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Although the people kept their voices down as they were chatting with each other, Severin could still overhear their conversation as soon as he entered the door.

He could not help but smile as he led Diane and others to find a place to sit.

However, he did not expect that Satchel would overhear the same conversation too. Satchel immediately made a loud announcement to introduce Severin to everyone. "May I have your attention, please? I'm sure all of you are curious about the identity of the newly-appointed head of South County Mansion, so allow me to introduce you to him!"

He then looked right at Severin, grinned cheekily, and then began his introduction, "That's right, this man right here is Mister Severin, the South County's governor! As you can tell, he is a young and promising individual who is only in his twenties. He mentioned that this is his first time attending the province governor's birthday, and the gift he plans to bestow to the province governor is said to be one that will make everyone's eyes widen in awe!"

"You..." Felicia's lips twitched a couple of times when she heard that, and she clenched her fists because she could tell that Satchel had ulterior motives for doing so, and his goal was to thrust him into the spotlight so he could be under public scrutiny.

However, Felicia knew that it would be unwise if she came forth and tried to downplay the supposed 'gift'. After all, that would make her seem as though she did not put sufficient consideration into the banquet. For a moment, she did not know how to refute him.

"Oh, is that so? We're curious to know what sort of treasure the South County's governor has prepared for the province governor this time!" A man in his 50s came forth and remarked.

Regan then immediately came to Severin and introduced the man to him, "Sir, this is the North County's governor, Timon Lovren."

"Ah, the North County's governor! It's a pleasure to meet you!" Severin had a very flat expression, and he merely smiled at Timon before nodding respectfully. "Mister Satchel was just joking. I'm sure everyone knows that I was never a famous person, and I couldn't have had any time to amass any treasures in the time that I've become the county governor. Being invited to the province governor's sixtieth birthday party is already a huge honor."

Satchel's mouth twitched violently, and he had to admit that Severin was witty enough to use his sentences and get out of a tricky situation.

"Hehe, you're just being modest, Mister Severin." Timon chuckled, and said, "There has to be something about you that stands out if you could become the governor of one of four major counties in Skystream Province. You don't have to be so humble. We just need to work hard and strive to make contributions to the Skystream Province, so that they will be the best among all nine provinces."

Severin did not expect that Timon would be such a smooth-talker too. Though it initially sounded as if Timon was chastising Severin, he later used his words expertly as if to tell Severin that everyone is on the same boat. That way, Timon would not offend anyone with that remark.

With a smile, Severin nodded and said, "I agree wholeheartedly, Mister Timon. We will have to work hard together in the future. However, you and the rest of the county governors are my seniors, so there is much still for me to learn from you."

"Haha, you're too kind! Too kind!" Timon laughed. He seemed to be quite pleased after hearing Severin's flattery.

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Meanwhile, Satchel had an ugly expression on his face. Despite initially wanting to put Severin under public scrutiny, Severin was able to turn the situation around with eloquence and successfully strengthen his relationship with Timon.

To everyone's surprise, an old man came forth with a smile and said, "You're both right. As the four county governors under Skystream Province, we must always help each other whenever we encounter any troubles. We mustn't emulate those with questionable characters who like secretly playing tricks behind one's back."

Severin could discern the presence of a deeper meaning behind his words, and he immediately nodded at the person while asking humbly, "May I ask who you might be?"

Regan hastily explained, "This is the West County's governor, Fonzo Shanahan."

Severin immediately said, "Mister Fonzo! I am pleased to make your acquaintance today!" Severin then glanced at Fonzo's legs and could not help but frown. "What happened to your leg?"

Fonzo had to walk with the help of a cane, so it was quite clear that there are some problems with his leg. He was very self-conscious about it because he had to walk with a limp most of the time.

When Severin brought up his leg issue in front of so many people, the smile on his face disappeared instantly and his expression sank right away.

"Hehe, did you have to open that can of worms? Are you trying to make Mister Fonzo look bad on purpose?" When the opportunity to stir trouble arose, Draven immediately seized the opportunity and accused Severin.

Fonzo's mouth twitched a few times, but for the sake of his dignity, he forced a smile and said, "Hehe, don't worry about it. This limp has been there for donkey years, and everyone knows about it. There's no need to get worked out about it."

Severin smiled and said respectfully, "I have no ulterior motives for asking you that, Mister Fonzo. I simply want to know how this came to be. I've dabbled in medicine, so perhaps I might be able to help you cure it.

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A gleam of light flashed in Fonzo's eyes when he heard that, but that gleam soon disappeared.

He smiled awkwardly. "Thank you for your kindness, Mister Severin, but this limp has been with me for ages. I've sought the treatment of countless doctors in the past, and my daughter brought me to far lands just to seek treatment too. Nothing worked, unfortunately, and I've accepted that I will have to live with it for the rest of my life."

His charming, middle-aged daughter Mae-Lynne-who had been standing beside him-smiled wryly and said to Severin, "We appreciate your kindness, Mister Severin, but this limp is incredibly difficult to treat. He ventured into a dangerous place to hunt for treasure when he was young and ended up getting poisoned. The poison destroyed the nerves in his right knee, and because it's been so long, even the bone tissue there is now a little necrotic. Many who claim to be miracle doctors could only shake their heads when they saw his situation."

After Severin finished listening to the explanation, he smiled and said, "I see. I believe I can try using some silver needles to stimulate the nerve endings. I also know of a low-grade alchemical pill that will be very effective in helping you regenerate damaged bone tissue. If we use both approaches, you'll have a complete recovery in about five days."

"Five days? A complete recovery!" Mae-Lynne and Fonzo exchanged glances at each other, wondering if

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After her initial bewilderment, Mae-Lynne noticed that Severin seemed to be telling the truth, so she asked him tentatively, "You're not kidding, are you, Mister Severin? Will you be able to heal my dad?" Severin smiled and said, "Do I look like the kind of person who would joke about such a thing, especially in the presence of so many mayors, county governors, and patriarchs of aristocratic families watching? Wouldn't I just be embarrassing myself in this situation if I did that?"

After hearing what Severin said, Fonzo could not hold back any longer and said in a trembling voice, "Is that true, Mister Severin? Will you really be able to cure me?"

Severin smiled and said, "Of course. I can give you some dry needling treatment right now and refine for you two of the pills that I mentioned earlier. It won't take much time anyway."

"Perhaps it's best not to have put too much hope on this, otherwise we'd only be setting ourselves up for greater disappointment!" Mae-Lynne thought about his offer and smiled wryly before reminding her father.

Fonzo had a bitter smile as he said, "You're right. Many of the doctors I met before initially said that they could cure me, but in the end, it all went to naught even though I've spent a lot of money."

After hearing that, Walbert remarked from the side, "Mister Fonzo, sir, I think it's best that you don't believe such claims. You wouldn't know if there would be any side effects if his treatment isn't able to cure you."

Fonzo smiled wryly and said, "It's fine. I'm curious to see what he can do too. I'll keep my expectations low and just assume that the treatment will be futile."

However, Severin said with a smile, "It's fine to have higher expectations, Mister Fonzo, because once I give you the dry needling treatment and let you take one of the pills that I mentioned, you'll start to feel

an obvious change in your leg within ten or so minutes. It won't heal right away though, and I'll need to go through four sessions with you before you can completely recover."

Severin's conviction made Mae-Lynne excited as she said, "Are you that confident, Mister Severin? Will you really be able to cure my dad completely?"

Severin smiled and said, "Of course. My wife shares the same surname as you, so you could say that she's your distant family. I don't need to lie to family, now do I? This is my wife, Diane Shanahan!"

After hearing this, Mae-Lynne's eyes lit up and she said with a smile, "Wow, it's already a huge coincidence that we share the same surname, and it's even more amazing that our names almost seem to rhyme! My name is Mae-Lynne."

When Megan heard that, she smiled and said, "Really? I'm her sister, and my name is Megan. I didn't think our names would be so similar that those who didn't hear carefully would have misheard it."

"I didn't expect that either! We need to exchange contact information later, Megan. I can bring you around tomorrow too, since I'm pretty familiar with the place. Mae-Lynne said excitedly.

After hearing that, Megan frowned and said, "But, we have to go back to South Link City tomorrow."

Severin smiled wryly and said, "There's been a change of plans. We'll have to postpone my return for a few days because I need to give Mister Fonzo some dry needling treatment. Aside from today, there are still another for days before the treatment can be considered to have ended."

"Yay, that's great! I gotta enjoy myself a little more and play around for a few more days." Megan's eyes lit up instantly and she was brimming with joy.

"You have my thanks, Mister Severin, and I say this regardless of whether or not you'll be successful in the end, this is the first time in a long time that I felt a genuine glimmer of hope.

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Despite Severin's convincing statement, Fonzo did not dare to put too much hope on Severin for fear that he might be disappointed.

"You flatter me. Let's have a seat over there. I'll do some dry needling with you for the moment!" Severin smiled slightly, walked over to the sofa, and beckoned Fonzo to sit down..

After Fonzo had taken his seat, Severin took out a small box with a wave of his palm. Then, he rolled up Fonzo's trouser legs and examined the man's condition. Once the examination was over, he opened the box, took out a silver needle, and inserted it into a point on Fonzo's legs.

Many people were curious after seeing what was going on. Since most of them had nothing better to do at the moment, they decided to watch and see if Severin was genuinely capable of healing the legs of a man who had walked with a limp for nearly ten years.

Further away, Kroan and Satchel exchanged glances and had an exceedingly ugly expression on their faces. Their initial intention was to humiliate Severin to the point where other people would look down on him.

It had never crossed their mind that the result be the complete opposite, with Severin becoming much closer to the north and west county's governors.

After some thought, Kroan led Satchel to a corner and said to him, "What should we do, Mister Satchel? Severin will need several days to treat Mister Fonzo, so does this mean Fonzo won't be able to recover fully if the two disciples from the Wind Moon Sect kill him later?"

Satchel thought for a while and said with a frown, "Are you worried that Mister Fonzo might not be happy once he finds out why Severin was killed?"

Kroan nodded. "Yes. Perhaps we can postpone killing him if he is capable of healing Fonzo's leg?"

Satchel thought for a moment, snickered evilly, and said, "You worry too much. We're not the ones who will be killing him. It's the Stormy Moon Sect's seniors, if you get what I mean. We never thought about getting revenge at all, and he was the one who killed four of the Stormy Moon Sect's disciples, which is why the two elite disciples who have high attainment decided to kill him. It has nothing to do with us, understand?"

After saying that, Satchel looked around before whispering, "Besides, whether Severin can cure Fonzo's leg or not has nothing to do with us. We-the forces of Skystream City-are under the jurisdiction of the province mansion, and therefore we are under the central administrative system. On what grounds will Fonzo take up this matter with us if it's the Stormy Moon Sect that killed Severin?"

Kroan slapped his forehead and laughed, "Haha, you're right. This has nothing to do with us at all. We'd be glad to see him die, but we're not involved in his death in any way whatsoever."

"I'm glad you get my drift!" Satchel nodded. In his curiosity, he walked toward Severin in the crowd.

At that moment, Severin had already placed his silver needles away.

"I... I can feel my legs getting a little warmer now," Fonzo said.

Severin nodded before explaining, "The next step will be for me to refine the pill for you. I happen to have all the ingredients for that pill here, and since we have time to spare, I'll refine it right now in front of you."

Then, Severin produced the alchemy furnace with a wave of his palm.

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"Not bad! I never thought I would get the chance to witness a demonstration of alchemy here! It's our lucky day today." Some of the mayors who had never seen alchemy before were intrigued when they saw

that scene.

The alchemists of several families who attended the birthday banquet smiled too, and one of them said, "A pill that can cure diseases is probably not very high in terms of their grade. It's very likely to be one of those lower-grade pills."

Riken, however, made a sudden observation and his eyes lit up instantly. "Is that a first-grade spiritual tool? If my eyes don't deceive me, your alchemy furnace is a spiritual tool!"

"What? It's a spiritual tool?" Several alchemists gasped when they heard that.

Even the alchemy furnace used by Riken was only a ninth-grade mystical tool, and it was already considered better than most. Though the spiritual tool used by Severin was just one grade higher than Riken's, it was still much better than the mystical tool that Riken owned.

More importantly, there was a huge gap between 'spiritual' tools and 'mystical' tools, and the difference between them was simply incomparable.

Severin nodded. "You're right. It is a spiritual tool, but it's only a first-grade one."

Everyone became envious, and they were a little infuriated that he would downplay the significance of his

weapon.

"You don't see spiritual alchemy furnaces very often!" Riken smiled, but he felt a little jealous too. He frequently felt that Severin's alchemy skills were below his standard, yet the alchemy furnace that Severin used was of a much higher grade than his. That was downright blasphemous in his opinion.

However, his frustration soon turned to that joy when he remembered that Severin would soon be killed. after the banquet was over.

Since Severin's attainment was rather high and he was also the South County's governor, the warrior emperors Meldrick and Sofia would certainly take away Severin's spatial ring after killing him. Neither of them would have any use for the alchemy furnace, so he believed that he could get it from them if he flattered them or exchanged certain valuable items like second-grade pills.

Riken could not help but feel overjoyed when he thought of that. Severin had already taken out two sets of materials and started warming the furnace up.

Everyone soon noticed that Severin threw a duplicate of every material into the furnace. An alchemist, who had been observing him throughout the entire process was amazed to see that. "Although the pill that he's refining is a lower grade pill, his mental strength must be astounding if he could refine two of them at the same time."

Another second-grade low-rank alchemist smiled and said, "Many people are very proficient at refining low-rank pills, which isn't at all not surprising especially when it comes to certain types of pills. Repeated refinement will naturally increase one's proficiency."

The other alchemists nodded in agreement after hearing that.

However, Riken's had another sudden thought. Although the alchemist was correct in saying that repeated refinement increases one's proficiency and technique, they forgot one crucial aspect-Severin

was not refining a pill that could improve a person's attainment, but a first-grade low-rank pill that could cure a person's disease.

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Such pills were not used very often, so Severin could not have refined it that many times. One could still justify the situation if the pills Severin refined aided attainment, since it was understandable that he might have refined those countless times already.

However, Severin was refining a pill that could cure diseases, specifically one that helped with leg problems. There was no logical reason why a person would train their technique by refining those pills because it would only have been a complete waste of materials for him to do so.

It could thus be inferred that Severin's alchemy level was certainly much higher than that of a first-grade low-rank alchemist, perhaps even higher than that of a first-grade medium-rank alchemist. He estimated that Severin was at least a first-grade high-rank alchemist because Severin could still demonstrate proficiency in refining an unfamiliar pill.

"His mastery of the fire is truly incredible!" After further observation, even Riken-whose skills in alchemy were the highest among every other alchemist there was impressed by Severin's technique. He had a feeling that Severin's level of alchemy was even higher than his.

"Rise!" At this moment, Severin belted an order and used telekinesis to levitate the small pills in front of him.

"He succeeded in just one attempt!" Someone exclaimed in awe after seeing what had happened.

"They look like elite-quality pills!" A first-grade medium-rank alchemist was astonished after taking a closer look.

"You're right. You can see there are patterns on it, and it's six lines too!"

The second-grade low-rank alchemist before could not bear it any longer and decided to just step forward and stare carefully at the two pills. He then said, "Tsk, tsk. Well, they're both elite-quality pills, and they both have six lines."

"Impossible!" Riken froze in place and had a look of disbelief in his eyes.

He and everyone else were aware that the quality of pills was divided into inferior, mediocre, superior, and elite. The main reason for whether they were elite-quality pills was whether or not there were patterns on the pills.

The presence of a pattern showed that there were few, if any, impurities in the pill. The energy contained within was thus very pure. It was only when the energy was sufficiently pure that the pill patterns would appear.

For first-grade low-rank pills, any second-grade medium-rank alchemist could occasionally refine elite-quality pills. However, there was usually only one pattern to the pills. If they were lucky, then perhaps there would be two-lined pills.

Meanwhile, Severin-despite refining two sets of materials at the same time-was still able to refine two elite-quality pills, and both two were six-lined too! There was no longer any doubt that Severin's alchemy level was high enough to have completely surpassed Riken.

“He’s too strong!” Even Draven and the others were in awe. After all, though they did not know much about alchemy, they were still able to tell the quality of a pill. Riken often showed off his finest pills to them too.

They were thus understandably shocked when they laid eyes on the six-lined pill.

“It’s all thanks to luck!” Severin smiled awkwardly. He had been too focused when he was refining the pill

earlier, and he had only a single thought in his mind-refining the pills to a state that would allow it to be used to the fullest of its ability. In his opinion, whether it was training or refining pills, every single refining session must be dealt with seriously.

However, Severin did not expect that his success would cause such a sensation!

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“He’s incredibly strong! This is the first time I’ve seen a six-lined pill in my entire life!” An old man said excitedly.

“Yeah, this is the first time I’ve seen something like this too. I’ve seen an elite-quality pill before, but it was a two-lined pill that Mister Riken refined,” a middle-aged man blurted out. As soon as he said that, he realized something and could not help but sneak a glance at Riken from the side.

As he had expected, his misspoken remark had left Riken looking gloomy, and it was obvious that Riken was in a very sour mood.

After all, Riken liked to show off in front of them whenever some elite-quality pills had been successfully refined. One could understand that Riken was not in a good mood after being compared to a brat.

A thought then came to the middle-aged man’s mind and he immediately explained, “Of course, there’s no point comparing them with each other. After all, Riken is now a second-grade medium-rank alchemist who is soon to reach second-grade high-rank. We shouldn’t be making comparisons with him.”

Riken felt much more at ease after that remark.

Severin could not care less about the bewilderment of everyone around him. He took the pills, handed them to Fonzo, and said, “You may take one now and save the other one for the day after tomorrow. I’ll give you some dry needling treatment once a day for the next four days, and you’ll be well on the road to recovery.”

“Thank you, Mister Severin!” Fonzo took the pill and felt extremely anxious. He carefully put one pill away and then swallowed the other in one gulp. He then sat on the sofa and rested after swallowing it.

“Haha, there are so many people here already? What’s all the commotions about? What are you all watching?” a woman’s beautiful voice was heard. Everyone turned around and immediately saw a middle-aged beauty walking in..

The woman looked young and had several people escorting her from behind.

Someone immediately stepped forward and greeted the other party. "Hello, Madam Faye. They're all gathered around to watch a demonstration of alchemy by Mister Severin, the newly appointed South County governor..."

At that moment, Surina stepped forward immediately and introduced the woman to Diane. "This is the East County's governor, Faye Tannenbaum."

"The East County's governor is a woman?" Megan was a little surprised to hear that.

For the record, the mayors, the other three county governors, and the heads of most upper-class families were usually men. As a result, Megan thought that the East County's governor would also be a man. She did not expect Faye to be a rather young woman.

Faye, however, overheard Megan's words. She could not help but smile and say, "Is it wrong for a governor to be a woman? Anyone, women included, is capable of rising to the top as long as they're strong enough. Don't you agree?"

"Yes, yes, you're right, Madam Faye!" Megan was taken aback, and she hastily agreed with a smile. She had not expected her remark to be overheard by Faye, especially since she muttered it in such a low voice

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Faye looked at Severin and said, "I didn't expect that the South County's governor would be so young too, much less refine such powerful pills. You have my sincerest admiration. I had been curious to know what sort of person the South County governor might be!"

Severin smiled slightly after hearing that and said, "You're too kind, Madam Faye. I've heard people say that you're a beautiful woman, but I am completely taken aback by how gorgeous you are in person!"

"What a sweet-talker you are, Mister Severin." Faye smiled and felt very grateful nonetheless.

As time passed, more and more people from upper-class families or city mansions arrived at the venue. "The esteemed war god, Mister Calum, has arrived!" A servant announced excitedly.

Calum then entered from the gate and walked toward the waiting lounge.

The four war gods were all very busy people, so the chances of them attending the birthday banquet were very low. However, one of them had shown up, and those from the province mansion were naturally very excited. At the very least, it was proof that the war gods were showing courtesy to the governor of Skystream Province..

"Calum is closer to Skystream Province, and his relationship with the province governor has always been on relatively good terms. It's not a surprise that he would attend the birthday banquet," a mayor said with a faint smile.

Everyone nodded, and Satchel could not help but remark softly, "It would be good enough if one or two war gods or province governors attended the banquet. The governor of Skydra Province has a good relationship with the governor of Skystream Province, so I wonder if he'll be in attendance too."

“Yes,” Draven said. “Our two provinces are pretty close, so their relationships are naturally much better too. The same can’t be said with the other states, though.”

“Greetings, War God Calum!” Everyone bowed to salute him when he entered the hall.

“It’s been a while, Mister Calum!” Felicia saw that the opportunity for her to boast her status had arrived, and she immediately stepped forward with a smile.

Many people looked at Felicia with weird expressions. She was just one of Severin’s family members and not the South County’s governor herself. They all felt that she was overstepping her boundaries when she went up and greeted Calum like that, and none of them believed that Calum would entertain her.

However, they were all left dumbfounded by what happened next. Calum smiled and said in a very friendly manner, “Yes indeed, Madam Felicia! You look much younger and prettier as the days go by!”

“You flatter me, Mister Calum! I can see that you’re getting more energetic than when we last met.” Felicia instantly felt proud, and she beamed with a smile when she became the focus of everyone. It was almost as if she was letting everyone know that her family had a very special relationship with Calum.

Calum then came up to Severin, and since he knew that Severin preferred to keep a low profile, he merely smiled at Severin and said, “How have you been, Mister Severin? Have you gotten used to becoming a county governor?”

As simple as that sentence was, many people were still shocked to hear that. Rumor had it that Severin became the county governor because of Calum, and those claims seem to hold water.

However, the way he phrased that question was what left everyone feeling surprised. Many mayors there dreamed of becoming county governors, so what was there to ‘get used to’ becoming a governor? Moreover, Calum’s tone seemed to imply that he had put Severin in a tight spot by making the latter a county governor.

“The province governor of Skydra Province is here! Please welcome Mister Seymour Enderby!” Another voice announced, and everyone’s gaze was once again drawn to the entrance.

Severin looked in the direction of the voice as well.

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Everyone else looked over too, and they all saw a gray-haired old man rushing over there in a hurry.

He was tall, and there were several people behind him. Anyone who laid eyes on him could sense his aura of superiority.

“It’s the Skydra Province’s governor! He’s here!” Someone exclaimed. “He’s a very strong man, and his attainment is the same as Skystream Province’s governor. They’re both level nine warrior kings!”

Those who were able to become province governors were undoubtedly very strong.

“Haha, it’s already very lively!” the old man said with a smile after walking over. Then, he turned to Calum and greeted him, “Calum! I thought you wouldn’t be here! You’re slightly further away from here than I am, and I’m surprised you arrived before me.”

“It’s been a few months since we last saw each other, right? Let’s have a couple of drinks later! Haha!” Calum laughed, and his good relationship with the old man was very evident.

“Of course, of course!” Seymour said with a smile.

Following that brief exchange, Seymour greeted the three governors, Timon, Fonzo, and Faye. Calum then subsequently introduced Seymour, “Here is the newly-appointed South County governor that I mentioned to you. His name is Severin Feuillet!”

Seymour’s eyes lit up immediately, and he took the initiative to extend his hand for a handshake.

“Calum has often mentioned you to me, Severin, and I’ve been wanting to meet you for a long time now. I’m glad the opportunity finally came today! Let’s sit at the same table and share a good drink.”

Kroan, Satchel, and the others had confused expressions. ‘What on earth is happening, and why would someone as aloof as Seymour take the initiative to shake hands with Severin and even offer to sit at the same table together for a drink later?’

The old man’s attitude had left them feeling utterly shocked.

The other three governors were also a little confused, wondering why it seemed as though Seymour was more polite to Severin than the three of them. After all, Severin was the one who should have taken the initiative to curry favor with the other party.

Severin was stunned for a moment, but he soon understood the situation. If Calum had such a good relationship with Seymour, then Calum might have already told Seymour that I’m his master.’ There could not have been any other explanation as to why Seymour would be that respectful to him.

After the initial surprise, Severin immediately accepted the handshake and deliberately reacted modestly. “I... I’m truly flattered and honored by your invitation, Mister Seymour! I’ll make sure to raise a few toasts to you later!”

“Just a few toasts won’t do. We’ll have to drink happily later!” Seymour immediately burst out laughing and was in a very jovial mood.

“Mister Severin! I my leg... I can feel my leg now!” At that moment, Fonzo-who had been sitting on the sofa beside him-exclaimed in surprise.

“Really, Dad?” Mae-Lynne asked in surprise when she heard that.

“What’s happening here?” Seymour asked as he was unaware of the situation.

Someone then explained everything to him.

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“Hehe, sorry about that, Mister Fonzo! I almost forgot about it after chatting with them. It’s been about ten minutes now, right? You should be able to stand up already. However, you’re probably not used to it yet, and you haven’t completely recovered either, so you’ll still have to use crutches for the time being to prevent yourself from falling.” Severin chuckled and then said to Fonzo.

Fonzo nodded and stood up with the help of his cane. When he tried stretching that leg, he discovered that he could feel his leg and move it freely even though it used to be very stiff.

“Do you see that, Mae-Lynne? I can move it now! I’m able to move my leg at last!” Fonzo tried to take a step forward, and although he was still not used to it and had a stride that was different from ordinary people, he was genuinely capable of taking a step with that leg.

“I see it, Dad! I see it! It’s healing! Mister Severin is a true miracle doctor!” Mae-Lynne was excited, and her eyes turned red as tears began to well in her eye sockets.

“I don’t know how else to thank you, Mister Severin. Don’t hesitate to let me know if you ever need my help in the future!” Fonzo was so excited that he was almost lost for words. He could only grasp Severin’s hand excitedly and offer to help Severin should the latter need any help next time.

“You’re too kind, Mister Fonzo. This is no big deal for me, so don’t worry about it at all!” Severin chuckled and replied modestly.

However, Fonzo was still very excited, and he said to Severin, “No, Mister Severin, this may not be a big deal for you, but it means the world to me and my family!”

“Your medical skills are amazing, Mister Severin!”

“Yes, Mister Severin! You truly are a miracle doctor!”

Many people heaped praise on Severin.

Kroan, Satchel, and their group were the only ones who had sour expressions. Draven even leaned over to Satchel and said softly, “I didn’t think he’d be that good at medicine. He was even able to cure Fonzo’s illness!”

Satchel sneered coldly and said softly, “If he hadn’t offended the Stormy Moon Sect, he would have had a very bright future after his gesture today. Aside from having a good relationship with a war god, he has managed to win over both the East County governor and Skydra Province’s governor!”

“Unfortunately,” Draven pointed out, “he made a very stupid mistake when he offended the members of Stormy Moon Sect and killed their disciples!” He smiled coldly and waited eagerly to see Severin’s downfall.

Another few minutes passed, and the crowd began to grow.

The Skystream Province’s governor finally showed up at the other entrance with many high-level individuals from the province mansion.

“Sorry to have kept you all waiting!” The governor of Skystream Province, Zeke Hubbell, said with a smile. and nodded to the crowd. “It’s quite lively here!”

Regan stepped forward and said to Zeke, “Sir, you missed out on some of the excitement earlier!”

Zeke had a very good relationship with Regan, and he originally wanted to appoint Regan as the South County governor. However, he had not expected Calum to insist that Severin be appointed at all costs, and he was not too happy as a result.

He smiled and said, "Oh, what exciting things have a missed, Regan? I'm curious to know!"

Regan then explained, "The South County governor just managed to cure the leg ailment that the West County

governor had for a long time. Mister Fonzo will be able to walk like a normal person in a few days. Mister Severin also demonstrated his alchemy technique for everyone to watch, and he successfully managed to refine an elite-quality six-lined pill!"