

Chapter 7 Ambergris Technique

Sebastian turned around, his gaze locking onto Haddon, who was arrogant. Spreading his fingers, he summoned a flame that burst into life on his palm, sending out waves of intense heat. The air thickened with warmth, and within seconds, everyone felt as though they were trapped in a steamer.

Sharp-eyed onlookers immediately recognized the unique flame in the Elixir Emporium—one suited for only the most skilled alchemists.

"Haddon, dare to face this so-called waste's true energy flame?" Sebastian's voice was cold, matching his icy expression.

The true energy flame could only be created by mastering rare techniques or naturally channeling true energy into the fire.

Standing close, Haddon broke into a sweat, while the woman behind the counter found her light clothing drenched, clinging to her curves. Everyone present felt stunned by the power of the flame.

"Stop! Stop! Don't burn down my Elixir Emporium!" an old man suddenly appeared, shouting frantically.

The flame in Sebastian's hand vanished, and the crowd, still shaken, could sense his anger lingering in the air.

"Afraid of this waste's flame, are you, Haddon?" Sebastian sneered. "What does that make you if even waste frightens you?"

Haddon's expression darkened with frustration. Anyone with sense would avoid such a flame, yet here he was, humiliated in front of a crowd.

Meanwhile, the city lord's daughter glanced at Sebastian in astonishment. She'd underestimated him, and now she lowered her gaze, realizing he was much more capable than she had thought.

"Sir, this young man ... " a middle-aged man walked over and explained to the petite, white-dressed old man behind Sebastian.

The old man stared at Sebastian in shock, his expression a mix of disbelief and admiration.

Philip, the master of the Elixir Emporium, was a renowned alchemist with a long-standing grudge against Sebastian's grandfather.

"Young man, would you like to be my disciple?" Philip asked, making everyone in the Elixir Emporium in shock.

He rarely offered anyone a spot as a disciple!

It was shocking, as it was known that those who wanted to be his disciples had to wait in line in hopes of his honor.

The crowd was taken aback, especially by Sebastian's potential. Although he lacked the Soul Vein, he could release the true energy flame, a trait prized among alchemists.

Sebastian, though, scratched his head and replied, "Though I'd like to, you're my grandfather's enemy. I can't be your disciple!"

Then he turned and walked away without regret, leaving the crowd stunned. As Philip sighed, they realized that someone had genuinely turned down the emporium master's offer.

Many thought Sebastian was foolish, passing up such a rare chance due to old family grudges.

Among the onlookers, Haddon felt envy boil inside him. Although Sebastian had embarrassed him earlier, the crowd was now focused on Sebastian's abilities, paying Haddon little mind. Worse, they seemed to view Haddon with disdain—because alchemists were, in their eyes, often more powerful than other warriors.

Though mastering pill refining could make anyone a powerful warrior, even without a Soul Vein, Sebastian had bigger ambitions.

Not only was he gifted with the Ultimate Vein, but he also aspired to become an alchemist. Already able to cultivate herbs and summon a pure true energy flame, he needed only alchemical experience and sharp understanding to succeed in creating potent pills.

Sebastian had long known that Philip, his grandfather's enemy, was the master of the Elixir Emporium. His grandfather, however, had always treated him kindly, sometimes providing him with pills that allowed him to advance to the Earthly Third Realm without Soul Vein.

Back home, Sebastian rushed to tell Ronan about his encounter with the Elixir Emporium.

"Good job! That old miser charges us a fortune for his pills. With your true energy flame, alchemy should come naturally! I'll back you all the way," Ronan said, thrilled. Knowing his son had such potential, Ronan was confident that Sebastian's future would outshine those with even the High-soul Veins.

Sebastian returned to his courtyard to plant the herb seedlings. As night fell, he sat cross-legged, absorbing the dense spiritual energy while practicing his Harmony of the Heavens and Ambergris Technique.

This training produced a unique liquid on his tongue, which could mature herbs instantly.

Early in the morning, Sebastian extended his tongue to find a small green droplet resting on it—that was the ambergris!

Thrilled as it was his first successful attempt, he carefully dropped the green dewdrop into a bucket of clean water, which immediately took on a green hue with a soft glow.

Sebastian then poured this bucket over the seedlings.

The plants he watered—Essence Grass, Bloodvine Flower, Eclipse Flower, and Spirit Grass—were Low-earthly Rank herbs that typically required at least three years to mature from seedling to full growth.

However, thanks to the ambergris water, they reached full maturity within just one month!

"The green grass emitting spiritual energy is Essence Grass. The red, blood-dripping flower is the Bloodvine Flower. The white flower that glows at night is Eclipse Flower, and the leafy grass is Spirit Grass," Ronan murmured.

He was astounded as he inspected the courtyard, amazed at how these seedlings had transformed in mere weeks.

"Seb, keep this ability to yourself. Let it be our secret; don't let others know. Keep your talents hidden," Ronan advised, a serious expression on his face, though he didn't question how Sebastian had acquired this skill.

Sebastian nodded, knowing the area was under his father's protection and unlikely to attract attention.

"Alchemy is no easy feat. You have the potential, but learning on your own will be a challenge. Start by experimenting, and if you run into trouble, I'll help you find a teacher," Ronan offered, pulling a modest alchemy furnace from his storage bag.

"It may not be the best, but for now, it's what I can provide. When I'm the patriarch, I'll get you a better one."

Seeing that the furnace would work, Sebastian thanked his father, promising to let him try the first pill he made. Ronan laughed warmly before heading off.

While Sebastian continued tending to his herbs, he spent the past month learning the basics of alchemy from Melissa. She explained the complexities of the craft in detail, making the knowledge easier to grasp.

Although Sebastian understood the process, he still found it challenging, particularly with temperature control, managing his true energy, and the exact timing needed for forming pills—all requiring a high degree of mental power.

"Melissa, I'm ready to try refining pills. When do you think I'll succeed?" He asked, communicating through the ring and focusing his mental power while picking mature herbs and processing them for alchemy.

Thanks to Melissa's prior instruction, the initial preparations weren't too difficult for him.

"At least a year!" she said, with a light laugh.

"What? I've only got a little over a month before facing that so-called Alchemy Genius!" Sebastian replied, troubled.

Hayley snorted coldly. "Why bother competing in alchemy? Just use your strength to kill him."

Sebastian winced at the idea. If he were to kill that Alchemy Genius, the Stones would end up in a feud with the Andersons. And if Ronan became the patriarch, the situation might be more troublesome.

After handling the herbs, he carefully placed them into the furnace, knowing that each step required careful attention.

Alchemy began by channeling his true energy flame into the furnace, baking the herbs to release their spiritual essence. Then, with his mental power, he would guide and combine those energies, gradually transforming them into pills.

He placed his hands on the flame-injecting points while focusing his mental power on observing the process inside the furnace.