

Immortal and Martial Dual Cultivation

Chapter 12: Dangerous Battle

Halfway through his chiding remark, Elder Zhang sensed something dangerous. A red flower the size of a person had risen up behind him unnoticed, and its color was incomparably beautiful with countless of pollen falling gently from the petals.

The toxic plant, Poinsettia!

Xiao Yulan's Martial Spirit was actually the Poinsettia, which was one of the five deadly poisons. As long as it drew blood, it would be a fatal strike, and its pollen could affect the nerves, effectively paralyzing someone without any signs and causing their battle prowess to significantly decrease. If the poisoned individual had an open wound and the pollen entered said gap in the body, the poisoned individual would likely die within ten breaths.

Xiao Chen did not expect Xiao Yulan's Martial Spirit to be the Poinsettia, nor did he anticipate for her to have schemed so deeply. No one would have thought that a Martial Master would make the first move against a peak Martial Grand Master. Furthermore, this Martial Master looked like a sweet little girl.

A cultivator was at their weakest in the period of time when the Martial Spirit had left their body. When Xiao Chen saw that red flower crop up all of a sudden, he immediately understood what to do and made the first move as well.

A purple flame condensed with a flicker on his palm. Circulating Essence to his legs, Xiao Chen bent his legs and abruptly dashed forward, generating a sound as he tore through the air before striking Elder Zhang with his palm.

In the instant the pollen invaded his body, Elder Zhang sought to kill Xiao Yulan first before she had the chance to activate Poinsettia's poisonous nature. He may have appeared to be cornered in that position, but when he saw Xiao Chen flying over, the corners of his mouth curled up to reveal a cold smile. This brat was merely a junior in the Martial Disciple Realm, yet he dared to take action against him.

He split apart a portion of the Essence that was suppressing Poinsettia's poison and struck out against Xiao Chen's palm. Xiao Chen was blasted backwards in the aftermath, because the punch of a Martial Grand Master was not something that he was able to withstand at present. Vomiting a mouthful of fresh blood, he could vaguely sense that his heart or lungs might have sustained damage.

Elder Zhang did not even bother to look at Xiao Chen, who had been blasted back. He was about to make another move when he discovered that the flame from Xiao Chen's palm was still sticking to his fist and was continuously consuming the Essence he had condensed on it. He was alarmed... what a domineering flame! Quickly allocating another portion of Essence to surround the flames, he applied firm control over the Essence with his consciousness and had to tightly clench his fist before he could put out the flames.

Xiao Yulan took advantage of this opportunity to successfully retrieve the Martial Spirit that had left her body. Seeing Xiao Chen vomit blood, killing intent began to pool in her eyes. She drew her sword and stared coldly at Elder Zhang without any emotions showing on her face, as though he was already a dead man in her eyes.

"Inferior Grade Profound Ranked Spirit Weapon, Broken Moon Sword, I did not expect the only Profound Ranked Spirit Weapon of the Xiao Clan to be in your hands. Looks like you definitely have to die today." Looking at the sword in Xiao Yulan's hands, Elder Zhang was astonished.

Xiao Yulan held the sword in her hands, and a dance of petals in the breeze around her was swiftly followed by a sword flash flying towards Elder Zhang. Elder Zhang did not dare to take any risk as he disbursed half of his Essence into his hands and feet, using the other half to stave off the poison.

The two of them began to move faster and faster. Initially, Xiao Chen, who was lying on the ground, could clearly see the battle between them. Soon, he could only see blurry shadows amidst the plentiful petals. This level of battle was no longer something that he could take part in, and he never expected that Xiao Yulan's speed was actually this impressive. Despite the difference in cultivation realms, she was able to fight evenly with Elder Zhang.

Xiao Chen shifted his gaze away and looked at the sword hilt that was located on top of the Moonstone pillar. This Spirit Weapon was probably the object of their desire, so he decided to grab it before they could.

Xiao Chen slowly stood up and cautiously walked towards the stone pillar.

When the person in blue, who was doing his best to widen the hole in the thin barrier, saw Xiao Chen heading towards the Moonstone pillar, he felt anxious in his heart. Yet, he could not make a single move. He loudly shouted: "Elder Zhang, you trash! You can't even deal with two little kids! If I am not able to get my hands on this Spirit Weapon, after we get back, you will be the first person I kill."

Elder Zhang, who was currently fighting with Xiao Yu Lan, found it difficult to talk about his troubles. The Spirit Weapon of this girl was incredibly strange, as it surrounded him with flower petals that made him incapable of exhibiting more than half of his usual combat ability. Furthermore, at this moment, he had to hold his breath, not daring to

breathe. Let alone that, with Poinsettia's poison, he was only able to utilize about a quarter of his strength as a peak Martial Grand Master.

When he heard the words of the person in blue, Elder Zhang hardened his heart. When Xiao Yulan pierced her sword at him, he did not dodge, instead punching out at her temple with precise purpose. This girl wanted to fight with him so badly it seemed, suffering heavy injuries to try to get him to bleed, to activate Poinsettia's fatal poison. She was treating it as though he had no way to force out the poison.

Just when Elder Zhang's fist was about to land, Xiao Yulan twisted her body in midair, creating two more Xiao Yulans that looked exactly the same. The one he struck immediately became countless scattered red petals.

Elder Zhang was not surprised. He smiled and roared shortly after exposing her flaws, "This should be your trump card, Inferior Grade Profound Ranked Martial Technique, Flower Clones. However, it is time to end this farce—Beast Soul Possession!"

A phantom image of an ape appeared behind Elder Zhang's body. In a flash, Elder Zhang turned into some kind of human-ape monster. This was the ability of Martial Grand Masters, Martial Spirit Possession.

After the Martial Spirit possessed the body, one's speed and strength would increase by several folds. Sometimes, someone would even obtain the special abilities of their Martial Spirit.

Elder Zhang used his right hand, which had extended its length by an additional half, and clenched his fist in midair. A bolt of lightning struck one of Xiao Yulan's clones, turning it into a scatter of red petals with a loud boom.

Laughing weirdly, Elder Zhang jumped like an ape and extended his two arms, grabbing at the last clone.

"Boom!"

The last clone was also shattered into countless red petals. Within an instant, the surrounding space became filled with the Red Poinsettia petals. Elder Zhang was overwhelmed with amazement and looked behind him, spotting another seven clones behind him amidst dancing petals.

Elder Zhang appeared to be flustered and mumbled: "That's not possible, even the highest realm of Flower Clones can only create ten clones. Given your age, how could you have trained to that realm?"

Xiao Yulan coldly said: "Beast Soul Possession, this requires all the Essence in your body to be activated. The poison of my Poinsettia should have taken effect by now, it's over."

Seven shadows came flying in from different directions, and the slender Broken Moon Sword merged together with the petals, intertwining with each other. Without Elder Zhang's Essence to restrict it, Poinsettia's poison started to work on his nerves, causing his limbs to twitch,

"Puchi!"

The seven shadows merged back together into Xiao Yulan as she appeared behind Elder Zhang's back. The petals were dancing behind her as the Broken Moon Sword streaked across his back, inflicting a hideous wound. As blood flowed from it, Poinsettia's poison completely came into effect, sentencing Elder Zhang to certain death within ten breaths of time.

However, just at this moment, Elder Zhang suddenly turned around and grabbed the Broken Moon Sword with his hands.

"Even if I die, I will drag you down with me!"

Chapter 13: Narrowly Escaping Death

Elder Zhang laughed out maniacally, ignoring the pain in his right hand as he gripped the Broken Moon Sword tightly and gathered all the Essence in his body into his left hand.

His final strike before his death, Medial Grade Yellow Ranked Martial Technique—Reckless Heavy Punch!

This punch was incomparably swift and fierce, completely exceeding Xiao Yulan's expectations. The full force of a Martial Grand Master struck her shoulder heavily and sent her flying back toward the stone pillar.

Xiao Chen, who was preparing to draw the Spirit Weapon, was startled, hurriedly catching Xiao Yulan, "Cousin, are you alright?"

Xiao Yulan's face was pale as she spoke somewhat weakly, "Quickly run, that man in blue is about to open up the hole."

He carried Xiao Yulan on his back, turned his head to see the man in blue anxiously trying to break through that thin yellow barrier, and then looked once again at the Spirit Weapon on the Moonstone pillar.

Even if he tried to return back through the route from which they came, he would not be able to break open that stone wall with his current strength. It would only be a path to

death. If he pulled out the Spirit Weapon, who knows, maybe he could use the strength of the Spirit Weapon to help carve a path out, making his escape easy.

Xiao Chen stopped hesitating. He took two steps forward and gripped the sword handle. He tugged firmly at it, but to his surprise, it came out with incomparable ease. However, this Spirit Weapon did not seem like a divine weapon. And upon closer inspection, it was actually just a meter-long broken sword.

Before he had time to curse, the Moonstone pillar exploded apart with a loud boom and turned into numerous fragments. Xiao Chen reacted quickly and grabbed at some of the fragments with his hands before falling downwards. After the Moonstone pillar exploded, the stone platform below them was destroyed too, thus Xiao Chen had fallen down, together with Xiao Yulan, who he was carrying.

“No!” Seeing the Spirit Weapon snatched from right under his nose and the Moonstone pillar breaking into pieces, the man in blue shouted out loudly. That thin yellow barrier suddenly seemed to emit a great repelling force, causing the man in blue to be blasted out. The hole in the barrier rapidly mended itself.

The man in blue had been watching as all these things played out all of a sudden. He felt unresigned, vomited blood, and then fainted!

In a narrow stone room, Xiao Yulan closed her eyes as she leaned back on the wall. Her complexion was very pale as she kept murmuring in a low voice. Xiao Chen frowned and looked at the hole about ten meters above them, at a loss for what to do.

“Cousin Xiao Chen, am I dying?” Xiao Yulan opened her eyes and inquired weakly. She had been struck by Elder Zhang’s strongest technique earlier. The punch of a peak Martial Grand Master augmented by the Reckless Heavy Punch Martial Technique had such an enormous force behind it that it almost shattered all her meridians. Even worse, the Martial Spirit in her body had no way to treat this damage.

Xiao Chen walked over, sat down by her side, and smiled: “Stop talking nonsense cousin and rest well. This pit is only about ten meters deep, so I will think of a way to get us out as soon as possible.”

When Xiao Yulan heard that, a bitter smile appeared on her pale face, “If you are able to leave, then leave by yourself, you don’t have to bother with me. Since the day I was born, I have been destined to bring misfortune to the people around me... I should have died long ago.”

Xiao Chen smiled, “Stop saying silly things, there is no way I will abandon you here. As long as I am alive, I will not let you die.”

There was not a single trace of redness on Xiao Yulan's face, and her lips parted in a murmur: "Don't you think that it was strange that I was cultivating alone on Seven Horn Mountain all this time?"

[TI notes: The author is not trying to say that Xiao Yulan did not feel anything, he was trying to express that she is now anemic, probably due to loss of blood]

"It is indeed strange, but everyone has their own secrets to hide. I don't think it is good to dig into the secrets of others." Xiao Chen squinted while pursing his lips.

"When I was five years old, I had already condensed my Martial Soul. I remember the horrified expression on my father's face. I was very young back then, so I could not understand why and I only felt that the flower in my body was very pretty."

"I used to have an elder sister. I did not understand the situation then and showed Poinsettia to her. After she got poisoned by it, she fell down and suffered an injury that made her bleed... thus, she was poisoned to death by me like this. Ever since then, I finally understood why my father did not like me. I am poisonous; the bowls and cups that I used to use, even the stool that I sat on, have to be cleaned multiple times."

"I could not even play with the other children. Cousin Xiao Chen, do you remember? We used to play house together when we were young, but when my Martial Soul appeared, my father forbade me from playing with the others. I was very upset and would often hide somewhere to cry. When I was eight years old, my father sent me to Seven Horn Mountain to cultivate. Ever since then, I've never left the mountain... and on occasion, my father sends some things up the mountain to me."

Xiao Yulan spoke very slowly, as though she was reminiscing about the distant past. Her pale smile suddenly brightened, "I rarely meet people on the mountain. When I first met cousin, I actually did not recognize you and even injured you. I was very afraid then, afraid that you would call me a freak. You have no idea..... all these years, I have been killing all these Spirit Beasts on the mountain, and there were many times where even I thought that I was a freak."

Xiao Chen felt grief in his heart, abruptly interrupting her, "Cousin Yulan, you are not a freak. You are very pretty, so much more so than the girls below the mountain. A freak would not give me a bottle of medicine to treat my wounds."

A trace of redness appeared on Xiao Yulan's pale face, but she wasn't fully convinced, "really?"

Xiao Chen replied seriously, "Really. Cousin, stop speaking for now, have a good rest first."

Perhaps she believed Xiao Chen's words or maybe she was very tired, but Xiao Yulan slowly closed her eyes as her breathing became calm and even. Xiao Chen raised his

head to gain a visual of the hole above them, shaking his head helplessly as he took out the broken sword.

There was a faint glow on the body of this azure sword. Xiao Chen held the handle and brandished it, waving it around for a while. He could not feel any strong might emitting from the sword, and even infusing it with Essence yielded no reaction.

Could this just be an ordinary sword? Xiao Chen felt a little dispirited and put away the sword. Afterwards, he took out the Moonstone he grabbed by chance and grinned wide, because at least this Moonstone was not fake. With such a large piece, it would not be a problem to exchange this for a hundred thousand taels of gold.

However, the critical problem now was a way out, and a ten meters pit was not something an Inferior Grade Martial Disciple could jump out of just like that. Even with Xiao Yulan's cultivation, it would not be possible. Furthermore, her meridians were currently injured, rendering her incapable of using her Essence.

Chapter 14: An Awkward Healing

"Sister... sister, Yulan did not... on purpose..."

Xiao Yulan seemed to be having a nightmare, the tight knit of her eyebrows speaking leagues about a trauma. Looking pale as a ghost, her murmurs appeared to have no end in sight. But at the end of the day, considering Xiao Chen had been a shut-in his entire life without much contact to women prior to his 'ascension', he was at a loss to what to do. Had it been otherwise, this kind of situation should not have disconcerted him as much as it did.

Xiao Chen cultivated the Purple Thunder Divine Incantation, which was, despite its tyrannical nature, still a legitimate Immortal Cultivation Technique. However, it had one major drawback in this world. There was simply no Immortal Qi in this world. Even so, if he used his Essence, it would definitely have a trace of a similar healing effect to the Immortal Qi. Xiao Chen had also received a punch from Elder Zhang earlier and injured his heart and lungs, but it took merely a bit of nourishing by Essence before it was completely healed.

It was definitely effective. He decided to give it a try when he had thought of this idea. He then slowly straightened out Xiao Yulan's body and placed his hand on her shoulder, and circulated the Purple Thunder Divine Incantation, threads of gentle Essence slowly pouring into Xiao Yulan's body through his palm and fingers.

His consciousness followed the Essence closely and entered into Xiao Yulan's meridians, but all that lay in store for him was shock as he saw how severely her meridians had been damaged. There were scars of varying sizes in the eight major

meridians, and they had many gorges and were very distorted in shape. Some of the minor meridians were only connected to each other by a thread, seeming to be on the verge of snapping apart at any moment. It was a shocking sight.

Xiao Chen carefully controlled the Essence and nourished the injured meridians. The nourishing sensation seemed to placate Xiao Yulan's pained expression, which began to regain color. She could feel a certain warmth moving gently around in her meridians, inordinately amazing her. As she knew Xiao Chen was the one treating her, a tinge of red pervaded her face.

Xiao Chen used his consciousness to control the Essence in Xiao Yulan's body, making it circulate a whole cycle before sending his consciousness even deeper. The scars seemed to have recovered significantly everywhere he went. He controlled his Essence to head towards Xiao Yulan's Dantian, where a beautiful Poinsettia resided. Right now, it seemed dispirited and listless, as though it was withered.

"Cousin Xiao Chen, that's enough."

The voice suddenly entered his brain, startling Xiao Chen. It took a long time for him to react. This was the sound of Xiao Yulan's consciousness speaking directly to him. Immediately after, he realized that he had not asked for her permission to send his consciousness into her. It was bad etiquette to enter another person's body in the way he did, even more-so if the counterpart was a girl.

Xiao Chen withdrew his consciousness and Essence before getting up, but he felt dizzy and sat down again. He laughed bitterly, as it turned out that treating others was a very tiresome matter.

Xiao Yulan asked worriedly: "Are you alright, Cousin Xiao Chen?."

"I'm fine, don't worry, Cousin. I just exhausted a lot of my Essence. I will be fine after some rest. Are you feeling better yet?" Xiao Chen stated.

Xiao Yulan blushed and replied in a soft voice, "Thank you, Cousin Xiao Chen, I am feeling much better."

"Then that's good. After a few more days of treatment, Cousin's injuries should be completely recovered."

Time went by very fast in the stone room. In the blink of an eye, six days had already passed. The rations the two of them had taken with them had already been spent two days ago. Although it was not a big issue for Martial Cultivators to not eat or drink for a few days, if it went on for an extended period of time, they would still die.

In these six days, Xiao Yulan's body had pretty much recovered all the way through. Despite that, her body still seemed a little weak due to lacking nourishment. Every day,

after treating Xiao Yulan's injuries, Xiao Chen would cultivate. He was already able to freely use the Divine Thunder Break. He also raised the amount of Purple Thunder True Fire he could conjure and consolidated his Inferior Grade Martial Disciple cultivation.

Today was the day of the duel with Xiao Jian. If he was not able to get out, there was no telling what sort of rumors would spread outside. He raised his head to look at the hole ten meters above them, feeling distraught and anxious.

"Cousin Xiao Chen, can I take a look at the Spirit Weapon from the Moonstone pillar?" Xiao Yulan asked weakly.

Xiao Chen nodded his head. He took out the broken sword and handed it to Xiao Yulan, "This Spirit Weapon does not seem to be anything special. I have been trying for the past few days."

Xiao Yulan did not say anything. Instead, she caressed the body of the sword and took out a green thread and dropped it onto the sword slowly. When it touched the blade of the sword, it split into two pieces. Shortly after, she took out a short sword from below her feet and slashed it at the sword, the result thereupon being a resounding crashing sound! The short sword was immediately bisected into two roughly-cut pieces.

"It cuts threads with just a touch and slices through metal like mud. This is no ordinary sword."

Xiao Chen smiled: "Even so, it is not able to help us now. Unless it can help us fly up?"

Xiao Yulan smiled gently: "Who said it can't?"

Xiao Chen only saw her leap up gently, rising about three meters up towards the top of the pit. Right as gravity picked up around her, she used the broken sword and struck it into the wall. The sword completely sank into the pit wall. Her right hand held onto the handle and, using that as a perch and propeller for momentum, her body found second wind in the air again. After a few renditions of this, she managed to escape the pit.

Xiao Chen stood below, starting in shock. There was a clattering sound, generated as the sword made its way back down and hit the ground. Xiao Yulan shouted from up top, "Cousin, come up quickly, those people are gone already."

Xiao Chen picked up the broken sword, feeling excited. He imitated Xiao Yulan and, after a few jumps, managed to escape the pit as well. As a breeze of fresh air swept over him with a deep caress, Xiao Chen felt the urge to shout out loudly.

For some reason, the body of the dead Elder Zhang did not rot. Xiao Chen could not care a whit about that and searched everywhere for any remaining broken pieces of Moonstone and collected them all.

The two of them returned through the pathway they came from. With the assistance of the broken sword, the stone wall that had been in their way in the past was effortlessly slashed open. Before descending the mountain, Xiao Chen invited Xiao Yulan to come with him.

Xiao Yulan hesitated for a while before accepting the invitation. After being trapped in there with Xiao Chen, she already knew that today was the day of the duel with Xiao Jian. She was a little worried about Xiao Chen and had decided to go down the mountain to take a look.

Xiao Clan, martial hall.

At this moment, the huge martial hall was already filled with people, indicating that all the disciples of the younger generation had come to watch. Because of the rumors spread by the servants, there were a significant amount of people.

“Eldest Young Master, would this Xiao Chen not show up?” A Xiao Clan disciple that had a good relationship with Xiao Jian spoke from below the arena in the martial hall.

“Yes, I believe that Xiao Chen is too cowardly to show up. He’s merely a piece of trash at the 9th grade of Spirit Refinement and actually dares to duel with the Eldest Young Master—how insolent.”

Chapter 15: Decisive Battle With Xiao Jian

Xiao Jian was dressed in a blue gi, making him look elegant and confident. However, he had a gloomy look on his face that made him seem extremely menacing. “It’s best if he shows up, if he does not, then there will be no longer be a place for him in the Xiao Clan.”

“Indeed, what great guts this fellow has, to think that he actually dared to hit the Eldest Young Master’s face, he is simply just asking for trouble.”

Hitting his face!

When Xiao Jian heard this, his gloomy face turned even more terrifying. In regards to his status, he was the person with the highest talent in cultivation amongst the younger generation of the Xiao Clan. Before he was eighteen, he was already a peak Martial Disciple, a single step from becoming the youngest Martial Master in Mohe City. Xiao Chen was just a piece of trash, yet he actually dared to challenge him. Furthermore, he hit him in the face in front of everyone. What in the world was going on? Xiao Jian had already decided that if Xiao Chen dared to come, he would immediately cripple him, letting him truly taste regret.

Time slowly went by, and the appointed time had already passed by four hours and Xiao Chen still had yet to make his appearance. The chatters of the crowd got louder and louder. Xiao Jian looked at the entrance, but there was no Xiao Chen in sight. He could not help but feel some frustration.

Xiao Jian murmured to himself and proceeded towards the First Elder of the Xiao Clan, who presided over this duel, “Martial uncle, Xiao Chen is still not here yet, should we send someone to find him?”

The Xiao Clan’s clan head, Xiao Xiong, had already entered a closed-door seclusion cultivation in order to break through and become a Martial Saint. He had left the management of the Xiao Clan’s affairs to the First Elder, Xiao Qiang. For events such as this duel, Xiao Qiang would preside over them as well.

Xiao Qiang coldly stated: “You think that I have not tried to find him in the past few days? The guards of Seven Horn Mountain told me that he went inside and has not left yet.”

When the surrounding people heard this, they found it incomparably strange. There were Rank 2 Spirit Beasts even on the outskirts of Seven Horn Mountain, so if a 9th Grade Spirit Refinement realm cultivator went inside, wouldn’t they just be courting death?

“Haha, Young Master Xiao, that fellow might have already died at the paws of a Spirit Beast. It looks like you don’t have to personally take action anymore.”

“Even after seven days, he still hasn’t come out. He is definitely dead. No wonder he had not shown up yet.”

Suddenly, a commotion broke out amongst the crowd alongside cries of surprise—Xiao Chen had arrived!

“Xiao Chen is here, he really is here.”

“Who is the girl beside him? Do you guys know?”

“I’ve never seen her. It is almost time for the duel, why did he bring a girl along? However, this girl is quite pretty.”

Xiao Chen just ignored their blabber and calmly walked towards the arena in the middle of the martial hall. Xiao Yulan followed by his side with a frown. She was not used to so many people paying attention to her.

At first, Xiao Jian was shocked when he heard the news of Xiao Chen’s arrival. After Xiao Chen arrived at the stage, however, Xiao Jian simply laughed coldly, “Brother

Chen, I thought that the Spirit Beasts had already eaten you at Seven Horn Mountain. I never expected that you would be able to make your way out.”

Xiao Chen smiled gently: “Many thanks to elder brother for your concerns, but before we settle this, how could I allow myself to die?”

At this moment, Xiao Qiang, who had been observing the course of events, suddenly widened his eyes. He looked at Xiao Yulan with a complex expression and walked over quickly and said, “Lan`er, you are finally willing to coming down from the mountain, why didn’t you tell me first?”

Xiao Yulan said a little unnaturally: “I came down with Cousin on the spur of the moment. I merely came to watch the duel today.”

Xiao Qiang seemed like he had something he wanted to say, but he did not speak up in the end. In regards to Xiao Yulan, a deep sense of guilt had always been lodged in his heart. When she was small, he sent her to Seven Horn Mountain because she could not control her own Martial Spirit. However, he watched her grew lonelier and lonelier as she grew older. Xiao Qiang felt disgusted at himself, was he too cruel?

When Xiao Yulan was able to control her own Martial Spirit, Xiao Qiang tried to persuade her to leave the mountains a few times. However, Xiao Yulan had been isolated from people for too long. No matter how he urged her, she still would not leave the mountain.

“Uncle Qiang, can we start now?” Xiao Jian said impatiently as he stood at the side.

Xiao Qiang recovered from his shock and said to Xiao Chen: “Are you ready?”

Seeing Xiao Chen nod his head, Xiao Qiang said in a deep voice: “Although this duel is a fight to the death, you are brothers, after all. I would like to emphasize that if one party admits his loss, the other party must stop. It is best that all grievances end with this. Xiao Jian, can you do this?”

Xiao Jian nodded his head but smiled coldly in his heart. Killing Xiao Chen would dirty his hands, he would stop before that happened. What a joke! However, he had to think of a way to thoroughly cripple the cultivation of this reckless fellow.

The two of them got onto the arena, stood at their respective corners, and paid their respects to each other. This duel had officially started and the atmosphere in the martial hall also started to turn heavy.

Xiao Jian stood on the arena, slowly raising his killing intent. He did not intend to drag out this fight and was prepared to finish Xiao Chen with one move. A trash at the 9th Grade of Spirit Refinement, if he could not finish him with one move, then he would lose all of his face.

Xiao Chen stood casually in the corner, staying on his guard, and circulated the Purple Thunder Divine Incantation in his body. After the battle with the First Elder of the Zhang Clan, Xiao Chen did not feel any fear towards the Xiao Jian who was a peak Martial Disciple. He was not worried about this battle, and there was no way that Xiao Jian's Medial Grade Yellow Ranked Martial Technique could stand up against his Superior Grade Yellow Ranked Martial Technique, even if he had only six days of practice under his belt.

Xiao Jian did not hold back and raised his peak Martial Disciple strength to its max. He was simply waiting for Xiao Chen to let his guard down before making a move, radiating out his killing intent to pressure Xiao Chen.

After cultivating the Purple Thunder Divine Incantation, Xiao Chen was very sensitive to the flow of Qi. However, to Xiao Chen, Xiao Jian's killing intent seemed incredibly weak, not affecting him at all. He just gave Xiao Jian a mild smile and looked at him fearlessly.

When the Azure Dragon that swam in Xiao Chen's Dantian felt this minuscule killing intent, it felt as if its dignity was sullied. It let loose a loud roar within Xiao Chen's body, causing Xiao Chen's aura to suddenly rise explosively.

"Boom!"

In an instant, Xiao Jian's killing intent was forcefully bounced back. The might of this ancient Azure Dragon Holy Beast Martial Spirit was not something an insignificant Martial Disciple could withstand. Xiao Jian felt incomparably shocked. Xiao Chen actually managed to send his aura back, so could it be that he had already achieved the Martial Master realm?

That was impossible! Xiao Jian's complexion changed slightly. Xiao Chen was a 9th Grade Spirit Refinement trash, how could he suddenly break through from peak Martial Disciple to Martial Master realm? He had to make his move soon, Xiao Jian knew that his mental state was already shaken. He had to make his move and could wait no longer.

"Receive my Martial Technique, Inferno Chop!"