

## Primordial 133

### Chapter 133 Restart

At this moment, Lin Chen was reflecting on the past six months since he left Desolate Sky City. His cultivation progress was smooth sailing. Although his cultivation couldn't outpace other martial artists, his combat strength was not just one class above those at the same level.

As a Spirit Gathering Realm martial artist of the same age, Lin Chen could say there was no one among his peers who could surpass him.

He never looked down on others with arrogance, but deep down, he did feel somewhat complacent, believing he far surpassed martial artists of the same realm.

However, it wasn't until he encountered Jia Shaluo today that Lin Chen realized there still existed Heavenly Prides of his age that posed a threat to him.

In this secret realm, the highest level a martial artist could reach was the Ninth Layer of the Spirit Gathering Realm, yet Jia Shaluo was able to use a secret technique to elevate his cultivation to the Melding Earth Realm, something Lin Chen and even Xu Lianyu were incapable of.

Lin Chen couldn't help but lament that the methods he possessed were ultimately too few, unable to defeat Jia Shaluo, who was only at the Ninth Layer of the Spirit Gathering Realm, and he even nearly lost his life to him.

Lin Chen decided that once he left here and returned to the Sect, he must find a way to enhance his own life-saving techniques.

Self-defense magical artifacts, talisman inscriptions, elixirs, he needed to prepare them all.

This time, being gravely injured by Jia Shaluo was bad enough, but it would have been much worse if the Black Cloud Sect's disciples had shown up. Then, Lin Chen couldn't be certain he would have escaped, and as for relying on other disciples of the Jade Cauldron Sect, he never thought of entrusting his life to anyone else.

Lin Chen also planned to strengthen his offensive techniques against enemies. The Fiery Flame Palm, which he'd mastered to the Ninth Level, no longer satisfied him; it was only good for battling, not as a killing move.

Lin Chen reminisced about his High Mountain Flowing Water Swordsmanship, which seemed extraordinary and even stronger than Xu Lianyu's. It was all because he understood Sword Intent.

As of now, Lin Chen had only mastered the third style of High Mountain Flowing Water Swordsmanship, still far from the complete Twelve Styles. If he could master them all, what immense lethality would it yield?

Not to mention the fabled, non-existent Thirteenth Style mentioned by the ancestral master.

Before leaving the cave, Lin Chen checked his remaining consumables and found that his stock of elixirs and talisman inscriptions was nearly depleted. The battles in the Dragon Pond against the big snakes and with Jia Shaluo had been costly—literally burning money.

"Twenty Strength Talismans, twenty Defense Talismans, thirty Space Compression Talisman Inscriptions..."

After checking, Lin Chen realized that in the mere ten days that had passed, he had already consumed most of these resources.

With fifty days left before the secret realm's exit opened, it would be fine if he didn't run into any dangers, but if he did, these talisman inscriptions might not even be enough for one-time use.

In the past two days, using the Primordial Transformation Art and elixirs, Lin Chen recovered quickly from his injuries, but Jia Shaluo, unlike ordinary martial artists, likely had a similarly fast recovery rate.

If he were to battle Jia Shaluo again, the resources Lin Chen had would definitely not be enough.

"If I run into Jia Shaluo again by myself, it will definitely be a big problem. Better to find Senior Sister first," Lin Chen concluded.

He still couldn't completely let go of his concerns for Xu Lianyu.

Since entering Jade Bird Peak, Xu Lianyu sincerely treated him as a fellow disciple, unlike others in the Sect. At Jade Bird Peak, Lin Chen felt warmth and care.

Lin Chen could be indifferent to the lives and deaths of others, but Xu Lianyu could not be in danger.

The mission for entering the secret realm was to obtain the Dragon Whisker Polygonum, which Lin Chen had already accomplished. As for the other Sect missions, like ambushing Black Cloud Sect disciples or preventing them from gathering Yin Sha Qi to exchange for Sect Contribution Points, he wasn't too interested.

If he encountered them, he would kill them; if not, he wouldn't forcefully search for the whereabouts of Black Cloud Sect disciples.

After all, Lin Chen's affection for the Jade Cauldron Sect hadn't surpassed the level of his own life.

At this moment, looking at the empty dense forest before him, Lin Chen took out a map, completely unaware of his whereabouts.

Two days ago, in order to escape with his life, Lin Chen had used a Space Compression Talisman and, combined with running all the way, he had long lost track of where he had transported himself to.

However, what he could be certain of was that he shouldn't be too far from the place where he had fought Jia Shaluo; if he found the right direction, he should be able to return there within half a day.

But with no sense of direction and being in unfamiliar territory, Lin Chen had no idea where to return from, so he could only choose a direction at random and proceed based on his intuition.

Now, the number of talisman inscriptions and elixirs he had on him was limited, and if he encountered Jia Shaluo again, he might not be able to fight her.

Given that crazed woman's killing intent toward him, she would definitely not let things go easily.

Ironically enough, whatever Lin Chen feared seemed to come his way.

After traveling for two hours, Lin Chen saw a trail of purple poison fog ahead, and within it, a slender figure in thin clothing. Without needing to think, Lin Chen knew who that figure was.

"Lin Chen!"

As their eyes met, Jia Shaluo gritted her teeth and spat out Lin Chen's name, poised to clash with him once more.

However, Lin Chen didn't hesitate at all. He immediately took out a Space Compression Talisman, slapped it onto his body, and fled.

Jia Shaluo wanted to pursue him, but suddenly felt a sharp pain in her chest. Clutching her chest, she did not chase after him, as it turned out her spiritual power had not yet recovered, and her body was still in a state of backlash.

In her current condition, even if she caught up to Lin Chen, she might not be able to do anything to him.

But the moment she thought of how her beloved poisonous snakes had been blasted away by Lin Chen, her anger couldn't be contained, and her hatred for Lin Chen could only be resolved by killing him.

Jia Shaluo realized that upon seeing her, Lin Chen had run away, indicating that he too had not fully recovered and did not dare to confront her head-on.

With this thought, Jia Shaluo instantly released her divine sense, locking onto Lin Chen's aura two miles away, and began chasing after him.

A cold smile appeared on her lips, as Lin Chen's direction of escape turned out to be the same as where the Black Cloud Sect disciples had sent their rendezvous signal to her just before.

Lin Chen was running towards the main forces of the Black Cloud Sect; this way, with the help of the sect's numerous disciples, it would be impossible for Lin Chen to escape, even if he had wings.

And so, Lin Chen and Jia Shaluo were once again engaged in a chase.

Lin Chen took out the Green Bird Boat and pushed its speed to the limit. Before long, Lin Chen noticed he had shaken off Jia Shaluo.

It seemed that because Jia Shaluo had not fully recovered her strength, she could not catch up.

Suddenly, Lin Chen found himself arriving at a stone mining site, where a group of people were gathered. He quietly approached to take a look, and his expression immediately changed.

"Hmm? Black Cloud Sect disciples, what are they doing?"