stormy Moon Sect-and an elite disciple at that-Zeke sobered up immediately and became even more frightened.

Meldrick smiled coldly and released a powerful spiritual energy.

"He's... he's a level two warrior emperor!"

Everyone could sense his terrifying momentum, and they all exclaimed in shock after feeling the powerful

momentum.

"If a disciple of the Stormy Moon Sect can be this strong, I shudder to think of how powerful the sect truly is!" Seymour gulped in amazement.