

The Eternal Supreme

Chapter 10: Be My Servant

“I’ve only gathered six sets. It’s just that some of the herbs are too rare, so I could only find six sets even though I’ve searched through the entire Alchemists’ Association!”

“Six sets? Fine, give them to me now.”

Now that Yunxiao had the Five-color Divine Air Stone, his chances of unclogging his meridians were almost at one hundred percent, so he was in a good mood. Pointing to Han Bai and Chen Zhen, who were still lying on the ground, he said, “Heal them both first.”

Jia Rong was handing over a storage bag when he heard that, and his face flickered instantly as he growled, “What do you think I am? Do you really think you can order me at will?”

Yunxiao stared coldly at him and said, “If you are not happy, you can scam now!”

Jia Rong was so angry that his scalp went numb. With his prestigious status, how could a kid be slaving him around and telling him what he should do? But, beggars couldn’t be choosers, especially when his life and future were at stake. Helplessly, he leaned over and inspected their injuries, then took out two pale yellow pills from his ring and shoved them into their mouths.

“It’s done,” he said. “Well, it’s also about time to tell me the cure! I’ve done all your bidding, and you will never command me again!”

Yunxiao narrowed his eyes and assumed a harmless look. “You’ve no idea how many people have wailed and begged to be commanded by me. I bet you’ll ask me to do that later.”

Jia Rong’s face fell as he cried out angrily, “So, you were lying to me?”

Yunxiao snorted coldly, "Who do you think I am? How would I lie to a mere first-tier alchemist like you?" With a wave of his hand, a piece of paper pierced through the air, flying straight out.

Jia Rong was infuriated. 'What did he mean by 'a mere first-tier alchemist? Any alchemist was noble and influential!'

As he caught the paper between his fingers, his face grew serious. The force that came with it was stronger than he had imagined. With a gloomy expression, he glanced at the paper, and what he read immediately put color on his face as he put it away hastily. Although he could not be one hundred percent certain that the contents of the paper were accurate with his knowledge, he could roughly tell that Yunxiao had not lied to him.

"Now that I've gotten what I was promised, we are even!" Jia Rong turned and was about to leave. This young man was too odd; he could not see through him at all. He had originally planned to avenge the humiliation he had suffered last time, but there was a vague sense of dread in his heart now, which made him feel that he should avoid stirring up further trouble. His life and future were of paramount importance after all.

"The prescription can remove the toxin of both the Hell Wind stone and Blood Fame orchid from your body without leaving behind any side effects," Yunxiao said unhurriedly. "But, during this period when you were being corroded by the toxin, did you feel the power of your soul getting weaker every time you crafted, and it seems to be regressing?"

Jia Rong's body froze instantly.

"Hehe! When an alchemist's soul power is exhausted, it recovers at least ten times slower than a warrior's Primordial Qi. But, making up for the regression of soul power is a hundred times slower than cultivating it normally. You haven't been corroded by the toxin for long, but with your talent, it will take at least twenty to thirty years if you want to get back to your original realm, and your chances of making a breakthrough and become a first-tier alchemist are slim. Well, I don't want to deal you too heavy a blow...if you are lucky, you still have hope to achieve that in fifty years."

Jia Rong's face turned horribly pale. He knew all these things. The reason why alchemists enjoyed such a high status was that the cultivation of soul power was extremely difficult, and it was almost impossible to recover after retrogression. He was already within a certain distance of being a first-tier

alchemist, and if he were to break through to that level, it would be fifty years later, which required a stroke of good luck as well. If his luck was bad, he might end up as a senior apprentice alchemist for the rest of his life.

“What do you mean by all this?”

“Oh, I don’t mean anything. I just happen to know a way of making you a real first-tier alchemist in fifty days.”

“Fifty days!”

Jia Rong’s body gave a jerk as if he was electrocuted, and his eyes grew wide. “How is that possible! You lie to me!” Even if his soul power did not regress, he was not sure that he could make the breakthrough and become a first-tier alchemist in fifty days. Otherwise, he would not have taken the risk and used the Hell Wind stone!

Yunxiao’s face darkened as he scoffed coldly, “Who do you think you are to be worthy of me lying to you?”

Jia Rong was stunned, and he could no longer move anymore. He was very suspicious of Yunxiao’s words, but becoming an alchemist was too great of a temptation for him to give up, so he immediately yielded and said, “I beg your pardon, I was too shocked! Are you sure you can help me recover my soul power in fifty days?”

Yunxiao raised his index finger and shook it. “It’s not about recovering your soul power,” he snorted coldly, “it’s about making you a real first-tier alchemist. Actually, I can do it in five days, but you’re not worth it.”

Jia Rong swallowed hard. “What do you need from me so that you can help me?”

“Be my servant!” Yunxiao said, his eyes gleaming with a cold light.

“Impossible!”

Jia Rong’s pupils constricted abruptly as his face fell and he said furiously, “You’re just an ignorant kid, and yet you want to make an alchemist your servant! How arrogant!”

Yunxiao sat quietly in a wooden chair, a natural aura emanating from him. With a gleam of scorn in his eyes, he said coldly, "If it wasn't for my lack of strength right now, do you think you are qualified to be my servant? Even so, you are only qualified to be my servant for fifty days. After that, I want you to get out of my sight!"

Jia Rong's mind went blank with shock. Those words had made his head go numb, but he did not look angry at all. The undisguised contempt and condescension in this brat's eyes were not fake at all but natural, as if he really did not deserve to be his servant.

'Oh heavens, what the hell is going on!'

'Who is this brat? A lunatic? But, if he's a lunatic, how is he able to tell my problem with just a glance, and even has a way to solve it? I've searched through the whole Alchemists' Association, but couldn't find a solution!'

"Do you feel aggrieved about being my servant?" Yunxiao's faint voice drifted over.

'What rubbish, of course I feel aggrieved!' Jia Rong was scolding in his heart when a strange golden light suddenly flashed in Yunxiao's eyes.

In that instant, his pupils dilated dramatically, and a tremendous sense of fear washed him over. It was a fear coming directly from the depths of his soul, like the innate awe for the deities one was born with!

Bam!

He could no longer stand still. His knees dropped straight on the floor paved with bluestones, his body drenched in cold sweat, while a pressure on his soul deterred him from lifting his head again!

'What's going on? What the hell is going on? How could a kid have such a mighty soul pressure? Who the hell is he!'

Jia Rong was utterly dumbfounded. In fact, he was not only dumbfounded, but also frightened, his heart filled with a deep sense of dread. The contempt and condescension at the soul level made him feel as if his soul would be torn to pieces with only the slightest thought of Yunxiao. It was like a superior warrior could kill an apprentice warrior with a pinch of his finger.

“I’ll give you three breaths to think about it. Are you willing or not?”

Willing or not willing?

If he accepted it, he might rise to the top, and if arduous refused, he might regret it for the rest of his life!

“I...I’m willing!” Jia Rong clenched his teeth as if all his strength had gone into saying these few words. But as soon as he had finished, he felt a sudden release and collapsed in a state of prostration. Even then, his heart became extremely comfortable, as if he had just accomplished a great thing perfectly and splendidly. It shocked him, too.

A glimmer of a smile flashed in Yunxiao’s eyes as he said, “Not bad! You are quite decisive! You will know in the future how lucky you were to have made this decision today. Now that you have recognized me as your master, I’ll naturally not mistreat you.” He flicked his finger and shot out a sheet of paper. “Cultivate according to the method on it. If you can’t make the breakthrough and become a first-tier alchemist in five days, that means you have a poor aptitude, and you are not qualified to be my servant. If that is the case, you needn’t come to see me again.”

Jia Rong’s eyes were filled with shock. He took the paper, and as soon as he looked at the contents, he jumped up and screamed as if he was struck by lightning, “A soul cultivation technique!”

“It’s nothing but the trashiest soul cultivation technique,” Yunxiao gave a light snort and said indifferently, “but it’s enough to get you back on your feet in five days and become a first-tier alchemist.”

The sheet of paper seemed to be full of magic. Looking at it, Jia Rong began to tremble violently, and his body, which was exhausted of all energy, jumped up again as if he was given a shot in the arm. With extreme excitement in both eyes, he said, “A soul cultivation technique, I can’t believe this is a soul cultivation technique! Ma-mas-master, is...is this real?”

He struggled to utter the word ‘master’, but when he did, the extreme grievance and shame he had felt in his heart were instantly vanished, leaving nothing but excitement.

Yunxiao frowned. “Just call me Young Master Yun. Yes, it’s real...but as I said, it’s nothing but the trashiest soul cultivation technique. So long as you

render good service, I won't be stingy to reward you. You may go now, and I'll look for you in the Alchemists' Association if I need anything."

"Yes, Young Master Yun!"

Jia Rong pulled out an exquisite jade box while trembling and placed the paper in it before carefully putting it in his storage ring. Then, he bowed to Yunxiao and took his leave.

The most important part of the alchemist's cultivation was to nourish the soul power, but the only way for common alchemists to increase it was through constant crafting. Only then could the soul power increase at a very slow rate.

Legends had it that in the field of alchemy there existed ways to refine the soul power directly. However, these methods had only been described sporadically in some classics, and it was a mystery whether they really existed. Jia Rong had never imagined that he could actually get his hands on something like this one day. As soon as he left the academy, he felt the sky was clear and bright, and his heart filled with joy and excitement.

"Just who is this Young Master Yun? He must have used the legendary soul-confusing technique on me just now. I can't believe he has actually mastered such a mystic art!"

Jia Rong was, after all, an alchemist, so he immediately understood why he had a shivering sense just now. An ordinary child could never possess such a terrible soul pressure.

"And the soul cultivating technique...How could he give away such a precious thing as if it were something that could be found on the street? No one in the state of Tianshui, not even the imperial family, would be as generous as him! Anyway, with this technique alone, it's not a loss for me to be his servant for a few years!"

His mind began to balance, and he even felt that he had taken a great advantage. The value of this thing was beyond measure. Even his life would be in danger if others knew about it. So, he took great care to hide himself while he hurried back to the Alchemists' Tower.

