

## Primordial 130

### Chapter 130: Sword Competition

"Junior Brother Lin Chen really went to attract Jia Shaluo's attention to buy us time to escape."

"Jia Shaluo has the strength to kill Zhang Kaisheng and the others in seconds, isn't Junior Brother Lin Chen in danger? We must go back to support him."

After learning from Leng Dong that Lin Chen was being pursued by Jia Shaluo, Wang Yilin and the others were worried for him.

The six women unanimously decided to go back to support Lin Chen; despite their apprehension about Jia Shaluo's power, they couldn't stand by and continue to flee while Lin Chen was in danger.

Leng Dong frowned upon seeing the six women so resolutely determined to go back for Lin Chen.

In reality, he hoped that Lin Chen would die at the hands of Jia Shaluo.

After witnessing Lin Chen's astonishing potential, Leng Dong's fear of him grew day by day.

At this moment, Leng Dong only wanted to find the main force; regardless of whether Lin Chen would die at Jia Shaluo's hands or not, he dared not take any more risks. Since these women wanted to look for Lin Chen, he would let them do so—it could also buy him some time to escape.

Where did Leng Dong know that he was overestimating himself? Jia Shaluo's hatred was only directed at Lin Chen because Lin Chen had killed Jia Shaluo's poisonous snakes.

Wang Yilin and the others didn't persuade Leng Dong to join them in aiding Lin Chen but let him continue on his way.

While Wang Yilin and the six women went looking for Lin Chen, Lin Chen had already been in a chase with Jia Shaluo for an hour.

At this moment, Lin Chen was standing on a mechanical Green Bird, which was the flying spiritual artifact he had made himself.

With the boost of the Swiftess Talisman, his speed was almost equal to Jia Shaluo's, a compromise Lin Chen made to save on costs, despite having to reveal his flying spiritual artifact.

What a joke, a Space Compression Talisman was worth nearly twenty thousand low-grade Spirit Stones. Who knew how long it could power the Green Bird?

Seeing that Lin Chen even had a flying spiritual artifact infuriates Jia Shaluo so much she wanted to spit blood. After an hour of pursuit, she hadn't even touched a hair on Lin Chen's head.

But Jia Shaluo was even less willing to give up. Lin Chen had killed so many of her poisonous snakes, and she was determined to shred him into pieces to quell the hatred in her heart.

Suddenly, Lin Chen's speed dropped, and Jia Shaluo's face lit up with joy, knowing her opportunity had come, she burst forth with spiritual power and her speed surged dramatically.

"Boy, you've run out of spiritual power, die for me!"

Jia Shaluo teleported behind Lin Chen, condensing a purple glow into a giant snake's head in her hand and bit toward Lin Chen.

Seeing this, Lin Chen countered with the Fiery Flame Palm, smashing it directly at Jia Shaluo.

Boom—

Lin Chen's palm pierced through the snake's head and then landed on Jia Shaluo's body.

Jia Shaluo had an extremely good figure, with an eye-catching bust. Lin Chen's palm landed unwaveringly right on a very sensitive spot.

"You, you scoundrel! You claim to be from the Orthodox Path, yet you also resort to such despicable tactics."

Jia Shaluo was sent flying several meters, spitting out fresh blood, her face flushed and burning hot.

She had never been touched by a man in such a place in all her life, yet this first touch came from an enemy, who was extremely rough, almost bursting her.

Spurt—

Lin Chen was also sent flying several meters away, coughing up fresh blood with a slightly embarrassed expression on his face.

Although he was not a gentleman, he refused to accept the label of being despicable.

He hadn't thought much at the moment, simply striking casually—who would have thought that Jia Shaluo's snake head was so vulnerable?

He had originally planned to stop after being chased for an hour, to test whether the increase in cultivation from Jia Shaluo's secret technique had worn off, but unexpectedly, he had gained the upper hand instead.

If it were a head-on fight, Lin Chen would definitely not have the advantage against Jia Shaluo.

Although she was not as fast as him, he was not foolish enough to fight her to the death.

If Jia Shaluo's cultivation fell to the Spirit Gathering Realm Ninth Layer, Lin Chen might consider a fight.

But she was still at the Melding Earth Realm Cultivation, indicating that the effect of her secret technique was still present, so he had to keep running.

With this in mind, Lin Chen slapped a Swiftness Talisman onto himself and continued to flee on the Green Bird.

"You scoundrel, don't run away, face me in a direct fight if you dare!"

Jia Shaluo cursed as she saw Lin Chen running away again, but Lin Chen completely ignored her.

Helpless, Jia Shaluo could only continue her pursuit.

Her heart was greatly shaken by Lin Chen's strength, and her killing intent for Lin Chen was no longer solely because he had destroyed her snake, but also because he was a threat to the future.

Lin Chen, with merely a Cultivation of the Spirit Gathering Realm Third Layer, had managed to hold his own against her for an hour, and even forced her to retreat and cough up fresh blood during a clash.

If Lin Chen's cultivation were any higher or if he were at the same realm as her, wouldn't he be able to kill her instantly?

Such a prodigy from the Jade Cauldron Sect must be nipped in the bud, or he would become a great enemy of the Black Cloud Sect in the future.

Another two hours of chase ensued.

Along the way, Lin Chen tried the same tactic again, stopping to probe whether Jia Shaluo's cultivation had weakened, only to discover it had not at all, which shocked Lin Chen—this woman's secret technique was incredibly powerful to last so long.

By the third hour, Lin Chen distinctly felt Jia Shaluo's speed slow down.

"Could it have worn off?"

Lin Chen secretly thought, stopping his escape and focusing on Jia Shaluo, indeed sensing that her aura had returned to the Spirit Gathering Realm Ninth Layer.

"It seems you have a strong sensory ability as well."

"But if you think that just because my cultivation has reverted back to the Spirit Gathering Realm Ninth Layer I can't kill you, you are sorely mistaken."

Jia Shaluo looked at Lin Chen, murder in her eyes, feeling that his disrespectful palm strike earlier was a great humiliation.

Whoosh—whoosh—

Purple light flickered, and a Soft Sword enveloped in a poisonous fog appeared in Jia Shaluo's hand. It was no ordinary sword; its blade was entirely made from snake scales, and the fog exuding from it had the aura of devouring Spiritual Power.

"If you want to use a sword, then I shall practice with a sword as well."

As Lin Chen spoke, a glint of light flashed, and a silver longsword appeared in his hand—the Flowing Light Sword, given to him by Yang Yuemin, an Earth-Level Mid-Grade magic treasure.