

Primordial 17

Chapter 17: Power Up, Break Through Three Layers

Lin Family, Lin Chen's residence.

Countless strands of spiritual energy enveloped Lin Chen's body, continuously pouring into him as the Primordial Transformation Decree operated.

Lin Chen's skin and every pore opened like steaming sweat, with white vapor billowing incessantly from his body.

At this moment, Lin Chen was like a boiling kettle, constantly emitting steam.

Within Lin Chen, spiritual power transformed into the Scorching Sun Fire, ceaselessly tempering his meridians.

Lin Chen had been in seclusion for over ten days, having exchanged nearly ten thousand low-grade spirit stones for over five thousand Body Tempering Pills, all of which he refined.

An amount of over five thousand Body Tempering Pills, if used on an ordinary martial artist, would likely be enough to 'pill-push' them straight to the ninth level of Body Tempering Realm.

However, after refining the Body Tempering Pills, Lin Chen's strength had only increased by three layers, reaching the seventh level of the Body Tempering Realm.

"Finally reached the seventh level of the Body Tempering Realm."

Opening his eyes, Lin Chen sensed the powerful force within his body and a smile of joy appeared at the corner of his mouth.

A martial artist in the Body Tempering Realm, upon breaking through to the seventh level, must begin Bone Forging.

However, the Primordial Transformation Art that Lin Chen cultivated, involves simultaneous Meridian Expansion and Bone Forging.

The seventh level of Body Tempering Realm is a major threshold within the realm, with a marked difference between the sixth and seventh levels.

At this moment, Lin Chen's body had already opened two thousand meridians.

The seclusion of these past ten days yielded tremendous gains.

Now Lin Chen was confident that even a martial artist at the ninth level of Body Tempering Realm, he could engage in battle.

After a quick wash, the maid Xiaoyu suddenly rushed in, panic-stricken.

"Young Master, today... today is the day of the clan competition. Just now, the elders sent someone to call for you to participate in the competition, what do we do?"

"Shall we flee the Lin Family first and find a place to hide until the Patriarch returns?"

Worry filled Xiaoyu's face, her tone somewhat frantic.

Lin Chen could feel that the little lass was genuinely concerned for him.

At the same time, Lin Chen could sense Xiaoyu's fear.

After all, on the stage of the clan competition, who knew if Lin Liang would make a deadly move against him.

"Don't worry, Xiaoyu, the Young Master will not lose."

Lin Chen reached out to pat Xiaoyu's head and comforted her softly.

Lin Liang's strength was indeed formidable, and like Lin Chen, he also possessed powerful martial arts skills of the Lin Family.

But now, Lin Chen's cultivation had reached the seventh level of the Body Tempering Realm, having opened two thousand meridians—a larger count than ordinary martial artists had in total. Lin Chen was confident in standing undefeated in battle against Lin Liang.

Seeing Lin Chen's confident appearance, Xiaoyu didn't know what to do for a moment, only nodding obediently after a while.

"Xiaoyu believes in the Young Master!"

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Lin Chen, accompanied by Xiaoyu, arrived at the Lin Family's Martial Arts Practice Ground.

A group of people were whispering among themselves.

"How come that trash Lin Chen hasn't shown up yet?"

"With his meridians torn apart like they are now, he could never be a match for Young Master Lin Liang. He's surely scared and hiding away, not daring to come to the clan competition."

"That trash, the family elders have sent people three times to notify him, and he's acting all high and mighty, ignoring their words as if he still thinks he's the genius the family once praised."

Lin Chen had just arrived at the Martial Arts Practice Ground when he overheard the servants' gossip.

In response, Xiaoyu showed an angry expression, wanting to argue with the servants, but Lin Chen stopped her.

Lin Chen did not take these people's words to heart.

He had heard such talk plenty over the past three years.

If he were to take them all seriously, he'd likely die of anger.

Usually, these servants, trying to ingratiate themselves with Lin Liang, would temper their words, but today they made no attempt to hide their disdain.

It seemed they had determined that Lin Liang would defeat him today and become the new Princely Heir.

Lin Chen did not speak much. Today, he would let his actions silence these people and make those old fools polish their eyes and choose their sides wisely.

As long as Lin Chen demonstrated absolute strength, he would still be the same top talent of Desolate Sky City from three years ago.

Lin Chen walked straight to the seat reserved for the Young Master Lin.

The main seat next to it was for the Patriarch of the Lin Family, which was Lin Chen's father.

Lin Chen's father was currently not in the family, so naturally, the seat was empty.

Next to it were the three seats for the family's direct-line elders.

Following those were the seats for Lin Chen's eldest and second uncles, and finally, there were seats for the other seven collateral elders of the family.

After Lin Chen took his seat, the Great Elder looked at him with a serene smile on his usually stern face.

The Great Elder was an old man with white hair and a long white beard, who had always wanted to enhance the Lin Family's glory in Desolate Sky City and dedicated his life to its loyalty and expansion.

He had watched Lin Chen grow up and had been heartbroken when Lin Chen's meridians were severed.

However, he had been thrilled upon hearing about Lin Chen's deeds at the Wanxing Commerce Association a few days ago.

The mending of Lin Chen's meridians was a good sign.

In recent times, Lin Chen had been in seclusion, and the elder secretly harbored high expectations for his performance.

If anyone in the Lin Family truly wished for Lin Chen to reclaim his former glory as the Heavenly Pride, it would definitely be the Great Elder.

The internal strife within the Lin Family left him helpless. The two other direct-line elders had individual power that, though less than his, could not be suppressed by him when united.

But if anyone went too far and endangered the Lin Family, he would risk his old life to fight them to the end.

After Lin Chen took his seat, the family competition began.

The participants, all from the younger generation of the Lin Family, numbered a full hundred. The top five winners would be allocated ample cultivation resources from the family.

The competition used a one-on-one random draw duel format, with multiple Duel Platforms proceeding simultaneously.

In the first round, fifty people were defeated, and fifty advanced.

In the second round, twenty-five were defeated, and twenty-five advanced.

In the third round, twelve were defeated, and thirteen advanced, with one person drawing a bye. Surprisingly, Lin Liang got that chance.

But Lin Liang disdained the bye; he was actually eager to have his battle with Lin Chen.

In the fourth round, there was still a bye, and the remaining twelve fought to decide the six winners.

This time, Lin Chen drew the bye.

"The rest are all outstanding members of the family. Drawing a bye lets me hold back from revealing my true strength too soon," he murmured to himself.

Lin Chen looked at the bye in his hand and smiled.

The other twelve were all heavenly talents of the Lin Family, with the weakest among them being at the eighth layer of the Body Tempering Realm.

Until now, Lin Chen had won the first three rounds with just one move each time, so nobody had seen his real cultivation level.

But in the upcoming battles, Lin Chen might have to show some of his strength—after all, defeating opponents at the eighth layer of the Body Tempering Realm would be difficult for him.

Getting the bye, though, allowed him to avoid that possibility.

"Hmph, you're just lucky to draw the bye," Lin Liang sneered. "It lets you cling to life a little longer, but sooner or later you will fall to my hands."