

## Chapter 2401

"You barged into my room without making things clear. You tried to attack me, but you were unbelievably weak. Now, you can't beat me, but you still dare to accuse me like this. I really don't know how the skin on your face is so thick."

The corner of John's mouth twitched at Fane's straight forwardness.

He glanced at Gilbert beside him timidly. Gilbert was so furious his entire body was shaking.

He looked like he wanted nothing more than to rush over and bite Fane.

Fane let out a cold laugh as he continued, "I don't know why you're still standing here. What do you want to say? Do you think you can beat me in a debate? Can you even beat me in a fight?"

Gilbert's face rapidly changed colors.

He was so infuriated by Fane that he felt like he was about to explode the next second.

In truth, Fane's words were completely right.

He could not beat Fane, and could not even win against Fane verbally.

Staying there would do nothing other than making a joke out of himself. He took of himself.

After making a joke a few deep breaths before he got John to help him out.

After taking two steps, he did not turn his head around as he shouted, "I'll become a sixth-grade alchemist in just a short time. When that time comes... I'll make sure you know how stupid your actions were today."

After he finished, he no longer spoke as he limped out with the support of John's shoulder.

Fane raised an eyebrow. Gilbert's words had meant nothing to Fane.

A sixth-grade alchemist was nothing in Fane's eyes.

For people like Gilbert, it might be the ceiling of their lives. Gilbert probably thought that sixth-grade alchemists were incredible people.

However, Fane looked down on them.

Thinking about that, the look of mockery

on his face intensified.

It was still not even the evening yet.

Fane tidied up the room again before he looked up at the sunlight that came through the window.

He quickly composed his erratic thoughts.

He had only one goal being here which was to become a sixth-grade alchemist and get the qualification to take the test.

He was not interested in those merit points at all.

After pouring himself a cup of tea, he gulped it down.

He placed the teacup back on the table before turning around to exit his room.

He continued moving forward while carefully observing his surroundings.

Heavenly Pills' backyard was huge.

There were not just students there, even servants and stewards were around.

There were practically all sorts of people.

The place Fane stayed at was a little corner toward the west. Other than his room, there were only random warehouses.

His room had probably been a warehouse for random goods or firewood as well.

Gilbert had deliberately arranged for Fane to stay there as a show of power.

It was a way to trouble Fane as well.

The further east he went, the more elaborate the designs of the rooms were.

There were quite a few flowers along the stone road.

Only, he did not see a single servant along the way.

It took him quite a long time before he saw one carrying a bucket of water, walking toward the main hall.

Fane immediately rushed over when he saw that person.

The servant had been focused on the water he was carrying, and jumped up in fright when he saw someone suddenly appear in front of him.

He Almost tossed away the bucket of water in his hands.

"You are?" The servant was a bit taken aback by the unknown face.

After all, Fane was basically brand new there.

After becoming a student, he had not been anywhere other than his own room.

There were not many people in Heavenly Pills who knew him.

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However, it was fine if he was not recognized.

All the servant needed to do was to recognize Fane's clothes to tell who Fane was.

The servant scanned Fane for a moment before saying, "You are.. the eleventh student?"

Fane was a little startled by the new title.

The eleventh student? After those words floated in Fane's head for a while, he suddenly understood.

Chandler had told Fane before that he was the eleventh student that Heavenly Pills accepted.

Those servants that did not have any standing would naturally call him by that title.

Fane nodded. After the servant had a clear sense of Fane's identity, he was less alarmed by the stranger in front of him.

He pursed his lips, having heard before that the new student did not have a good relationship with the second student, but Fane was still a student after all.

They were merely regular servants.

If they offended Fane because of their inappropriate words, they could be sent off at any time should Fane complain about them.

With that in mind, the servant forced out a smile and uttered, "Do you have anything you need, eleventh student?"

Fane nodded.

He was not in the mood to dally around with the servant, so he said very directly, "I've just arrived here, so there are some rules that I don't really understand. I just have a few questions to ask you."

Fane had a very humble tone which pleasantly surprised the servant.

The servant immediately put the water bucket in his hands on the floor as he stood up upright, "Please ask away, I'll tell you everything."

Fane nodded before composing himself and asked, "Where do the students practice refining pills here? Surely Heavenly Pills provides us somewhere to practice and improve?"

The servant paused for a long time before he answered, "Are you asking me where you can go to practice alchemy?"

Fane nodded.

He did not have any intentions of getting the Way of the Pill.

All he wanted to do was hurry up and see if he could refine sixth-grade pills.

Alchemy was different from combat.

He needed a lot of ingredients, as well as a furnace to refine them.

Even though Fane had a lot of materials on him, there were either too low in quality or too complicated.

There was no way to form a complete pill from them.

Since Heavenly pills had ten students, it would definitely provide a place for them to practice alchemy.

They would have prepared enough spiritual ingredients for him to practice with.

The servant pointed toward the east and explained, "Just continue walking ahead. You'll see an independent palace. On the palace, you'll see a plaque hanging there that says 'Serene Cloud Room'. That's where the students are meant to practice their alchemy."

It was quite an elegant name.

When Fane arrived at the Serene Cloud Palace, a flash of interest appeared in his eyes.

The Serene Cloud Room was about as big as the main hall in front.

There were some plants planted outside that would rustle whenever the wind blew.

Fane took a deep breath as he stepped forward into the Serene Cloud Room.

The moment he entered, he saw a student that was dressed the exact same way as he was.

The student had a cloth in hand and was wiping one of the tables inside.

The Serene Cloud Room's layout was very simple.

There were multiple small rooms inside separated by walls.

That should be where they practiced their alchemy.

However, the room that was facing the main table seemed at least three times larger than the other rooms.

It was as if that room was very special.

Raphael Westwood was stunned as he looked at Fane observing the various facilities.

He thought that Fane would have walked up to greet him.

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Unexpectedly, Fane's eyes were only interested in all the alchemy rooms.

Fane did not seem to notice Raphael at all as if he was invisible to Fane.

Raphael had a bit of a sour expression on

his face as he tossed the cloth on the table.

He moved forward with a slight frown as he said, "You must be the eleventh student."

Raphael's words pulled Fane out of his thoughts.

Fane let out a slight cough and nodded.

Raphael stared at Fane with obvious unhappiness.

"I'm your senior, your fifth senior to be exact. My name is Raphael. Even though it's the first time we've met, I have to remind you. There has to be some basic respect among students here. Even though you're a fellow student, I'm still your senior."

Raphael had wanted to let Fane know that he had been far too impolite.

Fane should have at least greeted him before he entered and initiate a conversation.

Fane did not care about any of that at all.

It was as if Raphael amounted to nothing in Fane's eyes.

It angered Raphael a bit, and Fane naturally could understand the meaning behind those words.

He sighed somewhat helplessly. With Fane's status, someone like Raphael was indeed not really worth noticing.

However, he was living under someone's roof and due to the circumstance, he had to lower his head.

He nodded very sincerely and greeted, "Hello Raphael, I was just very curious because it is my first time here."

Raphael raised an eyebrow before nodding slightly, accepting Fane's apology.

Yet, it somehow felt like Fane was not apologizing at all.

Raphael let out a slight cough as he frowned. "Did you come here to practice alchemy?"

Fane looks at Raphael, puzzled.

What else would the Serene Cloud Room be used for?

Was there something else here?

Looking at Fane's expression, Raphael immediately knew what Fane was thinking.

Raphael explained with a stern expression, "What's your level as an alchemist? If you're not a fifth-grade alchemist, then you'd better not come here. You should first look for a few ingredients yourself. Come here after you've made fifth-grade pills."

Fane suddenly understood what Raphael meant after he heard that. It was not Cathysia anymore.

In Hestia Continent, fourth-grade pills were nothing.

In Heavenly Pills' eyes, fourth -grade pills were no different from trash.

Pills that had any value were all at least fifth grade.

The pills that come from the Serene Cloud Room would at least need to be at the fifth grade.

Otherwise, it would be a waste of resources.

Fane nodded after understanding what Raphael meant.

"I'm a fifth-grade alchemist. I wanted to try refining a sixth-grade pill here. Do you happen to know where I can find the ingredients I need for a sixth-grade pill?"

Fane was incredibly straightforward.

Fane was really eager to see if he could

refine a sixth-grade pill at that moment Even though he had already absorbed the Way of the Divine Void Pill into his mind, he had never tried it out. He needed to merge both body and mind.

"What did you say?" Raphael widened his eyes as if he had heard something unbelievable.

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His lips twitched as he stared at Fane. Fane let out a helpless sigh, already expecting that something like that would happen.

Fane was not in the mood to play around with Raphael at the moment. "Would you happen to know where I can get the materials for a sixth-grade pill? I want to try refining one," Fane repeated.

This time, Fane was very clear with his words, as if each word was incredibly important. It was to make sure Raphael understands his request. Raphael had naturally understood, and the surprise in his eyes intensified.

His lips twitched for a long time before he said in exasperation, "Tell me, are you drunk?"

Raphael was completely speechless. He did not know what that brat in front of him was talking about. A fifth-grade alchemist was trying to refine a sixth-grade pill before learning the Way of the pill?

The brat said those words so casually too. Raphael wondered if there was something wrong with Fane's brain.



Fane sighed helplessly. He already knew that the only thing he would get from those words were questions about his sanity. Yet, Fane no longer cared about all that.

After all, Gilbert would definitely cause him trouble. One or two more troublemakers would make no difference.

Fane nodded before saying, "I'm not crazy. I really do want to refine a sixth-grade pill."

Raphael let out a cold laugh.

He laughed so hard even his shoulders were shaking. " You really are something else to say something like this on our first encounter. I really don't know how you become a fifth -grade alchemist."

"Don't you know basic knowledge? You haven't learned the Way of the Pill, so you won't be able to condense pill energy.

Without the pill energy runes on the pills, you can't refine sixth-grade pills!"

Fane nodded at the basic knowledge.

It had already been ingrained in him with the senior's memories.

Raphael saw that Fane did not express any shock upon his words and merely nodded plainly. It served to render Raphael even more speechless.

He could not help but take a few steps forward, measuring Fane as he did so. He looked at Fane as if he was looking at a mad man.

Fane merely stood there and allowed Raphael to examine him. Raphael looked

out.

Almost everyone was busy dealing with customers or earning merit points at that moment.

Other than himself, only Fane had come to the Serene Cloud room.

He had wanted to take the time to properly clean up the room during the two to four hours that no one would be here.

Yet, he somehow managed to stumble upon the miracle that was Fane.

Not only did Fane interrupt his cleaning, but Fane had also even caused Raphael to want nothing more than to chase him out with a stick. He took a deep breath, suppressing his urge to mock Fane.

"Since you already know, why are you so confident that you can refine a sixth-grade pill? I feel like you probably don't even know how many pill aura runes there are."

The benchmark of a sixth-grade pill was the pill aura that the pill aura runes formed as well as the refining of the pill itself.

The pills had to be fifty percent refined to be considered successful.

Without the fifty percent refinement, it would be a failed pill. Many people were stuck at that stage.

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However, that guy called Fane in front of him would probably not even know how many pill aura runes there were, or how to even draw them, let alone be able to achieve fifty percent refinement.

After all, Fane had never had the chance to learn the Way of the Pill before Fane glanced at Raphael.

"There are a total of one million pill aura runes. Eachbrune can be overlapped with other runes to achieve special effects."

It was all common knowledge in Fane's mind.

They were all things that he could pull out of his mind casually.

Yet, Raphael seemed to take his words as a joke and started to laugh out loudly.

That laughing fit was incredibly exaggerated as if he had heard an incredibly funny joke.

Fane frowned, not saying anything Raphael pointed at Fane.

"Fane, you're such a funny guy. Surely you don't think I'll believe you if you just spout out somebullshit?"

"Even though I've never learned the Way of the Pill, I understand this basic knowledge very well. A million pill runes? You actually dared to say that?! Are you not afraid people will laugh at you?!"

Fane frowned and did not say a word.

He looked at Raphael calmly as he continued laughing.

After a while, Raphael noticed Fane looking at him calmly and felt a little awkward.

He immediately composed himself, coughing slightly as he said seriously, " There are a total of twelve thousand pill runes in the Vermillion Fire Pill! Even that is quite a lot."

"I'm sure you've heard of the Vermillion Fire Pill before.

Even among Middle Province's various Ways of the Pill, it's considered one of the better ones.

Even Vermillion Fire Pill only has twelve thousand pill runes, but you claim there are a million! You really are a true braggart!

Fane frowned when he heard that, suddenly understanding.

The Way of the Pill from a first-grade world really was not just a little different from one from the third-grade one.

In the Divine Void Pill of the Divine Void Realm, there were at least a million pill runes.

Yet, a Way of the Pill in the Hestia Continent was already considered one at the peak with just twelve thousand runes.

Thinking about that, Fane let out a small laugh as he shook his head slightly.

If he wanted to refine a sixth-grade pill, he would need to perfectly execute the last step.

After the pill takes shape, pills that were the sixth-grade and above would produce pill aura.

Alchemists needed to use that pill aura to draw runes, condensing the pill aura into pill runes.

They would then need to arrange the runes. Within four hours, the pill aura runes would fuse with the pill itself.

Only with a fifty percent refinement would the pill be considered successful.

The inheritances in the Way of the Pills were the countless runes that could be condensed as well as the arrangements of those pills.

There were only twelve thousand of them in the Vermillion Fire Pill, but the Divine Void Pill already had over a million.

It was obvious that the Divine Void Pill was at a much higher level than the Vermillion Fire Pill.

However, Fane would never explain all of that to Raphael.

Raphael could laugh all he wanted, the ignorant were allowed their happiness.

Raphael thought that Fane was incredibly funny.

He was laughing until his stomach hurt.

The brat thought that his random lies would be able to fool Raphael.

Did Fane think everyone else was as dumb as him?

However, Raphael did not continue laughing.

It was mainly because Fane's expression was far too calm.

Fane merely looked at him coolly as he laughed as if the one being laughed at was not Fane.

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It stopped Raphael from laughing more.

He coughed lightly and rubbed his nose.

"Whatever, I'll ignore everything you said today.

You'd best take care of yourself better. If you have the time to be mucking about here, why don't you go claim some tasks to get more merit points? When you have two hundred merit points, you'll be able to start learning the Way of the Pill." Fane sighed helplessly, feeling like he was done with all the nonsense that day.

After a long time, he said, "Raphael, did you not understand what I said earlier? Should I repeat myself?"

Those words caused Raphael's face to completely sink.

Raphael frowned as he stared at that obstinate guy with a hateful expression.

"How about you? Did you not understand what I said earlier? Or are you pretending to be dumb?"

After that, he had a glint in his eyes, as if he thought of something.

His expression became even more stern.

"Did you come here to steal some medicinal ingredients? You can't refine sixth-grade pills anyway. Did you think you could obtain free ingredients? You claim that you want to refine pills, but you want to take them out to sell them, don't you?"

The more Raphael thought, the more he felt his guess was right.

He looked at Fane with an even more hateful expression.

Fane helplessly shrugged.

If he was not completely clueless about the Serene Cloud Room's rules, he would not be wasting his time on Raphael.

"I have no intentions of selling anything, you don't have to blindly speculate. If you know, tell me. If you don't know, then just say you don't," Fane said with furrowed eyebrows.

Raphael replied unhappily, "Of course, I know. Fine, since you're being so stubborn. I'll tell you. Sixth-grade materials aren't something you can easily obtain.

"If you want to obtain sixth-grade materials, you first need to get a gold plate. One gold plate can be exchanged for the materials of three sixth-grade pills."

Fane frowned before he continued, "How do I get those gold plates?"

Raphael raised an eyebrow as he looked at Fane with disdain. "Getting a gold plate is very simple. There's only one way. Do you see the pill room behind me? The pill aura room has a limitless pill aura. As long as you manage to form two hundred pill runes using the pill auras after you enter, the room will give you one gold plate. You can use that gold plate in exchange for three portions of materials."

Fane raised an eyebrow as he walked past Raphael and turned back to look at him.

The pill aura room was precisely the largest room Fane had seen earlier.

The room was at least three times bigger than the other rooms.

It turns out that there was a dense pill aura in that room.

No wonder it was right in the middle. Raphael took a step forward and looked at Fane with a cold gaze.

"You're quite daring. You're actually claiming you can refine sixth-grade pills just a few days after entering Heavenly Pills. Two years ago, only one of twenty students successfully became a sixth-grade alchemist.

"You seem very confident of yourself. You seem to think that you're better than everyone else. That you can suddenly turn into a sixth-grade alchemist in just a few days."