

## After Prison 1740

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Severin was annoyed to look at the spiritual grasses within the range of his mental power. However, in order to find the Little Black Tower, he had no choice but to give up on these tempting spiritual grasses.

\*Level five, no, we cannot give up. Anyway, there are still three months left, I have time!"

Soon, a level five mid-rank spiritual grass was discovered by Severin. Although there was a huge golden pangolin next to it, he did not pay attention to the level-one beast. He dodged and flew down, then squatted down to pick the spiritual grass.

The pangolin on the side saw that this tiny human ignored him, let out a shocking roar, and immediately charged towards Severin.

Severin stood up and grinned, his eyes full of contempt. He had made so many breakthroughs in cultivation all at once, and he was already eager to fight. If he had the opportunity to try, he would naturally not let it go. Severin had no intention of avoiding the charging pangolin. He clenched his fist and punched the opponent directly, insisting on fighting back.

The pangolin flew backwards, and the towering trees in front of it were broken in this way. It was bleeding

from its seven orifices, and died.

"Damn it, such a weakling? He died with just one punch. That is rubbish."

Severin felt that he did not even exert much effort, but he did not expect that the pangolin would die. It seemed that the gap between them was bigger than he thought.

After saying that, Severin dodged, stepped on the flying sword again, and went straight into the distance.

"Oh my god, this guy is too strong.

"Yes, hey, this guy is the leader of the Emerald Cloud Sect, so he must be at least as good as a seventh- or eighth-grade venerable."

The two disciples from the second-tier sect who were hiding on the hillside not far away and were originally going to pick the spiritual grass were shocked when they saw Severin pick the spiritual grass and killed the monster so easily.

Both of them had attained the first level of cultivation. They wanted to snatch the spiritual grass, but they were not confident about it. Unexpectedly, for a strong person, killing the spiritual beast of a first-grade. Venerable and obtaining the level five mid-rank spiritual grass was as simple as picking something out of

a bag.

At this time, Severin was already dozens of miles away.

“A disciple of the Emerald Cloud Sect?”

Along the way, Severin also met many disciples, but no matter what happened, Severin was too lazy to care. However, at this time, his mental power discovered that several people were not far away, but he could not ignore them.

Under a big tree, three female disciples of the Emerald Cloud Sect were surrounded by six disciples of the Highworld Sect. Moreover, the female disciples of the Emerald Cloud Sect were injured at this time and were obviously no match for them.