

## MY MASTER KNOWS IT ALL

### *Chapter 4: Chapter 4 Opportunity to Make a Fortune\_1*

Cao Zhen did not realize that Li Ke was engaged in so much inner turmoil and, after rushing and hurrying, he managed to catch the Immortal Cloud Carriage in time, returning to the deserted Four Treasures Peak in half an hour.

"Master's back, Master's back!"

Little fatty Bei Yan, waiting at the entrance of the courtyard, hurried forward to take the fish basket from Cao Zhen and carried it on his back, then dashed into the yard and shouted to the tall, long-legged, and pretty woman who was practicing swordsmanship, "Second Senior Sister, Master caught a lot of fish today..."

Second Senior Sister subconsciously frowned at the mention of fish, as eating fish every day for the past two months had nearly made her sick of it! Although Master prepared the fish dishes differently each meal, in the end, fish was still fish.

Now even the sweat from practicing swordsmanship smelled fishy! And yet, Master still went fishing without tiring of it.

"Disciples, tonight we'll have West Lake Vinegar Fish," Cao Zhen said as he walked into the yard, immediately sensing the dissatisfaction from Second Senior Sister but still happily said on his own, "It's very tasty."

"West Lake Vinegar Fish, is it the West Lake from the story of Lady White Snake that Master told us about?" Little Bei Yan asked with sparkling big eyes, sticking his head out from the kitchen, "Bei Yan still likes to listen to Master's storytelling of 'Journey to the West'. Will tonight's after-dinner story be 'Journey to the West' too? I really want to know how the Great Sage Sun was able to escape from under the Five Elements Mountain."

Hearing that there would be a 'Journey to the West' story after dinner, Second Senior Sister also silently sheathed her sword and turned to call the other senior and junior brothers and sisters to come out and help Master with the fish, getting ready for dinner.

In two months, several disciples who previously barely knew how to handle fish were now even more skilled than fishmongers outside.

After a burst of busy preparations, the master and five disciples sat down to eat in their respective order of seniority and age. Seeing Cao Zhen pick up a piece of fish with his chopsticks and put it in his mouth, they also began to pick up their bowls and started dishing out food.

Second Senior Sister Yan Yourong, coldly observing her Senior Sister Ling Xi out of the corner of her eye, noticed Ling Xi, who was in the midst of eating, responding to that urging look with a slight sigh. She put down her bowl and turned to Cao Zhen.

"Master, when will you resume cultivation?" Ling Xi asked with a troubled expression, "You used to cultivate day and night, and we all worried you would succumb to cultivation deviation. It was a relief when you came back from the brink of death, and we feared you might rush into cultivation again. Thankfully you didn't fall back into obsessively cultivating, which made us happy. But now... you are not cultivating at all..."

As the Senior Sister spoke, others put down their chopsticks one after another, even the ten-something-year-old Bei Yan showed a worried expression.

Cao Zhen, who today had caught a Rainbow Phoenix Tail Fish and gathered the final ingredient for the Dragon Tiger Pill, knew it would take just two days to complete the pill. Then, not only Starshine Peak's Senior Disciple, but he himself could stand against the whole of Starshine Peak and declare, 'I can take on ten of you.'

He tapped on the fish on the table with his chopsticks and said, "Let's eat first, eat first. If we don't eat now, the fish will cool down and become fishy. Ling Xi, as the Senior Sister, you should start eating. Your teacher will certainly win..."

"Master, are you aware of the betting odds at the marketplace's gambling house?" Senior Sister Ling Xi sighed and prepared to give her blindly optimistic master a serious lesson, "Master, the odds of you enduring three breaths unbested is one to five, and the odds for five breaths is one to seven..."

"And the odds for my victory?" Cao Zhen felt like it was his moment of guaranteed gambling success and wealth as a transmigrator, promptly putting down his chopsticks and asking seriously.

Even as a transmigrator, Cao Zhen, having eaten fish for two consecutive months, was about to vomit. He did want to improve the disciples' diet, but there was no money! The entire Four Treasures Peak had only fifty spirit stones saved up, and those spirit stones were needed for both his disciples' and his own cultivation, leaving none to spare for improving their living conditions.

During these days, Cao Zhen had been trying to find ways to make money, only to discover that his predecessor, the body's original owner, was somewhat wooden-headed. Apart from cultivating and training disciples daily, the original owner just waited for the sect's modest monthly allowance and had no idea how to make money.

Without understanding the economic rules of the Hundred Peaks Sect, Cao Zhen also couldn't leverage the economic insights of a transmigrator, not even sure how to set up a 'Duo Duo' store.

Gambling? Odds? Hearing his own stout-hearted stance had such high odds, Cao Zhen suddenly realized that if he bet his fifty spirit stones on his victory, wouldn't he be counting money until his hands cramped?

At this time, the several disciples looked at Cao Zhen as if they were staring at an idiot.

Although it was disrespectful for disciples to look at their master as if he were an idiot...

But indeed, the disciples really did not know of any other way to wake their master up from his delusions.

When asked about the odds, Senior Sister Ling Xi was at a loss. She realized she had only looked at the odds of how long the master could last, not the odds of him winning.

What did this imply? Senior Sister Ling Xi suddenly felt that she had made a terrible mistake! It was disrespectful towards the master! Otherwise, why hadn't she checked the odds of the Master's victory?

"Master! I've done wrong!"

The Senior Sister, who had been sitting at the table just a second ago, suddenly retreated, knelt on the floor, and gave Cao Zhen a kowtow.

"Ahh... not again..."

Cao Zhen, seeing Ling Xi's expression change abruptly, knew immediately what his Senior Disciple was about to do. He dropped his chopsticks as quickly as possible to help her up.

But he was not strong enough!

As her master, Cao Zhen's strength wasn't superior to that of his Senior Disciple. His mind may have reacted, but he was too slow, as she had already bowed her head in the kowtow.

"Get up, please." Cao Zhen hurried over to help Ling Xi. Over the past two months... Senior Disciple Ling Xi had been spontaneously dropping to her knees and kowtowing nearly twice a day on average!

Cao Zhen couldn't figure out why this senior sister had such a sudden love for self-reflection, and then immediately dropped to her knees to kowtow.

Why would such a beautiful female disciple keep doing such cringeworthy things all of a sudden?

The only thing he understood was that the China Cloud backup regarding the senior sister's expertise, "Hundred Percent Kowtow Style," was finally clear to him.

"Master! Your disciple has shown you great disrespect! Please, Master, punish me!" Ling Xi knelt on the ground, burying her head as if trying to push it into the earth, and said in a very over-the-top way, "Please punish me with the peak's discipline."

Cao Zhen rubbed his face vigorously with both hands and sighed, "Here we go again, again and again..."

"If Master does not punish, your disciple will just..."

"Kneel until death, I know," Cao Zhen interrupted Ling Xi, "You repeat the same line every time, are you an NPC? Change it up a little... Okay, okay, okay! According to the peak rules, you are sentenced to copy 'Master's greatest' a hundred times."

Ling Xi only slowly got up after hearing she was punished and returned to the dining table.

"Ling Xi..." Cao Zhen went back to his own seat and said, "You're such a pretty girl, please stop dropping to your knees at every chance, although you probably won't listen..."

Xiang Ziyu, who had been holding a book, looked up at Ling Xi for the first time with a very serious expression and said, "Senior sister, we at Four Treasures Peak will not lose! Master will certainly win!"

"Why?" Ling Xi looked puzzled at her junior brother, and as soon as she asked the question, she regretted it, because she knew what her junior brother was going to say next.

"Because I (you) am the protagonist!"

Bei Yan and Xiang Ziyu, who had temporarily set aside their scripts, said in unison with equally serious expressions.

Cao Zhen couldn't help but applaud from the side. Yes! That's his Disciple Xiang Ziyu! These were his four disciples! Each one had such a unique way of thinking!

When Cao Zhen had just transmigrated, he had also wondered if Xiang Ziyu, having claimed to be the protagonist, was also a transmigrator? But after some conversations, he discovered that the boy had just read too many legendary scripts and believed himself to be the protagonist.

'Master, I've been an orphan from a young age, born with the Ancient Immortal Body which is now regarded as a Waste Body, and have joined your rundown sect on this mountain peak. That's practically the standard protagonist template, don't you agree?'

'Master, these days I have gained insight from reading "Geographical Records," and when I get the chance to leave the mountain for training, I will

first go to Reveal Immortals Cliff to jump off it once, to see if I can encounter any adventures.'

'If there are no adventures at Reveal Immortals Cliff, I'll go jump off Demons and Gods Cliff! I have found several mysterious cliffs, and jumping off a few times should lead to some adventures, so you need not worry about my cultivation progress.'

'Zi Yu... I'm afraid you won't have the chance for a second jump... Wouldn't you rather check your head? I suspect you have a serious illness.'

'Master! You too think I only need to jump off a cliff once to encounter an adventure? You can see that I have a serious illness too? That's right! The protagonist usually has a serious illness before their rise! It seems I'm getting closer to my moment of rising!'

Every time Cao Zhen thought about the conversation he had with his third disciple that day, he wanted to find 'Ha Shiyi,' the author who had written a large number of mythical and demonic scripts, and give him a good beating. A perfectly fine disciple had his mind messed up by this author's writings.

Knock, knock, knock...

Sudden knocking interrupted Cao Zhen's disciplining.

Everyone curiously turned towards the courtyard gate. As the last place in Hundred Peaks, on normal days, not to mention people, even a ghost wouldn't come knocking at their door.

"Come in." Cao Zhen called out, and Bei Yan hopped excitedly to unlatch the door and let the visitor in.

The guest was young and wore a green Daoist robe embroidered with the scenery of Hundred Peaks. Upon seeing Cao Zhen, he promptly greeted, "Peak Master, Elder Copper Plate asks for your presence."

From the Daoist robe on him, Cao Zhen knew that this person was an officer of Hundred Peaks, equivalent to a civil servant in his previous world. Only officials of Hundred Peaks had the privilege of wearing robes embroidered with the Hundred Peaks scenery.

As for Elder Copper Plate? Cao Zhen knew that this elder was a friend of his late master from his previous life. The last time they'd met had been at his master's funeral, and since then, the old man had gone into seclusion.

"You Rong, make sure Little Bei Yan eats properly, don't let him be picky. And take good care of my Rainbow Phoenix Tail Fish, I will be back shortly," Cao Zhen said as he got up from his seat, giving instructions to his second disciple, Yan Yourong, before striding towards the door and saying to the officer, "If the Elder invites, then let us hurry."

The officer escorted Cao Zhen onto the Crafts Department's exclusive Immortal Cloud Carriage, heading straight to Elder Copper Plate's Cave Mansion in the Hundred Peaks Sect.

Bei Yan was happily looking forward to his master's departure, finally free to avoid eating the greens he disliked. But after seeing the frosty second disciple, Yan Yourong, he wimped out! Compared to the senior sister, he, like his master, dreaded dealing with the chilly and sharp-tongued second disciple more.