

# The Herb King

## Chapter 13: Level 4 Alchemist?

Leric smiled at General Gavin and opened his palm. He then summoned his skill [Flame Manipulation]. He didn't release his Pill Fire because it was too conspicuous. When he read books about Alchemists, he discovered that there were no mentions of any black Pill Fire similar to his own.

According to the book he read, an Alchemist's rank would depend on the color of the Pill Fire they could summon and the rarity of the pills they could refine. From what Leric could remember, there were five colors of Pill Fires and each color had different levels of power. The color of an Alchemist's Pill Fire would also indicate his level as an Alchemist.

Red Pill Fire was the weakest and this is the first type of Pill Fire a normal Alchemist can summon. It was followed by Orange Pill Fire, Yellow Pill Fire, Golden Pill Fire, and finally, the White Pill Fire. Leric didn't know what type of Pill Fire he had since he didn't see anything about it in the books he read.

Looking at the bright golden flame on top of Leric's palm, General Gavin's face changed. This Golden Pill Fire was the sign of a Level 4 Alchemist!

"Sorry for my rudeness, Sir Aethelwolf. I have to verify your identity earlier since we are currently at war. Please forgive me." General Gavin immediately bowed with a respectful voice when he realized the identity of this man. That was a Level 4 Alchemist! Even in their Leone Empire, there was only one of such character in existence! How could he remain calm in the face of such an esteemed individual?

Mr. Lassiter who was inside the tent also showed a stunned look. He couldn't believe that such a young-looking man was actually a Level 4 Alchemist! However, this man might also be an old being who had used his skills in Alchemy to prolong his youth. Thinking about this, Mr. Lassiter felt much better.

Leric put on a nonchalant smile as if he was expecting this sort of reaction. He waved his hand and said in a friendly voice. "It's fine. I know your circumstances and I know that you're just doing your job. Relax."

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General Gavin heaved a sigh of relief when he heard those words. Luckily, this Level 4 Alchemist wasn't an arrogant fellow or he would have a hard time.

"It's almost midnight, I wonder why Sir Aethelwolf has come to our camp..." General Gavin probed carefully. He dared not act imposingly anymore in front of this Alchemist. His title as a General means nothing to noble individuals like them!

Leric put on an embarrassed look as he replied. "In truth, I was out looking for herbs since the afternoon, but I'm not familiar with the woods here, so I lost myself in the forest. I merely stumbled upon here when I saw the light coming from the bonfire."

It was a good excuse. Both General Gavin and Mr. Lassiter seemed convinced with his tale.

"If that's the case, how about you stay here for the time being, Sir Aethelwolf? I'll have some arrange a huge tent for you. After all, we can't allow you to leave at this time. The forest is very dangerous at night. I can't rest easy if you leave now." General Gavin said with a smile, but he was already calculating how he could make use of this Level 4 Alchemist without angering him. If he could get this Alchemist's help in refining pills for them, they would have an advantage in the coming battle.

Leric was laughing in his mind when he heard the General's words, but he remained calm as a cucumber on the outside. "Alright. In return, I will help you refine one pill."

General Gavin's eyes flashed with excitement upon hearing his words, but he still shook his head to put on a show. "This... That would be too much, Sir Aethelwolf..."

Leric almost failed to hold back his laughter at the General's charade. He coughed to hide his smile and said. "I am a man of my words. Just call me when my lodging is prepared."

After saying those words, Leric left in a hurry. He might erupt into laughter if he remained here for long.

General Gavin glanced at Leric's back, but he dared not stop him from leaving the tent. When the Alchemist was gone, the General stared at Mr. Lassiter and said. "Anton, I'll leave this task to you. Make sure that Sir Aethelwolf won't be dissatisfied."

Anton Lassiter nodded his head at the General. Although he had become a Level 3 Esper, he still respected General Gavin as his superior. "Yes, General!"

Leric didn't want to stay idle while his tent was being prepared, so he told his father Anton that he would look around the camp to kill time.

"Sir Aethelwolf, do you want to have someone escort you around?" Anton Lassiter asked respectfully.

Leric shook his head. It was strange to see his father talking to him in a respectful manner like this. "No need. I prefer moving on my own. I'll come back in an hour, so you don't need to worry."

Anton Lassiter wanted to say something, but Leric already started walking away, so he could only shake his head bitterly. All of the secrets of their army were inside the General's tent, so he wasn't worried that the Alchemist would find anything about them. Besides, would a Level 4 Alchemist stoop so low to become someone's hired spy?

Leric walked around the camp with a bored look on his face. Wherever he looked, all he could see were grown men doing drills or chattering idly.

"What did I expect from an army camp..." Leric muttered to himself. Just then, he found himself in front of a tent that was even larger and more beautiful than General Gavin's. Leric wondered what kind of individual was inside that even his tent was much grander than the General's tent.

"Maybe a high-ranking noble's son?" Leric thought to himself as he sneakily walked towards the huge tent. He was curious about the individual staying here, so he decided to take a look inside the tent. He poked a small hole through the tent and took a peak.

However, what he saw almost made him have a nosebleed!

'Bloody hell!' He screamed in his mind.