

## Primordial 151

### Chapter 151 Sword Might

"Enemy attack, it's those guys from the Jade Cauldron Sect again. They really are courting death, coming at us one after another. Well, if that's what you want, your wish is granted! Everyone, take out your weapons and kill!"

On a huge boulder in the canyon, a white-haired young man wielding a long spear chuckled sinisterly instead of showing panic when he spotted Lin Chen and others launching an attack. His eyes glowed with a bloodthirsty red light.

Behind him stood row after row of disciples from the Black Cloud Sect. At the young man's command, they all drew their weapons, ready to confront Lin Chen and his companions.

Very quickly, both sides plunged into fierce combat.

That white-haired man was none other than Zhao Ye.

At this moment, Lin Chen's gaze swept over the area and spotted, behind Zhao Ye, not just the Black Cloud Sect disciples guarding the perimeter, but also others from the sect using secret techniques in the inner circle, channeling Yin Sha Qi into numerous materials to refine Yin Sha Puppets.

Seeing this, Lin Chen let out a loud cry and charged directly at the Black Cloud Sect disciples.

The other disciples from the Jade Cauldron Sect were also filled with fighting spirit and clashed with the Black Cloud Sect disciples.

In Zhao Ye's eyes, the attack from the Jade Cauldron Sect was nothing more than a desperate act of suicide.

He targeted Bi Futian in the crowd because Bi Futian also wielded a long spear. As Zhao Ye charged towards him, Bi Futian frantically defended himself, waving his spear in the air, creating countless spear shadows.

Clang—

A sound of weapon collision rang out, sparks flew in all directions, and Spiritual Power reverberated throughout the surrounding area.

The explosion's sheer force sent both men flying.

Zhao Ye looked at Bi Futian, surprise etching his face; he had never imagined that not only would Bi Futian withstand his attack, but he even fought back fiercely, forcing Zhao Ye to retreat.

Huang Liang was equally shocked, finding it unbelievable when he looked at Bi Futian.

Huang Liang knew well how strenuous it had been for him to even withstand a single move from Zhao Ye during their last encounter, so how could Bi Futian possibly manage to do so?

Moreover, looking over the battlefield, Huang Liang noticed the disciples of the Jade Cauldron Sect he led could just about hold their own against their counterparts from the Black Cloud Sect, but they were on the back foot.

However, the disciples led by Bi Futian were a different story; each of them managed to fight the Black Cloud Sect disciples to a standstill, and some even gained the upper hand, completely overwhelming their opponents.

Huang Liang couldn't understand why the disciples under Bi Futian's command were so powerful.

After all, as one of the high-ranking experts on the Pride List, Huang Liang had arranged his support within the Inner Sect before venturing into this secret realm, and his strength was among the best there.

Yet, why were the disciples following Bi Futian stronger than those following him? He simply couldn't figure it out.

At the same time, the situation for the Black Cloud Sect disciples fighting Xu Lianyu and Wang Yilin was utterly different.

Within just three exchanges, the Black Cloud Sect's disciple had his arm broken and was left curled up on the ground, howling in agony. After a few bouts, the Black Cloud Sect disciples dared not challenge Xu Lianyu and Wang Yilin again, avoiding them at all costs.

Seeing Huang Liang's astonished expression, Bi Futian couldn't help but grin. Before engaging with Zhao Ye, he had already used a Strength Talisman and a Swiftiness Talisman, significantly enhancing his strength for a short duration.

It took him by surprise that these Talisman Inscriptions actually allowed him to fight on equal footing with Zhao Ye. He inwardly praised the Talisman Inscriptions made by Lin Chen, resolving to make a point of buying more from Lin Chen in the future. These inscriptions were like divine artifacts when fighting beyond one's level.

Nevertheless, Zhao Ye's strength was after all too formidable, and Bi Futian, even after using the talismans, was still no match for Zhao Ye, especially as the effects of the talismans were wearing off.

At this point, aside from Wang Yilin and Xu Lianyu, the rest of the Jade Cauldron Sect disciples each had their own opponents and couldn't afford to assist him.

Bi Futian cursed inwardly; had he known this, he wouldn't have chosen the spear as his weapon.

Zhao Ye, seeing that after dozens of moves he still couldn't defeat Bi Futian, became infuriated, feeling humiliated by the struggle.

Whoosh—

Without hesitation, Zhao Ye desperately channeled his Spiritual Power, his spear dancing wildly in his hands as if he was preparing a powerful killing move.

Seeing this, Bi Futian's face hardened; he knew he could never withstand such an attack.

Swoosh, swoosh—

However, just as Zhao Ye was brewing his killing move, he suddenly felt an icy aura behind him. In a split second, he abandoned his intended attack and instead swung his spear horizontally in defense.

Boom!

Before Zhao Ye's eyes, a piercingly sharp Sword Qi streaked by, striking his long spear.

Zhao Ye felt as if his spear had been hit by a colossal wave: a tremendous force traveled up through the spear, numbing his arm and almost causing him to drop his weapon.

At the same time, Zhao Ye was sent reeling backward over a dozen steps, his eyes reddening with rage.

This humiliation, barely able to hold onto his own spear, was unbearably vexing for him.

What he found most unacceptable was that his opponent was only at the Sixth Layer of the Spirit Gathering Realm. Such a cultivation level should never have put him in such a disarray.

Whoosh—

Just as Zhao Ye was preparing to counterattack, he realized that Lin Chen's onslaught had not ended. Sword Qi, one after another, came at him head-on, forcing Zhao Ye to abandon counterattacking and instead deal with these abrupt assaults.

"I refuse to believe that I can't overcome a piece of trash at the Sixth Layer of the Spirit Gathering Realm!"

Zhao Ye roared and gripped his spear, about to muster his strength, only to realize that Lin Chen's second Sword Qi had already rapidly closed in.

This time, the Sword Qi was not like a high-pressure wave but as heavy as a mountain range. Zhao Ye hastily lifted his spear in defense, but at the moment of contact, his feet actually sank into the ground.

His Mid-Grade Spirit Level spear issued a crisp sound and snapped. Before Zhao Ye could react to the broken spear, Lin Chen's third Sword Qi was already bearing down upon him.