

After Prison 1651

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“Fourth-grade low-rank materials?” Felix and Harris were left utterly dumbfounded upon seeing the materials Severin had unveiled. It did not cross their mind that Severin would attempt to refine a fourth-grade low-rank pill. If he succeeded, there would be no doubt that he was a fourth-grade low-rank alchemist.

In that instance, it was highly likely that their sect leader had scouted him and made the necessary living arrangements for him in the sect. Consequently, there was not much that they could do about it if Severin were indeed a fourth-grade low-rank alchemist who had been permitted to reside there.

“After you, then. I’ll have no choice but to concede defeat if you manage to successfully craft your pill. My skills are capped at third-grade high-rank. I’m not capable of producing pills any higher than that,” Igor declared after considering the matter for a while. He had spent the past few months attempting to craft a fourth-grade low-rank pill but made insignificant progress in his endeavor.

He had yet to make a breakthrough to the much-anticipated ability of a fourth-grade low-rank alchemist. The three fourth-grade low-rank alchemists he approached for advice were not keen on providing extensive guidance.

There were occasions where he shamelessly treated them to drinks and offered up some of his valuable treasures, yet the most that he received in return was a chance to observe them refine their pills once each

Regardless of whether Severin succeeded in crafting the pill, witnessing a fourth-grade low-rank alchemist’s work for free was a priceless opportunity for Igor. He intended to pay close attention to observing and perhaps even forgo crafting his own pill altogether. Trying to juggle the crafting and observing would make it difficult for him to pay attention. He was not prepared to miss his chance to scrutinize Severin’s technique.

Severin smiled, for he was already aware of Igor’s thoughts. Nevertheless, he paid little heed to it and began heating his cauldron without further ado.

“Isn’t Igor supposed to be here?” Harold Rigg, one of the fourth-grade low-rank alchemists, arrived at Igor’s courtyard. He expected to find Igor and the latter’s apprentices there, but all he saw upon arrival was an empty courtyard. He glanced around and eventually spotted them in the neighboring courtyard that was well-known for its location.

He hurried over to call Igor’s group and was surprised to see that they were observing a young man crafting a pill. He was immediately overwhelmed with shock as he caught sight of Severin’s fourth-grade low-rank materials.

“Is he a fourth-grade low-rank alchemist? When did he join the sect? Why wasn’t I told about this?” Harold whispered to his fellow alchemist Igor.

Igor whispered back, “He’s new, so I’m not sure if he’s genuinely a fourth-grade low-rank alchemist or if he’s just pretending.

However, Severin's alchemical skills soon left the two observers in awe. They marveled at Severin's precise manipulation of each ingredient, his accurate timing, and his exemplary control over the fire. Severin's display of mastery was truly beyond comparison.

Felix and Harris found themselves brimming with excitement. It was a first for them to observe a fourth-grade low-rank alchemist at the cauldron. In the past, their exposure to alchemy was limited only to Igor's third-grade low-rank experience. Even then, they did not get to see their master do so very frequently. It went without saying that neither had the chance to watch any of the fourth-grade low-rank alchemists at work.

That such an opportunity would present itself was thus a welcome surprise.

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"He's almost done! Such amazing speed and technique!" Harold remarked, feeling somewhat humbled after observing Severin's work

"Rise!" Severin exclaimed less than half a minute after Harold's remark. He raised his hand and gracefully levitated a pill before their eyes.

"He succeeded! This all but confirms that he's a fourth-grade low-rank alchemist!" Felix was left in awe of Severin's abilities. Deep down, he could not help but scold himself for looking down on Severin and attempting to show off in front of him.

"He's... He's a fourth-grade alchemist!" Igor grappled with his mixed emotions. On the one hand, he was delighted that the sect had one more formidable alchemist as a member. On the other, he regretted that their initial exchange came off as a confrontation. It would be awkward for him to approach Severin for alchemical advice in the future since he had offended Severin so gravely.

"Impressive. This is an elite-quality three-lined pill," Harold remarked after approaching him for a closer inspection. His voice was trembling slightly as he spoke.

"A... A three-lined pill?" The others were immediately taken aback. They rushed forward to confirm it for themselves. Needless to say, they were shocked to see that the pill was indeed an elite-quality three-lined pill. That was the first time that they had encountered something like that.

For the record, the ability to craft an elite-quality pill was a testament to the alchemist's mastery of every single detail in the crafting process. The successful creation of an elite-quality fourth-grade low-rank pill was a sign that Severin's level of expertise was much higher than the level of the pill that he refined.

"You're not just a fourth-grade low-rank alchemist, are you?" Harold asked, his voice tinged with anxiousness. He knew that Severin's standards had far outclassed any of them, regardless of whether Severin was a fourth-grade medium-rank or low-level alchemist.

Severin nodded. "You've guessed correctly. I'm not a fourth-grade low-rank alchemist. I'm a fourth-grade medium-rank alchemist."

"A fourth-grade medium-rank alchemist!" Felix exclaimed in astonishment. Severin once again defied their expectations and

left them awestruck.

‘No wonder... That’s the reason he was allowed to live here. I didn’t think he would be so skilled!’ Harris acknowledged Severin’s abilities. When he recalled that Severin addressed them as if they were his seniors, he was lost for words and felt that Severin had kept too low a profile.

“Did you just say that he was arranged to stay here?” Harok’s mind went blank for a moment. He soon let out a laugh and said, “Haha. Only someone of his caliber can earn all the other alchemists’ respect and be allowed to stay here.”

Igor smiled wryly and approached Severin, bowing slightly to express his apology. “I sincerely hope you can forgive my disrespect earlier. I was ignorant in challenging you. It was foolish on my part,

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“Did you make some sort of bet with him?” Harold asked with an odd expression. Observing Severin’s alchemical expertise had been immensely instructive for him. It would offer much potential for him to improve his standards once he went back to reflect upon what he had learned.

Igor nodded bitterly. “I didn’t expect such a formidable alchemist to join our sect.”

Severin smiled and spoke up, “Ahem. Well, you’ve lost the bet, so you should hand over...”

“I will address you with the utmost respect from now on Your demonstration has been such an inspiration, and I have gained much insight from it. I hope that you’ll be so kind as to provide us with some guidance if such an opportunity ever arises.] will be very thankful for that,” Igor remarked as he took out ten fourth–grade low–rank spiritual herbs for Severin.

Many alchemists put on an aloof demeanor in the presence of other disciples or protectors, showing only the most profound of respect when addressing alchemists of higher rank Making breakthroughs in alchemy was challenging, and guidance from a more skilled alchemist could lead to inspirational breakthroughs. It would go a long way in saving them significant time on their journey to mastery.

Severin graciously accepted the spiritual herbs and assured them, “Well, your house is just next to mine. We’re neighbors now, aren’t we?”

Harold then introduced himself, “My name is Harold, I’m a fourth–grade low–rank alchemist. I hope you can teach me a thing or two in the future.”

Severin offered a warm smile. “Of course. We all serve the sect as alchemists, so feel free to approach me with any questions you may have.”

Felix and Harris breathed sighs of relief upon seeing Severin’s forgiving nature. He projected a very magnanimous aura.

“My name is Igor, master to those two guys. I’m your immediate neighbor, and that house next to mine is where Elder Harold is staying.” Igor introduced himself.

“That’s good to know.” Severin nodded. “We have plenty of time to get acquainted with each other.”

“We’ll excuse ourselves then. See you around!” Igor left swiftly with the others.

After they were all gone, Sheila exclaimed with a smile, "Talk about trying to act all high and mighty. Did you see how shell-shocked they ended up when they watched Severin refine those pills?"

Sofia remarked, "That's because we're new. It was their first time meeting us, and they didn't know who we were at first. I'm not surprised that they would misjudge us. Then again, I wasn't too happy to see how arrogant they initially were. I'm glad they got what's coming for them in the end!"

"You heard what my uncle-master said earlier. We've just arrived at the sect, so let's take a couple of days to relax, familiarize ourselves with the sect, and explore the nearby towns. Bring Selene along with you too," Severin said.

He then gave it some thought and continued, "But it's important that you all step up your training after that. It would be best to make a breakthrough or two before we proceed to explore the Paradise Secret Realm. You're all aware that there are twelve tokens and many of them are in the hands of several first-tier or second-tier sects. It will be dangerous to enter the Paradise Secret Realm with low attainment. It's important that you raise your attainment as much as possible before then." Sheila was elated to hear that, but she sought further confirmation, "Does that mean I can come with you too?"

Severin nodded. "You can, but your attainment needs improvement. It could be dangerous if your strength isn't up to par when we enter the realm. I can't guarantee that I'll be at your side all the time. After all, my primary task is to locate that black tower."

Upon hearing that, Selene lowered her head with a hint of disappointment. "Guess I won't be able to join you then."

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Selene's reaction elicited a chuckle from Severin. "Haha, you're already very strong, Selene, but we all have to continue working hard. Even though you won't be able to come with me this time, perhaps you'll get the chance the next time the Paradise Secret Realm opens. Hmm... Maybe not. That'll be six years from now, which is too quick. Still, if you're able to make a lot of progress, you might even be able to surpass that of a saint by then!"

Selene giggled and said, "Hehe? Really? I'll be super strong then!"

After Igor and the others left, news of a fourth-grade medium-rank alchemist began to spread throughout the sect. Many of the sect's alchemists came to visit Severin that afternoon, and he greeted them all warmly.

When nightfall came, Severin enjoyed a good night's rest.

The following morning, Severin prepared to enjoy a peaceful morning in the courtyard when Wuhlricht came to meet him all of a sudden.

"Good morning!" Sheila greeted Wuhlricht warmly upon his arrival.

Wuhlricht smiled and asked, "How's everyone adjusting to life here? It's not as lively as the big cities, I believe."

Severin replied with a smile, "Practitioners like us value the opportunity to improve our attainment. The tranquility and the rich spiritual energy have a lot to offer us. We're adjusting perfectly."

Wuhlricht nodded. "It's good to hear that you're all settling in well "

He then said to Severin in a more serious tone, "Care to join me for a short walk? I have something to discuss with you."

Severin agreed and left the courtyard with Wuhlricht. They soon arrived at a palace-like building where Wuhlricht resided. They entered a courtyard, where Severin found a blue-clad woman playing a piano..

She looked like a fairy and exuded a captivating, ethereal aura. However, her expressionless face bore a hint of sadness, which added to her enigmatic charm. Despite the melancholic atmosphere, Severin found himself drawn to her.

"Dad!" She called out upon spotting Wuhlricht's arrival.

Wuhlricht smiled and asked, "How have you been, Gilda? Any improvements to your condition?"

Gilda smiled bitterly and said, "No improvements whatsoever. It's getting worse. I fainted three times yesterday. It's a good thing the girls were around me all the time. They helped me as soon as they saw my condition worsen."

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Severin put two and two together after hearing the conversation. "Is Gilda sick?" Severin wondered.

Though Gilda had a smile on her face when she saw Wuhlricht, Severin observed that the smile appeared forced. It was likely a conscious effort to prevent Wuhlricht from worrying too much about her.

Before Wuhlricht could say anything else, Gilda said. "But I've gotten over it, Dad. All humans eventually die. If I can't be cured, then so be it."

"Are you sick?" Severin frowned and observed Gilda's body intently. He could only frown after attempting to diagnose the issue because Gilda appeared entirely healthy. His medical knowledge proved scant in identifying her ailment, but there had to be an explanation as to why she would faint thrice in a day. Severin was puzzled as a result.

"Who is this?" Gilda wanted to shift the focus away from her health, so she turned her gaze toward Severin and asked about him.

Wuhlricht introduced Severin with a smile, "This is my senior's disciple, Severin. I've mentioned him to you before.

Gilda viewed Severin more highly after the instruction. "Your senior is a top talent in the realm of attainment, so his disciple must be a remarkable individual too."

Severin replied modestly, "You're too kind, Miss Gilda. It was through sheer luck that I could receive tutelage from my master, and it's all thanks to his teachings that I had the opportunity to join the Skyblue Sect and become its member."

Wuhlricht chuckled. "No need to be so humble, Severin. You're a part of us now, and not as a member, but an elder!"

Gilda smiled and said to Severin, "That's very modest of you. Your attainment must be very high if you were appointed an elder upon your acceptance."

Wuhtricht clarified, "He is currently a fourth-grade low-rank alchemist, and that more than qualified him to be a sect elder. Though his attainment might not have reached the requirement yet, it's only a matter of time until he's there. His talent is extraordinary, after all."

"Fourth-grade low-rank? That's very impressive. Our sect's alchemists are often preoccupied with their work and have limited time for attainment. This is probably the drawback of becoming an alchemist," Gilda remarked in some surprise after being told about Severin's alchemy grade.

They w

were both unaware that Severin had already progressed to a fourth-grade medium-rank alchemist, but Severin chose not to correct their misconception, "Your attainment level is incredibly high, Miss Gilda. Now that you're a level nine saint, it'll only take a bit of further effort for you to break through to level one royal saint."

Severin was the disciple of that man' after all, so Gilda was not surprised that Severin could gauge her attainment level so accurately, She smiled and said, "Hehe, I tend to faint very often, and there are times I may lapse into a coma. There's no point in becoming a royal saint if there's always a risk that I might collapse and never wake up. It would be laughable for me to collapse during a battle and die just like that."

Severin frowned at her statement and suggested, "I have some medical knowledge, but I can't identify the precise ailment you're suffering from without doing a more thorough examination. Would you like me to take your pulse and assess your condition? I might have a way of treating it."

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Wuhlicht, however, dismissed the idea. "You're more than thankful that you're willing to show such a kind gesture, but I know the nature of Gilda's illness. No one can cure it. There's no need for you to go through all the trouble of examining her. I'm confident that she suffers only from occasional loss of consciousness. It won't be severe enough to end up being fatal."

"I see, Severin responded with a frown. He did not understand why Wuhlicht had abruptly rejected his offer without giving him an opportunity to help. However, that reaction did not seem that out of place if he took into account the failed endeavors of countless experts in the Skyblue Sect. If they failed, then there was probably not much he could do either.

"Severin is slightly older than you, but you can just call him Severin. He's one of us now, so I hope you can spend some more time with him in the future. It'll be good for you two to talk to each other and go on walks," Wuhlicht proposed with a warm

smile.

"Understood," Gilda agreed with a sweet and charming smile.

"Come with me, Severin. I'll bring you to the Treasure Pavilion!" Wuhlicht extended an invitation.

Severin nodded and flew up with Wuhlricht. However, he was taken by surprise when Wuhlricht changed course mid-flight and led him to another pavilion by the cliff's edge.

Severin asked, "Isn't the Treasure Pavillion over there?"

Wuhleicht smiled wryly and admitted, "Did you think I really wanted to bring you to the Treasure Pavilion? I only said that to mislead Gilda."

Severin realized that Wuhlricht wanted to speak to him privately on matters that were best kept from Gilda.

After some contemplation, Severin suggested, "Why didn't you let me help? My medical skills are quite decent, and I might stand a good chance of success."

Wuhlricht sat on a nearby stone stool. Instead of addressing Severin's offer directly, he posed an unexpected question, "What do you think of my daughter?"

Severin was taken aback, for he did not anticipate Wuhlricht to ask such a question. After a brief pause, he replied, "She's amazing. Achieving level nine saint at such a young age is a feat, and it'll only be a matter of time until she makes a breakthrough to level one royal saint. I only have praise for her talent."

"That's not the question I asked." Wuhlricht then cleared his throat before posing another question. "What do you think about her appearance? Do you find her attractive? Is she your type?"

Severin nearly choked. It was the first time he met Gilda, and he could not believe that Wuhlricht was already asking if she was his type. He thought to himself, 'Does Wuhlricht want to arrange a marriage between Gilda and myself after that brief introduction?'

Though Severin acknowledged his good looks, it felt premature to discuss romantic interests because they had only just met. He responded somewhat awkwardly, "Well, she's very beautiful, and her beauty is one of a kind. I'm sure any young man who lays eyes on her would find her very attractive."

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Wuhlricht, however, continued to scrutinize him and asked, "I'm not looking for a politically correct answer. I'm asking what you think. Do you find her attractive?"

Severin felt awkward and tried to avert his gaze. "Yes, I do. Who wouldn't? But I only just met her. It doesn't seem like the right time for you to ask such a question."

Wuhlricht then explained, "As long as you find her attractive, the appropriateness of the question doesn't matter. I don't have time to beat around the bush. There's something I need your help with."

Severin was stunned for a moment. "What could I possibly be able to help you with? What else is there that someone of your high attainment can't do? Is this related to the black tower?"

Wuhlricht shook his head and responded, "My daughter possesses a unique negative-energy constitution known as the Ice- Blood Constitution. I'm sure you've heard of it before."

Severin exclaimed in shock, "I didn't think that people with such a constitution existed."

He knew that there were certain people with unique constitutions, though these were far and few in between. His body, for instance, had a notably strong positive-energy constitution known as the Sun-Heart Constitution. However, the Ice-Blood Constitution was even rarer, almost as if it was the stuff of legends.

After a brief pause, Severin continued, "I was told by my master that individuals with the Ice-Blood Constitution have a very low body temperature. There were even cases where their bodies would develop a layer of ice when sleeping at night. Those with this constitution are incredibly talented, apparently because they were looked upon favorably by the powers that be. However, that constitution is so cursed that there are simply no words to describe it. People who are afflicted with this generally don't survive past thirty years of age and tend to fall into an eternal coma."

Severin paused in deep thought before continuing, "However, my master never taught me any method of treating such a condition. I remember very clearly that he simply mentioned its existence."

Wuhlricht sighed wistfully and said to Severin, "There is a way of treating this condition, but very few are privy to this information. Only the great elder and I are aware of it. There aren't a lot of people who suffer from the Ice-Blood Constitution, so we've never revealed the truth to Gilda. She still doesn't know what she's suffering from. The frequency of her comas has increased from once a month, to once every ten days, then once a day, and, as you've heard, thrice a day."

Wuhlricht paused and continued, "The duration of each coma is growing longer too. She fears that she might never wake up from it one day. However, she's a filial young lady who conceals her despair with forced smiles whenever I visit her."

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Severin's heart skipped a beat when she heard that. "So, what I'm getting from you is that you know how to treat it and you need my assistance to execute it? If that's true, then let me know what I can do to help. I'm willing to do whatever it takes to help her, even if it means having to descend into a sea of fire."

Wuhlricht nodded with joy. "You're aware that individuals with the Ice-Blond Constitution cannot live beyond the age of thirty. Their thirtieth birthday marks the end of their lives. At that point, their bodies will undergo a complete transformation from the inside out, freezing them into an ice sculpture from which they'll never awaken. Gilda is currently just over twenty-nine years old, so please lend me your hand and save my daughter. I don't want to lose her."

After a pause, Wuhlricht gazed at Severin earnestly and implored, "I'm begging you, Severin"

Severin promptly responded, "You and I are like family, and you've shown immense kindness to me already. You don't need to beg me for that. I promise to help in whatever way I can. Tell me. What do you need me to do?"

Wuhlricht then revealed, "The Ice-Blood Constitution acts up during the fifteenth of August every year. It will be less severe on a moonless night, but worse on nights where the moon is clear. During this time, Gilda's body becomes extremely cold, and she would always lose consciousness as a result. The treatment requires an individual with a strong Sun-Heart Constitution to be physically intimate with her

on that very night. In taking her innocence, both constitutions will be neutralized and Gilda's body will be restored to normal. This will then ensure her survival past the age of thirty."

Wuhlricht's words rendered Severin silent. He now understood why Wuhlricht had prevented him from examining Gilda's pulse earlier. He had been concerned that Severin might reveal his daughter's condition upon learning of it or that Severin might know about the treatment.

After a brief episode of bewilderment, Severin finally said, "Is this why you asked me if I found Gilda attractive? It all makes sense now. There's a reason why you insisted on my arrival before the fifteenth of August. You were worried that you might miss out on the best time to treat her."

Wuhlricht affirmed. "Yes, this is our only chance. Missing it would render any subsequent treatment attempts ineffective. This method is the only one that the great elder and I have so painstakingly discovered from an ancient text."

Severin considered the proposal for a moment and then conveyed his sentiments, "I have no issue with this, but I am reluctant to take away Gilda's innocence in this manner. I think it's best for you to inform her of the circumstances surrounding this. She has the right to know."

Wuhlricht shook his head and responded, "I know her character too well. She will refuse if I tell her. She places a lot of importance on her innocence."

After contemplating it for a while, Severin proposed an alternative. "There are still four days left. Why don't you ask her if she is willing to marry me? We could hold the wedding on that day, and I can be responsible for her. It might seem hasty, but at least she would be well informed."

Wuhlricht sighed helplessly and replied, "It's impossible for her to fall in love with you in four days, and I doubt she would agree to marry you. The only option is to take her innocence that night without letting her know about it, or else she might try to kill you if she discovers the truth. When everything is done, I will inform her that someone with a Sun-Heart Constitution has healed her. Rest assured that I won't reveal who it was even if she asks about it. You can see it as an unexpected night of intimacy."

After thinking it over, Severin remarked, "I will strive to win her affections in the future after being her first. I will take responsibility for her."

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Wuhlricht then looked at Severin all of a sudden and addressed him, saying, "I can tell that you're a responsible person, Severin, and I'm glad you're willing to take responsibility for Gilda." Following a pause, Wuhlricht continued, "I do hope that you'll both be together eventually, but I'm afraid it's not very likely to happen. Winning her heart in a short time will be a herculean task, especially since she's already engaged and loves a young prodigy very much. That being said, you're the only one who can save Gilda."

Severin nodded and finally understood everything. "I see. No wonder you're keeping your plans a secret. She will never agree because she's in love with someone else, but you, as her father, cannot hear to watch your daughter's demise."

Wuhlricht sighed. "To you understand my dilemma now? I have no other option. No parent would stand by and do nothing when they know that there's a way to save their daughter's life. Besides, a lot of men

and women do not save themselves before marriage nowadays. I trust that her fiancé will not mind that her first time has been taken away if he truly loves her.”

“I understand, and I agree to help you. We’ll meet again on August the fifteenth,” Severin said with a nod.

Wuhlricht advised, “Spend the next few days resting and refining some pills. Just don’t get so engrossed in your attainment that you lose track of time.”

Lastly, Wuhlricht stressed to Severin, “Remember, under no circumstances can you divulge any of this to Gilda

“I vow to keep this between us. By the way, Gilda’s fiancé must be a very outstanding individual then,” Severin promised.

Wuhlricht explained, “He’s a prodigy from one of the most powerful first-tier sects, and he’s the sect leader’s son. Though he is only thirty years old, he has already reached the level of a level five royal saint. He’s expected to become the next leader of

the Horizon Sect.”

Severin was taken aback by this revelation. Gilda’s fiancé was a truly exceptional prodigy if he could reach such a high level of attainment at such a young age.

After a moment of contemplation, Wuhlricht added, “Oh, and I almost forgot to tell you something very important ”

“How important is very important?” Severin asked with a puzzled expression

“More important than you can fathom. I say that because it presents a significant opportunity for you,” Wuhlricht remarked.

Severin’s curiosity was piqued. “An opportunity?”

Wuhlricht replied, “Yes. According to the ancient text, when a person with a Sun–Heart Constitution and an Ice–Blood Constitution are physically intimate for the first time, both will receive blessings from the surrounding energy. Their levels of attainment will skyrocket. The woman will experience an immediate breakthrough in attainment, while energy will pour continuously into the man’s body. This energy can either be used for a swift breakthrough or stored as an energy sphere. You can later choose to harness the stored energy for a rapid breakthrough at any time in the future.”

Severin inquired, “An energy sphere? What do I need to do to produce it?”

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Severin’s heart was filled with excitement. He had expected it, but he was not going to turn down any potential benefit in his pursuit to save Gilda.

Wuhlricht continued, “Many people opt to secure an immediate breakthrough though, but you shouldn’t. Advancing to a royal saint means that you will not be able to enter the Paradise Secret Realm. You must, therefore, store it in an energy sphere in your body’s energy core. Once you’re inside the

Paradise Secret Realm, you should be able to make a safe breakthrough. Your attainment level will be elevated when you're inside, and you won't be able to leave the realm until the time it closes "

Severin smiled and replied, "My demands aren't very high. I would be very content if I could elevate my attainment by a single level, but as we all know, it's difficult to do so when our attainment reaches this level."

Wohlrict then said, "None of us can predict the degree of advancement that this will facilitate for both you and Gilda. The ancient text says that there will be a substantial boost in attainment, but the precise extent of that boost would depend on the both of you."

Severin smiled bitterly and expressed his concern, "But I don't even know how to create an energy sphere within my body, or how I should store the energy without absorbing it."

Wuhrict reassured him, "It's simple. You will have to employ a specific technique to control the energy when you receive an influx of it, ensuring that it circulates continuously within your energy core. It will form a rotating vortex that will ultimately be kept within your body."

Severin then asked further, "Does this mean it will continue to spin on its own without being absorbed?"

"Yes. The energy acquired in this manner differs slightly as it stems from the blessing derived from your surroundings after engaging in physical intimacy. It's different from the energy that you harness through your training," Wahlrict replied with a nod.

Severin pondered upon those instructions before asking further, "What should I do if I want to absorb the energy?"

"Simply employ your mental power to reverse the rotation of the vortex. This will automatically allow the energy to disperse and you can then absorb it with your abilities."

Severin then sighed with relief, "Sounds pretty straightforward. I hope I can manage to do it."

"You need to or else your attainment will jump right up to the royal saint. If that happens, I won't permit you to enter the Paradise Secret Realm. Abstain from elevating your attainment from now on, just to be safe," Wuhrict said, patting Severin's shoulder.

Severin smiled helplessly and said, "Okay, Rather than focus on my attainment, I'll spend this period refining more pills to enhance my alchemical skills. "