

My Master 39

Chapter 39: Push, Push, Push_1

The Divine Immortal Hall was located at the center of the Hundred Peaks Sect and was one of the areas with the most abundant Spiritual Energy.

Its location was the hundred and first peak of the Hundred Peaks Sect, also known to some as Zero Peak, or Ascension Peak.

Cao Zhen sat in the Immortal Cloud Carriage for an entire day before arriving at Ascension Peak, which was practically the headquarters for all administrative departments of the Hundred Peaks Sect, as evening approached.

The Divine Immortal Hall was situated in the second most Spiritual Energy-rich area of Ascension Peak, close to the peak's summit, just behind the few select offices such as the Sect Leader's Palace.

After disembarking from the Immortal Cloud Carriage, Cao Zhen felt the surging Spiritual Energy beneath his feet and increasingly thought that the old Cao Zhen really was a blockhead. If it were him without any cheat, he would find an excuse to stay in the Divine Immortal Hall and never leave! As for whether he could receive tasks or whether he would be mocked and ridiculed, it wouldn't matter at all!

With such plentiful Spiritual Energy for cultivation, wouldn't he be able to cultivate even faster?

"Attendees, please wait outside the hall," said the disciple on guard duty, blocking Ling Xi before pointing to a row of meditation cushions nearby.

There were already four accompanying disciples from different peaks seated in meditation.

Ling Xi took a seat on a cushion beside them, feeling quite envious of the four other cultivating individuals.

As a bearer of the Ancient Talisman Immortal Body, she was frustrated that while the others could retain most of the Spiritual Energy they absorbed within their bodies, most of the Spiritual Energy she absorbed would completely dissipate within her meridians.

Cultivating here or at Four Treasures Peak made no difference to her, with her Ancient Immortal Body now considered a Waste Body.

"I'll just take a quick stroll inside the hall and then come out," Cao Zhen said to a dejected Ling Xi before entering the Divine Immortal Hall. "They say Blissful Square below Ascension Peak is the most prosperous market of the Hundred Peaks Sect. It's a good opportunity to visit. I'll grab some ingredients for pills to help you and You Rong break through."

A slight smile squeezed onto Ling Xi's face, but she remained silent. Although her master's demeanor had changed greatly these days, seemingly knowing a little about everything and appearing capable of anything,

when it came to the Ancient Immortal Body now a Waste Body... he might still be incapable.

For tens of thousands of years since its foundation, the Hundred Peaks Sect had seen many geniuses emerge, shine, and then fall in the long river of time. Among them, many had studied the problems of the Ancient Immortal Bodies but none had ever succeeded.

Even today, the Research Immortal Palace of the Hundred Peaks Sect had never given up on studying the Ancient Immortal Body, now a Waste Body, yet there had still been no progress.

With the entire Immortal Cultivation world powerless on the matter, Ling Xi knew she shouldn't look down on her master from the principle of respecting the teacher and valuing the teachings, but she still couldn't believe that he could really succeed.

However, knowing that her master was currently in high spirits, Ling Xi understood that she shouldn't dampen his mood.

Cao Zhen entered the Divine Immortal Hall and noticed that four individuals were already waiting in the hall, immediately sensing eight unfriendly gazes.

The interior of the Divine Immortal Hall was quite spacious. Hundreds of identical chairs made of the same material were neatly lined up on both sides of the hall, each chair carved with the name of a peak from the Hundred Peaks Sect, indicating the designated seating for the Peak Masters.

Cao Zhen easily found his seat, as Four Treasures Peak's status within the sect meant its chair was certainly placed at the end, near the corner!

Faced with the four people's hostility, Cao Zhen couldn't be bothered to greet the four Peak Masters sitting nearby, nor explain that he was just there to make an appearance and had no real intention of competing for the tasks with any of them, so they shouldn't be hostile towards him.

"Times have changed, huh? Even the Peak Master of Four Treasures Peak has come to fight for tasks."

The master of the Ninety-Three Peak, Lightning Peak, started speaking with a heavy dose of sarcasm and provocation.

Cao Zhen knew the four were unfriendly, but he didn't expect them to openly provoke and ridicule him, considering that everyone present was a Peak Master.

As leaders of their respective peaks, if not all as adept at enduring as Sima Yi's level of craftiness, they should at least have the basic decency. Only a brainless child would engage in such provocations and sarcasms upon first meeting others.

"Lan Pili, let me tell you! You don't understand this, do you? The Peak Master of Four Treasures Peak crushed the existence of Starshine Peak in a duel just a few days ago! Now, he's a very prominent figure in the eastern region of the Hundred Peaks Sect. Watch out, at the Sect Rankings Conference in a few days, your Lightning Peak might end up ranked behind the rest of Hundred Peaks Sect."

Cao Zhen looked at the speaker, a white-bearded old man with a somewhat frail body, looking more like a village farmer than a cultivator. The chair behind him was carved with the insignia of Small Symbol Peak.

This man from Small Symbol Peak was seated at a relatively distant position from Cao Zhen. Hastily estimating based on the arrangement of the chairs, he should be ranked between the sixtieth and seventieth peaks, currently the highest-ranking Peak Master present in the Divine Immortal Hall.

Cao Zhen then glanced at the Peak Master named Lan Pili, a burly man whose most distinct feature was the two blue eyebrows on his dark, square face.

Cao Zhen quickly reviewed his memory, confirming that Four Treasures Peak had no previous enmities with the peaks present. He couldn't help but burst into laughter.

Yes! Four Treasures Peak is such a weak peak! If there really were enmities with the peaks here, it would have been bullied by them in the past, the one at a disadvantage. It made no sense for the other party to act as if they had been wronged and target him.

Seeing a smile on Cao Zhen's face, Lan Pili's expression darkened abruptly. The big hands, resembling those of a robust farmer, slapped the armrest of his chair as he huffed, "What's the meaning of your smile? Are you looking down on my Lightning Peak?"

Cao Zhen was somewhat baffled by Lan Pili's question. How could this seemingly simple and robust man be so thin-skinned that even a smile could offend him?

"Alright," Cao Zhen sighed, deciding to make it clear that he was only there to mingle, "I didn't plan to take any missions. You don't have to regard me as a competitor. It's just that I haven't been here for too long. I felt that if I stayed away forever, the Sect might have some opinions about me..."

"Hmph..."

Before Cao Zhen could finish his explanation, Lan Pili had already let out a cold snort: "As if I'm afraid of you stealing missions! You really think too highly of yourself."

Hearing these words, Cao Zhen was filled with silent curses. It was clear that the Small Symbol Peak Master had instigated the dispute, and had Lan Pili lived as long as a dog? Why was he so easily provoked? Should he retort? That would play right into Small Symbol Peak Master's hands. If he didn't, would Lan Pili ever let it go?

"Old Lan, you're not giving Four Treasures Peak enough respect," the Small Symbol Peak Master intervened with a mediating tone, "Be careful, or the Peak Master of Four Treasures might just beat you up like he did Li Xingyao."

Cao Zhen was still pondering how he was not Long Aotian, the kind of person who would exterminate someone's entire family at the slightest provocation. But listening to the Small Symbol Peak Master stoking the fire, he knew that if the latter continued, Lan Pili would likely lose his temper.

"Small Symbol Peak Master..."

Cao Zhen's soft call echoed through the quiet Divine Immortal Hall, drawing the attention of the Small Symbol Peak Master and a few others present.

"Tui..." As the Small Symbol Peak Master looked his way, Cao Zhen, mimicking Yu Hwei's iconic spitting action from film and television classics, spat toward him.

Everyone present was a Peak Master with considerable cultivation, so the spit, which hadn't even been infused with mana and was merely an ordinary spit, appeared to fly in extreme slow motion to them.

Avoiding the spit would be easy, but avoiding the insult that came with it was far harder.

The Small Symbol Peak Master had not anticipated such a move from Cao Zhen. There were countless ways he could have avoided being hit by the spit, but none could wash away the insult of being spat upon.

A flame appeared in front of the Small Symbol Peak Master, and the spit evaporated into steam in the searing heat.

The Small Symbol Peak Master's face was frosty as he stared daggers at Cao Zhen, "Four Treasures Peak Master, what do you mean by this?"

"Tui..." Cao Zhen didn't respond with words, but spat out a second loogie.

The onlookers were dumbfounded. What in the world did this mean? No words, just spitting? The Hundredth Peak's Peak Master spitting on the Sixty-Third Peak's Peak Master might not be suicide in the relatively lenient Hundred Peaks Sect, but it would certainly cause a great deal of trouble.

Flames appeared in front of the Small Symbol Peak Master once more, turning the spit into steam, and with a slap on the armrest, he stood up abruptly: "Cao Zhen! What do you mean by this!"

"If you continue to provoke, I'll keep spitting," Cao Zhen tossed these words at the Small Symbol Peak Master and without giving him another glance. At worst, they would end up in a lawsuit before the Sect Leader. If the other party wanted to duel, he would be brave enough to accept, and he can shamelessly push back the date as far as needed.