

## My Master 33

### Chapter 33: Mini Era\_1

The big black cat took another look at Cao Zhen, these past days by the lake, it had always thought he wasn't very smart, not knowing to butter up to their master when they met, but unexpectedly, the man did have a clever side to him.

"How much did you earn?" Cao Zhen asked, quite gossipy.

The big black cat pointed its tail at the gambling den's owner nearby: "Look at his face, and you'll know."

His face turned even more ashen when the gambling den owner was pointed to with the tail; although he had made a tidy sum, the bulk of the earnings were taken by this man! If anyone else had dared to be so brash in front of him after winning money, he would have certainly taken back the scene.

But... the owner behind this black cat... Once the gambling den owner thought of Li Ke, he lost the steam to redeem his reputation—that was a genius of the Upper Fifty Peaks!

"Right, since I've run into you", the big black cat, "I can save myself a trip. Ptoeey..." The big black cat spat out a small Qiankun bag, "The master says she doesn't like owing favors, so here are 50,000 taels of Spirit Stones, as thanks for teaching me how to fish and for winning the duel."

Cao Zhen picked up the Qiankun bag and opened it, instantly feeling like his eyes were going to be blinded by the dazzling Spirit Stones.

"This currency system is going to collapse." Cao Zhen, looking at the Spirit Stones inside the Qiankun bag, couldn't help but lament; there were only fifty taels of Spirit Stones in all of Four Treasures Peak, and here was a cat that could casually hand out fifty thousand.

The black cat shook its tail at Cao Zhen and, with a lazy stride, walked toward the exit, saying, "The Cat Lord has to go to the next gambling house to collect debts, I'll find you for fish if I have a chance."

"The next one?" Cao Zhen, while pocketing the Qiankun bag, said, "You didn't just bet on this one gambling house?"

"The capital was too much, if it was all put in this shop, the gambling house would have gone bankrupt. The master said not to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs."

The silhouette of the black cat disappeared outside the doors of the gambling house, leaving behind a very curious Cao Zhen talking to himself: "Yo, so that woman is somewhat sophisticated? How much exactly did she bet?"

"I heard Immortal Li Ke bet a total of five hundred thousand taels..." The gambling house owner said to Cao Zhen with a pained expression, "She made a clear five million in one go..."

Cao Zhen suddenly felt the fifty thousand taels of Spirit Stones in his hand were less attractive, unable to stop himself from snarking, "Immortals gamble too, huh? Shouldn't Immortals not eat or drink, even not defecate? This Immortal... is no ordinary one..."

Collecting the gambling winnings, redeeming the disciples.

With a sequence of actions, Cao Zhen, along with the fifty thousand taels of Spirit Stones gifted by Li Ke, brought a total of one hundred thousand taels back to Four Treasures Peak.

Heaps of Spirit Stones piled up like a small mountain in the courtyard of the Peak Master's residence on Four Treasures Peak, where two disciples stared at the stacked Spirit Stones in front of them like love-struck fools.

Ling Xi was so overwhelmed that tears welled up in her eyes; over the years following her master, they often had to make do with one meal, relying solely on the Spiritual Energy of heaven and earth at Four Treasures Peak, not daring to even dream of luxuries like pills or Spirit Stones.

"Master!" With tears in her eyes, Ling Xi suddenly took a step back, knelt on the ground with the speed of a thunderbolt, and said, "Disciple misunderstood Master a few days ago, Master must have been heartbroken, right? Your disciple apologizes..."

Only then did Cao Zhen realize that despite his Cultivation Base soaring to the Five Bridge Realm, he still wasn't quick enough to prevent his disciple from kneeling before him; he couldn't help but wonder, how did his eldest disciple train to be so quick with this move?

Beichen Ying, who was also waiting to split the money, was secretly astonished. Despite being a master who entered the Earthly Immortal Secret Realm, he had failed to react to such a small disciple suddenly kneeling. What was going on?

"Bei Yan, help him up and let him rest over there," Cao Zhen directed the equally stupefied Bei Yan, who was staring blankly at the Spirit Stones, then turned his head with a smile to Beichen Ying and asked, "Senior, shall we split the money now?"

Beichen Ying looked at the Spirit Stones in front of him and heaved a deep sigh, "Ah, these should have been hundreds of thousands of Spirit Stones. It's all the fault of that damned Corpse Refining Lord; because of him, I lost so much capital. And in the end, that girl Li Ke has even more capital than I do."

"Speaking of Li Ke!" Cao Zhen couldn't help but lament, "Is the Upper Fifty Peaks that rich? She is not even a Peak Master, just a disciple, right?"

Beichen Ying patted Cao Zhen's shoulder and said, "You're just too much of a homebody, with too few social connections. There aren't that many rich folks in the Upper Fifty Peaks; it's just that Li Ke, ah, dug up an Ancestral Elder of the Demonic Path's burial site during one of her excursions."

A burial site? Cao Zhen searched his memory but found no explanation for the term. He could only silently criticize the former Cao Zhen for being so old-fashioned in knowing nothing but isolated cultivation, leaving himself looking like a fool in others' eyes.

"A burial site is like the grave of a living person," Beichen Ying explained while sipping his newly purchased expensive tea, "All of us in immortal cultivation know that heaven and earth have their flaws, as do people. That's why there is one era after another."

Cao Zhen began to yawn; he had learned all these things back in his days at the Taoist Institution.

"A Great Epoch is when heaven and earth start anew, with all things refreshed; aside from a few strong figures who survive, everything else turns to dust," Beichen Ying spoke earnestly, putting down his teapot, "A Minor Epoch, on the other hand, is a kind of self-adjustment in the rules of heaven and earth. It enters a brief era of decline which could last a hundred years or maybe two hundred. We are about to enter such a declining phase now."

Cao Zhen nodded to signal for him to continue.

Beichen Ying continued, "Heaven and earth will rapidly enter a short period of decline. For instance, if heaven and earth find that there are cultivators at the Earth Immortal Realm, they will crush and obliterate them. This is the force of the laws of the Dao, unchangeable by anyone. To survive, one must find a land with good Feng Shui, set up a special Formation that puts oneself into a slumber, tricking heaven and earth into thinking you are dead so they leave you be."

"So you're saying you can't move while in slumber? And Li Ke found such a burial site? Doesn't that mean the Minor Epoch has begun? Aren't you in the Earth Immortal Realm? Why are you unaffected?" Cao Zhen's mind brimmed with more and more questions. "What's the power threshold?"

"Golden Core is the division line," Beichen Ying explained. "As for why I am unaffected, that's because the Hundred Peaks Sect Peak Masters had a meeting two years ago, which you didn't attend. Naturally, you didn't hear about the Minor Epoch. You should check the records about it in the Taoist Treasure Pavilion later. It's too troublesome to explain. Shall we talk about alchemy instead?"

Cao Zhen, not following Beichen Ying's change of subject to alchemy, rested his chin in his hand and pondered seriously, "So that means there's a lot of money in these burial sites? And they're guarded by many of their disciples, right? They wouldn't be easy to steal from, would they? How did Li Ke manage to dig one up?"

"Guards? The only difference between a feigned death and a real one is that you're still alive, but you can't move or wake up; you're completely defenseless," Beichen Ying said with a worried expression. "Who would be confident enough to tell many people the location of their feigned death? Even if disciples or friends are loyal, what if enemies find them and threaten their families to death?" *freewebnovel.com*

"So it's an incredibly secret location, known to no one," Cao Zhen said, placing his hand back on the table and rhythmically tapping the surface with his fingers, "Does the Demonic Path do the same?"

"The Demonic Path is full of deceit. Disciples might even kill their masters; do you think they would dare tell anyone? To protect their spirit? Perhaps in our Taoist and Buddhist sects, we might entrust one or two core disciples with such a task, but it's impossible for the Demonic Path."

As Beichen Ying spoke disparagingly of the Demonic Path, his face then showed a hint of respect, "Regarding the Demonic Path, some are no different from the rest, while others value loyalty greatly. Take the Howling Moon Clan, for example; their burial sites are within the territory of their clan. But who would dare to go? Those doggish and wolfish brats, even if they can't beat you, can still leave you battered with bites."

Cao Zhen instantly ruled out the werewolves' burial sites from his grave-digging targets in his mind.