

My Master 45

Chapter 45: I am the Master of My Fate, Not Heaven_1

"Old Lan? Old Lan?" Cao Zhen called out twice and then said to Lan Pili, "If you're not buying, will you guide me again?"

Lan Pili initially thought of refusing Cao Zhen, but then it occurred to him that Cao Zhen insisted on flaunting his wealth in front of him, so why not keep encouraging him to spend until he went completely bankrupt? Wouldn't that be even better?

In an instant! Lan Pili felt he was extremely clever, and a professional actor's smile quickly appeared on his face, "Junior Brother, where do you plan to go next?"

Cao Zhen stepped out of the pill furnace and said to Lan Pili, "To find a place with a pill furnace."

"Junior Brother can do alchemy?" Lan Pili reassessed Cao Zhen, recalling what little he knew of Four Treasures Peak. Wasn't their strongest skill in cultivation techniques? Weren't they quite poor in the other six arts of immortal cultivation?

"The other night I dreamt of the ancestors of Four Treasures Peak, who imparted to me some alchemy skills," Cao Zhen used the same excuse he had once given Elder Copper Plate.

"Oh..." Lan Pili grew excited, thinking to himself, this time... you must go bankrupt, right? You actually believe a dream could be real? Although I don't know where you got your money from, it seems you still don't realize how dangerous alchemy can be.

The peril isn't just from the explosion of the furnace; more importantly, it's the loss of money! A Pill Master needs talent and a considerable amount of money to be cultivated.

"This way!" Lan Pili hurriedly led the way, eager and feigning advice, which in reality was a form of provocation, "Junior Brother, alchemy is really not easy. One mistake could lead to complete failure. If you're not confident, it's best not to overextend yourself."

Cao Zhen, fully focused on mentally rehearsing the upcoming alchemy process, didn't catch the provoking tone in Lan Pili's voice, and instead thought he was being kind-hearted. He quickly replied, "Senior Brother, don't worry. When it comes to alchemy, I do have some understanding."

"Is that so? That's good, that's good." Lan Pili was inwardly overjoyed. Each of the six arts of immortal cultivation required a lot of time, effort, and money to achieve something. Cao Zhen was nothing but a pitcher-by-necessity Peak Master because after the death of his master, he was the only one left on Four Treasures Peak.

Strictly speaking, Cao Zhen's cultivation time was just about twenty years or so. The Alchemy Dao is vast and profound, even talented individuals take a hundred years to make a small mark on it, and that's no easy feat.

Twenty years? And he's not particularly talented! Lan Pili was certain that after Cao Zhen failed in alchemy, with a little provocation and persuasion from him, Cao Zhen would surely spend more money buying pills, and by then he should be on the brink of bankruptcy.

The four quickly arrived at the "Precious Cauldron Pavilion." Standing outside, Lan Pili said, "Junior Brother, I've heard that Precious Cauldron Pavilion has our Hundred Peaks Sect's number one Taoist Furnace. Legend has it that even ordinary herbs can be turned into Daoist Pills... If you could rent that furnace..."

"Got it." Cao Zhen, unwilling to hurt Lan Pili's pride in not understanding alchemy, just responded indifferently, then quickly went into Precious Cauldron Pavilion, and whispered to Ling Xi walking beside him, "A Taoist Furnace is only used for refining high-grade Daoist Pills, not just any material thrown into it can produce Daoist Pills, don't be as ignorant as that Elder..."

Ling Xi nodded repeatedly, even turning to look at Lan Pili with a look of pity, feeling sorry for him being a Peak Master and yet understanding nothing about alchemy.

Although Cao Zhen's voice was low, Lan Pili could still hear it clearly. He felt a surge of frustration rise in his chest and rush to his forehead, only able to silently pray that Cao Zhen would soon waste all of those materials worth tens of thousands of spirit stones.

"Chase Wind Furnace paired with Fourth Rate Glow Fire," Cao Zhen instructed the young attendant who came to greet him inside Precious Cauldron Pavilion, and said to Ling Xi, "After this pill refining, we, master and disciple, won't have to endure You Rong's dreadful demeanor just to survive each month."

Ling Xi knew his master had spent a lot of spirit stones on buying medicines to create pills for Yan Yourong, and couldn't help stepping back, "Master, it's not that I don't wish well for You Rong Junior Sister, but like me, she is also a waste body. It's better if you keep these chances for your own breakthroughs."

"Waste body? Aren't you an Immortal Body?" Cao Zhen said, pulling Ling Xi's arm towards the pill room, "Hurry and follow your master into the room, I'm in a rush, and I won't play favorites. I'll take care of all four of my disciples."

"But Master, I really can't," Ling Xi tried to resist but found his master's strength was too great, only managing to struggle and say, "Please, don't waste your energy."

"Obey! It's your master's command!" Cao Zhen dragged Ling Xi into the Precious Cauldron Pavilion, "I've spent so much money on you, are you thinking of refusing now? How could you?"

Ling Xi, upon hearing her master's command, dared not resist any further and quietly said, "Master, let's just forget it. It really won't work..."

Cao Zhen didn't say more to Ling Xi. Among the materials worth twenty thousand Spirit Stones, aside from a small portion that were his own "Little Bodhi Pills", the majority were specially procured for Yan Yourong.

Each of these disciples had a different Immortal Body. On the surface, Yan Yourong, who appeared cold as frost, had the Great Five Elements Innate Holy Body which was extremely rare even in ancient times. Before the rules of the world had changed, she would have cultivated extremely quickly and possessed devastating combat capabilities, easily able to harness the power of the Five Elements.

"Master... forget it... Earning money is hard; don't waste it..." Ling Xi shook her head, pleading without much confidence.

Cao Zhen looked at his disciple, who was so lacking in confidence due to the Ancient Immortal Body, and felt that it wasn't going to work out this way. If a cultivator didn't have a firm heart for Immortal Cultivation, then no matter how good the pills they used to build their Cultivation Base were, it would still be useless. He had to awaken her heart.

How could he awaken it? Cao Zhen suddenly realized he had downloaded a skill from the richest man, Ma Shoufu: Soul-Poisoning Chicken Soup MAX!

Cao Zhen put away his usual nonchalant demeanor and adopted the tone and expression of Ma Shoufu's 'passionate speeches' that he gave at various large conferences.

"Disciple, how do you know if you don't try some things?"

"Don't accept the destiny that doesn't please your eye!"

"I want to become an Immortal; this is my Dao of Immortality!"

"With your master here, there will be you! Your future, your master will not yield!"

"You should know! As a disciple of Long Aotian! You must have the heart of Immortal Cultivation that dictates my fate, not heaven!"

"Tell your master, what is your Dao of Immortality?"

Ling Xi, who usually practiced alone at Four Treasures Peak and rarely talked with fellow disciples, had never heard such a barrage of cheesy, soul-poisoning motivational speeches. Inexperienced as she was, suddenly felt a fire in her chest, and the word 'impulse' surged in her heart.

"Master, I was wrong," Ling Xi followed Cao Zhen into the Pill Room.

Cao Zhen, seeing Ling Xi's fervent demeanor, also found it amusing. The rabble-raising power of Ma Shoufu's soul-poisoning chicken soup combined with Naruto's cheesy speeches, it actually had such effect?

The attendant, watching the master and disciple enter the room, and recalling what Cao Zhen had just said, turned around swiftly, removed his attendant's uniform, and declared, "Shopkeeper, I quit!"

The shopkeeper, who was busy with his abacus, was startled by the attendant's words and hastily asked, "Why quit? Hasn't Precious Cauldron Pavilion treated you well?"

"It's not that! I'm going to pursue my Dao of Immortality! I won't accept this displeasing destiny! I want to become a disciple of Long Aotian!" The attendant, filled with fervor, walked out of Precious Cauldron Pavilion, proclaiming, "My fate is not dictated by heaven!"

The shopkeeper stood there stupefied, watching the attendant leave. He felt a strong urge to chase after him and ask who Long Aotian was but ultimately did not follow through, as the phrase 'my fate is not dictated by heaven' had touched his heart.

"My fate is not dictated by heaven... My fate is not dictated by heaven... That's right!" The shopkeeper muttered softly several times, then suddenly left the counter and headed towards the door, declaring, "I, Chao Tianjiao! Once pursued the Dao of Immortality to achieve the True Immortals Ascension! And now, because of a minor injury, I'm working as a shopkeeper! What does an injury matter? My fate is not dictated by heaven!"

Chao Tianjiao left Precious Cauldron Pavilion and stood outside. Lan Pili, who had been anxiously waiting for Cao Zhen to go bankrupt, nodded repeatedly, murmuring to himself, "That's right! My fate is not dictated by heaven! A profound truth! So what if I serve immortals? I, Lan Pili, am determined to become an Immortal, and serving immortals is just a minor hurdle on the path of Immortality!"