

## Primordial 152

Chapter 152: Nothing Else, Plenty of Talisman Inscriptions

Dang——

Zhao Ye's expression tightened as he sensed a dangerous aura from Lin Chen's assault. He immediately burst out his spiritual power, forming a spiritual power shield to fend off Lin Chen's attack.

However, the power of these several Sword Qi emitted by Lin Chen surpassed his imagination. In just a moment of contact, Zhao Ye's spiritual power shield shattered instantaneously.

Moreover, the moment he received Lin Chen's attack, the armor on his body was also completely damaged. It's worth noting that for this secret realm journey, he had prepared a suit of Mid-Grade Spirit-Level magic treasures or better. Yet, they were now damaged under Lin Chen's attack.

It seemed that Lin Chen's strength surpassed both Bi Futian and Huang Liang. Zhao Ye furrowed his brows. The information he received had mentioned no such person in the Spirit Gathering Realm among the Jade Cauldron Sect's disciples. Could it be one of the hidden True Disciples who concealed their cultivation?

Zhao Ye felt extremely fortunate. Had it not been for this suit of armor, by now he might have been seriously injured by Lin Chen.

"Kid, no matter who you are, today you'll pay the price for your actions," Zhao Ye said with a fierce look in his eyes, gripping his spear tightly as his momentum surged. It looked like he had used some secret technique to temporarily elevate his cultivation to the brink of the Melding Earth Realm.

Having been humiliated by Lin Chen like this, Zhao Ye harbored a murderous intent towards him. Being a Sixth Layer Spirit Gathering Realm martial artist who almost sustained serious injuries at his hands was a huge blow to his pride. Only by defeating Lin Chen could he regain his face.

His spear flowed like wind, with Zhao Ye's figure charging towards Lin Chen like a whirlwind, his spear tearing through the air and roaring like a dragon.

Seeing this, Lin Chen remained unfazed, simply holding his Flowing Light Sword vertically in front of him. In Lin Chen's eyes, the entire world seemed to quiet down as Zhao Ye's movements significantly slowed. Then he swung his sword out.

Boom——

The sword and spear collided, producing a blinding flash. To Zhao Ye's astonishment, he found that his trembling spear bore cracks.

"Not good!"

Zhao Ye let out softly, too late to retreat.

The Sword Light cut through Zhao Ye's spear and flashed across his body.

"Pu!"

Zhao Ye clutched his chest and staggered backward, spewing out a mouthful of fresh blood.

Despite his quick movements, he was still wounded by Lin Chen's sword.

Onlookers fighting in the distance paused, looking at the battle between Lin Chen and Zhao Ye in utter amazement. Huang Liang, who had fought with Zhao Ye, knew too well how strong Zhao Ye was. He hadn't managed to gain any advantage over him, yet now Lin Chen had beaten Zhao Ye.

Huang Liang's eyes settled on Lin Chen, feeling secretly relieved that he hadn't offended Lin Chen before. Offending such a heavenly pride would make his future in the Jade Cauldron Sect difficult.

The battle between Lin Chen and Zhao Ye was loud and attracted the attention of Li Chu, Mu Qingxue, and Jia Shaluo who were deeper inside. They ordered the Black Cloud Sect disciples not to be distracted

and continue to refine the Yin Sha Puppets with their secret techniques, but the battle caused a great uproar in their hearts.

Lin Chen's strength had evidently increased again. Jia Shaluo's chest heaved continuously; she thought if Lin Chen had shown such combat power when they fought the other day, she probably wouldn't have been a match for him.

Li Chu felt intense jealousy. Having witnessed the fight between Lin Chen and Zhao Ye, he realized that even with his master's techniques, he would not be Lin Chen's match unless it was a last resort.

Such a technique was absolutely not to be used unless it was a dire emergency.

He hated that even now, in this inhuman and ghostly form, he still could not surpass Lin Chen.

At this moment, Lin Chen was frantically channeling the Primordial Transformation Art to recover his spiritual power.

If he knew what everyone was thinking about him at the moment, he would be both amused and frustrated.

Because he wanted to quickly give the Jade Cauldron Sect an advantage, to win the morale and stop the disciples' hesitation in fighting, he went all out in the fight with Zhao Ye. The power he displayed right now was after using many talisman inscriptions, so naturally, his combat power was off the charts.

Moreover, he had attacked Zhao Ye by surprise from behind while the latter was fighting with Bi Futian.

There was no talk of martial morality in a fight against the Black Cloud Sect for Lin Chen; killing the sect's members was considered a good tactic. In a life and death situation, only the living can talk about fairness.

However, Lin Chen's current strength was also at its limit. There was still a significant gap between his cultivation and Zhao Ye's. The opponent was no ordinary Ninth Layer Spirit Gathering martial artist, so Lin Chen found it somewhat difficult to defeat him.

However, Zhao Ye had just been injured by Lin Chen and couldn't recover to his peak condition in a short time.

As long as Lin Chen recovered his spiritual power and deployed the same killing power as before, he was sure to defeat Zhao Ye.

Zhao Ye also realized this point as he gritted his teeth, ignoring his injury and charging towards Lin Chen with his spear.

If he waited for Lin Chen to recover and launch a second attack, he would surely lose to Lin Chen.

Although Lin Chen was strong, he was still just a Sixth Layer Spirit Gathering Realm martial artist. The High Mountain Flowing Water Swordsmanship he had just used consumed a lot of his spiritual power, so Zhao Ye seized this interlude.

"You're decisive indeed, but countering will not be so simple for you. Did you think I would shy away from a fight?" Lin Chen said as he saw Zhao Ye's attack approaching, not retreating but instead tightly gripping his Flowing Light Sword to meet Zhao Ye's strike.

Zhao Ye's expression changed, silently wondering if he had guessed wrong and Lin Chen still had the fighting capacity, possibly waiting for him to take the bait.

But the spear had already been thrust; there was no retraction possible. With a determined heart, he decided to take the risk.

Lin Chen's lips curled into a slight smile as he took out an elixir and swallowed it, then applied several talisman inscriptions onto himself.

Zhao Ye did guess correctly; indeed, Lin Chen's spiritual power was nearly depleted, not even reaching 30% of his peak state. However, Lin Chen still had elixirs and talisman inscriptions to compensate.

Although Lin Chen preferred not to waste resources, since Zhao Ye dared to charge at him, he naturally would not shy away from the battle.