

Immortal and Martial Dual Cultivation

Chapter 2: Anger, Life-and-death Duel

Xiao Chen did not move; he instead just stared coldly at the crowd, and no one knew what he was thinking in his heart. Xiao Jian turned towards the crowd and slowly walked over. The crowd opened up a passageway for him, with the expectation that this was going to be a good show written all over their faces as they looked at Xiao Chen.

“Brother Chen, why are you not moving? Are you not going to give your big brother some face?” Xiao Jian said sinisterly as he grabbed Xiao Chen’s wrist with his right hand, leading him to the front.

However, when he pulled, he found that he was not able to move Xiao Chen’s wrist. He could not help but be alarmed - how could this trash have such immense strength? Right as he was about to use his Essence to make Xiao Chen submit...

Xiao Chen flung his hand away ferociously, managing to fling away Xiao Jian’s hand under the eyes of the crowd, and replied coldly. “There is no need for big brother to exert himself. I can walk by myself.”

There was a burst of amazed mutterings. How was this trash able to fling away Xiao Jian’s hand? Although Xiao Jian did not use the Essence in his body, his cultivation had already reached the peak of the superior Grade of Martial Disciple, which meant he was only a step away from becoming a Martial Master. His cultivation realm was definitely higher than Xiao Chen’s by a few realms, so could that trash possibly have experienced a miracle and condensed his Martial Spirit?

Xiao Jian, whose hand was flung away by Xiao Chen, stared blankly for a period of time, but his expression immediately turned unsightly shortly after. This Xiao Chen actually dared to make him lose face in front of everyone. He gloomily followed Xiao Chen and walked over. He did not stop to think that he had said something to try and humiliate Xiao Chen in the first place.

Xiao Chen, who was standing in front of the Magic Sealing Stone, wore a bitter expression. He was very clear on what realm of cultivation he was in, but he no longer had any path of retreat. The worst case scenario was that he would be ridiculed again, but thinking of this actually calmed him down.

Xiao Chen stretched out his right hand and placed it on the Magic Sealing Stone, circulating the weak Spiritual Energy in his body. Threads of Spiritual Energy flowed from his Dantian into the acupoints on his arms, through his meridians, and rapidly

gathered on his right palm. The Magic Sealing Stone under his palm started to change color, and the initial pure white slowly turned into a faint red color.

In a short while, Xiao Chen's forehead was filled with droplets of sweat, and the Magic Sealing Stone seemed to have some kind of devouring power that made the Spiritual Energy in his body continuously flow out. However, the color of the Magic Sealing Stone still remained an unchanged faint red.

"Xiao Chen, 9th Grade of Spirit Refinement. There is no improvement." The First Elder behind the Magic Sealing Stone, Xiao Qiang, said without emotion.

Xiao Chen shook his head, withdrew his right hand, and wiped the sweat off his forehead. The surrounding Xiao Clan disciples breathed out in relief. This trash was still the trash he was before. There were no miracles, and his strength was still at the 9th Grade of Spirit Refinement.

Xiao Jian laughed coldly. Actually, he had been startled by him earlier. Now, he remembered that he wanted to bully him, and thus he immediately recovered his earlier mindset of wanting to create trouble for him.

"Brother Chen, you are indeed an abnormal talent. Despite eight years of cultivation, you are actually still in the 9th Grade of Spirit Refinement. Within the whole Xiao Clan, no, the whole Great Qin Nation, only you have such a talent! Haha!"

All the Xiao Clan disciples within the big hall laughed together. The first elder behind the Magic Sealing Stone just frowned but did not say anything. He felt that it was a pity, as Xiao Jian had acceptable talent and was hardworking enough in his cultivation, but he had next to no compassion. He would definitely not climb far in the future. He was not sure if this kid could survive in the Promise of Ten Years that would occur half a year later.

Xiao Chen kept his quiet and maintained a cold expression. This was his elder brother, who, instead of consoling him, went so far as to take the lead in humiliating him. Having such an older sibling was as good as having none!

Xiao Jian stretched out his hands and patted Xiao Chen's shoulders, smiling strangely. "Brother Chen, do not be discouraged, take it slow. Maybe you can condense your Martial Spirit in a few more years. Hey, Brother Chen, why are you kneeling? Don't be like this, I do not deserve such treatment."

Xiao Jian used his Essence when he patted Xiao Chen, using about half the strength of a Peak Martial Disciple. Considering Xiao Chen had humiliated him earlier in front of everyone, he did not intend to let him off so easily.

Xiao Chen knelt on the ground on one knee, his forehead filled with sweat. After Xiao Jian infused his hand with Essence, it heavily pressed down on his shoulder. Regardless of the amount of strength he used, he was not able to resist Xiao Jian.

There was a mocking voice coming from the crowd, “Young Master Chen, even with such outstanding cultivation, you don’t have to use such a method to display it!”

“Young Master Chen is indeed Young Master Chen - even the way he kneels exhibits such elegance.”

Xiao Chen closed both of his eyes. He tightly clenched his fist, causing his fingernails to dig into his flesh. Fresh blood slowly dripped out, and his whole body could not stop trembling.

Dissatisfaction!

He was not resigned!

A fierce resentment that stemmed from the depths of his soul began to pervade Xiao Chen’s body. He was not resigned! Is that you? Xiao Chen murmured. This fierce resentment from the depths of the soul itself seemed to come from the original soul of this body. Even after he died, the resentment that had accumulated for eight years came bursting out—he was not resigned!

No one would willingly be a piece of trash! No one would be able to indefinitely endure the mockings and humiliations from others! No one would willingly look up to others for the rest of their life!

You are Xiao Chen; I am Xiao Chen as well. I will live in place of you, washing away these eight years of humiliations. I will cause those who mocked you, insulted you, and teased you to understand what regret is!

Xiao Chen fiercely opened his eyes. A radiant look replaced that cold and empty look he usually wore, the determination in his eyes staunch. I, Xiao Chen, will not be trash forever!

He pushed his body downwards and quickly rolled backward, standing behind the Magic Sealing Stone. He looked at Xiao Jian with a cold gaze. Xiao Jian was pleased with himself when he saw the surrounding Xiao Clan disciples laughing at Xiao Chen. He had relaxed his state of mind from when he was caught off guard and had inadvertently let Xiao Chen escape from his grasp. He could not help but feel frustrated again at the thought of it and was about to make a move.

A piece of broken cloth flew out and hit him in the face, slapping him with a great force. The piece of cloth had been torn from Xiao Chen’s sleeve. Naturally, that meant the one who did that was Xiao Chen.

“Very good, since you have already received it, I hereby challenge you to a life-and-death duel seven days later. From now on, you are no longer my big brother, and you never will be again!” Xiao Chen looked coldly at Xiao Jian and spoke, his cold voice seeming to emerge from the nine layers of Hell.