

My Master 79

Chapter 79: Ghost-Cutting_1

One, two, ten... a hundred...

Yan Yourong desperately tried to feel any response but could sense nothing; none of the relics present reacted at all. A cold sneer arose in his heart—was a Waste Immortal Body unwelcome and disliked wherever it went? Even with my current cultivation base, do you still look down on me?

Are you really the ancestors of the Hundred Peaks Sect? Don't I, Yan Yourong, count as a disciple of the Hundred Peaks Sect? So what if I have a Waste Immortal Body? I refuse to accept this! Since Heaven has given me a chance to practice immortal cultivation, even with a Waste Immortal Body, I can still embark on the path to immortality! If even Heaven has left me a sliver of a chance, will you ancestors not give me a single opportunity?

Years of frustration and anger accumulated from the setbacks in his immortal cultivation exploded within Yan Yourong's chest, as the unusual patterns on his dais and the Immortal Bridge within him started to burst forth with light.

Standing aside and watching the spectacle, two high-ranking members of the Hidden Dragon Observatory felt the grief and fury emanating from Yan Yourong's body. They stood there stunned, having not sensed such intense emotions in a long time, especially without the death of a loved one. How had these feelings arisen?

Hum... Hum... Hum...

Suddenly, one of the relics in the Soldier Tomb began to react. A powerful aura no less intense than Yan Yourong's grief and fury emanated from the blade, and then a visible black mist shot into the sky, as if to break through the prohibitions set up by the Immortal Soldier Workshop.

"The Grieving Anger Dragon Blade?" Lv Chaoqiong stuttered, asking Ai Yunqi with a look of verification.

"Such a fierce aura of sorrow and anger... Our Hundred Peaks Sect only has this one, right?" Ai Yunqi responded incredulously, unable to imagine that a relic that had been dormant for who knows how many years would be awakened.

"The third-generation Sect Leader's Grieving Anger Dragon Blade..." Although Lv Chaoqiong understood that it was Yan Yourong's grief and anger that had awakened it, she still couldn't comprehend... Many people had come here and released emotions of grief and anger, but the Grieving Anger Dragon Blade lay there as if dead, never responding.

And the person now releasing grief and anger was merely a cultivator with a Waste Immortal Body! Although she had broken through to a realm that a poor peak could hardly sustain, her prospects were likely limited, with no further advancement.

How could such a person resonate with the Grieving Anger Dragon Blade?

Lv Chaoqiong wanted to interrupt this resonance, but as the Hidden Dragon View Master, she understood that the most crucial aspect of constructing this place was fairness!

Those entering the Hidden Dragon Observatory were free to cultivate, and the View Master must not interfere, offering help only when a cultivating member required it.

With the sound of a blade's cry, the Grieving Anger Dragon Blade left the ground. At that moment, Yan Yourong also opened his eyes and reached out to grasp the war blade in his hands, letting a sharp edge emanate from within the blade...

"This Four Treasures Peak... mustn't be underestimated..." Ai Yunqi murmured softly. The words reached Lv Chaoqiong's ears, indeed a different sentiment.

In an instant, Lv Chaoqiong adjusted her evaluation of Four Treasures Peak, raising it by at least ten ranks! Before the ranking conference began, she would go and bet on Four Treasures Peak and make a handsome profit!

"Situ Fengzhan lost two matches?"

It was still that richly endowed spiritual energy chamber, the dim candlelight, and those three meditation cushions.

But now, only two of the cushions were occupied by their owners, with Situ Fengzhan's spot now vacant.

"Senior Brother Zi Xuan, what do you think?"

Zi Chen sitting on the [Earth] meditation cushion slowly opened his eyes, turning to look at Zi Xuan on the [Heaven] cushion.

Zi Xuan spoke with eyes closed, "I heard that Fengzhan suffered serious injuries, allowing the newcomer to take advantage. With such wounds, even Haitang could have won."

"In any case, it's a loss," Zi Chen said with a smile, "It seems that if I want to regain Haitang's honor, I'll have to do it myself. As for that newcomer, I'll take care of her along the way. Let her know that even if she becomes one of the Hidden Dragon Three Sons, she is still the lowest in ranking among us and needs to understand her place."

"Junior Brother Zi Chen, handling two matters with one move isn't good," Zi Xuan slowly stood up, propping himself with his hands on his knees, "Let me take care of this new member."

"Does Senior Brother Zi Xuan not trust me?" Zi Chen's face, whiter than a woman's, reddened slightly with irritation.

"That's not it," Zi Xuan replied as he gathered his long hair behind his head and tied it into a high ponytail with a smile, "We can't keep sending weaker forces after losing the third strongest. Sending them one by one is like giving her free battle experience. Since we are acting, naturally, it should be the Azure Dragon seizing the fish."

Zi Chen laughed and didn't speak. He knew that this member of the Hidden Dragon Three Sons who held the [Heaven] seat had a habit of reading strange books from the roadside, believing that even weaklings could grow stronger with continual trials.

No matter, Senior Brother Zi Xuan often voiced his belief that it wasn't right for the powerful to send their weaker subordinates to give others combat experience. Thus, his life motto was, if anything went

amiss, to go all out and beat the opponent until they were psychologically scarred before considering it done.

"Then we'll split up and take action separately," Zi Chen's voice still lingered in the room as he vanished from the chamber, leaving behind one last sentence, "Senior Brother Zi Xuan, let's see who can return faster."

Zi Xuan shook his head, smiling lightly as he rode the wind out of the chamber in search of Yan Yourong. freewebmovel.com

Cao Zhen wandered around the Discourse Hall for a while, found it rather dull, and decided to return to his dwelling to teach Yan Yourong – this was an Immortal Body with the innate Great Five Elements holy physique. Although in this era, it had been reduced to a Waste Immortal Body with a stagnant Cultivation Base, it didn't restrict the talent for learning Divine Skills and spells.

The Five-thunder Righteous Method was very suitable for Yan Yourong. Cao Zhen planned to take this opportunity to give her some guidance so she could learn more Divine Skills, making it easier for him to achieve victory without effort.

When Cao Zhen returned to his residence, he found that Yan Yourong had been waiting in the room, clearly for some time. Bored of waiting, she was practising a spell with crossed legs.

"Master," Yan Yourong stood up and took down the Grieving Anger Dragon Blade, which had transformed into a hairpin, reporting on her achievements from the Immortal Soldier Workshop, "This is the Grieving Anger Dragon Blade your disciple got from the Immortal Soldier Workshop."

With Zhang Daoling's cultivation experience, Cao Zhen could tell at a glance that the Grieving Anger Dragon Blade was impressive, far superior to most of the relics he had received, comparable even to the pair of Water-Fire Rings in terms of quality.

"Interesting," Cao Zhen began to laugh, "I was considering, aside from teaching you the Five-thunder Righteous Method and other Divine Skills, what else I should pass onto you. Since you've acquired such a fine blade, it happens that I have a set of 'Ghost-Cutting' techniques here. Learn it well."

Yan Yourong took a step back, then knelt down earnestly on the ground before Cao Zhen, knocking her head on the floor, and then looked up seriously, asking, "Master, who exactly are you?"

Who exactly are you? Cao Zhen's mind tightened slightly – the thing he feared the most still happened! Inevitably, he was different from the former Cao Zhen, and if his mannerisms were inconsistent over time, it would be foolish if the people around him didn't notice.

"Master, are you the reincarnation of some Great Ability?" Yan Yourong continued. "Your disciple knows that in the Immortal Cultivation world, when a cultivator's body is reaching the end of its life span but their divine soul has not yet reached the brink of dissipation, they might choose to reincarnate by possessing a newborn's consciousness, effectively starting life anew as a different person."

Cao Zhen heaved a sigh of relief; it turned out... this second disciple thought he had awakened.

Having the cultivation knowledge of Zhang Daoling, he naturally knew what Yan Yourong was referring to – it's when a person's physical form is about to disintegrate while their divine soul hasn't reached that point, they might possess a child's consciousness. However, the cost of doing so is losing all of their past memories, gradually recalling parts of their past life over time and thus setting foot once again on the path of Immortal Cultivation.

Of course, this was a method only used by cultivators as a last resort because if the divine soul had existed for fifty years, a thousand-year lifespan individual would only have fifty years left, even if they managed to grow up from infancy after successfully possessing someone.

Even if the cultivator managed to re-attain the Golden Core Stage, they'd only have fifty years left of the divine soul's lifespan, unless they could achieve an even greater breakthrough.

Reincarnation and cultivating again made it easy to be branded by the Heaven and Earth Seal, making it even more difficult to regain their previous level.

"Master, does your silence mean you consent?" Yan Yourong's cool eyes welled up with a layer of moisture, "Then Master, when awakening memories from the past, did you erase the memories of this life? Do you truly still remember your disciples..."

Cao Zhen sighed; he had been contemplating that his behavior would inevitably lead to inquiry – how could a weak nobody suddenly rise to prominence?

Any excuse about an old Taoist entering dreams and providing guidance would seem like another lie. This disciple had provided a very good excuse.

"Child, those are things of the past," Cao Zhen approached Yan Yourong, gently touched the head of his second disciple kneeling before him, and spoke in a gentle tone, "In this life, I am your master. I remember most of the past, and I have not forgotten our master-disciple bond either."

Hearing this, tears uncontrollably began slipping down Yan Yourong's eyes. These past days, whether it was her or the others from Four Treasures Peak, had been deeply worried that their increasingly awakened Master would forget them all.

'Reincarnation' was rare in the world of Immortal Cultivation, yet it wasn't unheard of.

According to records, some individuals who reincarnated would acknowledge the relationships of this life, while many others, with persistent obsessions from their previous lives, would gradually lose themselves as they awakened more and more memories, ultimately returning to their former path.

Thus, they would sever all bonds of this current life.

"Do not speak of this matter to others," Cao Zhen patted Yan Yourong's shoulder, "Rise."

Yan Yourong, wiping the tears from her eyes, whispered, "I'm afraid the higher-ups of Hundred Peaks might already have guessed..."

"That's fine. If they ask, I have but one thing to say," Cao Zhen shrugged nonchalantly, "I, Cao Zhen, belong to Hundred Peaks in this life, and I am the Peak Master of Four Treasures Peak."

Yan Yourong, who rarely smiled, revealed a joyous smile on her pretty face.

Cao Zhen pointed to the cushion next to him and said, "Come, sit down. Master will transmit 'Ghost-Cutting' to you."