

Primordial 291

Chapter 291: The Guy Who Lacks Martial Ethics

Lin Chen's mind stirred, and the golden light enveloping him slowly dissipated.

Now that he had mastered the Third Layer of the Scorching Sun Divine Fist, his Ancient Divine Body indeed underwent some changes, possessing even greater defensive power. With this, at the Soaring Dragon Conference, he gained yet another life-saving trump card.

Before long, the sound of big drums came from outside his dwelling; counting the days, today was the day of the Soaring Dragon Conference finals.

At this moment, inside a secret chamber of the Great Flame Dynasty's Royal Family.

As the stone door of the chamber opened, a handsome, bare-chested man stepped out. He exuded the aura of the Fourth Layer of Heaven-reaching Realm, and his presence was extremely extraordinary, bearing a slight resemblance to Zhao Zhongtian.

This young man was named Zhao Zhongchuan, the eldest son of Zhao Zhongtian and the foremost of the younger generation within the Great Flame Dynasty's Royal Family.

"Son greets Father King. I didn't expect Father King to personally come to receive me upon completion of my seclusion," Zhao Zhongchuan stepped out of the secret chamber and, spotting Zhao Zhongtian's beaming and immensely satisfied expression, showed a slight smile and bowed in greeting.

"The Soaring Dragon Conference has entered the finals. There are indeed a few decent youngsters among the Seven Sects this time to provide you with some training. Since you have come out of seclusion, I have specially come to take you to the conference," said Zhao Zhongtian, nodding and stepping forward with a smile, revealing the purpose of his visit.

Upon hearing this, a look of disdain crossed Zhao Zhongchuan's face.

For those so-called prodigies among the Seven Sects of the Great Flame Dynasty, he did not regard them at all, the only people he considered worthy opponents were the ruthless demon cultivators from the Black Cloud Sect.

"Father King, rest assured, the first place of this conference will still belong to the Great Flame Dynasty's Royal Family," Zhao Zhongchuan declared with utter confidence.

Afterward, he left the secret chamber and headed towards the site of the Soaring Dragon Conference.

Upon arriving at the Soaring Dragon Conference square, Zhao Zhongchuan's sudden participation did not surprise any of the contenders, for such had been the rule in previous years.

Who in the Great Flame Dynasty didn't know that Zhao Zhongchuan was the trump card of the Royal Family?

For many years, Zhao Zhongchuan had always been the first at the conference.

The young members of the Seven Major Sects, other eminent families, and minor sects, many considered Zhao Zhongchuan as the target to pursue.

Many sought to defeat him at the conference, but over the years, none had succeeded.

The method of determining who would fight whom in the finals was through drawing lots, with the winners having the right to stay and challenge for higher rankings.

The opponent Lin Chen drew turned out to be a burly man from the Lean Mountain Sect.

"To face this brute, it's actually perfect to test just how formidable my Ancient Divine Body has become," Lin Chen murmured with a faint smile as he looked at the horizontally-trained strongman.

Lin Chen had paid attention to the strongman's previous battles, which always relied on formidable physical strength, clearly a body refinement martial artist.

However, Lin Chen was confident that the other's physical body could not compare to his own. Using him as a punching bag to test his own physical strength would be just right.

Coming to the stage, the horizontally-trained strongman slightly bowed to Lin Chen, displaying a semblance of martial virtue.

Seeing this demeanor, Lin Chen's favorable impression of him grew.

Not everyone harbored such animosity towards him, which made Lin Chen feel somewhat unaccustomed.

Then, the man stepped forward and bumped fists with Lin Chen, a gesture of courtesy before a match.

Lin Chen, having finally encountered someone with a bit of martial virtue, was also willing to exchange some courtesies rather than fighting to the death as if there was a deep and bitter hatred.

Walking slowly up to the horizontality-trained strongman, Lin Chen extended both hands to touch fists with his opponent when suddenly every pore stood on end. He sensed a murderous intent and quickly activated his Scorching Sun Divine Fist, as golden light enveloped his body.

Boom—

A powerful aura burst forth from the horizontality-trained strongman, and his fists exploded with a tremendous force that sent Lin Chen flying dozens of meters, crashing to the ground and kicking up a towering wave of dust and sand.

"Ha ha, you fool, you're so easily deceived. Facing a life-and-death battle, and you still talk about martial ethics."

"My fist was filled with my full power. Even if it doesn't kill you, you're already severely injured. What will you use to fight me now?" said the horizontality-trained strongman with a grin.

On the stage, everyone's eyes turned toward Lin Chen. Yang Yuemin's and Xu Ma'an's hearts suddenly tightened, worried that something might happen to Lin Chen.

And many from the various Major Sects were secretly hoping in their hearts that Lin Chen wouldn't die at the hands of the horizontality-trained strongman; otherwise, who would they turn to for the Heavenly Level Superior Cultivation Technique?

Lin Chen clearly seemed to be the easiest target among the Jade Cauldron Sect members.

Precisely which members of Jade Cauldron Sect had been taught the cultivation technique by Lin Chen was unknown to the crowd.

However, as the dust settled, Lin Chen stood erect in the martial arts arena, completely unharmed.

"How can you be unscathed after taking my full-powered punch!?"

The horizontality-trained strongman, seeing that Lin Chen was unhurt after taking his heavy punch, was filled with rage. He couldn't believe it and even started to doubt his own strength.

Yet, he had immense confidence in his own power and couldn't fathom how his all-out punch could fail to harm Lin Chen.

"You must be putting on a brave front," he insisted.

The horizontality-trained strongman, refusing to believe it, saw a faint light flashing in his hand, and two massive metal gauntlets appeared. He then charged at Lin Chen once more.

Boom—

Lin Chen didn't dodge. The golden light on his body shone even brighter as he took the man's attack head-on.

"What!?"

Both the horizontality-trained strongman and the spectators in the square were stunned. That strongman was at the Second Layer of the Heaven-reaching Realm, and his full-powered strike was such that even martial artists at the Third Layer of the Heaven-reaching Realm wouldn't dare to face it head-on.

Yet Lin Chen not only faced it head-on but also completely withstood it.

A satisfied smile appeared on the corner of Lin Chen's mouth.

Although he had managed to withstand the attack from the horizontality-trained strongman, the Scorching Sun Divine Fist had drained a large amount of his Spiritual Power in order to mount such defense.

"You dishonorable fellow, now it's my turn to counterattack."

Lin Chen spoke indifferently, clenching his fist and sending a punch directly towards the man's chest.

Boom—

The sound of cracking bones rang out, and the horizontality-trained strongman was sent flying, crashing down off the martial arts arena.

In this contest, Lin Chen was the victor, and his manner of victory was both outrageous and domineering.