

My System Is Three Thousand Years Early Chapter 25 - Chapter 23 Divine Python Coiling Skill Chapter 25: Chapter 23 Divine Python Coiling Skill

Cheng Zhihai looked at the piece of paper beneath his feet, then glanced at Cheng Guang in the distance, who was chatting and laughing with Qing Luan, and forcefully suppressed the anger in his heart.

"Don't get angry, don't get angry."

"He's my kid, I'm his dad."

"If the son is not taught, it's the father's fault."

"He already hates me, if I punish him today, he dares to erect a grave for me today, tomorrow he'll dare to cry at my funeral."

4

After comforting himself for a while, Cheng Zhihai's face finally revealed a look of relief.

"You little rascal, come here!"

Cheng Zhihai bellowed, his voice booming like thunder.

Cheng Guang, who was sitting in the pavilion, jumped in fright and turned to look at Cheng Zhihai. Seeing his stern expression, he didn't know why, but then a glimpse of the paper in Cheng Zhihai's hand made the corners of his mouth twitch slightly.

Damn.

To complete the task, he had written a "tombstone letter" for Cheng Zhihai, which had now been discovered.

It had been a dark and windy night; Cheng Guang was only focused on finishing the task, never considering that, after so many days, the paper would actually be found by Cheng Zhihai.

Cheng Guang hesitated for a moment, deciding it was better not to provoke Cheng Zhihai's bad luck, and immediately put on an obedient smile, "Dad, what brings you here?"

Cheng Zhihai, seeing how sweetly Cheng Guang called him dad, had the anger in his heart suddenly stalled; he was very indulgent towards Cheng Guang and wasn't truly angry, just feeling that the boy had been too naughty.

He thought for a moment, then snorted coldly, and without further pursuit, he just crumpled the paper in his hand, grinding it to bits, then said, "From today on, you'll properly train in martial cultivation."

"I'm not demanding that your martial cultivation breakthrough to any specific realm, but you must at least have some attainment."

"You can start practicing this Divine Python Coiling Skill. I'll stay in the mansion for a while, and you'll need to report your progress to me every day."

4

Having said that, Cheng Zhihai threw an ancient book to Cheng Guang and looked towards Qing Luan with a solemn gaze, "Qing Luan, you will supervise the Princely Heir, and make sure he doesn't slack off, understand?"

Qing Luan quickly bowed respectfully in response, sweat beads forming on her forehead under the pressure of Cheng Zhihai's aura.

Cheng Zhihai nodded in satisfaction, looked at Cheng Guang, feeling he had let off some steam, and the matter of seeing his own "tombstone" didn't bother him so much anymore. He then left with a casual turn.

He had to think of a way to obtain the Spirit Dao cultivation methods from the royal family.

The Spirit Dao methods were exclusive to the royal family, others rarely knew the details, nor did many try to investigate, after all, without royal blood, what use was knowing how to cultivate the Spirit Dao?

3

It was a pity indeed. Back then, distracted by the issue of Cheng Guang's bloodline rejection, he had a lot of trouble and didn't think of this matter.

Now, to find the Spirit Dao cultivation methods for Cheng Guang, it seemed that he would have to put in some effort again.

Cheng Zhihai quickly left.

Cheng Guang stayed, casually flipping through the martial arts secret manual Cheng Zhihai had given him.

"The Family Head is really good to the Princely Heir, but this Divine Python Coiling Skill is somewhat difficult. Even within the Refining Origin Realm, it is considered one of the most challenging cultivation techniques, and the speed of cultivation is much slower

than other techniques. The advantage is that once mastered, the foundation will be exceptionally stable," Qing Luan said, as she watched Cheng Zhihai's departing figure.

For a moment, Qing Luan didn't know whether Cheng Zhihai gave him the best Divine Python Coiling Skill out of love or if he had given the skill in a moment of anger after seeing the "tombstone" written by the Princely Heir.

"It doesn't matter. Since he didn't hit me, it's good enough. Practicing martial cultivation is no big deal," Cheng Guang said with a shrug, not minding at all. He had long coveted martial cultivation, especially when he saw Lin Cheng practicing in the courtyard, he had been quite envious.

Now, with Cheng Zhihai's command, he could cultivate openly and aboveboard.

Of course, he didn't intend to give up on Spirit Dao either.

But just now, Cheng Zhihai didn't mention Spirit Dao, instead only asking him to start cultivating martial cultivation, it seemed that Cheng Zhihai didn't possess any methods of cultivating Spirit Dao.

Yet, Cheng Guang believed that with Cheng Zhihai's means, he would soon find the Spirit Dao cultivation methods for him; it wouldn't take long.

2

That spared him the trouble of searching on his own.

As Cheng Guang pondered, he completely immersed himself in reading the Divine Python Coiling Skill.

The Divine Python Coiling Skill was filled with annotations, the handwriting looked a bit like Cheng Zhihai's. It appeared that Cheng Zhihai, in his youth, had also practiced this Divine Python Coiling Skill.

"Princely Heir, this Divine Python Coiling Skill is extremely difficult, if you come across something you don't understand, you can ask me. Recklessly cultivating could harm the body and the brain," Qing Luan reminded.

"Hmm."

Qing Luan watched Cheng Guang silently flipping through the Divine Python Coiling Skill and thought he was upset. After all, this skill was extremely difficult and was a very painful and torturous body-cultivating cultivation technique. She comforted him, saying,

"Princely Heir, the Family Head said you should train according to the highest standards, but I think it was just a spur-of-the-moment remark from him. We should take

it slow. I can have someone prepare some Spirit Food tonight to replenish Qi and Blood. Why not rest for now and start tomorrow?"

Cheng Guang shook his head, "No need, let's start now."

During this period, Cheng Guang stayed inside Duke Zhen's Mansion every day, feeling terribly bored.

Being able to practice martial arts was somewhat of a relief.

The first line of 'Divine Python Coiling Skill' consists of just two lines of text.

"The python as the framework, the coiling as the body."

5

To the left of these two lines, there's a lifelike and fierce python etched into the page.

This python is coiled in such a way that its muscles are solid and strong, and among the raised flesh of its skin, glistening muscle fibers can be vaguely seen providing immense strength.

In the flesh around the skeleton, a heavy breath stirs continuously.

With just one look, Cheng Guang knew...

Under the entanglement of this divine python, even girders forged from metal and stone could be twisted out of shape.

"Among all creatures, only snakes and pythons are composed entirely of muscles, and the Coiling Skill can hone every single part of the flesh and bones. As far as this Cultivation Technique is concerned, if it were sold, it would be worth at least ten thousand in gold, and that's if it could even find a market."

7

It was only because he was now the Princely Heir of Duke Zhen's Mansion that he could have access to this level of Martial Cultivation Technique.

Cheng Guang sat in the pavilion, contemplative, ignoring Qing Luan by his side. He then cast aside the numerous thoughts in his mind and continued to read.

The Divine Python Coiling Skill consisted of thirty-eight movements.

Each movement was made up of several actions.

One move transitioned to the next, and completing all thirty-eight signified a full cycle.

2

Each and every movement was executed with great precision, and any mistake in one action could greatly reduce the effectiveness of the entire technique. This is how the Divine Python Coiling Skill tempered the body through precise movements.

By tempering the body and enhancing Qi and Blood, one generates life's essence within and officially steps into the realm of martial arts—the Refining Origin Realm.

As Cheng Guang could freely use the resources in the mansion, there was no need to worry about an inadequacy of Qi and Blood. As long as he properly tempered his body, it was inevitable that he would enter the Refining Origin Realm.

The previous esteemed Princely Heir was also required to practice cultivation, but he found the bodily tempering process too arduous. Despite the countless precious resources available to enhance his Qi and Blood, he never stepped into the Refining Origin Realm.

3

Cheng Zhihai feared that Cheng Guang would be as lazy as before, which is why he had Qing Luan supervise Cheng Guang's training.

But what he didn't expect was that at this moment, Cheng Guang had become a completely different person from the previous esteemed Princely Heir.

Without needing Qing Luan's supervision, Cheng Guang would practice on his own.

"This first movement, Python Pouncing Method, involves bringing hands and feet together, relying only on the strength of the waist and abdomen. While the body's muscles and bones are taut, one bursts forth, slingshotting forward to confront the enemy and deliver a killing blow."

2

"Though this technique appears simple, there are many undisclosed details, such as how to exert force, how to mobilize muscles, how to maintain balance..."

The general descriptions in the secret manual Cheng Zhihai handed to Cheng Guang merely suggest doing this and that as if one would simply learn by following those instructions.

Does he think that I am a genius?

Cheng Guang stared at the annotations on the page, where every word seemed to be mocking his lack of intelligence.

Suppressing the urge to throw the book down, he read it once more.

Suddenly, a flash of enlightenment crossed his mind.

Staring at the book, the illustration of the Python Pouncing Method at the side seemed to come to life before his eyes, moving as if he were witnessing a real python pounce.

Every detail fell into his mind.

Including the arm positions, balance control, the tension in the muscles, and the amplitude of the bones' movement...

All of this was engraved in Cheng Guang's vision, as clear as if taught by a grandmaster.

What is this?

Have I achieved realization?

Cheng Guang paused for a moment, feeling the speed of his blood flow subtly increasing, and a hint of purple in his eyes grew brighter.

"Hmm? Is it my bloodline? The Great Xia royal bloodline can actually have this effect, aiding in my cultivation?"

3

Cheng Guang was taken aback. He had previously felt that his physical condition had improved a lot, and his senses had become sharper.

He believed that if he were to practice martial arts now, his achievements would not be low.

Yet, he had not expected that the Great Xia royal bloodline could be so beneficial, greatly enhancing his ability to comprehend Martial Cultivation Techniques.

2

Cheng Guang was overjoyed.

He had originally thought that if he did not understand something, he would consult Qing Luan. Now, it seemed that Qing Luan was not needed at all; he could practice by himself.

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