

## MY MASTER KNOWS IT ALL

*Chapter 7: Chapter 7: The Sword-Drawing Disciple, The Fleeing Peak Master\_1*

The Peak Master's private residence at Four Treasures Peak was, as usual, keeping its gates wide open, the only difference being that there was now a dark-skinned, robust man in the courtyard.

From afar, Cao Zhen felt that the muscular man looked very familiar. Searching through his inherited memories, he quickly identified the man's identity.

Chao Zi Zai! The only friend of Cao Zhen's predecessor! The lead disciple of Seven Star Peak, ranked ninety-ninth! His cultivation base had four platforms! He possessed a special immortal cultivation physique, the Red Abyssal Flame Body! But the purity of his physique was very low, less than ten percent. Otherwise, he would have been snatched away by a peak with a higher ranking long ago!

"How can you kids be so thoughtless?" Stepping into the courtyard, Cao Zhen addressed the disciples, "Uncle Chao is here, and you don't even offer him tea?"

All the disciples turned to look at their Second Elder Sister, Yan Yourong, the one in charge of the financial power at Four Treasures Peak.

Cao Zhen immediately recalled that a few days ago, he had mentioned to Yan Yourong that they had run out of tea. In response, he received only two words from the disciples: "No money."

"I'm not here for tea!" Chao Zi Zai abruptly stood up and walked towards Cao Zhen. His towering figure, backed by the setting sun, cast a shadow over Cao Zhen, making him feel as though he was suddenly enveloped by darkness.

"I know, you're here to dissuade me from dueling with Starshine Peak, right?" Cao Zhen, facing someone who cared about him, couldn't bring himself to brush the man off. He simply pulled him by the arm to sit down at the table and said, "I've just visited Elder Copper Plate. He gave me the same advice."

"Then why didn't you ask Elder Copper Plate to help you cancel the duel?" Chao Zi Zai looked at Cao Zhen anxiously, his thick, bushy eyebrows trembling continuously as he said, "Old Cao! I'm telling you, forget about your damned pride! How much is your face worth? That's the only third-grade Spirit Field your Four Treasures Peak has! Even we at Seven Star Peak don't have such a high-grade Spirit Field!"

Cao Zhen thought to himself that Seven Star Peak, with its ninety-ninth rank, wasn't much higher than Four Treasures Peak anyway. It was normal for them not to have such a field.

"I'm not really concerned about my pride." Cao Zhen said mysteriously, "Do you know the odds that the betting house has set for this duel?"

"Of course, I do! Otherwise, I wouldn't have rushed here right after returning from my training outside, without even visiting my own sect first!" Chao Zi Zai sighed and said, "The difference in cultivation is too great! If you really lose the duel and the land, selling all your disciples won't even fetch enough to buy back that Spirit Field."

"Sell disciples?" A flash of brilliance exploded in Cao Zhen's mind, and his eyes lit up involuntarily. He clasped Chao Zi Zai's hands excitedly and said, "That's it! Sell disciples! How come I never thought of selling disciples to raise money! You're even better at finding ways to make money than the richest man Ma!"

"Sell disciples? Raise money? Who's the richest man Ma?" asked Chao Zi Zai, his voice trembling, "Old Cao, what are you planning to do?"

All three disciples were also stunned as they looked at Cao Zhen, only Yan Yourong's eyes showed a hint of wariness. In the past few days, the master's fishing behavior had been strange, and she suspected that he had gone mad.

But Four Treasures Peak was simply too poor. If they were to go to the Medicine Immortal Hall for treatment, the consultation fee together with the medicine cost might bankrupt Four Treasures Peak on the spot![freewebnovel.com](http://freewebnovel.com)

Moreover, since he had been fishing without exhibiting violent tendencies or even worse behaviors, Yan Yourong believed that the master would slowly readjust himself through fishing. She had not expected that he would actually

entertain the idea of selling his disciples! It seemed that, if necessary, she would have to tie her master up and take him to Medicine Immortal Hall.

"How can we sell disciples? My disciples are all so endearing," said Cao Zhen, pressing down on Chao Zi Zai's shoulders to keep him from standing up excitedly. "I was just making a metaphor..."

The disciples instantly breathed a sigh of relief, and Yan Yourong also dispelled the thought of tying up her Master and sending him to the Medicine Immortal Hall.

"I was planning to pawn them for a while at the pawnshop," Cao Zhen continued under the wide-eyed stares of everyone, "pawn them for some Spirit Stones, and then go to the gambling house to bet on my victory. Once the duel is over, I'll redeem them back."

Four Treasures Peak's Peak Master's separate courtyard fell into a quietness akin to death.

Clang!

The sound of a sword being unsheathed broke the silence of the courtyard, with Yan Yourong's body radiating surging Spiritual Energy, and four Dao platforms rising behind her. Her sword shone with a cold light as she stepped forward and walked directly towards Cao Zhen.

"Second sister, don't be rash!" Bei Yan was the quickest to react, immediately stepping in front of Yan Yourong, hugging his senior sister's slim waist tightly, fearing she might act too impulsively.

The eldest senior sister Ling Xi also stood up immediately, grabbing Yan Yourong's arm and urged her, "You Rong, have you lost your mind? That's our Master! How can you draw your sword against him?"

Cao Zhen hadn't expected his usually proud and aloof second disciple to react so violently. He retreated more than a meter with a backward leap, and raised his hand toward Yan Yourong: "Little Rong, calm down! Calm down!"

Chao Zi, with his iron tower-like body, stood between the two and also reached out to grab the sword in Yan Yourong's hand, saying, "Niece disciple, don't be impulsive..."

"Uncle, please step aside! Senior sister, junior brother, you too, step aside!" Yan Yourong's face was covered in a frosty glare as she stared at Cao Zhen, struggling to break free from everyone's restraint, "Master, you haven't practiced or prepared for battle in these two months! Disciple has endured it! You were obsessed and it was harming your health, disciple thought; you fished every day, disciple believed you were restraining inner demons; disciple endured it all! But to let it come to this, no matter what, I must send you to the Medicine Immortal Hall today!"

For a moment, chaos reigned in the Peak Master's separate courtyard on Four Treasures Peak, with only the third disciple Xiang Ziyu holding a book in his hands, carefully studying, neither helping his senior sister nor siding with his Master, as if the events occurring around him had nothing to do with him.

"Master, run, we can't hold back second sister any longer." At this time, Bei Yan was desperately clinging to Yan Yourong's thighs.

Cao Zhen hadn't expected his typically quiet and frosty second disciple to have such a headache-inducing outburst. Adhering to the principle that it's better to avoid trouble than to face it, he dashed back to his room and swiftly collected all the materials he had prepared for making the small Dragon Tiger Pills, then quickly ran towards the courtyard exit.

"Master, don't go!" Yan Yourong, holding her sword, called out loudly, "Disciple is doing this for your own good! Even if it costs me everything, I must send you to the Medicine Immortal Hall to get you treated."

As Cao Zhen ran out of the courtyard door and looked back at the chaotic scene, he still couldn't resist saying to Chao Zi who had come to persuade him, "Old Chao! For the sake of our friendship, you'd better go back and convince your master to pawn you all at the pawnshop too! And then go to the gambling house and bet on my victory, you could make a fortune..."

Hearing Cao Zhen's words, Chao Zi began to wonder if it would have been better not to stop Yan Yourong, and if they really should send Cao Zhen to the Medicine Immortal Hall? Cao Zhen's remarks made it seem like he was seriously ill!

As Cao Zhen ran towards the Immortal Cloud Carriage stop, his heart was filled with myriad emotions. He had initially planned to have a good meal and drink tomorrow before going to the nearest market to rent a Pill Furnace to

concoct the Dragon Tiger Pills. Now, disrupted by his disciple, he had to advance his plans.

Otherwise... without the strength, he really wouldn't dare to return to his own Four Treasures Peak.