

My Master 54

Chapter 54: Untouchable_1

The view of the Hundred Peaks Sect from high above was stunning, with mountaintops shrouded in spiritual mist, exuding an air characteristic of Immortals.

Cao Zhen, seated on the back of a crane, was not in the mood to enjoy the view. After figuring out that the Gold Light Spell could increase his experience points, he suddenly remembered that he needed to tell Li Ke not to spread the word about this.

The Hundred Peaks Sect had its rules. If one were to offer a secret technique or Divine Skill unknown to the sect, the rewards given would vary according to the different levels of the contribution. The Gold Light Spell was the kind of technique that could potentially be exchanged for a substantial amount of rewards.

Cao Zhen once again entered the China Cloud and opened Li Ke's link, just in time to see Li Ke asking a question.

"Master, have you ever heard of a senior called Long Aotian?"

"Long Aotian? That name sounds like it belongs to a powerful figure." The Vermilion Bird Peak Master tried hard to recall any living or deceased experts he knew of but ultimately could only shake his head and say, "Your master might not be knowledgeable enough, as I am unaware of such a Great Ability senior. Since this senior can communicate with you, take the opportunity to learn well and be careful."

Li Ke nodded silently, understanding her master's meaning. She was to be wary of this mysterious expert. The realm of Immortal Cultivation was rife with the cunning and deceitful. Receiving profound secret techniques or valuable gifts didn't necessarily mean they were given with good intentions; they might harbor unspeakable secrets.

The Vermilion Bird Peak Master also knew that although his disciple looked like a naïve sweetie, if she were in a storybook, she would certainly be the character with machinations up her sleeve.

Thus, the Vermilion Bird Peak Master decided once again to steer the conversation back to the issue of finding a Dao companion.

Seeing her master's expression beginning to change, Li Ke hurriedly said, "Master, wouldn't it bring you more pride if I cultivate the Gold Light Spell to the fourth level and then spar with Shi Xiaolou, defeating him?"

"Then you will still be someone without a Dao companion..." The Vermilion Bird Peak Master mumbled discontentedly, unsure how to describe his disciple's current state.

Cao Zhen felt a bit relieved that he held the identity of a master. Otherwise, he reckoned he might have been urged to find a Dao companion as well. He hadn't expected that, just like on Earth where it was tough being single, in this world of Immortal Cultivation, singles still had it hard... even if you were a Genius Disciple of a peak, elders would still see you as a single dog.

"Master, I actually already have someone in mind," Li Ke sighed, her face bearing the blush exclusive to the demureness of a young lady, "it's just not the right time yet. When the time comes, I will definitely bring them before you."

"Really?" The Vermilion Bird Peak Master looked incredulous.

"Really." Li Ke nodded earnestly, "This person is exceptional. Compared to him, Shi Xiaolou might as well be a lump of shit, or even less..."

"How is it that a girl's mouth is full of talk about feet and shit!" The Vermilion Bird Peak Master frowned and interrupted Li Ke, "Be a bit more ladylike!"

Li Ke, not caring, stuck her tongue out, "That's why I don't like going out. I always have to put on a facade outside. When I hear others cracking dirty jokes, I really want to join in, yet I have to pretend to be aloof."

The Vermilion Bird Peak Master knew his disciple now possessed the Gold Light Spell, and she probably wouldn't look favorably upon the Dao companion profiles he brought. He would have to find someone more suitable.

"Whether you are telling the truth or not, your master will go find you someone more suitable." The Vermilion Bird Peak Master turned to leave.

Seeing the other person leave, Cao Zhen quickly cleared his throat and put on that aged and profound voice to speak to Li Ke, "Young one, do not speak to others about my entrapment. I have many enemies and fear they might discover my whereabouts if word gets out. The Gold Light Spell is meant for your learning alone. If word spreads... I shall not impart the latter parts of the Gold Light Spell to you." freewebnovel.com

Li Ke, who was about to lie down again to eat grapes and read storybooks, adjusting herself before continuing her Cultivation of the Gold Light Spell, suddenly heard the voice of the 'senior Long Aotian' echo in her mind once more.

"Dragon senior, Ke'er understands," Li Ke quickly resumed her usual detached demeanor in public, her expression also carrying respectful reverence for a senior, "Dragon senior, if there is anything you need Ke'er to do, I will do my utmost to fulfill it for you."

Cao Zhen looked at Li Ke, who appeared to have the pure and detached quality of a saint, and felt like laughing. If he hadn't been watching her through China Cloud for quite a while now, he might really have been fooled by her act.

"In this world, I have another inheritor who also knows the Gold Light Spell. Should you one day encounter him and he needs assistance, do what you can to help him out," Cao Zhen laid a preemptive trap for himself, in case one day he needed a large amount of Spirit Stones and found himself lacking. He could pretend to inadvertently show up in front of her, and then... hehehe.

"I have taken note, junior," Li Ke quickly asked, "May I know the name of the senior's inheritor? Are there any clues?"

"I myself do not know, only that the Gold Light Spell stone I left outside was activated by someone, and thus I knew there was another heir," Cao Zhen continued to bluff, "You must cultivate the Gold Light Spell diligently, as it is a Divine Skill of the first order. In time, when you have mastered it, I shall teach you other Divine Skills, and once your cultivation is sufficient, you will be able to rescue me from this predicament."

Li Ke, hearing about other Divine Skills, clasped his hands together in haste, unsure of which direction to bow, and said, "Junior will definitely not disappoint senior."

"That's good. The pace at which you're cultivating now is much slower than I had anticipated," Cao Zhen said with a hint of dissatisfaction that a teacher might show towards a student, "Have you been slacking off...?"

Cao Zhen wanted to continue speaking but realized the communication time had ended; he could only see Li Ke explaining, "Senior's insight is profound. Junior had been delayed some time ago in forging a flying sword for my master. From now on, I will endeavor to cultivate diligently..."

After Li Ke finished speaking and waited in vain for a response, he knew that senior Long Aotian must have lacked the strength to send out his voice again. He quickly set about repairing the stone door and began to cultivate the Gold Light Spell.

Seeing Li Ke start to cultivate, Cao Zhen shifted his attention to the user documentation on Earth.

Mr. Ma was practicing push hands with people who were practicing Tai Chi. Although the time he had spent cultivating was short, what is known as cultivation technique? The short period of cultivation had significantly enhanced Mr. Ma's abilities, to the point that those who had previously sparred with him in Tai Chi push hands were no longer a match for him.

Cao Zhen smiled upon seeing this. The technique Mr. Ma had acquired was a simplified version of a basic cultivation technique, sufficient for strengthening the body and surpassing the abilities of ordinary people. But that was the limit.

Cao Zhen stopped watching Mr. Ma and turned his attention to the documentation on his father, Cao Xibang.

In the vast office, Cao Zhen's black and white photograph still sat on the desk. Cao Xibang did not sit cross-legged on a cushion to cultivate but instead sat directly on the office sofa for his cultivation practice.

The next moment, Cao Zhen saw his mother!

Having not seen her for many days, mother Wu Xuehua's face had many more wrinkles. The burdens of life hadn't turned her hair white since she loved life so much, but the loss of her son had already turned much of her black hair white.

"Mom..."

Cao Zhen instinctively called out, only to realize that she could not hear his voice.

Cao Zhen knew that he couldn't really touch his mother by reaching out, but he still extended his hand to touch her, wanting to say 'Mom, I'm still alive.'

Untouchable! Cao Zhen's outstretched hand ultimately passed through nothing but her image.

"Dad," Cao Zhen spoke to his father, who was cultivating. He had provided him with a cultivation technique that allowed him to stop at any time, so the external world would not distract him and lead to cultivation deviation.

"Son?" Cao Zhen opened his eyes and looked around, hurriedly saying to his wife, "Wife, our son contacted me again!"

Wu Xuehua looked sorrowfully at her husband, smiling weakly. She knew that this man, who rarely showed affection for their son, had become incredibly distraught after losing him. Recently, he had even covertly claimed their son had gone to the Immortal Realm.

"Dad, mom can't hear us for the moment," Cao Zhen said helplessly to his father, "Listen to me. I will give you a cultivation technique that will allow mom to practice cultivation. Also, tell mom that, as a kid, every time I was whipped, I stuck all those belts with transparent tape under my bed..."

Cao Zhen didn't have enough time to mention all the things only he and his mother knew; he sent out the cultivation technique first. As soon as he finished the last word of the technique, the time for communication also ended.

Time was too short. Cao Zhen had so much to say but couldn't finish it. It was only at that moment that he regretted not spending more time talking to his parents when he had the chance, always saying he was busy, that there was a generation gap, preferring to play games with strangers rather than talk to his parents.

Cao Zhen really wanted to go back in time and give his past self a beating, to tell him, "Idiot! You don't cherish them now, but when you want to, you won't even have a chance!"

Cao Xibang quietly spoke to Wu Xuehua, recounting what Cao Zhen had said earlier.

Upon hearing his words, Wu Xuehua's eyes widened in shock as she looked around and cried out with a lost voice, "My child..."