

The Most Generous Master Ever

#Chapter 1 - A General Without An Army

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Eastern of Great Desolate. Heaven Mending Sect.

In a dilapidated wooden house on Violet Cloud Peak, Ye Qiu quietly sat on the bed in a daze.

“That’s it, I’m toasted—

“I think I... transmigrated.”

He opened the window beside him and looked at the sky outside. It was a purple glow. People flew past from time to time in the distant horizon. Surprisingly, it looked like a flourishing immortal paradise.

After half a day, Ye Qiu finally accepted this reality. He had indeed transmigrated, and he had transmigrated to the Great Desolate World.

His current identity was the head of the Seven Great Peak Masters of Heaven Mending Sect, the eighteenth master of Violet Cloud Peak.

“My status seems to be quite noble, but it’s a pity that he’s a general without an army.” Ye Qiu shook his head and muttered to himself.

His master, Perfected Xuantian, had been cultivating like a madman all his life and was dedicated to pursuing the Immortal Dao. He had spent his entire life’s effort, yet he still wasn’t able to become an immortal in the end. Before he died, he couldn’t bear to see Zixia Peak’s inheritance be broken and accepted Ye Qiu as his disciple.

In reality, Ye Qiu knew very well that his aptitude could only be considered average. His master had accepted him as a disciple because he had no choice but to accept him. In the end, he didn’t teach Ye Qiu for long before passing away. He only left behind a bunch of inheritance from Zixia Peak and the master’s seat.

Ye Qiu had succeeded the throne successfully. Even though he had a high status and was ranked first, this was a world where strength was everything. When his master was still alive, everyone had to respect him. After his master died, no one thought highly of him anymore.

“Yeah, my abilities are a huge disadvantage! I have to think of a way to make up for it...”

After thinking this through, Ye Qiu’s heart suddenly trembled.

[Ding...]

[The ten-thousand-fold Return system is being bound.]

“Oh? System...” Ye Qiu’s eyes lit up. He calmed down and carefully studied it.

[Ten-thousand-fold Return System. The host can impart or bestow spirit pills, cultivation technique manuals, or cultivation base to the disciple. You can receive a high number of critical hit returns. The probability of the critical hit is random. The maximum is ten thousand times.]

Ye Qiu suddenly laughed after hearing the system’s introduction.

“Oh, interesting! Ten thousand times return, such a capitalized investment. Does that mean that after I take in a disciple and teach him for a few decades, I’ll be able to obtain hundreds or even thousands of years of cultivation?”

Ye Qiu suddenly stopped worrying.

[System detection.]

[Host: Ye Qiu...]

[Cultivation: Level Two Black Finger realm. Cultivation level is low. A small cultivator. The kind that cannot be found even in a crowd.]

[Divine Technique: None...]

[Aptitude: Normal. Difficult to achieve great things.]

[Charm rating: 99, this is alright, I can get over it.]

Ye Qiu : “...”

All of a sudden, he really wanted to beat this system up.

[Congratulations, host. You have received a novice’s gift. Do you wish to open it?]

“Open it.”

[Successfully opened the gift bag. Obtained one superior-class mortal Marrow Cleansing Pill, gained ten years of cultivation.]

Following the system's cold voice, a mysterious energy suddenly surged into Ye Qiu's body.

"Oh... cool."

After this energy entered his body, it quickly fused into his spiritual spring. Ye Qiu's cultivation also increased to Level Three of Black Finger realm.

"Only level three? System, are you kidding me? I'm only at level three after getting ten years of cultivation!"

[Guest, there's no mistake. Cultivation was not based on the amount of time one spent in the past ten years. Instead, it is calculated based on the ten years of effort spent on ordinary people. An ordinary person's ten years of cultivation would be like this...]

Ye Qiu : "..."

He only advanced one level in ten years. How useless was he? But thinking about it, it made sense. The higher one's cultivation base was, the more time it would take to raise one's cultivation realm. This was very normal. There was no lack of time in the Great Desolate World. Every time one went into seclusion, it would be several months to several years. This was very normal.

[Host, please accept a disciple as soon as possible. After completing the mission, you can receive a high-critical return.]

He held a Marrow Cleansing Pill in his hand. Ye Qiu didn't plan on using it. If he kept it, it might come in handy later.

At this moment...

Bang bang bang...

"Martial Uncle Ye, are you inside?"

A series of knocks came from outside. Ye Qiu stared blankly for a moment and said:
"Please come in..."

The old wooden door was pushed open and a handsome young man walked in. Ye Qiu recognized this person. He is the chief disciple of Jade Pure Hall, Liu Qingfeng. His cultivation base was at level three of Celestial realm, one major realm higher than Ye Qiu. He was considered an outstanding talent among this generation of disciples.

He was quite approachable and did not put on airs.

Perhaps it was because he was the future successor to the Sect Master, that he had a very good relationship with the various heads, elders and disciples of the same generation.

According to Ye Qiu, he was a smart person. He had already built a good relationship before he even got promoted.

“Martial Uncle Ye, Sect Master called me to inform you that you have to get up immediately and go to the Jade Pure Hall to discuss matters.”

Because Ye Qiu’s master’s seniority was higher, his seniority was actually equal to the Sect Master and many other heads of the peaks. Therefore, Liu Qingfeng addressed him respectfully as Martial Uncle.

“Did the Senior Brother Sect Master say what happened?” Ye Qiu asked. He was in a godforsaken place and there was no one around. Why did someone suddenly inform him to attend a meeting?

Liu Qingfeng hesitated for a moment and said, “It’s because of the violent beasts in the village at the foot of the mountain yesterday. The surviving orphans have already woken up. Master is holding a meeting at the Jade Pure Hall to discuss the cause and effect of the beast riot, as well as the arrangements of the surviving orphans.”

“Oh, I see...” Ye Qiu nodded his head. He still had some memories of yesterday’s riot at the foot of the mountain, but not much. As for the arrangement of the surviving orphans, it was nothing more than a simple disciple recruitment ceremony.

“Hmm, just nice! I’ll go take a look and see if I can take in a disciple to test it out.” Because of the Ten-thousand-fold System, Ye Qiu was eager to take in a disciple. Coincidentally, the opportunity came.

“Alright, I got it! You can go back first.”

“Martial Uncle, I will take my leave.” Liu Qingfeng bowed and silently left the small wooden house. Before he left, he took a glance at the small wooden houses on Violet Cloud Peak and shook his head.

A few minutes later, Ye Qiu waved his fan and strolled out of the small wooden house. He was no longer as lazy as before. There was a charm between his brows, and his bearing was extraordinary. Those who did not know would think that he was some otherworldly expert, but in fact, he was just a level three of the Black Finger realm cultivator.

Ye Qiu summoned his Violet Cloud Sword, and used the Imperial Sword Technique he had learned a few days ago and flew towards the Jade Pure Hall. The Violet Cloud Sword was passed down to him by his master after he died. It was a supreme-class treasured weapon and was incomparably rare.

This might be Ye Qiu's only valuable possession. It was hard to come by.

Not long after, Ye Qiu arrived at the Jade Pure Hall. The moment he entered the hall, he saw a group of people standing below. These people should be the lucky survivors.

“Junior Apprentice Brother Ye, how grand of you to make so many of us wait for you.” Before Ye Qiu returned to his seat, the head of the Hidden Sword Peak beside him, who is also the Disciplinary Elder of the Heaven Mending Sect, Qi Wuhui, spoke in a strange tone.

Ye Qiu glanced at him. This old man didn't look like a good person. He knew very well that no one in the group of heads thought highly of him. The only reason they had waited for him was because they did not want to break the rules.

Apart from this eccentric Qi Wuhui and the Sect Master, the Seven Great Peak Masters were also present. The other masters all raised their heads, not even bothering to greet him.

Ye Qiu simply ignored them and said to the Sect Master, Meng Tianzheng, “Senior Brother Sect Master, I'm really sorry. The distance from Violet Cloud Peak is long, so I was delayed for a long time. Please forgive me...”

“It's fine.” Meng Tianzheng waved his hand. As Heaven Mending Sect's Sect Master, he still responded for the sake of the sect's harmony even though he also looked down on Ye Qiu.

After Qi Wuhui was ignored by Ye Qiu, he became even more furious. “Hmph, he's just a little level two Black Finger realm cultivator. His cultivation isn't high but he's quite arrogant. If he hadn't gotten lucky and been accepted as a disciple by Martial Uncle Xuantian, he wouldn't have naturally taken over Zixia Peak. He doesn't even have the right to speak in front of me.”

Everyone present knew how Ye Qiu got his position. They looked down on him from the bottom of their hearts.