

Dragon War God

Chapter 5 - Yang Lingqing

Three days later, Long Chen stood before a two-meter-tall boulder.

To his left was a forest, and to his right was a large river. Similar boulders dotted the riverbank.

Long Chen took a deep breath. A surge of Qi burst through his body, and he charged towards the boulder like a cannonball. He made a powerful cry as his fist struck the boulder like a meteor!

Boom!

The powerful blast pulverized the boulder, sending shards of rock flying back. More than half of the pieces fell into the water, sending splashes to the sky.

“A body like the stars, a fist like an asteroid, as heavy as a mountain, as quick as lightning ... The Meteor Fist must be both quick and heavy to unleash power at this scale. I’m only at the Second Draconic Stage, so I still can’t unleash the true potential of the Meteor Fist ... but ...” Long Chen’s gaze turned cold. “If I ever meet Chen Liu again, I can kill him in one strike!”

“I, Long Chen, mastered the Meteor Fist in just three days. If word gets out, I’m sure they’ll all be shocked.”

Long Chen walked to the riverbank and washed his face. Looking at his reflection in the water, he mused, “My body has gotten much fitter after cultivating like a madman these few days. I’m tanner too! But I’m still as handsome as before, I’m so going to get many girls with this body.”

He grinned as he thought about it.

A gust of wind blew suddenly behind Long Chen, catching him off guard. He quickly dropped face down to the ground and bent one knee backwards in a kick. To his surprise, he felt something soft when he kicked. There was a shout, then what looked like a person flew over his head, falling into the river.

Long Chen stood up and realized that the person who’d snuck up on him was a teenage girl. She didn’t look weak either; it was only due to her carelessness that he kicked her into the river.

Furious, she leapt from the river to the bank, pouting as she glared at Long Chen with her bright eyes. She looked like she was about to swallow Long Chen whole.

The girl looked like she was of similar age. She was pretty, with sparkling eyes and white teeth, her skin as clear as jade. Clad in a long, pale green dress, she was a beauty through and through. Long Chen froze for a second, for he had never seen such a beautiful girl in his life.

The girl was drenched. All her clothes stuck to her body, revealing her fair skin and curves. Long Chen could even see a small puppy embroidered on her innermost camisole. She noticed something was wrong from his gaze, and cursed furiously, "Pervert!"

Qi exploded from her body and a blast of heat sent Long Chen a few steps back. The drenched clothing was dry in a second as the girl seethed with hatred. She clenched her teeth. "Were... were you looking at something?"

Long Chen hurriedly denied, "No, miss, I didn't see anything..."

The girl was about to forgive him because he looked sincere, but when she thought of the incident again, she raged, "What the hell, Yang Chen! I just wanted to scare you. How dare you push your elder sister into the river? You asshole!"

Elder sister?

But Long Chen didn't recognize her. "Who are you?"

The girl was annoyed to hear such a question and scolded, "You brat, you don't even recognize me? I'm Yang Lingqing, your second uncle Yang Yuntian's second daughter."

"Ah, it's you ..."

Long Chen suddenly recalled who she was. They were supposed to have a karmic tie because they were born on the exact same date. Long Chen had been born at the Chen hour, which was why his name was Long Chen. [1]

Yang Lingqing usually hid at home so Long Chen didn't see her much and naturally had forgotten about her. He thought of their birthtimes and grinned. "Hey, you want *me*

to call *you* elder sister? Although we were born on the same day, I was born at the Chen hour, and you at the You hour. [2] You should call me 'Elder Brother ...'"

Ignoring Yang Lingqing's rage, he went straight into the forest to look for a rock to sit on.

"You bastard, don't move!"

Yang Lingqing walked up to Long Chen and said coldly, "Fine, let's save this topic of being your elder sister for another day. We were born on the same day, let's just treat each other as equals. When I was passing by earlier, I saw you wielding the Meteor Fist, and it looked authentic, too. What's up with that?"

Ah, so she saw that.

Long Chen thought for a moment, but he didn't mind that she had seen everything. Although Yang Lingqing was a little arrogant, she had never bullied him, nor had she ever looked at him as if he were beneath her like the others. He had a good impression of her, so he was willing to chat.

He grinned. "So what? Can't I cultivate Meteor Fist? Are you jealous? It's too bad that we're blood-related. It's not appropriate for me to touch you. If you were another girl, I could probably teach you."

Yang Lingqing's face reddened with irritation, then she casually struck an even larger boulder next to her, pulverizing it. "Did you see that? I know the Meteor Fist too, and I'm in the Fifth Draconic Stage. I'm a lot better than you!"

Long Chen was momentarily speechless. She was the same age as he was but stronger than his own brother, Yang Zhan.

Long Chen snickered to himself when he saw her fake intimidating glare. He now knew her true intentions. Since he couldn't expose her outright, he said, "That's right, you do know the Meteor Fist. But, you haven't fully maximized its potential yet. You haven't reached the level of 'body like the stars, fist like a meteor.' If my Qi were like yours, my Meteor Fist would be twice as powerful. Alright, whatever. I'm in a great mood today so I've decided to be generous and share my knowledge with you."

Yang Lingqing was shocked. *The brat's pretty capable. From a single punch, he could tell I'm struggling with cultivating my Meteor Fist.*

"Alright, seeing as you're so sincere, I have no choice but to accept. But you're teaching me out of your own will! Don't ask me for any payment in return! I'm telling you now, I'm actually so poor ..."

"You don't make any sense, woman. As your elder brother, teaching you is the most natural thing in the world. Why would I need anything in return?"

"What?"

Yang Lingqing was in a rage, for she wasn't used to the condescending tone. *Laugh all you want now! After you teach me, I'm going to make sure you're sorry!*

She forced her anger down.

Of course, Long Chen couldn't hear her thoughts. He was fine with sharing since he didn't mind her company, and he didn't have any friends. He was in the mood to teach anyway. He was confident in his Meteor Fist and started to demonstrate in detail.

"... The most important thing in the Meteor Fist is your stance. If you watch the shooting stars in the sky, they fall without holding back. Nothing can stop them ...

"There should be no hesitation in the moment you punch. Put your reservations about your own life and death aside. All you should think about is stopping the enemy, even killing them. Strike without hesitation. That is how you will comprehend the true meaning of the Meteor Fist ..."

After a long demonstration and explanation, Yang Lingqing finally understood, and her attitude towards him eventually turned into hero worship and admiration.

She couldn't imagine how a guy who was at the Second Draconic Stage could have such a deep understanding of the Martial Dao.

When they separated, she said, "Hey, thank you for today. Now that I've fully comprehended the Meteor Fist, I'll have a chance against Elder Sister Lingyue during the Family Meeting. I might even stand a chance to win our family's top secret scripture—the Dragon Seal."

Long Chen's eyes widened when he heard "Dragon Seal." "Hey girl, when's the Family Meeting?"

"About half a month from today. But don't get your hopes up. Lingyue has attained the Sixth Draconic Stage. Other than Yang Wu, no one else from our generation can beat her. And, Yang Wu has already gotten the Dragon Seal so I'm afraid it's destined for Lingyue this time ... Alright, I've got to cultivate. I need to work towards the sixth stage myself."

The girl ran off. She looked cute with her hair swaying behind her.

Long Chen gulped as he watched her leave. "The girl has both great looks and a kind heart. It's too bad the heavens were blind and made her my cousin. I can't touch her at all! Sigh."

Sitting on the rock, he looked at the direction of Yang Residence.

"The Sixth Draconic Stage ... The meeting's going to be in half a month's time, though it's probably none of my business. But Father's words were very insistent, so I have to get the Dragon Seal. If she's working that hard, I can't relax either. Fine, sixth stage it is then! I'll even risk my life to achieve it! Perhaps there is a slight chance I can attain it!"

"Cultivate! Work hard! Persevere!"

Sweat poured.

Long Chen only returned when it was dark outside and the lanterns at the Yang Residence's had already been lit.

When he was about to step in, a group of people walked out, chatting happily. He looked up, for he was directly in their way. The group saw him immediately.

The beautiful lady leading them was Yang Xueqing, Long Chen's mother.

Behind her was a pretty young lady, Yang Lingyue, the cultivator who had attained the Sixth Draconic Stage according to Yang Lingqing. She was eighteen this year, and she was also the daughter of the Yang family head, Yang Qingxuan. Qingxuan was Yang Xueqing's eldest brother.

Yang Qingxuan was the eldest son of the patriarch and currently in charge of all daily affairs in the Yang family. The second son, Yang Yuntian, was in charge of the family businesses. Finally, the third child, Yang Xueqing, was in charge of training the Yang children in cultivation.

The eldest children of the patriarch's eldest son, Yang Qingxuan, were a boy and a girl, Yang Wu and Yang Lingyue. Yang Wu was the eldest among the Yang family's younger generation, while Yang Lingyue was the girl standing before Long Chen.

The eldest children of the patriarch's second son, Yang Yuntian, were also a boy and a girl. One was Yang Zhan, Long Chen's archnemesis, and the other was Yang Lingqing, the girl Long Chen had encountered earlier.

Yang Xueqing was the only master cultivator among the women in the older generation. As the person responsible for training Lingyue, she treated Lingyue as her own daughter.

Walking next to the two females were two males.

At the front of the group, a handsome, middle-aged man with a beard chatted happily away with Yang Xueqing. He was clad in snow-white robes and had an aristocratic appearance. Behind him was a young man with a gaze as sharp as lightning. He was muscular and radiated power, and he somewhat resembled the man in front.

They had to both be father and son.

When Yang Xueqing saw Long Chen standing before her, she froze for a second, then smiled at the middle-aged man. "Brother Bai, I wanted to bring you to our beautiful lotus pond but it's late ..."

“It’s alright, Sister Qing. We’re both in Baiyang Town, so we’re sure to meet again. If I have time, I’ll definitely come again. The Yang Residence’s lotus pond is famed for its beauty after all ...”

Both of them chatted happily as they walked past Long Chen, accompanied by a few guards.

Only Yang Lingyue turned to look coldly at Long Chen before speaking to the young man next to her. She giggled occasionally.

“That’s great. They completely ignored me as if I were just air.”

Long Chen clenched his fist tightly. “My father just died and you’re flirting around already? Forget about my father’s reputation. I’ll never let you marry someone like Bai Zhanxiong, knowing what I know about him! Even though you treat me so unkindly, I am not without a heart. My flesh came from you after all ...”

“Bai Zhanxiong looks like a gentleman, but he’s bad to the bone. He’s the reason for the deaths of a few girls at Jade Palace Brothel last time...”

Long Chen recalled an incident when he saw the middle-aged man chatting happily with Yang Xueqing. He was once great friends with a few girls from the Jade Palace Brothel who were only performers and did not sleep with their clients. However, Bai Zhanxiong had secretly trafficked them. If Long Chen hadn’t seen it by accident, there would be no witnesses.

From that day, he was certain that Bai Zhongxiong was a monster. “Since Bai Zhanxiong was with you, you decided to completely ignore my existence. But I refuse to accept this. The more you want me to disappear, the more I will dance before your very eyes. I know you think my father and I are equally useless, but I will only become stronger!

“There will come a day when I stand before you, and you won’t even dare meet my eyes. You might even repent on your knees! You’re my mother, yet you’ve never done anything a mother should have! I hate you! But I still cannot ignore you like you ignore me!”

When the group walked past him, Long Chen lowered his head. He clenched his fists, digging his nails into flesh. Blood flowed.

A tsunami surged through his body.

There was a beast in his heart, and it roared at the skies.

Long Chen returned to his quarters, washed up, and prepared to cultivate.

He suddenly noticed a paper note pressed under his tea tray on the table. As he read it, his face contorted in rage.

The note said: *If you still want Huang alive, come get him at the Sunset Hotel, Room Peony One. Don't make me wait.*

1. The Chinese timing system divides one day into twelve segments, with each segment two hours long. The Chen hour represents seven to nine am. ?

2. The You hour represents five to seven pm. ?