

Immortal and Martial Dual Cultivation

Chapter 19: Dangerous Battle On The Street

Xiao Chen was taken aback. This group of people was too outrageous. He dashed forward, grabbed the little girl in the very instant of her imminent peril, and evaded the group of marching horses...

“Neigh!”

The one leading the three men pulled on the reins, causing the horse to neigh as he reared it to a stop. When the two people behind saw this, they also followed suit in a hurry. The person in the lead was dressed in a brown flowery gown and was the first to turn his horse around and slowly trot over to Xiao Chen.

“I had wondered who this familiar-looking person was, so it was actually the Second Young Master of the Xiao Clan. Why are you imitating others and acting chivalrous today?” The youth riding on the back of the horse towered over him and laughed loudly with arrogance.

“Indeed, Young Master Xiao has been a rare sight in Misty Rain Pavilion, Young Master Xiao’s character has indeed changed.” One of the other men riding a horse quickly followed-up.

Xiao Chen gently placed down the little girl and looked coldly at the group of people on horseback. These three people were Zhang Clan disciples, and the one leading them was Zhang Zeyang, the second son of the Zhang Clan clan head. He had an equally horrible reputation in Mohe City as Xiao Chen, but it was not because he was trash as well. Instead, it was for bullying the commoners as well as his arrogant and despotic character. Due to the fact that the Zhang Clan and the Xiao Clan were at loggerheads, whenever the two of them met, there would definitely be some disagreements. However, Xiao Chen had always been on the losing end.

“What are you looking at? What kind of expression is that? Are you seeking death?” One of the men behind Zhang Zeyang raised his horsewhip and suddenly lashed in Xiao Chen’s direction. The whip cracked in the air, fast approaching Xiao Chen’s face with whiplash. If it were the Xiao Chen of old, it would have definitely hit him and caused a laceration.

Xiao Chen smiled coldly as he used his hand to grab the whip firmly with a fluid swipe of his arm, greatly astonishing the person on horseback. He wished to retract the whip, but he was not able to even move it an inch, as though it had been wedged tightly in a steel

vice grip. There seemed to be a flash of lightning in Xiao Chen's eyes as arcs of electricity leapt around on his hands, issuing crackling sounds.

With a whooshing sound, the electricity traveled along the horsewhip to the hands of that person. Very soon, it jumped around that person's body in wide arcs, sparing not even the horse he was mounted on from electrocution. The horse was shocked, resulted in it jumping about wildly, and the Zhang Clan disciple himself was flung from the horse and landed with a loud thud.

Zhang Zeyang quickly leaped off his horse and helped the person on the ground up. That person's face was pale and was still trembling. With the electricity having invaded the meridians of his body, he would not be recovering anytime soon.

"Xiao Chen! You dare hurt my cousin! Are you tired of living?" Zhang Zeyang shouted out in a powerful voice.

Xiao Chen smiled indifferently, "Zhang Zeyang, according to your logic, I cannot retaliate and can only allow you to hit me? Was this reasoning taught to you by your mother or your father? Being just the insignificant second son of the Zhang Clan, do you really think that there is no one in Mohe City that can deal with you?"

Zhang Zeyang was stunned—this Xiao Chen's character had really changed! In the past, when they met, it would be routine for him to beat him up. Due to the fact that this was a shameful matter, he wouldn't possibly dare tell his clan, so he, Zhang Zeyang, was not worried at all. Why was Xiao Chen behaving so assertively today? However, no matter how assertive he was, he was still trash. Zhang Zeyang would be able to deal with garbage of the 9th Grade Spirit Refinement realm as a Medial Grade Martial Disciple quite easily.

Thinking of this point, Zhang Zeyang did not bother about Xiao Chen's taunt and smiled coldly, "Young Master Xiao, are you in that much of a hurry to die?"

Xiao Chen laughed loudly, "Are you an idiot? After speaking so much, you are still only able to say the same thing over and over again. What does my death have to do with you? If you have the abilities then come and hit me. I will stand still over here, come if you dare."

"You really think that I would not dare to hit you?" Upon hearing such mockery, Zhang Zeyang could no longer hold back. He shouted angrily as the Essence in his body circulated rapidly inside him. He then hurled a fist towards Xiao Chen with a roar, using about eighty percent of his full power. Xiao Chen had crossed his bottom line by mocking him in public, which was intolerable in his books!

Xiao Chen smiled coldly, so that was all it took to infuriate him? He followed the incoming fist, replete with killing intent and more, with his gaze, the Purple Thunder

Divine Incantation circulating rapidly in his body. The Azure Dragon in his Dantian roared lightly as his Essence surged, raring to come out.

“Hu!”

Xiao Chen struck out, unleashing a plain fist just like Zhang Zeyang’s. Xiao Chen had used his full power in this fist, and a thunderous sound of wind billowed off his fist as purple crackling electrical arcs gathered on it.

“BANG!”

Their two fists collided head-on, setting off an explosive sound that filled the skies. Zhang Zeyang could only feel a turbulent force heading in his direction, and it was by far not something he could withstand easily. His body was blasted back a few steps before he was able to stabilize himself. His face had turned incredibly pale and blood trickled out from the corner of his mouth.

Xiao Chen cultivated the Purple Thunder Divine Incantation in addition to the Azure Dragon Martial Spirit, so the Essence in his body was very deep and profound. The full force of his cultivation as a Martial Disciple was equivalent to a peak Martial Disciple. Zhang Zeyang had thought that Xiao Chen was still in the 9th Grade Spirit Refinement realm, and thus only used eighty percent of his full power. When going against Xiao Chen, who was using his full force, how could he have overcome that?

“With just that insignificant amount of strength, you dare to throw your weight around in Mohe City?” Xiao Chen snorted. He ferociously stomped on the ground with his right foot, imprinting his foot in small cracks on the marble floor of the street. This stomp caused Xiao Chen to fly forward, reaching Zhang Zeyang’s front instantaneously. He struck his palm out towards Zhang Zeyang’s chest.

This happened incredibly fast, and even the people beside Zhang Zeyang were unable to react to it. Looking at this palm imbued with murderous intent, he felt jittery and shut his eyes in despair. Could it be that I, Zhang Zeyang, will die here today?

“Stop!” An explosive shout came from afar. The voice was very loud and shook the eardrums of everyone present. Xiao Chen ignored this voice and continued to send out his powerful palm strike towards Zhang Zeyang. The opportunity to cripple Zhang Zeyang was not something that came by everyday, after all. All or nothing.