

Taking advantage of the darkness of night, Bai Xiaochun left Middle Peak. Going down to the bottom of the giant's hand, he actually left the Blood Stream Sect and went to the bank of the Heavenspan River.

Considering his current status and level, getting some Heavenspan River water wasn't very difficult. All he had to do was make up a random reason, and the cultivators guarding the way would let him pass. After arriving, he collected ten drops of water.

Soon, he had a small cup full, which he carefully took back to his immortal's cave and then began to absorb. A few days later, the water was inside of him, above his fourth spiritual sea. At that point, he ended this session of cultivation. "Next, I need to fully merge the Heavenspan River water into my spiritual sea. Once that happens, I can step into late Foundation Establishment!" Excited, he left his immortal's cave, hands clasped behind his back as he soliloquized proudly to himself. "Now that I'm in mid Foundation Establishment, I'm even more awesome than before! "Becoming a grand elder doesn't seem so impossible now..." He looked up at the upper finger of Middle Peak. It was really depressing to know exactly where the relic of eternal indestructibility was, but be unable to reach it. He had long since given up any aspirations of somehow sneaking in to get the relic of eternal indestructibility. Song Junwan's immortal's cave was too well-guarded, and he had no confidence in being able to succeed. "How can I actually become the grand elder? Challenge Song Junwan?" Bai Xiaochun rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "The challenge would only be secondary, though. First I'd have to win over the masses. Plus I need to convince the leadership that I'm important, that I'm a crucial member of the sect. That's the only way that I could successfully challenge Song Junwan and then take over her position." Nodding to himself, he decided that this was definitely the right track to follow. With that, he stuck his chin up proudly. "I'm already halfway there. If I want people to think I'm important, though, I need to do something that leaves everybody completely shaken...." As far as he was concerned, it wouldn't be too difficult to do such a thing. He had already been in the Blood Stream Sect for some time, and knew quite well that apothecaries were few and far between. The leadership of the sect placed a high value on them, and had even established certain sect rules to encourage disciples to walk that path. However, the very nature of the Blood Stream Sect essentially doomed such efforts from the beginning. The Blood Stream Sect was fundamentally a devilish sect, and most disciples viewed concocting medicine as a waste of time. They would much rather study techniques to increase their battle prowess. If they needed medicinal pills, they could simply go rob people from the Pill Stream Sect. If they needed magical items, they could take them from Profound Stream Sect disciples. If they needed spirit beasts, they could get them from the Spirit Stream Sect. Therefore, few people focused on concocting medicine. There were some who could, such as imposter Nightcrypt back in the day, but in a huge sect like this, they were completely insufficient to meet the needs of the sect as a whole. "It's been a long time since I've concocted any medicine...." Having reached this point in his train of thought, he began to chuckle. As his laughter drifted out into the night, the blood trees began to tremble, apparently because of the sinister nature of the laughter. "However, before I actually concoct any medicine, I need to solve one problem. I did a bit of medicine concocting earlier, but if I suddenly do something too incredible, people will get suspicious. I need the right opportunity...." With that, his eyes narrowed. "Supposedly, the Holy Pill Wall Fragment here was actually robbed from the Pill Stream Sect 10,000 years ago, for

the express purpose of allowing disciples to seek enlightenment of the Dao of medicine.... "Hmph. I can just pretend to gain enlightenment there, and then start concocting some medicine. Then nobody will be suspicious at all...." Once again, he laughed out loud proudly. He'd actually planned to do this for quite a while, and now, the timing seemed perfect. The following morning, he left his immortal's cave without the slightest hesitation. Leaving Middle Peak, he headed toward the area in the Inner Sect district where the Holy Pill Wall Fragment was located. Soon he arrived in front of the enormous stone stele that was as tall as three people put together. This was his second time coming here, the first being when he'd seen Xuemei. At that time, Xuemei had looked at him as if she were eyeing a bug. This was his second time, and even from a distance, he could see a few Inner Sect disciples sitting below the stele, looking at it thoughtfully. His appearance caused the Inner Sect disciples' expressions to flicker. They quickly rose to their feet and offered formal greetings. Not daring to be near him, they left, and by the time he was actually in front of the stone stele, he was completely alone. Rubbing his chin, he coughed dryly and sat down cross-legged. Feeling very comfortable with this sort of situation, he looked up at the wall fragment, and reviewed what imposter Nightcrypt had told him. 8,000 years ago, a genius rose up in the Blood Stream Sect who was very adept in the Dao of medicine. After seeking enlightenment from this wall fragment, his ability to concoct medicine improved significantly. "I guess that means the shrew Xuemei was here to try to get some enlightenment, huh?" He couldn't help but feel a bit disdainful of the idea. He was of the belief that although certain degrees of enlightenment were required when it came to medicine concocting techniques, it wasn't something that could come overnight. Constant practice was required, along with gradual progress. That was the way to achieve mastery. Although it was possible that enlightenment could be gained from this wall fragment, Bai Xiaochun was certain that it would be useless to a disciple who didn't have a basic understanding of medicine concocting to begin with. "It should be enough to just put on a bit of a show so that people think I'm gaining enlightenment." Bai Xiaochun cleared his throat and then focused on the wall fragment, trying to reach the same mental state he'd stumbled into when he'd gained enlightenment from the beast statue in the Spirit Stream Sect. "I just need to imitate what happened back then...." He thought. With that, he did his best to imitate his past facial expression. He opened his eyes wide, staring at the wall. Strangely, as he stared at the wall, it felt as if his mind were being drained. Although he was surprised, he did nothing to stop it from happening. Three days went by. Quite a few Inner Sect disciples passed the wall fragment, and when they saw Bai Xiaochun, they noticed that his eyes were bloodshot, and his hands seemed to be moving. His expression was completely blank, which created quite an odd picture. "Senior Nightcrypt, are you...." "Is he really gaining enlightenment!?!?" "Heavens! It's been a really long time since anybody actually gained enlightenment here. Is Senior Nightcrypt really pulling it off?" The Inner Sect disciples were shocked, and soon, word began to spread. Foundation Establishment cultivators from all of the four peaks heard the news, and many went over to see for themselves. Another seven days passed, during which time Bai Xiaochun's vision began to swim. In order to make sure everything looked as real as possible, he continued to stare at the wall for ten days and ten nights. Soon, he started to look as if he were in a daze, and actually, it was no farce. He really was zoning out. It was a deep and profound daze that actually looked like enlightenment, to the point where no outsider would be able to tell the difference.... His mind was weakening. After all, he had just broken through into mid Foundation Establishment, and had no way to quickly recover at the moment. The time he spent in a daze increased, until eventually he realized that he had spent almost half the day in such a state. By this point, he decided that he'd probably put on enough of a show.... Just when he was about to finish up and put on a show of reaping some amazing reward from his efforts, a tremor ran through him. Before he could look away, his eyes went wide, and he suddenly stared fixedly at the wall fragment. He began to pant heavily, and his pupils constricted. He wasn't sure if he was hallucinating or not, but moments ago, just as he had been about to look away from the wall, he'd seen a blurry figure that appeared to be concocting medicine. From what he'd seen, the method was different from what he'd learned about the Dao of medicine. "Whoah!" A tremor ran through him. Settling down, he once again stared at the wall fragment, focusing all of his attention, which drained him even more rapidly than before. Moments later, his soul seemed to leave his body and enter the wall, to appear right next to that blurry figure. Upon closer inspection, Bai Xiaochun was certain that he was looking at someone concocting medicine. He wasn't sure of the exact type of spirit medicine that

was being concocted, but the apothecary's methods were fantastic. Apparently, he wasn't even using a pill formula. He casually selected two types of medicinal plants, and then called upon the principles of mutual augmentation and suppression, not to force out the impurities, but cause transformations. A new type of medicinal strength appeared, a power which he imbued into other medicinal plants to alter them. He did everything in a completely smooth and natural way. Occasionally, the ingredients in the pill furnace would explode with force, at other times they were calm. Sometimes they seethed, sometimes they were as quiet as death. Regardless of the transformations or the eruptions of power, the apothecary maintained full control the entire time. He controlled every aspect with skill and deftness! This Dao of medicine was very different from what Bai Xiaochun had learned in the Spirit Stream Sect. The apothecary in the wall fragment was on a completely different level. It almost seemed like the Spirit Stream Sect's Dao of medicine was for amateurs, whereas what this apothecary was using were the methods of an expert. "He's not concocting medicine, he's actually creating plants and vegetation!!" Bai Xiaochun forgot about the passage of time. He was completely focused on watching the shadowy figure in the wall fragment. Eventually, the figure finished concocting the batch of medicine, and opened the pill furnace. What appeared in his hands was a green medicinal pill that actually looked like a plant. Bai Xiaochun's mind filled with rumbling, along with faint comprehension. "Before concocting medicine, you have to refine the plants and vegetation! Depending on the medicinal strength you seek, you search through countless medicinal plants. If you can't find what you're looking for, you make your own! "The limits of the Dao of medicine rely only on the limits of your imagination, and your skill in concocting medicinal plants and vegetation!" Bai Xiaochun felt like his mind was being struck by lightning, and he even began to shake physically. It was with deep and utter excitement that he immersed himself within the images in the wall fragment. At the same time, the Holy Pill Wall Fragment began to emit a green light. As the light grew more and more intense, it transformed into a green pillar that shot high up into the sky. The entire Blood Stream Sect was being shaken to the core!