

My Master 23

Chapter 23: The King of Last-Hitting_1

"That's right! It must have been the appearance of our honorable ancestors!" Yan Yourong, who was beside him, nodded repeatedly, her frosty face also stained with tears, "Our Four Treasures Peak hasn't been this wealthy for two hundred years..."

"What's the matter? Why are you crying like this? Did someone die?" BeiChen Ying landed in the courtyard with his Sword Control, and seeing several disciples from Four Treasures Peak weeping like tearful figures, he asked, "The number of people hasn't decreased though..." *freewebnovel.com*

Cao Zhen, too preoccupied to care about his disciples about to faint from weeping, stepped forward to pay his respects to BeiChen Ying with a cupped fist salute, "Senior, how was your loot this time?"

"Not bad, I robbed the Cave Mansions of two Demon Cultivators..." As BeiChen Ying spoke, he limped towards Cao Zhen, "I had initially robbed two small sects of the Demonic Path that were independent, but on the way back I got lost, and coincidentally ended up in the old lair of those youngsters' elders... Corpse General Jing Fei..."

Corpse General Jing Fei? Based on the records of the Four Treasures Peak, Cao Zhen knew that this zombie had cultivated to an indestructible state and was a true giant of the Demonic Path! His friends must also possess no weak Cultivation Bases! That BeiChen Ying could come back alive in such a state, truly befitting for the second top expert of the Immortal Palace.

"Most of the loot was spent on getting away," BeiChen Ying said with a dejected face, handing over the Hundred Treasure Bag at his waist to Cao Zhen, "After coming back, I went to the market to exchange it, and got back 4,600 taels worth of Spirit Stones."

Thump... Thump...

Ling Xi, who had just stood up, fainted on the spot, along with Yan Yourong. Little BeiYan, however, due to his young age and not understanding how vast the wealth represented was, remained surprisingly calm, executing his senior sister's teaching of 'remaining unflustered even if a sky-supporting pillar collapses before you.'

"What's going on here?" BeiChen Ying, looking at the two fainting disciples in astonishment, said, "Little Cao, aren't you going to save them?"

"The children are frightened by poverty; they've never seen so much money," Cao Zhen gestured for BeiChen Ying to walk into the courtyard as he spoke, "They've just fainted, they'll recover in a bit. Little BeiYan, Little Xiang, carry your senior sisters back to the courtyard. If they don't wake up later, we might need to check if they require artificial respiration."

"So sheltered from the world?" BeiChen Ying had a look of disdain, "If I hadn't encountered Corpse General Jing Fei, the fifty thousand worth of treasures I could have brought back, wouldn't this disciple of yours have died of shock?"

"How much?" Yan Yourong suddenly jolted awake from the ground, leaped up with her hand already on the hilt of her sword, "Senior, could you take me to meet Corpse General Jing Fei?"

BeiChen Ying stared at Yan Yourong for a moment, then earnestly told Cao Zhen, "Little Cao, pay attention to the thoughts of your disciples! This idea of valuing money over life is very dangerous! Corpse General Jing Fei is truly an indestructible being. Killing you all would be no different from squashing ants."

"They were just scared by poverty, merely scared by poverty," Cao Zhen said with a bitter smile as he led the way into the courtyard, "I gambled at odds of ten to one, turning fifty thousand into five hundred thousand..."

"How much?" BeiChen Ying halted his steps into the courtyard, then took a deep breath, turned, and started walking in the opposite direction, "Wait for me a moment, Little Cao. I'm going to meet Corpse General Jing Fei again..."

Cao Zhen grabbed hold of BeiChen Ying's wide sleeve, "Senior, fifty thousand is not a small amount."

"Is it the same though? I could have had five hundred thousand!" BeiChen Ying lamented with deep regret, "Even if it were split, I'd have over two hundred thousand! And now I only have twenty thousand left! Jing Fei, you old bastard! One day I'll skin you!"

"Senior BeiChen..." Little BeiYan curiously asked, "Didn't you just advise that valuing money over life is very dangerous... How come in the blink of an eye you..."

BeiChen Ying, his face stiff and awkward, looked towards Cao Zhen and said, "Little Cao, the education of this disciple of yours is lacking. Why is he so face-slapping? His emotional intelligence seems a bit low..."

"You'll get used to it, you'll get used to it," Cao Zhen said, pulling BeiChen Ying by the arm towards the courtyard, "Little BeiYan is all good except for his love of delivering devastating remarks. After a while, you get used to being stabbed."

BeiChen Ying felt an onslaught of a myriad of emotions. Could one really get used to being stabbed? How can you get used to it? It's not your face being slapped, is it?

"The kid hasn't spared me from his stabs either," Cao Zhen said, seeing through BeiChen Ying's unconvinced expression, "My group of disciples may not be remarkable in Cultivation Base, but each one possesses unique skills. You'll find out after spending more time with them."

BeiChen Ying took another look at the four disciples beside Cao Zhen, calculating in his mind that the eldest disciple had the uncanny skill of suddenly kneeling and kowtowing, a move so swift and unpredictable that even the second top expert of the Immortal Palace couldn't react in time to catch her!

The second disciple seems to have murderous intentions often... Perhaps he's the most normal one among them?

This child can flip the script with a sharp tongue? And what about that bookish one who is always buried in books? What kind of strange skills does he possess? Is there anyone normal on this Four Treasures Peak?

"By the way, senior!" Cao Zhen suddenly stopped and looked at BeiChen Ying, "If I pawn you at a pawnshop, how many Spirit Stones could I get?"

BeiChen Ying fell into deep thought, and after a while, he vigorously shook his head, driving out the dangerous idea, "How could the second seat of the Immortal Palace stoop to getting pawned? If the Master knew, wouldn't he be turning in his grave? Wouldn't the eldest brother probably come at me with a sword to clean the sect?"

"Your idea is very dangerous!" BeiChen Ying pointed his chubby finger at Cao Zhen's shoulder, "Don't tempt me. I have my pride."

"Pride enough to commit robbery?" Little BeiYan curiously inquired beside him.

BeiChen Ying fancied he heard the sound of a blade piercing his belly once again.

"Senior, let's head to my courtyard to collect the savings, and then go to the gambling house," Cao Zhen, fearing the old man might do something irrational in the face of Little BeiYan's provocation, quickly diverted his attention.