

BEAUTIFUL CEO'S SUPER EXPERT

Chapter 3: Nine Yang Divine Skill

After returning to his room, Su Chen did not turn on the light; instead, he sat cross-legged on the bed, closed his eyes, and silently began to circulate his cultivation technique.

An hour later, Su Chen opened his eyes and sighed helplessly,

"It's still no use, my shattered Dantian shows no sign of healing. It's been a year; it seems there really is no hope."

Su Chen lay disheartenedly on the bed, gazing at the ceiling. Throughout the year, he had circulated his cultivation technique several times each day to see if there were any changes to his Dantian, but after repeated disappointments, he had become somewhat numb.

Thinking of his shattered Dantian, Su Chen couldn't help but recall that incident.

Although a year had passed, he still couldn't understand why his brother-in-arms, who had once faced life and death with him, would betray him, causing him to fall into the siege of five to six Qi Refinement Peak and some late-stage cultivators.

That incident not only shattered his Dantian but also reduced his strength from being nearly unbeatable at the brink of Meridian Expansion to that of a disabled person. The first organization of the Dark World, Nether Temple, which he had founded, was also taken away by that once brother.

If it hadn't been for his plunge into an abyss thousands of feet deep, leading everyone to believe he had no chance of survival, he might not be living so peacefully now.

"Tang Gang! Why?"

Su Chen clenched his fists tightly, blood dripping from his palms to the bed, unnoticed by him.

More chilling to Su Chen than the destruction of his cultivation and the loss of the Temple was the betrayal of who he once thought was a brother for life.

It was because of this that Su Chen felt disheartened and even contemplated suicide several times.

If not for an important matter still undone, Su Chen might have already been buried in that abyss.

It was this faint notion that enabled him to drag his scarred body to the foot of the Kunlun Mountains. His old ghost of a master lived in a thatched cottage halfway up the Kunlun Mountains.

The thought that kept Su Chen alive was about the true circumstances surrounding his parents' deaths. Su Chen had been investigating the mystery of his parents' demise for years, but, involving some of the most powerful families in Huaxia, he hadn't gathered much useful information.

Although Su Chen himself originated from those ranks, after his parents died, the Su Family had cast him out when he was only six years old.

He retained only sparse, vague memories of the Su Family.

Of course, the present Su Chen wasn't entirely without power; after all, he had once been the undisputed king of the West's Dark World!

However, those forces were kept in the shadows and represented the real core strength of the Nether Temple, not to be easily revealed unless absolutely necessary.

The incident a year ago happened too suddenly; he had no time to mobilize those forces, otherwise, he wouldn't have fallen into such peril.

Moreover, since that incident, Su Chen had lost his former ambition to dominate the world; now, aside from uncovering the true cause of his parents' death, he would rather live an ordinary life, leading a quiet existence.

But to uncover the truth about his parents' deaths, he would inevitably have to confront those supreme families in Yanjing, whose powers were as unfathomable as the ocean.

"It seems that to understand what happened to the Su Family back then, just having those hidden strengths is not enough; I still need to have formidable personal power."

Su Chen muttered to himself. Yet, as he glanced at his Dantian, his gaze once again dimmed.

"Right, since conventional methods have been completely useless, why not try that method?"

Suddenly, Su Chen's eyes lit up. He quickly jumped down from the bed and excitedly rummaged under it, eventually dragging out an old wooden chest from a corner.

The chest was covered in dust, clearly undisturbed for a long time. Su Chen retrieved a small key from the drawer and opened the chest.

No one would expect that inside this ordinary-looking chest were various unparalleled treasures, each capable of causing a stir in the world of collectors if brought out.

However, Su Chen didn't give a single glance at those treasures, rudely shoving them aside, not caring in the slightest that they might be damaged.

When his gaze fell upon a sheepskin scroll at the bottom of the box, Su Chen displayed a relieved smile.

He carefully lifted the worn and yellowed sheepskin scroll, his heart pounding "thud thud."

Because this scroll was his last hope for resuming cultivation!

The origin of this scroll was unclear to him; all he knew was that when he was expelled from the Su Family mansion at the age of five, the scroll had already been with him.

The scroll documented a cultivation technique called the Nine Yang Divine Technique.

To cultivate the Nine Yang Divine Technique, the first step was to shatter the Dantian and reshape it!

The reason Su Chen hadn't practiced this seemingly powerful cultivation technique was partially because no martial artist dared to shatter their own Dantian, which was the foundation of a cultivator.

Furthermore, the Nine Yang Divine Technique was too bizarre and greatly differed from the martial arts cultivation methods Su Chen knew.

Also, Old Ghost Master once said that although the cultivation of this technique was incredibly fast and powerful, it inevitably involved three great tribulations.

Each tribulation was a life-and-death ordeal, and anyone who survived all three tribulations was certainly a miracle among miracles!

Despite this, Su Chen still decided to try, because he had no choice!

Moreover, his Dantian was already shattered, which might have been an arrangement of fate.

Of course, there was an undisclosed reason why Su Chen decided to practice this cultivation method; every time he touched the sheepskin scroll, he felt a familiar sensation, just like at this moment.

His hand gently covered the scroll, immediately feeling a bloodline connection that was ancient and extensive, seemingly connected to the desolate antiquity...

Su Chen caressed it for a while, gathered his thoughts, then got back into bed, sat cross-legged, and began to carefully observe the ancient scroll laid out on his thighs.

Afterward, he closed his eyes again and began to practice following the content of the first section.

In the beginning, he felt a bit awkward since this technique was very different from typical cultivation methods.

Fortunately, his talent was exceptional and after exploring for an hour, Su Chen gradually found the key.

After circulating a full circle as demonstrated by the scroll, Su Chen's heart suddenly shook, for he noticed that there was a slight movement in his previously silent Dantian.

Suppressing the euphoria in his heart, Su Chen continued to practice the Nine Yang Divine Technique, and as time passed, the ruins of the shattered Dantian started to shift gradually outward.

Su Chen knew this was just the first step of the cleansing work. There was still a long way to go before the Dantian's restoration, but he was already very satisfied for he finally saw a glimmer of hope.

It was now past four in the morning, Su Chen was drenched in sweat, his T-shirt and shorts completely soaked, but he kept circulating the first section of the Nine Yang Divine Technique over and over in a frenzy.

Only when the first rays of morning light penetrated the room through the window did Su Chen stop practicing. He carefully felt his Dantian and discovered that the Dantian, which had been shattered for a year, now showed signs of being reshaped, even if just slightly.

Suppressing the urge to burst out laughing, Su Chen got out of bed, opened the window, and looking at the bright sunlight, was filled with confidence!

He believed that before long, his shattered Dantian would be successfully reshaped!

This time, he might go even further than before!