

Everyone gritted their teeth and bowed their heads as they offered greetings. Bai Xiaochun was extremely proud of himself, but his expression was solemn. Chuckling darkly, he looked over the group.

Suddenly, Zhao Wuchang gritted his teeth and said, "Dharma Protector Nightcrypt, disciple is willing to give you everything I own in exchange for a single Foundation Establishment Pill...." Soon, everyone was echoing his words. No fighting broke out; they simply tried to ingratiate themselves to Bai Xiaochun to get one of the pills for themselves. To them, Foundation Establishment Pills were indescribably rare. If they lost out on this opportunity, it could be a very long time before they got another chance. All they needed was one of those pills, and they would be qualified to make an enormous leap upwards. The mere thought of it had them all quivering with anxiety. A decisive gleam could be seen in Zhao Wuchang's bloodshot eyes. His clan was on the decline, and there were enemy clans who had recently acquired new Foundation Establishment cultivators. If he didn't reach Foundation Establishment soon, his entire clan could be wiped out, and likely him with it! With those thoughts on his mind, Zhao Wuchang gritted his teeth, dropped down and kowtowed to Bai Xiaochun. Then he pushed his finger down onto his forehead, causing blood-colored light to flicker as a drop of blood appeared. Shockingly, that blood actually contained a sliver of his soul! He was using a secret magic that he had happened upon long ago. Considering the current level of his cultivation base, using it caused a major backlash. Even as the soul blood appeared, his face went pale, and he coughed up a massive mouthful of blood. Then he looked up at Bai Xiaochun, voice hoarse and filled with madness as he said, "Dharma Protector Nightcrypt. If you let me reach Foundation Establishment, I'll be your slave for a sixty-year-cycle!" All the other disciples gasped, and they looked at Zhao Wuchang with mixed emotions. Although all of them deeply desired a Foundation Establishment Pill, none of them were as decisive as he was. Their faces sank. None of them had any sort of magic that would let them produce soul blood, but even if they did, they wouldn't use it like this. Foundation Establishment Pills were rare, but there was no saying that they wouldn't get another opportunity to acquire one on another occasion. Shaken, Bai Xiaochun gave Zhao Wuchang a long look, and then glanced at the soul blood. He was no newcomer to the world of cultivation, and had heard of things like this before. After muttering to himself for a moment, he waved his hand, and the soul blood blew over and vanished into the tip of his finger. A very strange sensation suddenly filled him. He could tell that as of this moment, a mere thought on this part could end Zhao Wuchang's life. It was a terrifying level of control that was actually somewhat similar to his Human Controlling Grand Magic. After a moment of silence, he somberly said, "Zhao Wuchang!" His grave expression caused the hearts of all the other disciples to tremble. Zhao Wuchang looked up, his eyes filled with respect. "I shall give you one Foundation Establishment Pill, and no more!" Bai Xiaochun had his principles. He waved his hand, and a Foundation Establishment Pill flew out to Zhao Wuchang. All the other disciples looked on enviously. No one would dare to start fighting in front of a Foundation Establishment cultivator. Trembling, Zhao Wuchang grabbed the pill and then clasped hands and bowed to Bai Xiaochun. Then he walked forward, sat down cross-legged next to Bai Xiaochun and consumed the pill. As soon as it entered his mouth, he began to shake visibly, as if something volcanic were about to erupt inside of him. Bai Xiaochun looked at him for a moment, then retracted his gaze. Inwardly, he sighed. Even in the Spirit Stream Sect, Foundation Establishment Pills were hard to get. However, in the Blood Stream Sect, they were even more valuable. Suddenly, he realized that there were many aspects of the cultivation world that were like that. There was a reason why the Blood Stream Sect was so powerful. Disciples who grew up in an environment like that would end up far stronger than disciples from other sects. Some people might worry about the disciples' sense of belonging. However, as long as the sect was powerful enough, and did most things in the interest of the sect as a whole, anyone who threatened the rules of the sect would be crushed. The best

thing was not to fight the trend; blend in, and use the rules to your advantage! Time passed. Just around the time that the one month time limit was over, rumbling sounds emanated out from Zhao Wuchang, and then the aura of Foundation Establishment erupted out. His eyes snapped open, and they shone brightly. His cultivation base was now a spiritual sea, and although it couldn't compare to an Earthstring Foundation Establishment, he did have a strong foundation in the Mortal-Dao level. The surrounding disciples had complicated expressions on their faces as Zhao Wuchang rose to his feet. Clapping hands and bowing deeply to Bai Xiaochun, he said, "Many thanks, master!" Bai Xiaochun nodded. At that point, numerous beams of light descended from above to surround all of the cultivators. Then a powerful gravitational force appeared, and they were hauled upward. RUMBLE! They flew up through the air, passing through the blood mist toward the outside. After the light vanished, they unleashed their cultivation bases and flew out of the pit toward the Precipice of Never-Ending Blood, where the four grand elders were waiting. Their gazes swept across the disciples, and came to rest on Bai Xiaochun and Zhao Wuchang. Zhao Wuchang stood behind Bai Xiaochun, looking at him respectfully. At the same time, the four grand elders also focused their attention on Bai Xiaochun. Very serious expressions could be seen on their faces. After all, they also had Foundation Establishment cultivation bases, although they were at the peak of the stage. At a single glance, they could see that something strange had happened. "Nightcrypt enslaved another Foundation Establishment cultivator?" That was what they were all thinking as they exchanged glances. They had been impressed by Bai Xiaochun last month, and now that feeling was growing. If he had simply reached Foundation Establishment by himself, that would have been deserving of praise. But he had enslaved another Foundation Establishment cultivator as well. That went to show that although he had selfishly hogged the pills, such behavior wasn't fixed. He could be flexible, to get the best outcome that benefited him. Such an attitude and such actions fit exactly in line with the principles of the Blood Stream Sect. The dwarf from Nameless Peak suddenly asked, "Dharma Protector Nightcrypt, how many Foundation Establishment Pills did you consume?" "Two!" Bai Xiaochun replied without even a moment of hesitation. The burly grand elder from Lesser Marsh Peak looked at Bai Xiaochun, eyes shining with praise. "What do you plan to do with the other Foundation Establishment Pills?" "Oh, that...." Bai Xiaochun's heart thumped, and he considered the matter briefly before continuing proudly: "My dream is to become an amazing apothecary. I plan to study the extra Foundation Establishment Pills and see if I can replicate them. One of these days, I'll definitely produce my own Foundation Establishment Pills. Right now, all I can make are tier-2 spirit medicines." The other disciples looked on with bitter expressions, and the four grand elder seemed shocked. It had been a simple question, but the answer was filled with profound meaning that immediately solidified all of their opinions of Nightcrypt. The four grand elders' hearts began to pound with anticipation. A Dharma protector who could concoct medicine would be a very important figure, someone that Earthstring Foundation Establishment elders might not even be able to surpass. There were always Earthstring Foundation Establishment elders, but it was very difficult to get a Foundation Establishment expert of any sort who could concoct medicine. The grand elder from Corpse Peak immediately regretted being so open with his praise before. At the same time, Song Junwan's heart was pounding as she smiled at Bai Xiaochun. "Excellent," said the Corpse Peak grand elder, eyes burning passionately. "Nightcrypt, your work with the emerald zombie shows that you have skill in the Dao of medicine. Why not come over to Corpse Peak!? You are clearly connected to us by destiny!" He had already been shaken by Bai Xiaochun, but now that he was in the Foundation Establishment stage, he was even more impressive. "Ah, cut the crap!" said the burly grand elder from Lesser Marsh Peak. "Nightcrypt managed to fight off a whole group of opponents while only in the Qi Condensation stage. Clearly he's gifted in body refinement. Nightcrypt, come to Lesser Marsh Peak. We cultivate devilblood body refinement! With us, you can truly step onto the path of becoming a powerful expert!" But then the dwarf from Nameless Peak screeched: "Hey, don't even think of trying to steal him from me. Didn't I say from the beginning that Nightcrypt was coming to Nameless Peak!?" Song Junwan from Middle Peak tucked a stray strand of hair behind her ear. Eyes glistening, she said, "Junior Brother Nightcrypt, why don't you come to Middle Peak...?" To see the grand elders fighting over Bai Xiaochun caused the other disciples to fume bitterly, and sigh in their hearts. Bai Xiaochun couldn't help but think about how outstanding he was. No matter how hard he tried to keep a low profile in both the Spirit Stream Sect and the Blood Stream Sect, he always managed to have people chasing

after him. Vexed at the amazement of his own accomplishments, his eyes suddenly went cloudy, as if with infatuation. Staring at Song Junwan, and blushing slightly, he said, "... I pick Big Sis Song's Middle Peak!"