

Dragon War God

#Chapter 1 - Dragon Jade Pendant - Read Dragon War God

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“Hey darling, give me a good night and I’ll give you a great night too!”

“No? What do you mean ‘no’? Maybe some cash will change your mind!”

Baiyang Town. In a room on the second floor of the Jade Palace brothel, Yang Chen had two ladies in his lap, one on each thigh.

When the two courtesans saw the cash, their eyes lit up and they leaned on Yang Chen’s arms, smiling demurely. “Master Yang, you’re so generous! Tonight, we’ll both ...”

The door burst open, and a young pageboy hurried to the aristocratic young man’s side. Despite his sweaty head, he leaned close to the young man’s ear and whispered, “Young Master Chen, your father just passed away!”

“W-what?”

“Your dad’s dead!”

Yang Chen froze. He only came to his senses after a long pause and said mildly, “Huang, to reward your loyalty to me all these years, these two pretty ladies are yours tonight. I’ll excuse myself.”

Shocked, Huang almost fainted from sheer joy.

On the street, Yang Chen thought to himself, *Although my useless dad’s ten times the drunkard that I am, he’s barely forty years old! He should’ve been able to live ten more years ... He keeled over just like that?*

Quickening his pace, he soon returned to the Yang Residence.

Two families ruled Baiyang Town: the Bai and Yang families. The Yang family owned almost half of the resources in Baiyang Town, and they were considered local kingpins.

Anyone would consider themselves lucky to be part of a family like that, but not Yang Chen.

The patriarch of the Yang family had been extremely talented in his younger days, and his cultivation was powerful beyond imagination. He single-handedly established a name for himself in Baiyang Town, had many kids, and thus the great Yang family was born.

Yang Chen's mother was the patriarch's daughter and the third of his children. She was also talented herself, and everyone in Baiyang Town knew her name. However, Yang Chen's father was a strange addition—while Yang Chen didn't know if his father had been a player in his younger days, his earliest memories were of his father drinking constantly. His dad lived his life in a fog. He'd been abandoned in a simple shed on his own to eat off the family's charity and basically wait for death.

His son suffered from having a useless father. Yang Chen was considered an unimportant character in this large family. Everyone treated him coldly, and his mother barely recognized him as her son. He lived with unrestricted freedom, relying on the Yang family halo on his head to intimidate others and feed himself. He lived a contented life in the streets bullying others.

Ignoring the glares from the guards at the door, Yang Chen entered the Yang residence through the side door.

The Yang courtyard was full of beautiful plants and flowers, and serene pavilions appeared here and there, displaying the family's elegant taste and massive wealth.

Yang Chen had just entered when two people approached. The first was a tall young man clad in white brocade robes, his face stony and cold. He was the eldest son of Yang Chen's second uncle, his elder cousin Yang Zhan.

Behind Yang Zhan was his distant maternal cousin, Chen Liu. He had a pointy chin and puffy cheeks that made him look like a monkey. He bowed to Yang Zhan, his expression full of flattery.

When he and Chen Liu drew close to Yang Chen, Yang Zhan suddenly blocked Yang Chen's way. "I heard your trash father died?" He looked down at Yang Chen, mocking him with his eyes.

Yang Zhan was a famous figure in Baiyang Town too. He had broken through the fourth dragon vein to attain the Fourth Draconic Stage at just seventeen years of age, much to everyone's shock.

Yang Chen was nothing like the talented individuals of his generation in the Yang family. The others received the best resources for their cultivation and had unrestricted access to the family archive of secret teachings. Yang Chen never had anything.

Not only had his mother left him to fend for himself, no one else gave him anything either. When he was much younger, he once trained with children from other families to

attain the Body Quenching stage, and those days were glorious. He had improved tremendously and had been better than the others. However, without subsequent teaching and thanks to his diminishing motivation, he didn't continue cultivating. He never managed to break through his first dragon vein to attain the First Draconic Stage.

Yang Chen had secretly tried to train but without access to the secret archives or a mentor, it was too difficult to advance in his cultivation.

"Got nothing to say? I just called your dad 'trash'! Unless ... you disagree?"

Yang Zhan looked down at the smaller Yang Chen, eyeing him mischievously.

It wasn't Yang Chen's first time experiencing bullying. Although he was a proud figure out in the streets, back at Yang Residence, he had the same rights as a dog. Since he was aware of his limitations, he usually knew to hold his tongue and the bullying was usually over quickly. However, perhaps due to his useless dad's death, he felt especially unsettled despite his neutral expression.

In fact, he was very, very upset.

He wasn't willing to show anyone his mixed emotions though. "Move!"

Taking a deep breath, Yang Chen looked up and huffed coldly.

"Little brother, how could you talk to your older brother with that tone? Do you not respect me? You're so talentless; you're dragging our family name through the mud ... As your older brother, I think it's only reasonable for me to correct your behavior, don't you think?" Yang Zhan smiled.

Without waiting for Yang Chen's reply, his fist struck Yang Chen's stomach. Then, he left with a cold grin.

Yang Chen cried out in pain and collapsed.

When Yang Zhan turned to leave, Chen Liu scampered over immediately. As he passed Yang Chen, he turned his head to spit on him. Although Yang Chen was twitching in pain, he dodged the spit quickly. "Oh? You dodged? Cousin, your dog's a pretty quick one..."

Chen Liu hurried after Yang Zhan after mocking Yang Chen.

The other handmaidens did not bat an eye, as if the scene were a normal occurrence.

No one gave him so much as a pitying glance. They simply left the scene joking and laughing with each other.

Yang Chen peeled himself off the ground, wiping the blood from the corner of his mouth. As he watched Yang Zhan and Chen Liu leave, violence flashed through his bright eyes. "If only I were a martial artist! If I ever attain the Draconic Stage, I must take my revenge!"

"Yang Zhan and your dog Chen Liu! I will remember the day you humiliated me! You'd better hope I never get a chance because you will die a horrible death!"

Clenching his fists, Yang Chen left for his father's quarters.

He remembered every person who humiliated him. If he ever grew stronger, those people would never live in peace again!

This was the true Yang Chen. Within his inner circle, they all called him the smiling tiger or the black-hearted wolf.

Yang Chen's father had an elegant name, Long Qinglan. There were stories of his glorious youth, which was why the third child of the Yang family, Yang Xueqing, had fallen in love with him even though she was a legend in her time.

Yang Chen stepped through the rough door and saw a group of handmaidens surrounding Long Qinglan. Qinglan was lying face down on the ground with a dusty darkened face. The room reeked unbearably of alcohol and urine. "He's here ..."

When the handmaidens saw Yang Chen, they whispered among themselves and left. Their job was done.

Yang Chen's gaze fell on Long Qinglan. The man was dead. He had long predicted that his father would die like this.

Yang Chen crouched down and looked at the darkened face. "Who the hell were you? For sixteen years, I've never understood you. You never tried to help me understand you either. What's unfortunate is that I stand here today feeling as if we're both strangers. Father ... I guess I'm the unfilial son they speak of. You're dead, and yet I cannot shed a single tear for you."

Yang Chen thought he would be numb but he felt bitterness.

After lingering for a while, he roused himself when he heard footsteps outside. A gorgeous lady in a pale-red dress entered, her hair coiled up in a bun. A group of people followed her. She leaned sideways inside as she eyed Long Qinglan's body. She sighed, "Our sacred bond of this lifetime has ended. Yang Chen, go look for a place to bury him, he's your father after all."

She left without bothering to look at Yang Chen.

Yang Chen smiled. He was used to this. He looked at Long Qinglan mockingly, “Dad, I’ll admit you’re good-looking ... Since you were famous for your talent when you were young, I’m sure countless pretty girls fell for you ... though I don’t think you would’ve expected your wife to take only one look at your dead body before leaving, did you?”

He felt pity in his heart but could not show it.

He got to work immediately, carrying Long Qinglan’s body on his back. Ignoring the disgusted and curious looks from other residents, he walked straight out of the Yang residence and got himself a horse carriage.

Yang Chen led the carriage bearing Long Qinglan out of town. When he arrived at a suitable part of the forest, he stopped to survey the area. “The mountains look great, the river is calm, the birds are singing ... It’s a good spot to rest in peace. It’s also dark and chilly here, I’m sure there’ll be many female ghosts. If you’re still a player after death, you can get your second and third wives in your afterlife—it’s a nice place to hook up if that’s what you’re looking for.”

“Well, I, Yang Chen, am still your son after all. Half of my flesh comes from you. It’s a shame you died too soon, and I didn’t amount to anything. The only thing I can do for you is to bury you here. If you ever become a ghost with powers, please come and protect me if you have time.”

He stared blankly at Long Qinglan’s darkened face, and then one teardrop finally rolled down his cheek.

Yang Chen quickly wiped it away, then dug a grave in the moist soil with his hands.

Although he didn’t have any formal training, he was still a talented individual. His abilities had not diminished since his Body Quenching stage a few years ago. Digging a big hole in the ground was not a problem for him.

He was about to bury Long Qinglan when Qinglan’s eyes suddenly sprang open.

Yang Chen screamed and shoved his father into the muddy hole.

Staring at the man in the hole, Yang Chen stuttered in terror, “F-Father ... I didn’t say anything bad. I even dug a hole for you so you could rest in peace ...”

Long Qinglan flipped over and cursed, “Go to hell! I’m not dead, so don’t you dare bury me! Now listen here, kid, I came back to tell you one thing: there’s a dragon jade pendant in my dantian. After I die, you must open my dantian to take the pendant out. That’s the only way to completely free me ...”