

Ten days passed. On two occasions, pill furnaces exploded, but there was nothing Bai Xiaochun could do about it. Reducing the medicinal strength seemed to be the only option. As far as Bai Xiaochun was concerned, these pill furnaces were simply too weak....

After reducing the medicinal strength, and utilizing the All-Creation Plants and Vegetation technique, he was gradually able to stabilize things, and in the end, managed to successfully concoct a batch of tier-4 Spirit-Tempering Crystallizing Pills. Although only five pills came out, and they were all low-grade, they still contained far more spiritual energy than any other spirit medicine that Bai Xiaochun had concocted in the past. He could even feel the spiritual energy pulsing inside of them when he held them in his hand. They almost seemed intelligent.... That was one of the unique characteristics of tier-4 medicinal pills. After examining them closely for a bit, Bai Xiaochun started to get even more excited than before. Although he was confident that a pill like this would please a prime elder, it probably wouldn't be good enough for the Song Clan patriarch. "I need to increase my success rate significantly. Then the Song Clan patriarch will definitely be convinced!" Sticking his chin up proudly, he continued concocting with the techniques he had already perfected to some degree. He wanted more control over tier-4 spirit medicine, and a higher success rate, similar to what he had with tier-3 spirit medicines. It was with complete focus that Bai Xiaochun proceeded to ignore the outside world, and immerse himself in the Dao of medicine. Next, he selected another classic tier-4 spirit medicine formula, Misty Spirit Incense. A few days later, a fragrant aroma rose up from the new batch of spirit medicine, and Bai Xiaochun's eyes immediately began to shine. His right hand flashed with an incantation gesture, and the pill furnace opened, causing a stream of green smoke to rise up into the air. "Huh?" What shocked Bai Xiaochun most wasn't the green smoke, it was the fact that no spirit medicine could be seen inside! "What went wrong?" he thought, shocked. He inspected the pill furnace carefully, but there was nothing inside, not even any medicinal dregs. It was almost as if the spirit medicine in the pill furnace had vanished into thin air. Thinking about the smoke, he looked around the immortal's cave, but didn't see anything out of the ordinary. Frowning, he started working on another batch, determined to identify the source of the problem. The same thing happened with the next batch. "It turned into green smoke again?" Green smoke rose up, and within a few breaths of time, had completely vanished. No matter how he tried to capture it or prevent it from dissipating, it faded away. "Interesting. Every tier-4 spirit medicine seems to have a unique property to it." He wasn't discouraged. Quite the contrary. For the following month, he tried numerous methods to solve the problem. However, the dozen or so batches he completed during that time all resulted in a green smoke which quickly faded away. As Bai Xiaochun continued his research and study into the Misty Spirit Incense, the cultivators of Middle Peak were finally awakening from the nightmare that had been the exploding pill furnaces. However, before they even had a chance to rejoice, they found themselves sinking into another nightmare. The first cultivator to be struck with misfortune was Master God-Diviner. About ten days before, in the middle of the night, he had been performing an augury for someone when suddenly his face fell. To the surprise of the cultivator sitting in front of him, Master God-Diviner rushed out of the room, face bright red. That night, he felt like he was about to fall to pieces. The following morning at dawn, his face was ashen. "What's going on? I haven't eaten food for more than ten years. How could I be having diarrhea...?" Clutching his abdomen, he tried to perform a divination, but before he could finish, a growling sound echoed out from inside of him.... Soon, one cultivator after another was affected. Regardless of whether they were in their immortal's caves or not, anyone on Middle Peak who breathed in the aura caused by the green smoke would be

stricken with diarrhea. It didn't matter when or where they were.... If it were an ordinary case of diarrhea, it might not have been a big deal. However, days passed, and the situation only continued to worsen. The ones who had it best off only ended up visiting the restroom ten or more times per day, but for others, it was over a hundred. The cultivators of Middle Peak were starting to go crazy, and couldn't even imagine what sort of poison could be causing the situation. Some of the Foundation Establishment cultivators couldn't handle it, and began to collapse unconscious. "Someone's poisoned us!!" "Dammit! What exactly is going on? This couldn't be Nightcrypt, could it?!" A plague of diarrhea had struck the lower finger of Middle Peak. There was an invisible poison mist that seemed to affect any cultivator who encountered it, regardless of the level of their cultivation base. Soon, Middle Peak was virtually a ghost town. Everyone was on the verge of going completely insane, and yet barely had the energy to move. Unfortunately, it wasn't a problem that simply went away after a short time passed. Song Que lay prone, listless and weak. He had visited the restroom so many times that by this point, he almost felt like a mortal. "What's happening!?" people moaned. "It must be Nightcrypt! He's concocting medicine, and the aura is spreading out and doing this to us!" More and more people began to come to the same conclusion. However, no one could even go to investigate; the diarrhea had gotten so bad that most people couldn't even leave their immortal's caves. Soon, the upper finger was being affected. Song Junwan simply left, shaking in fear at the thought of medicine concocting. "Just what kind of concocting is he doing?" she sighed, looking down sympathetically at Middle Peak. "How could it be so terrifying!?" Eventually, word spread to the other three mountain peaks, and the cultivators there began to laugh and joke about the matter. Some of them went over to the vicinity of Middle Peak to investigate for themselves, but they quickly returned and went into secluded meditation. Eventually, the cultivators of Middle Peak began to leave. Unfortunately, they could only crawl, so that was how they made their escape. They crawled slowly away, unwilling to remain behind any longer. Sadly, they had been severely poisoned, so even after leaving, the symptoms lingered. Everyone teetered on the verge of collapse, glaring in terror at Bai Xiaochun's immortal's cave. If they had to choose between this and exploding furnaces, they would pick the furnaces.... "Nightcrypt is so vicious! He's definitely getting revenge on us!" "Dammit! We shouldn't call him Nightdevil, we should call him Plaguedevil!!" "Nightcrypt the Plaguedevil!!" As time passed, and the Foundation Establishment cultivators simmered in suffering, their hatred for Bai Xiaochun dissipated. Most of them resolved that in the future, they would do anything possible to avoid provoking him.... He was truly a terrifying figure, and his tactics of cutting down his enemies with invisible medicinal pills was truly mind-numbing. Furthermore, quite a few cultivators changed their mind about the Dao of medicine, and decided that they should spend more time studying it.... Even Ancestor Peak took note of what was happening. Of course, Bai Xiaochun had no idea what was going on. Because he cultivated the Undying Live Forever Technique, he wasn't affected at all, and was completely consumed in the Dao of medicine. A month later, he finally solved the problem of the green smoke, and succeeded in concocting the Misty Spirit Incense. Then he went on to concoct some other tier-4 spirit medicines. Eventually, he raised his success rate to seventy percent. By that point, he had run out of medicinal plants, and was forced to take a break. Spirit medicine in hand, he sighed and walked out of the Immortal's cave. It was a bright, sunny morning, but for some reason, everything seemed unusually quiet. Bai Xiaochun looked around and found that Middle Peak was completely empty. At first he was shocked, but then he was pleased. He had finally managed to concoct some medicine without affecting people in the area. Sighing again, he began to walk along through Middle Peak. Before long though, he started to get nervous. "Why is it so quiet?" he thought. Something seemed off. By the time he reached the bottom of the mountain, he hadn't seen a single person, or even detected any signs of life. All of the immortal's caves seemed empty. "Where is everyone?" Blinking, he started to get even more nervous, and then picked up his pace. Soon, he caught sight of one of the Middle Peak Foundation Establishment cultivators, hobbling along with the help of two Inner Sect disciples. When the cultivator looked up and saw Bai Xiaochun, a tremor ran through him, and his eyes widened as if with fear as he raised a trembling finger to point at Bai Xiaochun.. "Are... are you finished concocting?" he asked. "Huh?" Bai Xiaochun replied, a bit confused. "Um, yeah I'm finished!" As soon as the words left his mouth, the cultivator shivered, then turned toward the Inner Sect district and yelled as loud as he could: "You can all come out now! Let's go back to our immortal's caves. Plaguedevil is finished concocting medicine!!" Soon, cries of relief

rang out from numerous immortal's caves in the Inner Sect as countless figures appeared, supported by Inner Sect disciples. They all looked gaunt and sallow, their expressions simultaneously listless and excited. "Are you serious?! Plaguedevil finally finished with his medicine concocting?" "The heavens do have eyes!!" "We can finally go back to Middle Peak...." Song Que was in the crowd, his legs trembling as he glared at Bai Xiaochun. He was unlike the rest of the crowd; he had not been cowed into fear, and still wanted to kill Nightcrypt. Bai Xiaochun scratched his head guiltily as the crowds of Inner Sect disciples helped the Foundation Establishment cultivators on their way back to Middle Peak. For the time it takes an incense stick to burn, he watched hundreds of people passing him. Then Song Junwan flew by overhead, and then circled around to land in front of him, mixed emotions on her face. "Big Sis Song...." he said carefully. "Finished concocting?" she asked with a wry smile. "Give me the spirit medicine, I'll take it to the patriarch." Bai Xiaochun quickly pulled five tier-4 spirit medicines out of his bag of holding. They were only a portion of what he had concocted. The rest he kept to himself, naturally. Song Junwan accepted them, and after examining them briefly, was clearly moved. She gave Bai Xiaochun a deep look, then smiled. Telling him to wait for her, she flew toward the top of Middle Peak. Bai Xiaochun was already feeling very nervous. He knew the rules in the Blood Stream Sect. Although he was confident that he had done enough to impress the leadership of the Blood Stream Sect, he was still a bit anxious. He waited for the time it takes an incense stick to burn, whereupon Song Junwan returned. A strange look could be seen in her eyes as she handed him a command medallion, then lifted his chin with her finger. Her breath smelled like orchids as she said, "The patriarch wanted me to tell you that from now, as long as you don't betray the sect, you will be treated like a direct descendant of the Song Clan!" Bai Xiaochun's eyes sparkled at the thought of being to do virtually anything he wished in the sect. Feeling extremely proud of himself, he looked back at the lovely grand elder, and then reached out and lifted her chin with his finger. "Does this count as betraying the sect?" he said with a chuckle. Song Junwan's eyes went wide. In all her life, she had never encountered anyone who dared to flirt with her in such a way. She instantly blushed, but then her eyes flickered with cold light. "It seems I need to teach a bit about why grand elders are supposed to be respected!"