

My System Is Three Thousand Years Early Chapter 26 - Chapter 24 My Child Bears the Image of a Sky-Man

Chapter 26: Chapter 24 My Child Bears the Image of a Sky-Man

Cheng Guang arose and went to the courtyard to begin practicing the Divine Python Coiling Skill.

He assumed the position for the first movement.

His expression was serious as he performed each move meticulously.

His muscles quivered faintly as he went through the motions.

The fibers of Cheng Guang's muscles were stretching, and his bones were pressing against each other, every action filled with pain.

Those who have never practiced martial arts have extremely stiff bodies, and the first time they train their physique is akin to cramping and bone-pulling, a pain most people cannot bear.

Youthful children, with their not yet fully grown bodies, can be quite flexible, which can alleviate some of the pain.

But for Cheng Guang at this moment, the pain value was maxed out.

Observing Cheng Guang starting his training, Qing Luan was initially anxious and wanted to stop him immediately but halted before getting close to him, startled.

Because although Cheng Guang appeared in pain, his expression was resolute, showing no intention of giving up.

At the same time, Qing Luan was surprised to find that Cheng Guang's movements were extremely perfect at every moment.

Even while bearing great pain and his body trembling slightly, his movements did not deviate by a hair's breadth.

This...

This...

Qing Luan's lips parted slightly, her beautiful eyes unable to hide her amazement, leaving her speechless for a moment.

The Family Head had just wanted her to supervise Cheng Guang, but now it looked like there was no need for supervision...

After all, not everyone is the same, nor is their determination to strive...

And his aptitude was absurdly high.

With complicated feelings, Qing Luan stood to the side and silently observed Cheng Guang, ready to step forward the moment his strength was exhausted to prevent any injuries.

Cheng Guang was not as pained as Qing Luan imagined; although it hurt a bit, he had endured pain like being torn and ravaged during his bloodline replacement, so what was this muscle stretching and bone-pulling pain to him?

He gritted his teeth and persevered through every movement.

After completing the last of the thirty-eight movements of the Divine Python Coiling Skill, his muscles and bones trembled in harmony as his blood surged into his flesh before he finally collapsed, depleted.

His body had not yet touched the ground when he sensed a fragrant scent, which was followed by a soft embrace.

Qing Luan timely caught him, preventing him from falling to the ground.

"Princely Heir, take a rest. To be able to practice the Divine Python Coiling Skill to such an extent on your first try is truly remarkable," she said.

Cheng Guang smiled, "Alright, no need to flatter me. Help me back to my room to rest."

Qing Luan quickly complied and assisted Cheng Guang back to his room.

Merely after completing a full set of the Divine Python Coiling Skill, his body felt as if it had been wasted, his fingers barely able to lift.

Given his current physical condition, practicing the Divine Python Coiling Skill led to such a state, which spoke volumes about the difficulty of this martial arts secret manual.

Cheng Guang thought to himself, "Although this manual is difficult, its effects are very apparent. If I continue to practice for a few more days, I should be able to complete several sets of the Divine Python Coiling Skill in a day. I ought to reach the Refining Origin Realm within seven days."

"Although the Refining Origin Realm isn't much to speak of, and I'm still merely a small potato, at least I'll have some strength. As long as I practice step by step, even if my identity is exposed in the future and I leave Duke Zhen's Mansion, I'll have the means to survive."

Contemplating, Cheng Guang's eyes gradually firmed up.

After resting for a while, Qing Luan brought in a plate of Misty Forest Spirit Tiger Blood Flesh Spirit Food from outside.

The exact value of this Misty Forest Spirit Tiger's flesh was unknown to Cheng Guang, but he presumed it to be beyond his expectations.

Lacking the strength to eat, Qing Luan tenderly fed him.

After only a small amount, Cheng Guang could feel a significant increase in his bodily vigor, and his damaged body began to recover swiftly.

Regarding his own training progress, Cheng Guang felt the need to reassess. With the backing of the mansion's resources, could his entry into the Refining Origin be even sooner?

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By 5pm, Cheng Guang lay in bed, his body finally recovering from fatigue.

Just as he was about to get up, he suddenly noticed a figure standing by the bedside.

"You little rascal, how far did you get with the Divine Python Coiling Skill today?"

Cheng Zhihai's eyes gleamed sharply, his austere face showing signs of being visibly moved.

He had only given Cheng Guang the Divine Python Coiling Skill at noon that day, and by evening, he had assumed Cheng Guang would be lazy and not practice. To his surprise, there were clear signs of practicing the Divine Python Coiling Skill on Cheng Guang's body.

The progress was not slow.

At least he must have cultivated the Divine Python Coiling Skill to the tenth form...

Cheng Zhihai mused.

While somewhat relieved in his heart, he also wanted to give Cheng Guang a bit of a reminder.

It was not easy to resolve the injuries caused by the bloodline's rejection; he needed to encourage Cheng Guang to continue making an effort and not to give up halfway.

"Dad, why are you always popping out of nowhere? Can't you knock on the door before entering?" Cheng Guang looked exasperated, grateful that he had a strong heart; otherwise, he might have been scared to death.

"Enough, stop kvetching. How far did you get today?" Cheng Zhihai continued to ask.

Cheng Guang nonchalantly replied, "I just practiced the Divine Python Coiling Skill in full once, and then I wanted to do it a second time but didn't have the strength."

Cheng Zhihai nodded subconsciously, "So you just..."

His words trailed off, his tone hesitating.

His eyes slightly widened, "You little rascal, what are you talking about??"

"You have completed a full practice of the Divine Python Coiling Skill?"

Cheng Guang nodded, looking bewilderedly at Cheng Zhihai, "Yes, why?"

Cheng Zhihai's expression subtly changed, his look towards Cheng Guang strangely bewildered, and for a moment he was at a loss for words.

This rascal's talent in martial cultivation, could it really be so high?

You must know, the Divine Python Coiling Skill is extremely difficult; even with someone to teach, it would take some time to understand its intricacies all at once.

Moreover, practicing the Divine Python Coiling Skill is highly painful.

Even he, when young, did not manage to complete the entire Divine Python Coiling Skill on his first try.

He barely reached the thirtieth form before he ran out of strength and couldn't continue any further without damaging his muscles and veins.

This rascal managed to complete a full practice of the Divine Python Coiling Skill in one go?

Really?

Without injury?

Cheng Zhihai stepped forward, grabbed Cheng Guang's arm, and carefully sent his Qi into it.

The flesh trembled, bones and veins resonated, and muscles surged with the essence of a python.

Although there were some injuries, these were normal from practicing.

He would recover after applying some medicated ointment and eating some Spirit Food...

Hiss...

It's really true...

This rascal's martial cultivation talent, could it really be so high??

Feeling the shock within, Cheng Zhihai couldn't help but sigh to himself.

It's a pity, if only Guanger were younger, his achievements in the martial path wouldn't fall behind his.

Cheng Zhihai's expression changed, and after pondering for a while, he then took out a scroll with a black cover and handed it to Cheng Guang.

"Take this, it is a secret manual for practicing Spirit Dao."

"Keep practicing martial cultivation on the surface, but focus your main energy on cultivating Spirit Dao."

"As for why you can practice Spirit Dao, I won't explain it to you. Just know that you must never reveal the fact that you are practicing Spirit Dao unless it's absolutely necessary."

After speaking, Cheng Zhihai affectionately ruffled Cheng Guang's puzzled head, "Now that you can cultivate, you've become much more sensible. I won't stop you from leaving the Duke's Mansion from now on, consider it your reward."

"I'll secretly assign some guards to you; as long as you don't leave the Capital city, I won't care about what you do."

"Of course, you can't be frequenting brothels every day. Your mother is recently looking for a marriage match for you, and going to brothels will eventually cause a bad influence."

Having said that, Cheng Zhihai left the room with a contented look, restraining the urge to roar upwards and gazed at the moon above.

"My son, he indeed has the manner of a Sky-Man!"

Cheng Zhihai laughed heartily.

"Dad, close the door; I'm blushing hearing that."

Cheng Zhihai paused momentarily, then hurriedly turned back and carefully closed Cheng Guang's door.

Then, beaming with joy, he left the courtyard and headed straight for the Wu Family Courtyard, evidently ready to report Cheng Guang's progress to Mrs. Wu.

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