

Howling, Xu Xiaoshan flew up into the air and slammed into Blood Master Windcliff. Bai Xiaochun used that opportunity to flee, although by this point he was getting a bit angry.

"Windcliff," he shouted, "before I started concocting, I told you that there could be problems. You personally said not to worry at all! What do you think you're doing? You might be a blood master, but don't think that Nightcrypt is afraid of you!" He was actually very nervous, but he pretended to be simply furious, and even intentionally erupted with a murderous aura. At the same time, he raised his right hand up into the air, within which was a medicinal pill bottle. "This is the tier-4 Inverse Blood Corpse Refining Pill you wanted me to make!" In the middle of grappling with Xu Xiaoshan, Blood Master Windcliff looked over at Bai Xiaochun, and was forced to suppress the rage he felt. The truth was that he really had uttered such words. Although he had never imagined that the current situation would have resulted, he was a blood master, and was capable of being cold and callous. A moment later, his anger faded, and he smiled so broadly his eyes narrowed. "I was being a bit rash," he said. "Junior Brother Nightcrypt, none of this is a big deal. As long as the spirit medicine came out alright, then I'll keep my promise." Ignoring the implied threat in his words, Bai Xiaochun threw the medicinal pill bottle toward Windcliff. Windcliff grabbed it and opened it, and was immediately moved. A look of joy even appeared on his face. Although Corpse Peak was in chaos, which was a bit annoying, the fact that the medicinal pill had been successfully concocted negated all other minor problems. "Many thanks!" he said with a smile. Then, his eyes flashed with cold light as he shot toward Ancestor Peak, where he conferred with the prime elders about a solution to the problem on Corpse Peak. Bai Xiaochun watched the blood master leave, and laughed coldly in his heart at how unreasonable the man was. Despite how Bai Xiaochun had been helping him with his medicinal pill, the coldness in his eyes had been more than clear moments ago. "Hmph!" he thought. "It's a good thing that despite being so honest, I'm very intelligent. If he doesn't use that Inverse Blood Corpse Refining Pill, then it won't matter. But if he does use it, then I'll be able to take command of his refined corpse!" Bai Xiaochun was very proud of himself. With the snap of a finger, he had reduced the Corpse Peak blood master to ashes. Sticking his chin up, he looked around at the crowds. The cultivators from the other three mountain peaks trembled as his gaze passed over them, and they quickly backed up and clasped their hands respectfully toward him. By now, everyone was terrified of Nightcrypt. His medicine concocting techniques had long since exceeded the realm of divine abilities; he could cut down his enemies without even touching them....

"Aiya. Outstanding people are always the center of attention no matter where they go. What a headache." Even as he was feeling very proud of himself, and sighing inwardly, he suddenly found himself looking into the eyes of Song Junwan. The cold smile he saw on her face sent chills up his spine. "Um... hey, Big Sis Song...." Her eyes went wide. "Oh, back to calling me Big Sis, huh?" Snorting coldly, she spun around and headed back to Middle Peak. Everyone else in the area exchanged awkward glances and then began to leave. Soon, Bai Xiaochun was left alone, hovering there in midair. He was starting to get worried. Song Junwan had clearly intended for him to see the look in her eyes, and all of a sudden, he was wondering what new tactics she might resort to in her desire to torment him. He sighed. However, he now had no choice but to go back to Middle Peak. He did his best to sneak back into his immortal's cave, where he sat down quietly, stewing in his anxiety. "What am I supposed to do...? This Song Junwan really knows how to harbor a grudge! All I did was leave the mountain for a little bit, right...?" Rubbing his forehead, he continued to try to think of ways to smooth things out with her. Over the following days, he continued to ponder the issue. The situation with the hallucinations struck Corpse Peak quickly, but ended just as quickly. As the cultivators there recovered, they looked around blankly. Then they began to think back to everything that had occurred, and soon, angry shouts rang up. "Nightcrypt! Our enmity is irreconcilable!!" "ARRGGHH! Nightcrypt! I'm gonna kill

you!!” The fury of the bloodstreak elders burned especially hot, and all of them went directly into secluded meditation. As for the grand elder, as soon as he recovered, he threw his head back and let out an anguished howl. From that day forward, no one would ever dare to mention the word ‘eagle’ in front of him ever again. He also chose to go into secluded meditation.... However, there were even more extreme cases which had cropped up. For example, one young man had been under the belief that he was a corpse, and had tried to refine himself. Upon awakening, he let out miserable screams that echoed out near and far. Many of them wanted to kill Nightcrypt, and yet nobody dared to step onto Middle Peak. All they could do was angrily gnash their teeth. Of course, at the same time, Nightcrypt’s nickname ‘Plaguedevil’ filled the entire sect. Eventually, word of Plaguedevil spread far and wide.... When Bai Xiaochun caught wind of it all, he was actually moved. Although his impression of the Blood Stream Sect cultivators as being violent and short-tempered only deepened, he was also deeply grateful for how well the leadership treated him. Whenever he caused huge problems, he never had to deal with any consequences. As far as Song Junwan was concerned, he had finally come up with an idea of how to handle her. “The only option is to give her a gift....” he thought, sighing. After much thought, he began to concoct some medicine. A few days later, he had produced a single green medicinal pill, which he placed in a pink medicinal pill bottle. Then he left his immortal’s cave and began to nervously make his way toward the upper finger. Along the way, any Middle Peak cultivators who he encountered would respectfully clasp hands in greeting. However, he completely ignored them as he made his way along. Of course, the more coldly he treated them, the more it seemed to them that things were back to normal. Had he turned and smiled at them, their hair would have stood on end from fear. Before long, Bai Xiaochun was at Song Junwan’s blood lake. After making his way across the path to the area behind the blood waterfalls, he clasped hands and bowed. “Nightcrypt requests an audience with Big Sis Song.” The four attendants standing guard outside the door exchanged glances, and then one of them went inside to report the situation. Another hurried forward to attend to Bai Xiaochun. By now, there were all sorts of rumors in the sect about the exact nature of Nightcrypt’s relationship with Song Junwan. However, no one wanted to offend Nightcrypt and get on his bad side. Bai Xiaochun waited for two hours, during which time the anger and anxiety in his heart built. It was evening before Song Junwan finally agreed to let him in. The door slowly opened, and Bai Xiaochun strode inside, trying to look ice cold and filled with veins of steel. As soon as he entered, he looked over at the huge hot spring, and yet, Song Junwan was not inside. Instead, she was sitting behind a table in an adjacent hall, staring at Bai Xiaochun with an expressionless face. Apparently, she was still angry. “Didn’t you say you would never come back?” she asked coolly. “And yet, here you are, back again. What are you doing in my immortal’s cave?” She wore a long, violet gown, with her long hair coiled on top of her head and bound with a phoenix hairpin. Her garment was embroidered with black designs that made her seem particularly dignified. However, tiny droplets of water could be seen on her pearly neck, indicating that she had just bathed. Overall, anyone who looked at her would be hard pressed to not want to ravish her on the spot. Bai Xiaochun blinked for a moment, then stuck his chest out and waved his sleeve. Expression cold, he frowned and said, “Enough!” Song Junwan’s eyes widened. Never could she have imagined that Nightcrypt would speak to her in such a tone. She slapped the arm of her chair, trembling in rage. However, that only made her seem more entrancing.... She seemed on the verge of exploding. Her eyes were icy, and just as she was about to start cursing him, Bai Xiaochun snorted coldly and waved his right arm, sending a medicinal pill bottle flying toward her. Her rage did not lessen. With a cold laugh, she waved her hand, causing the pill bottle to shatter, and sending the medicinal pill flying out into the air. Bai Xiaochun looked her calmly in the eye as the pill landed on the ground and rolled off to the side. Slowly, his eyes seemed to fade self-deprecatingly. “I, Nightcrypt, returned for one reason only, and that was to give you this pill bottle. I am completely destitute. All of the medicinal plants given to me by the patriarch went into the pills I concocted for the sect. Because of that, I had no choice but to go to Corpse Peak to concoct medicine for Windcliff. Only then was I able to build up enough medicinal plants to make this single medicinal pill. It is a special spirit medicine that I concocted for the sole purpose of giving it to a special person! “The medicine has been given, so I shall take my leave. Henceforth, you are the grand elder, and I am Nightcrypt!” His voice seemed bitter and filled with pain, as if the shattered medicinal pill bottle was a reflection of the state of his heart, and the fallen medicinal pill had transformed his kind feelings into nothing more than ashes. Clapping hands, he

bowed deeply, then turned and strode toward the door, looking completely and utterly lonesome. Song Junwan looked on in shock. She had assumed that Nightcrypt would come to fawn ingratiatingly. In fact, the reason she had made him wait outside for so long, other than to give her time to bathe and dress, was to make sure he realized that it didn't matter if the patriarchs liked him. On Middle Peak, she was the grand elder, and was not someone to be brazenly defied. To her surprise, however, he had started out by chiding her. Considering her pride and lofty position, it was impossible for her not to have been angered. When he tossed her the medicinal pill bottle, that anger erupted, and she destroyed the bottle. Of course she had noticed the medicinal pill rolling off to the side. But how could she ever have predicted the next set of words that would come out of his mouth? Song Junwan looked down at the pill, and then looked at Bai Xiaochun bleakly walking out the door. For some reason, her heart suddenly seemed empty, which was a feeling that she had never experienced before. "Wait!" she blurted. Bai Xiaochun stopped in place, then turned and calmly clasped his hands in formal fashion. "You have orders for me, Grand Elder?" His wording was very polite, without the slightest hint of passion or emotion. His expression was cold and grim, almost as if he had severed away his memories and buried them deep in his heart. Even more telling was that he had addressed her as 'Grand Elder' instead of 'Big Sis Song'. "You...." Her face was ashen, and for some reason, her heart felt like it was in complete shambles. "If you have no pressing matter, then I shall take my leave." Expression the same as ever, Bai Xiaochun turned and left the immortal's cave. It was only after he was some distance away, and off the upper finger, that he let out a long sigh. His heart was still pounding. "This move should work...." he thought. "If not, then I don't know what else to do." He hurried nervously back to his immortal's cave, sighing to himself about how annoying women were, especially powerful women, who were far more domineering than the regular type.