

The Eternal Supreme

Chapter 9: The Cost of Posturing

“You blocked my attack! How is this even possible!”

Lan Fei’s eyes widened, and he was distracted momentarily. Even if he were still an apprentice warrior, there was no way that Yunxiao could block the attack he had unleashed with 120% of his strength, let alone the fact that he was a warrior now! Could it be that this piece of trash had opened his chakras? But, why couldn’t he feel any Primordial Qi fluctuation from him?

He was not the only one shocked. The dozen or so people standing behind him were all staring at the scene with wide eyes, their feet rooted to the ground!

Swallowing down a mouthful of warm blood that had rushed to his throat, Yunxiao guffawed and said, “Haha! This is so satisfying! It has been a long time since I fought with all my strength. Although my current situation is a little strange, your attack is really satisfying! Come, come...let me give you a few more pointers!”

‘Let me give you a few more pointers...’

“How arrogant!” Lan Fei was so mad that his neck turned red. Fuming madly, he suppressed the shock in his head and lifted his sword. A stream of Primordial Qi bloomed across the blade as he leaped forward and brought the sword down. “Passing Cloud Slash!”

A martial technique!

It was the secret martial technique of the Lan Family, the Passing Cloud Sword Technique!

The eyes of those behind him were filled with shock, and Du Feng was so excited that he screamed in a shrill voice, “The sword moves like a passing cloud...it’s the Passing Cloud Sword Technique! This kid is dead!”

Unlike those commonly found martial techniques, the Lan Family's Passing Cloud Sword Technique could only be cultivated by warriors. As Lan Fei injected his Primordial Qi, the sword instantly glowed like a sun, so bright that no one could stare at it!

He had been cultivating this technique constantly since he was a peak-level apprentice warrior. Now that he had made the breakthrough and become a warrior, he could finally unleash all its power! His confidence soared as soon as he used it.

'I'm a real one-star warrior now! Let's see how you are going to block my attack!'

"The Passing Cloud Sword Technique emphasizes on moving the sword like passing clouds, unobstructed, so that the strike will land on the target as intended. What are you doing? You're holding a glowing sword like a candle! I couldn't even have told this was the Passing Cloud Sword Technique if you hadn't shouted it out."

Yunxiao's comment infuriated Lan Fei so much that he almost coughed up blood. "I've had enough of your nonsense! Die now!"

The glowing sword slashed down and was about to devour Yunxiao when he lightly lifted his sword and pointed it out casually. "Count yourself lucky to have my advice," he said.

Clang!

A crisp noise rang out, and the blinding glow faded away instantly. Then, a black sword flew whistling through the air and stabbed into the ceiling with a thud!

A faint stream of Primordial Qi rushed through the blade into Yunxiao's body. He snorted coldly in his heart and twisted his body into a strange pose. A great pain washed him over in the next instant, but was soon dissolved under the pose.

The whole room was silent.

Thud!

Lan Fei was rooted to the ground, looking blankly at his palms which had been torn apart, so he did not see Yunxiao's foot coming. All he felt was an intense pain in his chest, and then he was knocked flying backward, coughing blood along the way.

"How... how is this even possible..."

Everyone's mind was frozen as their mouths hung wide open and felt all the muscles in their necks getting stiffened.

Meanwhile, Lan Fei's head was completely blank. It was only until he felt a chill in his crotch that he saw Yunxiao holding a sword in front of him, with the sharp blade less than three inches from his manhood. Realizing that he would be completely finished if Yunxiao slightly twisted the hand, his legs trembled with fear as he growled in both shock and fury, "You...What are you doing? Do you really dare to touch me!"

Yunxiao's eyes flashed with contempt as he said in disdain, "Oh, I dare not! I'm so scared! Your blow has numbed my arms, and I worry that I can't hold the sword still. You see, my hand is shaking now."

As if keeping up with his words, his right hand began to shake. The blade moved back and forth in front of Lan Fei's crotch, causing his legs to tremble violently while a smell of urine filled the air. "No! No! Move the sword away!" he shouted while almost crying.

"Move away?" Yunxiao's eyes turned cold. "I'm too lazy to settle the previous score with you, but you've injured Fatty Han and Skinny Chen this time, and even tried to kill me. Now, tell me, how am I going to swallow the resentment if I don't cut off your manhood?"

"No! No! Please, I beg you! I'll do anything you say! Please be merciful!" Lan Fei cried out, frightened out of his wits. After all, he was only a fifteen-year-old teenager, so his arrogance and courage were instantly gone at the prospect of losing his manhood.

The dozens of students present, too, were all teenagers of apprentice warrior level. Although they had witnessed their boss, who was so lofty and mighty during normal times, lay wailing on the ground like a weakling and even peeing his pants, none of them thought of him a disgrace. Any man would be scared out of his wits in such a situation.

A man without his manhood was better dead than alive!

Especially when they stole glances at Du Feng and Luo Jie, their faces turned extremely pale and they all stood where they were, not daring to make a sound. Since a warrior was no match for Yunxiao, they would be doomed as well, even if they attacked him together.

If Yunxiao were still in his previous life, he would have cut off the manhoods of these people. But, his identity was different now, and his strength was weak. Lan Fei was only a newly promoted warrior and had no experience, which was why he could defeat the latter easily. He would not have the slightest chance of victory if he were facing another experienced warrior, or even a martial master.

“If you want to keep your manhood, just pay me some money.”

“Money? Yes, yes! I have money!” Lan Fei felt as if he had grabbed a lifeline. He hurried to remove the storage ring from his finger, but the more anxious he became, the more he could not get it off.

“Don’t bother!” Yunxiao said as his sword flashed. Amidst Lan Fei’s miserable scream, a trail of blood streaked across the air, and both his finger and the ring flew straight up. Yunxiao caught the ring and swept it with his divine sense; only then did he put it away with satisfaction.

“What are you looking at? And you, if you want to keep your manhoods, you know what you should do.” As Yunxiao glanced at the crowd, everyone was taken aback, and they quickly took off their storage rings and handed them to him.

Lan Fei put his hand over his severed finger and calmed down a little. “Can we leave now?”

Just then, Yunxiao’s eyes suddenly caught a glimpse of a jade pendant hanging from Lan Fei’s waist. His heart skipped a beat, and with a flick of his sword, the pendant flew straight into his hand. His eyes flickered with surprise as he said faintly, “This is a nice jade pendant. It is mine now.”

Lan Fei’s face fell as he said hurriedly, “I can give you anything, but not this jade pendant!” His heart gave a jerk when he saw Yunxiao glaring coldly at him. “It’s the protective jade pendant passed down from generation to generation in my family,” he explained in panic. “There are only five of them,

each kept by the core member of the Lan Family, nothing but a symbol of status. It's of no use to you, but of great importance to me!"

He was so anxious that beads of cold sweat covered his forehead. If he lost this thing, his family would surely skin him alive!

Yunxiao's face grew cold as he lifted the sword and said, "Their things are too few, not enough to buy their manhoods. I can give you back the pendant, but I'll cut off their manhoods. Or, give me the pendant, and they can leave with their manhoods. It's up to you."

The group of teenagers was frightened, and they all looked anxiously at Lan Fei.

Lan Fei's face turned extremely unsightly. According to his heart, his jade pendant was, of course, more important. But, the dozen of people who followed him here were the children of families attached to the Lan Family, and a few of them were direct descendants. If he chose the jade pendant and caused these people to have their manhoods cut off by Yunxiao, he probably would not be able to lift his head again!

"Boss!" Shangguan Qing could not help shouting when he saw Lan Fei hesitating.

With a livid face, Lan Fei finally said in a deep voice, "Although this jade pendant is of great importance to me, it's nothing compared to my brothers! Let's go!" He waved a hand, trying his best to make himself look carefree. However, both his crotch and pants were wet, and his face flushed purple with shame.

"Still posturing?" A glimmer of killing intent flashed in Yunxiao's eyes as he swung his sword over from sideways. A beam of cold light pierced through the air like lightning, pointing straight at Lan Fei's throat.

To his horror, Lan Fei found that he was locked by an almost tangible murderous air that he could not avoid, and the icy cold air penetrated directly into his body. For the first time in fifteen years, he truly felt death.

He screamed in dread and reached out a hand to his side almost instinctively. Without thinking, he clutched at Shangguan Qing, who was closest to him, and dragged him in front of him.

Startled, Shangguan Qing tried to struggle, but was no match for Lan Fei, who was already a warrior of the Origin Realm. As a result, he was used as a shield.

All of a sudden, the sword stopped in the air, and then Yunxiao made an arc with it before withdrawing it. With a faint smile, he said, "I was only joking with you. You may leave now."

"YOU!"

Lan Fei was so angry that he nearly vomited blood while Shangguan Qing was pale all over with fear, his legs shaking as a smell of urine wafted out of his crotch.

Lan Fei's face darkened as he saw Shangguan Qing looking at him with a gloomy expression, his head bowed and not saying a word. That made his heart almost burst with rage. The Shangguan Family was the largest family attached to his family, and Shangguan Qing was their direct descendant, his biggest help in the future! But, he knew that from this moment on, this help had not only been lost, but very likely become the enemy on his way to the throne of the family head!

Not daring to speak another word, he rushed out of Yunxiao's dormitory, his eyes blazing with rage. He did not want to stay here for another minute! Those who followed him here shut their mouths as they left after him with bowed heads.

Yunxiao took out the jade pendant and examined it for a while before he said happily, "Great, this is indeed the Five-colored Divine Air Stone!" Then, he put away the pendant and looked up at the ceiling as he sneered, "It's about time for you to show yourself after looking for so long!"

After the span of a few breaths, a noise rang out from the ceiling as Jia Rong, dressed in black clothes, descended down. Once he landed on the ground, he stared at Yunxiao with a complicated look, his eyes filled with incredulity.

"Did you enjoy it? Have you gathered everything I wanted?" Yunxiao said lightly.

Jia Rong wore a serious expression. He had witnessed everything just now; however, he could not tell how Yunxiao defeated Lan Fei. He had originally planned to sneak in here and restrain this teenager first, before forcing out the

cure. But now, he dared not to do that. Although he was a mid-tier warrior, he did not have the slightest confidence in defeating Yunxiao, let alone capturing him alive.