

Ancient Strengthening Technique

Chapter 18 - Ravishing Beauty

“Could he really stand on the summit of Kyushu one day?” Qing Zi mumbled, he was completely dumbfounded... That feeling he got from Qing Shui.....

Qing Zi shook his head, trying to clear away the unsettling feeling slowly creeping into his heart. How could he even imagine that such an illogical thing would happen? After all, it was known that Qing Shui was born with a weak constitution. It would be amazing enough if he could already cultivate, but to step onto the peak of this world? Highly improbable...

Looking at Qing Shui who was emitting an air of certainty, Qing Zi could feel that Qing Shui was special. He was one of a kind, different from the majority of the 3rd generation disciples. Especially when looking at that pair of beautiful eyes, Qing Zi could see traces of coldness, disregard and competitiveness hidden within them.

The two of them were standing on the summit of a small mountain near the Qing Village. Qing Shui was enjoying the beauty of nature, the air was permeated with so much Spiritual Qi that even the normal humans who did not cultivate would be able to live to 150 years old in this world.

Standing on the summit not only allowed one to have unobstructed vision; the ability to see far across the distance without hindrance, it also enabled the one standing at the top to emanate a sense of heroism; like a chosen one, looking down upon the masses.

“No wonder all humans want to be admired by others, standing at the top of humanity, overlooking the entire world.”

Qing Shui and Qing Zi nonchalantly began to chat about matters of no importance, discussing the strained relationship between the 3rd generation disciples. Although the Qing Clan was the largest and most powerful clan in this mountain filled region, their influences and authority only stretched so far... They were not even comparable to the large clans residing inside Hundred Miles City. If it wasn't for Qing Luo who had cultivated to the peak of Hou Tian Realm, those large clans would probably not even bother to have the slightest bit of interacting with the Qing Clan.

After all, those large clans residing in Hundred Miles City all had deep roots and a rich history spanning about a 1000 years; their connections with various powers and reputations were also not something that could be compared to the puny Qing Clan. Luckily, the Qing Clan possessed a unique inheritary cultivation technique. Thus, despite not having a large amount of people, the Qing Clan could still stand their ground.

Just as Qing Shui's mind was wandering, thinking about all the things he learned today, he heard footsteps approach him. Turning his head he spotted Qing Bei running towards him.

"Qing Zi gege, Shui gege, there are visitors arriving. Grandpa wants you to go back now." Qing Bei said with almost no breath, exhaustion was clearly painted all over her face.

"Visitors? Where are they from?" Qing Zi's brow slightly creased as he asked.

This expression of Qing Zi only lasted for a second before it changed back to his normal amiable look. This action of his made Qing Shui tense slightly, the normally honest looking Qing Zi actually had such a expression on his face? It appears that Qing Zi was not as simple as he looked.

"I am not too certain, but I heard that the visitors were from Hundred Miles City." Qing Bei blinked her eyes innocently.

"Hundred Miles City!" Qing Shui exclaimed.

The name of this city was extremely familiar to him, Qing Shui even knew the names of some of the large clans residing within Hundred Miles City. After all, Qing Yi was the one in charge of the Qing Clan's medicinal herbs business in Hundred Miles City.

"Qing Shui, Qing Bei, let's go." Qing Zi started to run back in the direction of the Qing Village after he shouted. The posture of each of his steps emanated the air of a dragon and a tiger.

"It appears that I was right, the eldest grandson of the 3rd generation was not as simple as he looked!" Qing Shui was deep in thoughts as he began to slowly run back towards the village, but after thinking about it, it made sense. If Qing Zi was as honest as he looked, there was no way that he could be the next successor of the Qing Clan.

Currently, within the 3rd generation disciples, Qing Zi was undoubtedly the strongest. Qing Shui was an exception, after all, he had not really exhibited his full strength yet.

Just as the 3 of them arrived at the entrance of the Qing Mansion, they saw a troop of majestic horses tied up near a post. One of the horses was completely red in colour, with a body length about 4m and a height of 2m, it exuding a majestic presence. The bristles on this horse were thick, but extremely smooth to the touch. Brawny, Majestic, Vigorous. It was as though there was a divine spirit in this fiery-red horse, as it was capable of emanating a pressure far beyond that of a normal war horse.

An expression of awe appeared on Qing Shui face as he observed the horse in front of him, this horse definitely belonged to one of the large clans in Hundred Miles City. Qing

Shui had the feeling that the fiery-red horse in front of him had a strength that could easily allow it to trample over lions and tigers.

Although Qing Shui had not seen many horses or wild beasts during the 15 years he's spent in the Qing Village, he knew that the abundance of spiritual Qi in the air could allow animals to grow bigger compared to the animals of his previous world. Not only wild beasts, even domestic animals like dogs and pigs could grow to become 1 size bigger than in his previous world!

Qing Shui was not in awe because of the size of the horse, but because of the aura it excluded! With its head held high, akin to an emperor gazing at his subjects, just the aura emanating from it alone was sufficient to daunt the other horses surrounding it.

"All journeys undertaken while mounting this horse, would undoubtedly only require half the time compared to the other mounts!"

"En, the bones are solid and broad, with muscular forelegs and hind legs. Mounting it on a journey would be like stepping on clouds, the speed at which it gallops would be so fast that not even the earth would be disturbed" Qing Zi touched his chin and mumbled nonchalantly while admiring the horse.

"Brother Qing Zi is an expert on horses!?" Qing Bei asked.

Qing Zi shook his head "Nope, I only overheard some people discussing traits of good horses before, but they all pale in comparison to this fiery-red horse that is currently in front of me."

Laughing as he ended the conversation, Qing Zi took the lead as they entered the Qing Mansion's Courtyard

Qing Shui recalled some of the history books he read in his previous life. "Emperor Wen once offered a horse of the snow-lion species, capable of traveling a thousand li, to appease the anger of the mongolians."

"This fiery-red horse should also have the bloodline of a lion." Qing Shui deduced.

Seeing that Qing Zi and Qing Bei had already entered the courtyard, the hint of a smile appeared on his face. Seems like the fun time are beginning hehehehe.

"Hey red horse, looking at your haughty and arrogant demeanor really pisses me off, your father, me, is definitely going to make you submit." Qing Shui extended his hands, wanting to touch the red horse's mane.

Just when his hand had extended to about 1cm away from the mane, the fiery red horse snorted, as if it was warning Qing Shui of the consequences and also giving off the appearance of looking down on him.

“Oh, how dare you be so stubborn you piece of sheet!” Qing Shui couldn’t control himself anymore and vulgarities started spewing from his mouth. If this sight was witnessed by others, they would definitely be surprised that profanities actually emerged from the mouth of Qing Shui.

Qing Shui only allowed himself to lose control when there was no one else around.

Qing Shui still persisted in forcing the fiery red horse submit to him. The warning snort of the red horse, Qing Shui had completely disregarded it and continued to extend his other hand to touch the rump of the horse.

Qing Shui guessed that this horse might be female, but now, his actions had infuriated it.

The 4m long body of the fiery red horse reared up. A sound akin to a dragon roar rumbled out from its throat, its muscular body slammed down, preparing to stomp Qing Shui into tiny pieces, and continue stomping to the point where the tiny pieces became even tinier pieces, eventually turning him into nothingness.

“Ai, seems like your temper is pretty fiery right?” Qing Shui intentionally continued to extend his palm to the rump of the horse, giving it a swift slap on it’s bottom before jumping up, executing a somersault in midair and then land onto the back of the horse, mounting it. His silhouette was now filled with an oppressive, overbearing aura, tinged with gracefulness and beauty. “There, I have mounted you, you piece of sheet!” Qing Shui roared triumphantly.

“Ai, young man, you are actually able to mount my emberlion steed.” An extremely gentle voice akin to the wind ruffling a teenage beauty’s hair rang out, disrupting the victorious thoughts of Qing Shui.

Trying to locate the source of the voice, Qing Shui turned his head and saw a teenage girl, around 20 years old, wearing a fiery red horse riding corset. She was a ravishing beauty, and her sexy little mouth, now containing hints of a pout, actually made Qing Shui’s normally calm heart tremble as he gazed at this vision of loveliness.

