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The sun was setting and it shone on the narrow road through the valley. It illuminated everything in a reddish hue.

Jacke admired the view from the window. The scenery outside of the carriage was quite special.

Middle Province was rich with resources, and the scenery was much better than West Cercie State.

If not for the threat of the fiends, Jacke might have spent a few days there to admire the view.

It would have helped to calm him down and plan out his next steps.

"Jacke..." Chandler's expression looked like he was struggling.

Jacke raised an eyebrow, not expecting the sudden respectful tone. Before, Chandler had regarded him rather casually.

The respectful tone almost caused Jacke to laugh. However, he did nothing to address it.

Chandler could do what he wanted.

Jacke closed the curtains and turned to face Chandler. Chandler took a deep breath.

His eyes were incredibly conflicted. "Are you really...an early stage innate realm warrior?"

Jacke shook his head, saying honestly, "I've never said I was foe, I was injured before, which is why you misjudged my power, I was actually already in the late stage of the innate level. Those Blazing One-Eyed Bulls were off no threat to me at all"

Jacke gave them a reasonable explanation, but the explanation caused Chandler to be even more shocked.

His eyeball threatened to pop out of their sockets.

He could not help but sit up, straightening his back as he said, "Even if you're at the late stage of the innate level, you would be one of the strongest. A master among masters..."

His words had no hint of false flattery at all. They were his true sentiments. Even a warrior at the late stage of the innate level would not have possibly killed those three bulls so easily.

He was a warrior of the same level. It had been incredibly difficult for him just to face one bull. It had exhausted all of his energy to come to a tie with the bull, He had even been at a disadvantage.

Compared to Jacke, he was nothing.

"Even if you were in a fifth-grade clan, you would probably be the strongest disciple among the chosen disciples. I'm even wondering if our eldest disciple would be a match for you when he was at the late stage of the innate level." He said earnestly.

Jacke raised an eyebrow, not denying anything. There were some things that he only had to understand himself. There was no point in voicing it.

Chandler took a deep breath and said, "I thought you were just a disciple from a small clan before. Now it seems like I was mistaken. I can't believe I met a master like you."

Jacke did not respond to those words. He merely sat there quietly. After a moment,

Chandler mustered up his resolve, "Are you really planning on learning alchemy? Are you planning on learning the Way of the Pill and advancing to a sixth-grade alchemist?"

Jacke nodded. That was his current plan.

Even if he entered a clan, it would be impossible to earn so many spirit crystals in such a short amount of time. It was something he was acutely aware of.

If he wanted to quickly earn more spirit crystals, his only choice was to improve his alchemy. Refining a large number of pills would help him earn enough spirit crystals.

Only then would he be able to gather nine ninth-grade crystals and enter Wild Gorge Pass to obtain the key.

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Chandler pursed his lips. "If you put your focus into alchemy, you won't have any time to train. You're so talented. If you waste so much time on alchemy, it would be such a waste of your potential. You'll end up regretting it!"

Chandler was incredibly firm with his words, especially the last part.

Even if Jacke was about to earn a lot of spirit crystals, it would mean nothing.

Increasing his power was the most important.

If he got stronger, he would naturally be able to win over more riches.

Furthermore, increasing the quality of one's pills would require a lot of time and effort! It was incredibly slow as well.

Having great potential for fighting did not mean having great potential for alchemy.

Jacke raised an eyebrow. He naturally knew all of that. If he did not have the soul gathering crystal, he would not have chosen a more distant and difficult path either.

Yet, with the soul-gathering crystal, it was no longer a problem. All he needed was a bit more time. Jacke nodded. He was still grateful for Chandler's advice. At the very least, it meant that Chandler was not a bad person.

"I'm quite confident in my alchemy. I've already decided to be an alchemist. I won't change my decision."

At that moment, Chandler felt like Jacke must definitely be crazy.

Jacke was abandoning such a bright future to waste his time on alchemy.

Earlier, Jacke's skills and talent would have been a great attraction no matter what clan he was in.

People like Jacke should focus on their advantages.

Jacke should look to climb to the top of all warriors, turning into an unrivaled existence.

Yet, Jacke seemed to be insistent on sabotaging himself.

He seemed to be ignoring all his talent and potential, wasting all his time on alchemy for no reason.

Chandler had some understanding of alchemy.

After all, he had wanted to become an alchemist initially.

In order to become a sixth-grade alchemist, not only would he need to waste a tremendous amount of spirit grass and medicines for practice, but he would also need to constantly study up on different things.

He would need to be able to determine the authenticity and age of various materials.

Just those alone were enough to fill up one's head completely.

How would Jacke have any time to train? Many alchemists were incredibly specialized and were not particularly strong.

Most high-ranking alchemists reached their level because they were not good at combat.

That was why they poured all of their focus on alchemy.

Think about that, Chandler could not help but shake his head. "Whatever, since you want to become a sixth-grade alchemist, I'll help you."

The next morning, Heavenly Pills had yet to open.

Clerks and students frantically ran frantically around cleaning everything up.

The furniture was all wiped down.

Heavenly Pill's most senior staff was brushing his teeth as he pointed all around the store.

This won't do! Are all of you blind? Can't you see that cobweb over there? Don't ignore any of the corners.

If any of the customers see it, what would they think of Heavenly Pills? We're not a normal pill store.

We're a direct store of Heavenly Pills! If we embarrass ourselves, we can kiss our Heavenly Pills name goodbye!

It was incredibly frantic as they hurried over with a piece of cloth to clear away the cobweb that was just the size of a finger.

After that, they looked around for other potentially dirty spots with their eyes wide.

Heavenly Pills had ten students and those students were not that old. Even though they were regarded more highly than the clerks, they still needed to perform hard labor.

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After all, Heavenly Pills used quite a lot of resources in bringing them up. Alchemy was something that innately required a lot of spiritual grass and medicines. When those resources piled up, they cost a pretty penny.

Gilbert Hughes let out a soft cough as he poured a cup of tea that was at the perfect temperature. "Mr. Simmons, you must be tired. Have some tea to soothe your throat. You've been so busy today. "Let me help you with these small matters. This entire shop will be absolutely spotless."

Mr. Simmons raised an eyebrow, nodding happily, "You know me so well, Gilbert. I wouldn't be able to hand this over to just anyone, but you've always done things really well. I can relax by handing over this matter to you."

As he said that, Mr. Simmons's smile got wider and wider. Gilbert nodded, revealing a very appropriate smile.

It was as if he was incredibly grateful for those words.

However, Gilbert did not mean any of those words at all. Instead, he found it very amusing.

The only reason Mr. Simmons flattered him so much was just that Mr. Simmons felt like he had a lot of potential.

Of the ten students, Gilbert was the one with the most hope to become a sixth-grade alchemist, because of that, Mr. Simmons would always face him with a smile.

Mr. Simmons had always been someone who would suck up to the powerful and trample all over the weak. If not for that, Mr. Simmons would not even have raised an eyebrow no matter what Gilbert said.

When he becomes a sixth-grade alchemist, the first person he wanted to deal with would be Mr. Simmons. Mr. Simmons enjoyed looking for trouble where there was none far too much.

As he thought about everything, the door to the hall suddenly opened.

Gilbert frowned.

He was about to apologize when he saw someone storming in through the door.

That person did not even spare him a glance. He walked right up to Mr. Simmons and said, "Uncle, have you been well?"

Simmons' hand that he had raised in anger immediately gave Chandler a gentle pat on the shoulder, "Oh, Chandler? Why are you here? How's your training been? Have you been promoted to an inner disciple yet?"

Chandler pursed his lips as he glanced outside. He quickly averted his gaze, "Not bad, I actually have something I wanted your help with."

After that, he waved outside. Jacke entered Heavenly Pills' hall with Maynard behind him.

Even though Maynard was technically at the same level as Mr. Simmons, they were incredibly different. Maynard served Chandler's family and was just a servant in that family.

However, Mr. Simmons was someone who worked for Heavenly Pills. He was definitely regarded much more highly than Maynard.

Hence, Maynard's proud demeanor earlier had completely deflated in front of Mr. Simmons.

It was like he had turned into a dog who did not even dare to wag its tail.

Mr. Simmons looked at the two who had entered curiously.

His focus was especially on Jacke.

When Jacke walked in, he did not have any expression on his face.

Jacke did not even spare Mr. Simmons a glance. It was as if Jacke did not care that he was the caretaker of Heavenly Pills at all.

When Chandler mentioned his intentions, Mr. Simmons immediately raised an eyebrow. He appraised Jacke when he heard that Jacke wanted to become a student.

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After a long time, Mr. Simmons nodded and replied, "Since you've come here to be a student, you should be mentally prepared to be one."

"My nephew asked me for this favor, so I'll naturally agree to it. Gilbert, go find a room for him. In the future, you'll be his senior. Remember to bring him along wherever you go."

Gilbert tried his best to control his expression that was about to sour. He let out a stiff smile and uttered, "Don't worry, I'll take good care of him."

Even though he did his best to control his tone, Jacke could still feel something amiss despite the plain nature of his words. He glanced at Gilbert.

Gilbert looked quite friendly, but Jacke could feel a coldness behind that warm exterior.

Gilbert was incredibly unhappy at Jacke's arrival. It was as if Gilbert was afraid that Jacke would steal his position.

That surprised Jacke. Gilbert did not even give Jacke a chance to speak before he raised his right hand and stood aside,

"Come with me, I'll arrange somewhere for you to stay. From today on, you'll be one of my fellow students in Heavenly Pills." Jacke nodded.

After that, he turned to look at Chandler. Chandler let out a sigh before he nodded earnestly.

"I'll be leaving at noon tomorrow. Before I leave, I want to treat you to a meal. You mustn't refuse."

Chandler emphasized his words very heavily. Jacke was still quite thankful to Chandler. Since Chandler was willing to treat him to a meal he would naturally not refuse it.

After nodding, he followed Gilbert.

They went toward the back door of the hall. When Jacke disappeared, Mr. Simmons turned around to look at Chandler.

"You seem to have a lot of respect for this brat. Is he someone special?"

Gilbert pursed his lips helplessly, shaking his head. "He's no one special. I just think he's a good person. It's worth being good Mr. Simmons could not help but raise an eyebrow. Even though he did not agree with Chandler's words, he could not be bothered to give any advice. After a sigh, he pulled Chandler aside.

He had the servants prepare some tea, As the two of them drank, they chatted.

This time, Chandler wanted to talk about what had happened in his journey. However, he would definitely end up involving Jacke if he went into detail.

Jacke had already told Chandler to not tell anyone else about him.

Chandler could understand from Jacke's point of view, so he temporarily ignored what had happened.

"I remember Heavenly Pills accepted twenty students two years ago," Chandler said after taking a sip of tea.

He had been asking for Jacke's sake, but he was curious himself as well.

Mr. Simmons nodded, "You remember quite well. That year, we did accept twenty students,"

He let out a dry laugh while saying, "Yet there was only one who was able to become a sixth-grade alchemist. There are so few people who can understand the Way of the Pill and condense pill auras."

It's so hard to produce even one sixth-grade alchemist, let alone seventh or eighth-grade ones... There is only one eighth-grade alchemist in Heavenly Pills.

The eighth-grade alchemist is basically the living ancestor. He doesn't trouble himself with general affairs.