

# Dragon War God

## Chapter 4 - Meteor Fist

Chen Liu took a few steps back and laughed at Long Chen. "We are only sparring. We won't go too far so you don't have to worry about losing too badly."

Long Chen glared at Chen Liu. He could sense Chen Liu's contempt towards him. If not for what happened yesterday, Long Chen's position in the Yang family might be even lower than that of an outsider like Chen Liu.

But now, both his way of thinking and his fighting strength had undergone a dramatic change. He had both the strength and his will to fight was bursting forth from his heart.

"Chen Liu, I know what kind of man you are. No need to try and put on a show. If you want to fight, come. If not, don't hate me if I accidentally kill you!"

Chen Liu was startled by Long Chen's clear threat. He was just about to say something when Long Chen's body shifted. He gathered his Qi and launched a punch at Chen Liu!

"So you really have stepped into the Draconic Realm! But you are still no match for me. Since you are so misguided, don't blame me if I hurt you a lot!"

Chen Liu had been stuck at the Second Draconic Stage for two years, but his Qi was still strong. With a shout, he swung his fist too.

*Boom!*

Their fists collided and their Qi exploded, forcing them to take a step back.

Chen Liu was surprised to discover that Long Chen was his equal in strength. "Damn brat, to think that you've been hiding your cultivation! You are at the Second Draconic Stage!"

Long Chen was also pushed back.

*Chen Liu has the same amount of Qi as I do but he has more experience. I will lose if I get pulled into a battle of attrition. This is my first fight as a cultivator. If I lose now, it will affect my cultivation in the future. I must not lose!*

Long Chen's eyes turned red as he scanned the surroundings and found a stone the size of his fist not too far away.

He looked away and stared at Chen Liu. "Chen Liu, you may be strong, but I am stronger. Try to take my fist again!"

He swung his fist once more. Chen Liu fell for it and attacked.

*Boom!*

This time, Long Chen launched into the air and fell to the ground with a heavy thud.

"The son of a piece of trash is also a piece of trash. You dare flaunt your feeble strength to me? You deserve a beating!"

When he saw Long Chen fly into the air, Chen Liu knew that he was stronger, and he laughed.

But Long Chen stood back up and rushed toward Chen Liu. What Chen Liu had failed to realize was that Long Chen had kept his left hand behind his back.

"Still haven't given up?"

Chen Liu laughed and confronted Long Chen, who appeared to be panicking. Chen Liu was just about to defeat Long Chen once and for all when Long Chen threw something from his left hand. The black object flew towards Chen Liu's face with great speed.

"What the ...?"

Chen Liu raised his arms to protect his face. From the pain he felt when the object hit his arms hard, he realized it was a piece of rock.

Chen Liu's Qi blocked the rock that Long Chen had thrown with all his might and didn't suffer a serious injury.

Just then, Long Chen closed in on Chen Liu and kicked his crotch. There was a loud, frightening scream. Chen Liu spat out a mouthful of blood and crashed into a willow tree before sliding down to the ground. He had completely lost his strength to fight and stared at Long Chen in fear.

"You ...Yang Chen. How dare you hurt me? My cousin will kill you!"

Long Chen stood tall and spat on him.

"A Second Draconic Stage cultivator? You still lost right away to my superior skill!"

Long Chen hadn't been a cultivator before, but he had experienced his fair share of fights. He'd just used one of his ultimate techniques.

In fights, he would throw something heavy at his opponent's face. The face had sensory organs like the eyes and nose, which made it one of the most important and fragile parts of the human body. Chen Liu hadn't seen the object that Long Chen had thrown, so he instinctively blocked it with his arms. As long as Chen Liu couldn't block him with his arms, Long Chen's real attack would land.

Recalling how Chen Liu had spat on him yesterday and how he was still trying to threaten Long Chen even though he had lost, Long Chen stepped forward and pulled Chen Liu's collar. "You once called me a dog and spat on me. All of your sins originate from your mouth. I will not bother you too much today, but I will have to seal your mouth."

Chen Liu was shocked and pleaded for mercy to Long Chen. However, before he could say anything, Long Chen punched his mouth and broke most of his teeth. Chen Liu rolled around on the ground in pain, regretting everything he had said.

After defeating Chen Liu, Long Chen felt his back bristle. He turned around and saw Yang Zhan and Yang Zhan's father, the Yang family's second head and Long Chen's second uncle, Yang Yuntian. They were only five meters away.

They had been passing by and seen a good fight happening in front of the Martial Scroll Palace. Chen Liu was Yang Zhan's follower, and when Yang Zhan saw his injuries, he was furious and walked over to Long Chen in anger.

"Yang Chen ... Do you have a death wish?"

Without any warning, Yang Zhan raised his palm and was about to slap Long Chen.

The palm was filled with Qi. Long Chen realized that he couldn't dodge it, and if it reached him, his teeth would fall off too! From the strength behind the slap, Long Chen knew how angry Yang Zhan was.

Unfortunately, he was weaker than Yang Zhan. He could not do anything.

Long Chen clenched his teeth and the anger in his heart almost drowned him. He hated when people felt nothing but contempt towards him and treated him like a stray dog.

He swore he would seek revenge.

*How could he slap me without any reason? If I were stronger, would he dare do this even with his father's protection? If I were stronger, I would be the one slapping him instead!*

The incoming slap triggered something inside him as his hate and conviction slowly grew from the bottom of his heart.

But the slap didn't come. Someone caught Yang Zhan's arm with a loud snapping sound when his palm was just an inch away from Long Chen's face. Still, the wind from the slap blew over Long Chen's face, causing a slight, prickly pain.

None other than Yang Yuntian had caught Yang Zhan's arm. Yang Yuntian said seriously. "Zhan'er, have you forgotten what I've taught you? We are all brothers in this family. How could you raise your hand against him so easily? You need to be punished when we return."

He then turned to Long Chen. "So, you've attained the Second Draconic Stage? You must be looking for a martial technique. Go, but my father is meditating inside. If you disturb him, there will be heavy consequences."

He didn't spare another look at Long Chen and walked away still holding onto Yang Chen's arm.

After taking a few steps, Yang Zhan asked impatiently. "Father, he hurt Chen Liu. Why won't you let me punish him? I can easily fight tens of thousands of him."

Yang Yuntian said plainly, "You are always bullying the weak. What's there to brag about? Why not spar with Lingyue or Yang Wu? Also, Yang Chen is still your aunt's son. How can you treat him like a servant?"

Yang Zhan muttered, "You're talking about my aunt again. Isn't she only at the Eighth Draconic Stage? Father, given enough time, you would be as strong as she is, right?"

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As he watched them leave, Long Chen suppressed the anger in his heart. He carved into his memory the past humiliation he'd received from them and today's slap.

*You'd better make sure I don't get the chance to make you suffer so immensely that you would prefer to die.*

After so many years of fending for himself in the streets, he already learned how to control his emotions.

Staring at the Martial Scroll Palace, Long Chen shook off his negative thoughts and pushed the stone gate open before walking in.

Chen Liu remained on the ground, and it took some time before Yang Yuntian sent someone to treat him.

Long Chen approached the front of the tower. He raised his head and stared at the metal tower and thought to himself, *My first martial technique is here!*

He shifted his gaze to the side and saw a wooden hut. His grandfather, the elder of the Yang family, was silently meditating inside. No one dared to disturb him. With his grandfather guarding the Martial Scroll Palace, there was no chance of anything bad happening. Since Long Chen had attained the qualifications to read the Martial Techniques, he was granted entry.

*Why does this old geezer behave so mysteriously? My father reached the Eighth Draconic Stage at such a young age. He was only slightly weaker than you. If it weren't for the Dragon Jade Pendant, he might've actually become someone you would have to look up to.*

He silently chided his grandfather as he walked into the Martial Scroll Palace. Crossing a long corridor, Long Chen arrived at the inner layer of the metal tower. There were a few bookcases with the martial techniques of the Yang family neatly arranged on the shelves.

"I am only at the Second Draconic Stage. Looks like I can only learn an elementary level martial technique of the Yellow-tier."

The Yang family had thirty-two beginner-level martial techniques at the Yellow tier. Long Chen browsed the books in the respective section starting from the first row. He picked up a book titled *Tiger Fist*.

Fifteen minutes hadn't even passed when Long Chen placed the book down.

"What's happening? Why is it so simple?"

As he read the books, Long Chen not only sensed his vision being clearer, his memorization and comprehension skills were unusually strong too. He could comprehend the technique described in the book just by reading it once.

If not for the ban on practicing in the Martial Scroll Palace, he felt that he could use the technique right there and then.

"It's either I'm a genius, or..."

He had tried reading these books when he was younger but he'd always felt they were too complicated. He was certain that the ease he felt now was due to the Dragon Jade Pendant.

*The Dragon Jade Pendant residing in my sea of consciousness has transformed my soul. Maybe that's why I can memorize things so quickly and accurately, and I can also sense my surroundings much better now.*

*Father, what is the Dragon Jade Pendant? To think that it would confer such talent. Not only did it pass on the Qi it absorbed from you, it also turned me into a martial genius ...*

He read more books at the elementary Yellow-tier and found none of them challenging at all. Soon, he found the intermediate level Yellow tier section and saw only five books. He was immediately attracted to a book titled *Meteor Fist*.

“... Turn your body into the stars, punch like a meteor, heavy as a mountain, fast as lightning ...”

*The Meteor Fist's strength is either the strongest or second-strongest intermediate Yellow-tier martial technique. The Yang family's Meteor Fist technique is also famous in the outside world. But, it doesn't seem too hard. Since I've already remembered most of the elementary level ones, I might as well copy this book ...*

None of the books could be taken out of the Martial Scroll Palace, so he could only choose one and copy its content.

One hour later, Long Chen finished copying the book and placed the original back on its shelf.

*I've already understood the theory part. I just need to practice it. Still, this is an intermediate Yellow-tier martial technique and I'm not confident that I can learn it.*

The Yellow-tier martial techniques were divided into elementary, intermediate, and advanced. Those in the first three stages of the Draconic Realm usually learned elementary techniques. By choosing the Meteor Fist technique, Long Chen was skipping one level.

*With the Dragon Jade Pendant's help, I should be able to do this.*

After making up his mind, Long Chen walked out of the Martial Scroll Palace. Just as he arrived at the stone gate, an ancient-sounding voice rang in his ears.

“The secret techniques of the Yang family must not be leaked. Destroy the copy after you finish practicing it. Those that leak its content will be killed!”

Long Chen turned around but didn't see anyone behind him. He nodded and said, “Yes, Grandfather. Please allow me to excuse myself.”

He had broken the rules by choosing an intermediate Yellow-tier martial technique. Afraid of his grandfather finding out, Long Chen ran off the moment he said goodbye.

Back in the wooden hut, the old man opened his eyes and sighed. “I thought the child would be a genius, but to think he would be prideful enough to choose an intermediate Yellow-tier technique ... What a waste. Back in the old days, Long Qinglan had the chance to attain the Divine Dan Realm ...”