

Immortal and Martial Dual Cultivation

Chapter 4: Adventure, Seven Horn Mountain

For the past four hours, Xiao Chen carefully repaired the damaged internal organs. After this lesson, he no longer dared to use Spiritual Energy to forcefully break into the Dantian.

After his injuries had stabilized, he slowly restored the circulation of the Purple Thunder Divine Incantation, continuously absorbing countless threads of Spiritual Energy. After going through a cycle in his meridians, the Spiritual energy permeated into Xiao Chen's bones, skin, and muscle.

He had made his decision. Since he temporarily could not condense his Martial Spirit, then he would temper his body to become extremely tough.

Xiao Chen lost track of time as he cultivated, having already finished 36 cycles without realizing it. Opening his eyes, two dots of purple light flashed across in his eyes. At the moment, the sky was bright, which rendered him speechless, as he had actually spent the entire night cultivating inside the house.

Despite having not slept for a night, Xiao Chen's mind felt invigorated, without a single trace of fatigue to speak of. Shortly after, Xiao Chen noticed an odd scent. Glancing down, he realized a thick layer of sticky black fluid had settled on his body, the smell of it unbearably fishy.

These were the impurities and waste material in Xiao Chen's body. In the past, when Xiao Chen cultivated, his body would at most have a layer of sweat covering it. However, the entirety of last night was spent in cultivation with thrice the absorption speed of previous sessions. This caused the extreme scene we see now—and those who were not aware of the situation would probably assume that Xiao Chen had fallen into a latrine.

Xiao Chen smiled bitterly and quickly went to take a shower. If he went out like this, it would definitely cause many misunderstandings. After the shower, he changed into a new set of clothes and made his way to the courtyard. He got into position and began practicing the Xiao Clan's most ordinary fist techniques.

The Xiao Clan's fist technique had a sequence of movements that united the motions of rising, falling, advancing, and retreating, which made it seem extremely plain. Xiao Chen struck out extremely smoothly, emitting a wave of wind from his fist. Without

realizing it himself, the Purple Thunder Divine Incantation in his body automatically circulated together with the movements.

The originally plain fist technique actually seemed to turn tyrannical and mighty. His hands struck out and pulled back alternatively, and the sound of thunder seemed to fill the air. This change caused Xiao Chen to be beside himself with joy as he did not expect the Purple Thunder Divine Incantation to have such an effect.

The more he struck out, the more delighted he felt. His fist became faster and faster, and the roar of thunder continuously rang out. Without realizing it, as he shouted out softly, electricity could be seen arching non-stop on his fist. A hot sensation traveled to his right hand, and his entire right hand seemed to inhabit an inexhaustible strength.

Xiao Chen shouted loudly, his whole body leaping forth, and when he landed, his fist struck down on the ground. Xiao Chen used the strength of his whole body in this fist.

“Boom!”

The rocks were crushed in great numbers. Amongst the countless cracks, there was a small hole about half a meter wide. Xiao Chen held his breath as he looked at the crushed rocks and shook his head.

The might of this fist might have seemed ferocious, but he knew that this was nothing. When the strong Martial Cultivators used this Martial Technique, it could create a big hole that was at least a meter wide. Furthermore, there would not be any cracks. The crushed rocks would all be turned into powder.

However, Xiao Chen was very satisfied. He had to take it step by step. He had only cultivated the Purple Thunder Divine Incantation for a night, yet his strength was already so shocking. After cultivating for a few more days, his body might be able to be comparable to those of the Martial Disciple Realm. Furthermore, the electricity on his fists would give others a shocking surprise.

After resting for a while, Xiao Chen decided to continue his cultivation. Only, he could not go back to the bedroom to cultivate anymore. He had to find a place with denser Spiritual Energy. The back mountains, Seven Horn Mountain, of the Xiao Clan was such a place.

This Seven Horn Mountain could be said to be the source of the Xiao Clan's footing. There were many Spirit Beasts and rare herbs on the mountain. Furthermore, the density of the Spiritual Energy there was more than one fold than that of the area where he currently was.

In the memories of this body, the Xiao Clan was considered to have been a humongous clan many years ago, and not just in the Great Qin Nation but also in the Tianwu Continent. They only came to Mohe City after they had declined.

The previous generation of the Xiao Clan had used their martial strength to occupy this mountain. Relying on the countless treasures from Seven Horn Mountain, the Xiao Clan slowly established a firm foothold in Mohe City, turning into the number one clan in the area.

The only downside being that such a treasure trove would naturally cause the eyes of others to go red with jealousy. Because of this Seven Horn Mountain, there was an unending stream of conflicts and disputes. In that period, the local clans of Mohe City and Xiao Clan had many large-scale battles, causing tremendous loss to both sides.

Finally, under the mediation of the City Lord of Mohe City, all the clans within Mohe City came to an agreement. Every ten years, they would hold a competition, and all the youths from the clans under the age of twenty would participate in it. The victor would decide who acquired the rights to Seven Horn Mountain.

Both sides took a step back, and the Xiao Clan also did not dare to offend all the surrounding clans and agreed to it.

Although the Xiao Clan's power had declined, they had managed to clinch victory in the past three martial arts competitions. The next Promise of Ten Years would occur in another half a year. The Xiao Clan had for this competition placed all of its hope on Xiao Jian and the mysterious granddaughter of the First Elder.

While recollecting the history of Seven Horn Mountain, Xiao Chen had already arrived at its foot. There was a pass erected at the foot, which was where the elite troops of the Xiao Clan had been stationed. If anyone not from the Xiao Clan sought entrance, aside from having to apply to do so first, they had to pay an entrance fee.

Xiao Chen, as the son of the Clan Head, naturally did not have to undergo such menial procedures to enter Seven Horn Mountain. However, when the guard from the Xiao Clan found out that he wanted to enter, he made things difficult for him.

Who had not heard of the second young master and his cultivation at the 9th Grade of Spirit Refinement—that he was the famous trash of Mohe City? If he entered Seven Horn Mountain, death would be the only thing in store for him. When the Clan Head started to look for people to blame, he would definitely be punished.

“Second young master, the Spirit Beasts within the mountain are very ferocious. It is not a fun place to be. It is better that second young master does not go in.” One of the guards advised. In fact, the guard had wanted to say more but did not, refraining from adding how the Misty Rain Pavilion inside the safe walls of the city would be more fitting for him rather than, frankly speaking, seeking an early death in this place.

When Xiao Chen heard this, he smiled. He did not mind the tone of this guard. “Who said that I am going up the mountain to play? I am going to cultivate. Could it be that, as the son of the Clan Head, I do not have the rights to enter this mountain for cultivation?”

That same guard seemed to want to say something more, but the person behind him held him back, smiled, and spoke. "Since the second young master is going to cultivate, we will naturally not obstruct you. We just hope that young master does not wander too deep and keeps away from the inner mountain."

"That is natural." When Xiao Chen said that, he walked away without looking back.

"Why are we letting him in? This is akin to sending him to his death." The guard that spoke earlier said.

"Your information network is not effective—haven't you heard of his duel with Xiao Jian? It's a duel of life and death! Let him enter. Even if he dies in the clutches of a spirit beast, it would still be better than dying at the hands of Xiao Jian."