

After Prison 1601

[Chapter 1601](#)

Cyril, Simia Hall's great elder, smiled as well. They had been searching for Dracodeus Temple's leader for many years. As time passed, he began to suspect they had been deceived by the old wacko. However, the arrival of a new supreme leader, one who was also a fourth-grade low-rank alchemist, left him incredibly pleased. After all, alchemists of such a caliber were revered

wherever they went.

Severin took out over twenty second-grade low-rank pills and handed them to Shirleen. "Take these pills and hand them out to the other elders and protectors. This will allow them to improve their attainment over the next two days, after which it will be time for us to set off."

"Thank you, sir!" Shirleen expressed her gratitude and took the pills in glee. She then said, "Please come with me. I'll make arrangements for your accommodation."

Cyril then said, "You've come a long way, Supreme Leader. Please rest up. I'll have someone prepare some good food and fetch the best wine for our celebration tonight."

"As we should! I'll leave you to handle that, then!" Shirleen urged.

After some thought, Severin suggested to Shirleen, "Hall Master Shirleen, I heard that a certain faction forced you here. Would you like my assistance in seeking revenge and eliminating them?"

Shirleen smiled and replied, "That shouldn't be necessary. We had some conflicts with two or three factions previously, and one such conflict resulted in a very severe battle. We managed to win against them in the end, but we were left severely injured as a result. We left the city where we came from because we feared reprisals from the other factions. This became an area where we sought our refuge to recuperate."

"That's good," Severin remarked with a nod. He was relieved that the situation was not as dire as he had first imagined.

Cyril left and promptly informed the rest of the hall about Severin. The joy and excitement were contagious, spreading across every single member of the hall.

Shirleen, with the assistance of the great elder, organized a meeting with the other elders and protectors. It was there that they distributed the pills Severin had given them. Seeing as the hall was relatively small, there were still two pills left over after each elder and protector received theirs. Those two extras were given to two of their most exceptional disciples as a reward. The

revelation that Severin was a fourth-grade low-rank alchemist made everyone even more elated.

+15 BONUS

That evening, they all gathered to dine together, and Severin shared insights about the Dracodeus Temple with Shirleen, Cyril, and the other members.

“It’s incredible to think that the other hall masters have all reached the level of a warrior emperor! I’m way behind them,” Shirleen expressed her surprise and slight disappointment upon learning of that. The other halls of Dracodeus Temple were much stronger than Simia Hall.

Gracie grinned at Shirleen and added, “But the main reason is that you had to seek refuge here, which made it challenging for us to find you. If we’d located you two months ago, you would have become a warrior emperor by now. We’re no longer in a rush to make any further breakthroughs though. Our supreme leader instructed us to train our combat techniques in our spare time because we’ve already reached his uncle-master’s target,” Gracie then explained.

“What sort of target?” Shirleen asked in confusion, prompting Gracie to explain the agreement between Severin and Wuhlricht.

[Chapter 1602](#)

“I see. I’ll put in some extra effort to make a breakthrough in attainment. It’s about time I picked up the pace,” Shirleen responded with a nod before returning to her drink.

That night, Shirleen and the others began their training in seclusion

With nothing pressing on the agenda for the next few days, Severin and Gracie decided to explore their sights around them. Gracie was very happy to have had yet another opportunity to spend time with Severin. Such changes were infrequent, so she wanted to make the most out of it. Time tended to pass quickly whenever one was enjoying it, and two days had passed before they knew 1. it. Shirleen managed to reach level five warrior king, while those who had received the pills made steady progress too.

“Time for us to make our way back to South Link City!” Severin announced after instructing Shirleen to gather Simia Hall’s people around.

Shirleen frowned after having made some guesses of Severin’s intentions. “We might slow you down if you take us along with you. Some of our disciples have lower attainment levels and aren’t as quick. Why don’t you go on ahead without us and we’ll follow behind at our own pace?”

Gracie smiled in response and said, “Don’t worry. The total number of people here is about two to three thousand max. He can manage even if those numbers doubled or tripled.”

Then, as if to confirm Gracie’s statement, Severin produced a flying sword and thrust it into the open air ahead. The sword then expanded to a size capable of accommodating three to four thousand people.

“Hop on, everyone!” Severin called out as he got onto the sword.

“Just what grade is this spiritual weapon? It grew to such a humongous size!” Cyril marveled at the flying sword, a sight which he had never seen before.

Gracie joined Severin in the air and informed Cyril, “It can grow even bigger, but it’s more than enough at this size. Too big, and it’ll use up too much spiritual energy and mental strength during flight.”

“This is amazing! I never thought I’d one day get the chance to ride a flying sword!” one disciple exclaimed with excitement.

“I’m curious to know what grade this sword is, Supreme Leader,” Shirleen asked Severin.

+15 BONUS

With a smile, Severin replied, “Ninth–grade.”

“Incredible! Is it purely a means of transport or can it also be used in combat? I’ve heard that some flying swords are used strictly for flying and not for fighting.” Shirleen asked in astonishment.

She had not anticipated Severin’s flying sword to be of such a high level!

Severin nodded in affirmation. “Yes. It can be used for combat as well. I don’t use this very often, and most times, I only use it when I’m in normal society. I will have to refrain from using it when I enter the sect in the future because I wouldn’t want people to covet it.”

[Chapter 1603](#)

Shirleen frowned and asked, “Why not? You’re already a saint, and you won’t have anything else to fear after you enter your uncle’s sect.”

Cyril expressed some confusion as well. “Our knowledge in attainment extends at most to that of saints. We do not know if there are any levels higher than that. You’re the only saint we’ve met so far, and our training has always been focused on reaching the level of a saint. Are you saying that there are higher attainment levels beyond that of a saint?”

Everyone there looked at Severin with eager anticipation, clearly seeking answers from him.

Severin offered a wry smile and said, “Those stronger than saints are known as royal saints. I’m sure you’re aware that a saint can extend their lifespan up to two hundred years. Would anyone care to guess the total lifespan of a royal saint?”

Everyone gasped collectively when they registered what Severin said to them. They initially believed that saints were already the peak of what attainment had to offer and that they would never encounter anyone more advanced than that. However, Severin revealed the existence of a royal saint level, which, by his account, not only surpassed saints in power but also in lifespan.

After contemplating for a moment, Shirleen offered a guess, “Half a century?”

Severin shook his head.

The second elder of Simia Hall thought for a while before suggesting, “Less than that, maybe? Three hundred years?”

Severin shook his head once again. “Wrong again. It’s much more than what you’ve all guessed. It’s one thousand years. Achieving the level of a royal saint grants a one–thousand–year lifespan.”

A collective gasp filled the air, and Severin’s revelation left them all in shock.

“We might spend our whole life training without ever reaching the level of a saint, much less a higher level of attainment. We shouldn’t dwell on these things,” one disciple lamented

“I’d be happy enough if I ever get the chance to become a strong warrior emperor. We don’t see warrior emperors very often,” a profound master added.

“Give your all when training and you’re good to go,” Severin said, uncertain of how best to console the disciples. After all, their attainment talents varied, and not everyone could match the aptitude

+15 BONUS

Shirleen raised another question. “You said that you couldn’t bring out your flying sword when you’re in your uncle–master’s sect for fear of inciting any feelings of jealousy. Does this mean that the sect houses a lot of formidable saints?”

Severin affirmed. “Yes. I’m quite certain that there are a lot of them. My uncle’s attainment is likely a royal saint because the sect he belongs to is a first–tier sect. These first–tier sects are then categorized into lower–class, middle–class, and upper–class. Even the lower–class first–tier sects must have at least three saints to be recognized as such,” Severin provided a thorough explanation to the people from Simia Hall based on what he heard from Sofia.

The disciples of Simia Hall had never been privy to such knowledge before. They listened attentively and felt as though a new world had opened up before them. At long last, they finally grasped the concept that numerous powerful sects existed in the world, and even the first–tier

sects were divided into several classes.

[Chapter 1604](#)

“Do you happen to know if your uncle’s sect is considered a lower–class, middle–class, or upper– class sect?” Gracie expressed her curiosity. She pondered for a moment and could not resist asking.

Severin had a bitter smile as he shook his head. “I don’t have the answer to that, unfortunately. After all, I’ve met my uncle–master only once in the past. I believe the question of whether his Skyblue Sect is considered a lower–class, middle–class, or upper–class first–tier sect will be answered soon enough when we arrive.”

Gracie shrugged her shoulders and said with a smile. “In that case, I’m very much looking forward to it. There’s less than a month to go before we finally enter a secluded sect. Before long, she frowned again and asked, “Your uncle said that you’d be rewarded for being us there. I’m curious about the nature of that reward. Another question on my mind is whether or not we can join the sect if we follow you there. I have no clue about the criteria used by first–tier secluded sects in recruiting disciples. What if our attainment levels aren’t up to par? What then?”

Shirleen shared similar concerns to Gracie, but after some contemplating, she spoke up and said, “It doesn’t seem to be a big issue to me. Even if they’re a prominent sect, recruiting ordinary disciples who’ve reached at least the level nine warrior king or level one warrior emperor should be a reasonable prerequisite. Perhaps our supreme leader’s uncle–master imposed a condition to reach at least level nine warrior king so we could meet their recruitment standards and be admitted into the sect.”

Following a pause, Shirleen grinned and added, “For me, the prospect of joining a first–tier sect is already an incredible opportunity.”

Severin felt a surge of optimism when he heard them express those thoughts. “I’m hoping it is something that will help enhance my attainment rapidly by two or three levels in one go. That would be what I’m looking for.”

Gracie covered her mouth in response and chuckled. “Haha, you should continue honing your alchemy skills then. You’ll be able to raise your attainment if you can make a breakthrough to a fourth–grade medium–rank alchemist. For all we know, everyone in your uncle–master’s sect might look at you with admiration!”

Severin smiled and agreed, "It goes without saying that I'm going to give it my all *

The number of people traveling with him had increased significantly from when he first left

+15 BONUS

suitable place of accommodation in the city for the night. With no other option left, they decided to set up camp at a large mountain before resuming their journey the following morning. It was noon when they finally reached South Link City.

"We're here! This is South Link City!" Gracie stood up and introduced everyone to the sight that lay before them.

Shirleen marveled at the city and said, "What a huge and prosperous city!"

Gracie explained, "Of course! As the city where South County Mansion is located, it has to be the largest and most prosperous city among the thirty-six cities within the county."

Larry and Mick were taking a stroll in the courtyard when they spotted a massive flying sword hovering above them in the sky. The sword soon descended, and the two men exchanged an excited look.

[Chapter 1605](#)

Once Severin had landed in an open area, all the hall masters and their respective elders came to greet them.

"Since you're all here, I shall introduce you now to Shirleen, the leader of Simia Hall. This is their great elder, Cyril, and beside him is their second elder..." Severin introduced each member of the newcomers to the hall masters.

Once the introductions were completed, Rachel smiled and remarked, "Haha! I thought the leader of Simia Hall would be a man, so I'm a little surprised to see that she's a woman."

Larry added, "Same here. I had no idea she'd be so pretty."

Shirleen chuckled wryly and said, "Haha, well, I asked the former supreme leader if I could be appointed to a hall with another name, but he appointed me as the leader of Simia Hall without giving me a choice. It does feel a little awkward, given my gender and the name of the hall that I am supposed to lead "

Mick chimed in, "Perhaps many people associate Simia Hall with apes and all that. It would be logical to assume that the person who gave it this name is likely to be a man. The thought that you might be such a dazzling woman couldn't have crossed anyone's mind!"

Rachel turned to Mick and teased, "When did you become such a smooth talker?"

Mick replied with a grin, "I've always been one. Half of the halls under the Dracodeus Temple are led by women, and all of them are gorgeous,"

Severin had a sudden realization. "You're right. There are twelve hall masters in total, with six men and six women. Is this merely a coincidence? Or did that Old Wacko do this?"

Shirleen had a puzzled expression when the name 'Old Wacko' was mentioned. "Old Wacko? Who's that?"

Severin explained, "The nickname 'Old Wacko' refers to my master, who is also your former supreme leader. Everyone refers to him as 'Old Wacko, while I was called "Little Wacko""

"Do you think he specifically chose six men and six women to be the hall masters? Or is it just a coincidence? It's too big of a coincidence if you ask me." Rachel frowned.

Nancy gave her opinion, "I believe it to be a mere coincidence. You're all reading too much into it.

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+15 BONUS

To Severin's surprise, Larry rose to his feet and proclaimed, "My fellow hall masters, I'm sure our former supreme leader conveyed something similar to each of us. Now that all twelve of us have gathered here, perhaps it's time for us to inform the new supreme leader about what was entrusted to us?"

Mick agreed and said, "Sounds good. Now that we're all here, it's time to reveal the information."

Severin was bewildered by the sudden revelation. It was evident that the old wacko was hiding something from him. They were all given the same message, albeit in private, and Severin soon realized that was probably why he was tasked with gathering all twelve of them in the first place.

Severin asked, "What did my master say to you?"

The hall masters exchanged glances and nodded in unison.

Larry proceeded to step forward and advised Severin, "Supreme Leader, I think it's prudent that we discuss this in private. There are plenty of other people here, and it would be best if only you and the twelve of us are privy to this conversation."

Severin snapped to his senses and nodded. After instructing Mick's daughter, Candy, to assist the disciples of Simia Hall, he followed Larry and the others to a nearby villa. At that point, only

Severin and the twelve hall masters remained

"Are we able to discuss it now? You don't need to keep up the suspense anymore, Severin urged.

Larry then produced a golden token approximately half the size of his palm. The token featured a dragon-patterned emblem.

[Chapter 1606](#)

Lepus Hall's leader, Fiona, presented a similar golden token adorned with a rabbit-patterned emblem. Soon, all the other hall masters unveiled tokens featuring the animal associated with their respective halls.

"When I first met the former supreme leader, he instructed us to show this to you once all twelve hall masters are gathered together. We were instructed to safeguard it diligently. In the event of our passing, we are to pass it down to someone else in the hall so they can bring this to you.

People pass on, but the token must remain perpetual," Larry solemnly explained as he handed the token to Severin.

Severin was perplexed by the situation and began to wonder what the old wacko had in mind when handing those tokens over to the twelve hall masters.

Severin scrutinized the golden token, discovering no apparent extraordinary features apart from its pure gold composition. He pressed, "And then?"

Larry explained, "There was no further elaboration."

Gracie concurred, "He just told us to show you these tokens when all twelve of us have convened."

Severin mulled over the matter in stupefaction, and the hall masters' expressions mirrored his own. He then cleared his throat and placed Larry's token on the table. "Perhaps we can place all the tokens on the table and see if anything happens."

The other hall masters did as they had been suggested. Despite their anticipation, no immediate reaction occurred when the tokens were placed together.

Larry speculated, "Could it be that aligning these tokens in close contact with each other will trigger some hidden mechanism or reveal some secret techniques?"

Severin decided to test this theory. He ensured that each token was in contact with the other, but after several minutes of anticipation, no reaction or revelation ensued.

Zoheb suggested, "Perhaps we should arrange them following the order of the oriental zodiac signs."

Mick concurred with enthusiasm, saying, "Yes. These animals form part of the oriental zodiac,

after all.”

+15 BONUS

Severin embraced the idea and rearranged the tokens according to the correct order.

After another prolonged wait, the tokens remained unresponsive, leading Zoheb to express his disappointment. “Why isn’t it responding?”

Severin conceded in frustration, “Let’s just wait.”

[Chapter 1607](#)

As time passed, everyone had a similarly stern frown on their face. More than ten minutes had elapsed, and the tokens remained as still as any run-of-the-mill golden trinket.

“Could these tokens be nothing more than mere decorations? There is a gem-like bead on each one. Perhaps these beads have a purpose?” Larry suggested after another ten minutes of observation.

Rachel pointed out, “We’ve exhausted every conceivable approach and still there isn’t a reaction. There doesn’t seem to be anything special about these tokens. They might serve merely as symbolic items representing our respective halls, and there might not be any combat techniques that we could obtain from these tokens.”

Severin deliberated briefly before suggesting, “What if each of you, representing your respective zodiac sign, attempted to infuse the token with your spiritual energy? Perhaps we’ll get a response through that.”

The proposal sparked renewed enthusiasm among the hall masters. The prospect of this novel experiment intrigued them, and they channeled their spiritual energy into the tokens. Alas, it was yet another round of disappointment, as the tokens retained their previous unresponsive state. Having resigned to the situation, Severin finally said, “Let’s deal with this another time. You may all take your tokens back for now. My uncle-master might know their purpose if we show them to him when we finally meet him.”

Larry gave the proposal some thought and suggested, “I think it would be best for you to retain possession of these tokens.

His idea received Mick’s approval. “Our attainment is relatively low, and we might not be able to comprehend their value fully. The tokens were bestowed upon us by our former supreme leader,

which implies that they likely serve a significant function. Whether or not that's true, they are still safest in your care."

Rachel followed suit, placing her token into Severin's hands. "I agree with them. You should hold onto tokens. It's safer that way."

Severin consented and said, "Okay then. I will keep them and investigate their purpose further in my free time. If any of you happen to have any new ideas that we could try, please feel free to share them with me. We can then attempt another round of testing to see if these tokens will

+15 BONUS

The hall masters surrendered their tokens to Severin, who stashed them inside his spatial ring.

With that token dilemma out of the way, Severin turned his attention to Fiona and Shirleen. He

outlined a rigorous target for their attainment progress and instructed, "Since the two of you have the lowest attainment, I will have to monitor your progress closely for a month. I expect both of you to make a breakthrough to at least level one warrior emperor within this time frame. Fiona will have no issues, and I'll give you a pill in another few days once your attainment stabilizes.

That will facilitate further progress toward becoming a warrior emperor."

After imparting his expectations to Fiona, Severin addressed Shirleen and said, "Your current attainment level is still somewhat lower. Once your present attainment is stable, please let me

know as soon as you can so I can give you a pill. We need to expedite your progress so you can reach the level of your peers."

In response, Rachel and others rallied to offer words of encouragement to Shirleen, exhorting her to rise to the challenge.

[Chapter 1608](#)

Severin glanced at the others and said, "The rest of you will be given another pill a few days before we depart. In the meantime, I would ask that you resolve any problems within your hall. Now that all twelve halls have been gathered, we will no longer bear titles such as Draco Hall, Tigris Hall, or Gallus Hall. Henceforth, we will all merge into one—Dracodeus Temple!"

"We'll be a united force at last," the elated response echoed through the group

"Hehe, Gallus Hall is such a weird name. I've wanted a change for a long time now. To have our disciples be members of Dracodeus Temple from now on is so much better. The title itself is incredibly commanding." Nancy remarked.

Severin reflected for a moment before continuing, “Other than Shirleen who still needs to train, there’s almost nothing else left for everyone else to do. To that end, I would like for the eleven of you to select several promising individuals to assume the role of Dracodeus Temple’s supreme leader, second-in-command, elders, and the protectors.”

Larry and the others were taken aback and immediately asked Severin, “Do you mean to say that we might never return once we reach our destination? Is that why you’ve decided to relinquish your position as Supreme Leader?”

Severin nodded affirmatively. “We’ll almost certainly become disciples of the sect once we arrive there. This will be more conducive for everyone’s future growth as well. It’s time for us to pass on our roles.”

He paused and continued, “I believe that the responsibilities that come from being hall masters have brought forth numerous daily tasks that detract from your attainment. By joining the sect, you can once again immerse yourself in single-minded training.”

“Worry not, Supreme Leader. We will do as you have told us,” Larry and his peers affirmed earnestly.

Severin and the hall masters began to discuss the particulars of selecting the new generation of leadership.

During that time, Sheila became increasingly curious as she lingered outside in the courtyard. Casting her gaze toward the villa door where Severin and the others were in deep discussion, she voiced her impatience, “Why haven’t they come out yet? What are they talking about? Why can’t we listen in?”

+15 BONUS

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[Chapter 1609](#)

“It’ll be fine, I think. Selene is immensely talented, and her attainment level is worth being proud of too. She’ll be in a much better position if she’s with us,” Sheila responded without hesitation. However, Sofia interjected and said to Diane, “You should consider this carefully though. If Selene stays in South Link City, she’ll enjoy safety under the protection of the Shanahans. Both the Shanahans and the Dracodeus Temple are formidable entities that no one would dare to provoke. This allows her to have a secure environment growing up. Conversely, her safety isn’t guaranteed if you bring her to the sect. Severin’s uncle–master might be able to offer protection as the sect leader, but there will be plenty of geniuses and high–level practitioners within the sect. Severin’s presence might incite feelings of jealousy, which makes it unsafe for Selene.”

After pondering for a while, Sheila said, “I believe it shouldn’t pose too big of a problem. Being at the sect might not be as safe as staying in South Link City, but Selene will flourish if she remains alongside Severin.”

Sofia nodded and added, “This is something Diane must discuss carefully with Severin. We have just over a month left, and it’s important to find out Severin’s opinion.”

Diane concurred and said, “Your concerns are valid, Sofia. The sect may assign us tasks that we are obliged to complete, and it’ll be difficult to bring Selene along with us in fulfilling our obligations. Her low attainment level and young age may make it difficult for Severin’s uncle–master to accept her into the sect.”

At that moment, the villa door opened, and Severin came out with the rest of the hall masters. As soon as they exited the villa, Severin’s three wives immediately came over to him. Sheila, unable to contain her curiosity, asked Severin, “You were in there for over an hour! Did you discuss something important?”

Severin smiled and explained, “It’s nothing major. We’ll be leaving soon without knowing when

we'll return, and I'll be taking the twelve hall masters with me too. This would deprive our organization of its leaders, so I tasked them with choosing new leaders and elders within a month. The twelve halls will be united under Dracodeus Temple, and we can leave without having to worry so much if we select new leadership."

Sheila asked, "What do you mean it's nothing major? Isn't this issue of utmost importance and urgency?"

After some contemplation, Diane asked Severin, "Are there any suitable candidates in mind?"

+15 BONUS

Severin smiled and clarified, "Some of the great elders can be exempted from the selection process. They will assume the roles of Dracodeus Temple's leaders to some extent. For the sake of fairness, however, each hall will need to have at least one of its current elders serving as an elder within Dracodeus Temple. Other positions, such as protectors or elders, will be assigned based on their attainment levels. After pausing briefly, Severin added. "As for the position of Supreme leader, we intend to choose from the younger generation, someone who is not more than thirty years of age. They will compete in a combat tournament, and the victor will be qualified to assume the role of the new supreme leader."

Sheila's eyes lit up when she heard about the competition. She asked eagerly, "Can we watch the competition if we have time to spare?"

[Chapter 1610](#)

Severin smiled and said, "You're more than welcome to be spectators, but those of you with lower attainment levels should focus on making breakthroughs within the month. Rachel and the others are in no rush to make breakthroughs because they have many other responsibilities to handle. This will give you the chance to bridge the gap."

Sheila's eyes lit up as she clenched her fists excitedly. "Great! I'll have to train harder now that they're too busy to train. I'll have to close the gap between us."

Diane chimed in with a smile. There's no need for you to be so anxious when you're already a level one warrior emperor. You're being overly enthusiastic."

"That's because I don't want to be a burden to Severin. I hope we can make the most of this

opportunity and try to catch up with him before he can refine fourth-grade medium-rank pills. If he does, his attainment progress will improve by leaps and bounds. That will only make it more challenging for us to keep pace with him,” Sheila explained with a smile.

Elsa then joined the conversation and remarked, “You can’t seriously be thinking about catching up with him, right? It’s an unattainable ideal.”

“Ouch, Elsa. That’s pretty harsh,” Sheila retorted with a sullen expression

Elsa then explained, “His talent far surpasses ours, but being at such a high level has its difficulties in terms of making a breakthrough. Even so, I firmly believe that his alchemy talent will shine through and enable him to become a fourth-grade medium-rank alchemist.” She then turned to Severin and asked, “May I come with you to the Skyblue Sect? I won’t be able to do anything if you leave because I still need your guidance.”

Severin agreed with a smile. “I was planning to bring you along in the first place. Your high attainment level and alchemical expertise will make you a suitable candidate for the Skyblue Sect.”

Elsa then inquired about Benjamin’s plans, to which Severin said, “His attainment level is slightly lower, but he does stand a chance to join the sect if he wishes to come with us. He has made some very notable progress in alchemy, and he’s now a second-grade medium-rank alchemist as well as a level five warrior king. He’ll be allowed to join the sect if I give my uncle-master a heads-up, but Benjamin isn’t keen on going.”

A shocked look appeared on Elsa’s face. She whispered and said, “He can’t be serious. The interested in going? Has he gone cuckoo or something?”