



Charmaine nodded. “Yeah, I understand, Grandpa. I just didn’t think that someone dressed like that could actually be some sort of prodigious doctor. Logically speaking, someone like him wouldn’t be short of money, right?”

“Hehe.” Henry chuckled. “Savants like him probably treat this as training!” Severin had piqued his curiosity greatly.

“Training?” Charmaine’s brows furrowed and she seemed a little puzzled.

“Training the mind is a form of training too. Great recluses might choose to stay at a city and keep a low-profile. Some savants might already be able to see through many things. Anyway, the thoughts of such reclusive savants aren’t something that ordinary people like us are able to figure out!”

Henry chuckled, and then said poignantly, “The reason us Longhorns are where we are today is in no small part due to a savant that helped us in the past!”

Charmaine nodded pensively after hearing that.

At that moment, Severin had already arrived outside a bank. He frowned when he looked at the purplish-gold bank card that Old Wacko had left to him. “Old Wacko said that there’s a lot of money inside the account, and he doesn’t even know how much there is inside! He also told me that I had to pay a visit to Dracodeus Isle it on the fifteenth of August for destiny or something like that. Well, there’s still over a month to go until then!”

As Severin’s fingers caressed the Dracodeus Ring that Old Wacko had given to him, his lips curled into a smile and he walked right into the bank.

“Security! Security! Why isn’t security during their job! How could you let someone with such raggedy clothes in here? Is this the kind of establishment where hobos are allowed in too? Gosh, you can smell the stench of this person’s poverty from a mile away!”

Severin had taken just a few steps in when a lady wearing lavish jewelry yelled at the security guard with a look of disgust.

The security guard came over, smiled awkwardly at Severin, and said, “Sir, please leave if you have no business here.”

Severin’s face soured. He looked at the security guard and shot back, “What nonsense are you talking about? Why would I come in if I don’t have any business here?”

The security guard looked at the lady and turned to Severin again. He felt as if he had been put in a tight spot as he asked, “What sort of business do you have here, then?”

Severin flashed his bank card and said with a triumphant smile, “I’m here to withdraw some cash!”

“I see. There’s a self-service ATM over there…” The security guard smiled.

Severin said in some disdain, “But what if I want to withdraw a hundred thousand? Or two hundred thousand? Will the ATM be able to handle such a huge request? I’m worried there might not be enough money in the ATM.”

“Pfft, how ridiculous. A hundred thousand? Or two hundred thousand? I’m not sure the account linked to your card has that amount of money!” The lady said sarcastically when she heard of that.

At the end of her sentence, she looked carefully at the card in Severin’s hand. “What kind of card is that? I’ve never seen something like that before. Is it

some membership card you picked up by the side of the road? Oh, I know, you're probably one of those from the loony bins..."

"What's going on here?" It was then that the bank manager came over and casually asked about the situation.

"Does your bank issue this sort of card? This kid right here is dressed in worn-out clothes, but he says he wants to withdraw several hundred thousand. Does he even have that much money? Hey, everyone! Look here! This fool is trying to pretend as if he's some big shot by waving around a card he probably picked up from the trash! Why isn't security chasing this hobo out yet? He's a damn eyesore!"

The lady had two bodyguards with her, and her yells were so loud that it drew the attention of almost everyone there.

Severin, however, was in no mood to entertain her nonsense. He stepped forward, slapped the woman on the face, and said, "My clothes might be a little black here and there, but I'm a million times better than someone with heart as black as yours!"

The lady was completely caught by surprise, and could not believe that Severin had slapped her. After a while, her chest began heaving due to anger, and she pointed at Severin while saying, "See! That b*stard just slapped me! Damn prick. Don't you know who I am?"

"I don't need to know who you are to slap you." Severin grinned icily and had a contemptuous look on his face, as if he was looking at a clown.

If supreme individuals like the Four Great War Heroes based their actions around his mood, he would have no reason to be afraid of some rich woman from such a small city.

"Are you trying to get yourself beat up? She's the wife of the Eastshine Group's president, Preston Kingsley! Where did you get the courage to slap

her?” The two bodyguards rushed forward aggressively. With a tall and robust figure, they had an intimidating calmness in their eyes and seemed really skilled at hand-to-hand combat.

“The Eastshine Group?” Severin appeared shocked, but see he soon grinned and said, “Doesn’t ring a bell!”

“You’re asking for it!” The two bodyguards looked at each other, took a step forward, and punched Severin one after another.

However, Severin raised his foot and delivered two consecutive kicks to both the bodyguards. They ended up collapsing to the ground while clutching their chests in pain.

The rich lady had been maintaining her arrogant expression all throughout, but when she saw the two bodyguards collapsing to the ground and having difficulty getting up, she was so frightened that she squatted on the ground and screamed, “Ah, he’s...he’s assaulting us!”

“Shut your damn mouth or I’ll kick you too!” Severin lifted his leg, scaring the woman into closing her mouth. Both her legs were trembling too.

Seconds later, Severin spoke with a weird expression, “Oh, didn’t you say that you’re the wife of Mister Preston Kingsley, the Eastshine Group’s president? How could you embarrass yourself like this? It’s so shameful! Hey, everyone, look! She wet herself in the bank lobby. She must be one of those from the loony bins.”

The lady lowered her head and saw that her skirt was soaking wet. She had peed herself out of fear.

“Ah, I...”

She felt so ashamed and angry that she wanted to stand up and flee the scene, but she had just only begun to get up when Severin's stare scared her into squatting back down again.

"Hahaha!" A number of bystanders laughed after seeing the woman wet herself in fear.

The manager from earlier was startled by the sequence of events and immediately went to look for the bank's branch director.

After a while, a man wearing gold-rimmed eyeglasses walked over.

"T-t-that's him, Sir. He's the one causing trouble here!"

The female manager stood some distance away from Severin and pointed at him in fear.

The branch director seemed angry at first, but as soon as he saw the bank card in Severin's hand, he felt so frightened that he even trembled. "A V-V-V-V-Violet-Gold C-C-Card?"

Severin glanced at the man. "Did you guys seriously let someone with a stutter become the president?"

The branch director tried his best to calm down and said to Severin, "H-h-hello, Sir, welcome to our b-b- bank. May I have the honor to serve you personally?"

"Sir, what's this Violet-Gold Card you're talking about? Why haven't I heard of it before? I've only heard of the Black Card before!" The female manager knew that there was a story behind the card after seeing the branch director's ingratiating demeanor.

"Of course, you haven't. You couldn't even if you wanted to. Less than ten of these cards have been issued by our bank, and each one of them are in the hands of powerful people. It's not the kind of thing that you can own just

because you're rich. Even those who have a net worth of billions don't necessarily have the privilege to own it," the branch director said to the manager.

When the female manager heard this, her legs became weak and she nearly collapsed on the ground. The Violet-Gold card was the highest-level bank card issued by their headquarters, and there were only ten such cards in existence. yet one of those cards just happened to appear in a small city like Brookbourn.

Severin froze for a moment, then frowned again. "F*cking hell! Does it really contain that much money? That old geezer told me that there's 'some' money in the card for me to spend!"

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