

Primordial 187

Chapter 187: Regret Past Too Late, Slash with One Sword

Lin Chen gave the Second Elder and Third Elder a fleeting glance, oblivious to the fact that their current actions had left a favorable impression on him. Otherwise, once this matter was resolved, retribution from Lin Chen would be inevitable.

Although Zhang Wenkang was a martial artist at the Third Layer of the Melding Earth Realm, Lin Chen harbored no fear. Now that Lin Chen had attained the Seventh Level of the Spirit Gathering Realm and gained numerous trump cards, he was confident in his ability to defeat Zhang Wenkang.

No, not just defeat but utterly crush him. Lin Chen did not take Zhang Wenkang seriously at all.

"Hmph, that's some big talk. Don't get cocky just because you defeated that trash Lin Xiao. Think you can beat me? I am a real Earth Melding Realm martial artist, not like Lin Xiao at all."

Zhang Wenkang looked at Lin Chen with contempt as his aura burst forth in an instant, revealing the unmistakable presence of the Third Layer of the Melding Earth Realm.

Merely this aura had the crowd around Lin Chen involuntarily stepping back several paces, feeling as if a massive boulder pressed upon their chests, creating an oppressive force.

"Is that so?"

After hearing Zhang Wenkang's words, Lin Chen showed a hint of disdain and disagreed.

He took out three rune talismans and emphatically slapped them onto himself. Consequently, his own aura erupted, unaffected by Zhang Wenkang's Third Layer of the Melding Earth Realm, despite merely being at the Seventh Level of the Spirit Gathering Realm.

"Talisman Inscriptions, and all of them are Second Grade High-Level Rune Talismans. You sure are willing to spend, kid."

Zhang Wenkang recognized the talismans in Lin Chen's hands, which were all quite valuable. He hadn't expected Lin Chen to be so lavish as to use them so readily.

But then he thought it made sense. Locked in battle with him, Lin Chen might lose his life soon, so keeping those valuable talismans would be a waste. It would be better to use them in a fight against him. But little did he know, Lin Chen wasn't flaunting his wealth; such talismans were plentiful for Lin Chen.

Whoosh whoosh—

Regardless of his lack of fear toward Zhang Wenkang, Lin Chen still decided to be cautious and used the talismans for assurance.

Possessing the strength to battle beyond his level, Lin Chen never underestimated any opponent.

At this moment, Lin Chen moved with astounding speed. Under the shocked gaze of the surrounding people, it took only three or four breaths for him to appear behind Zhang Wenkang and launch a punch at him.

"Such incredible speed!"

Zhang Wenkang, sensing Lin Chen's appearance behind him, was startled and hastened to turn around and deliver a punch, channeling his spiritual power.

However, Lin Chen didn't back down. Their fists collided, causing a powerful surge of spiritual power, and both of them were repelled.

Lin Chen took five steps back, but Zhang Wenkang was forced ten steps back.

"This kid is freakishly strong. He's clearly only at the Seventh Level Cultivation of the Spirit Gathering Realm, yet his strength is so immense. Even with talisman support, it shouldn't be this strong."

"I must end this quickly to avoid any mishaps."

Zhang Wenkang, looking at Lin Chen, began to feel a sense of panic. From their brief engagement, it was clear that Lin Chen held the upper hand.

At this point, Zhang Wenkang drew out a spear, which turned out to be a Profound Low-Grade Magical Instrument.

"Kid, no matter what tricks you've got up your sleeve, you're doomed under my Wind Attracting Spear."

Zhang Wenkang seemed extremely confident in his spear technique, and he immediately began to inject spiritual power into the spear in his hand, preparing what seemed to be a formidable martial arts skill.

"Princely Heir, be cautious. This man achieved his status as the city lord through this very Wind Attracting Spear technique. Do not underestimate him."

The Great Elder, watching Zhang Wenkang wield the Wind Attracting Spear, spoke with worry, reminding others. He now realized that within this year, Lin Chen had grown to an astonishing degree, far surpassing them all.

In the battle between Lin Chen and Zhang Wenkang, they were simply unable to intervene.

"A mere Profound Grade Low-Level magical instrument, and you dare show it off before me? I shall show you what a magic treasure is, what a powerful martial arts skill is."

As Lin Chen spoke, a silver sword appeared in his hands with a flash of light. Both the contour of the blade and the strong Sword Qi it emitted were worlds apart from Zhang Wenkang's spear.

"What is this... an Earth-Level Mid-Grade magic treasure!"

"You actually have an Earth-Level Mid-Grade magic treasure!"

Zhang Wenkang looked at Lin Chen's Flowing Light Sword in utter shock. An Earth-Level Mid-Grade magic treasure was leagues above his own Profound Grade Low-Level, and even warriors of the Heaven-reaching Realm might not possess such a treasure.

Greed flashed in Zhang Wenkang's eyes as he coveted the Flowing Light Sword in Lin Chen's hand.

Yet, he forgot one thing—Lin Chen, able to wield the Flowing Light Sword, surely possessed powerful swordsmanship to match.

At this moment, Zhang Wenkang thought only of killing Lin Chen immediately. With Lin Chen dead, the sword would be his.

With this in mind, Zhang Wenkang moved, brandishing his spear like a Flood Dragon, thrusting it towards Lin Chen.

Whoosh whoosh—

At the same time, the sword in Lin Chen's hands came to life, its blade constantly issuing sonorous hums.

"High Mountain Flowing Water Swordsmanship, first technique, Seeing Through Autumn Water!"

No sooner had Lin Chen's words fallen than he, like flowing water, turned into a streak of light that passed by Zhang Wenkang in a flash, with lethal precision.

The crowd only saw Lin Chen dash past Zhang Wenkang, and the illusions that had dazzled their eyes disappeared. Zhang Wenkang stopped in his tracks, stunned for a few seconds. As Lin Chen sheathed his sword, Zhang Wenkang's body fell forward, releasing the spear from his grasp.

Zhang Wenkang hit the ground with numerous wounds from which fresh blood streamed.

"Don't kill me, you can't kill me. I am the city lord of Desolate Sky City, a representative of the Jade Cauldron Sect. If you kill me, the Jade Cauldron Sect will not let you off!"

Zhang Wenkang invoked the name of his powerful ally in a threatening manner towards Lin Chen.

However, these words had no effect on Lin Chen, who even let out a cold laugh.

"I am a true disciple of Jade Bird Peak of the Jade Cauldron Sect. Today, I strip you of your city lord status and in light of your actions towards me, I sentence you to death!"

Lin Chen spoke calmly as he gently swung the Flowing Light Sword. A flash of Sword Light passed over Zhang Wenkang's throat, and blood splattered.

Shock and regret filled his widening eyes.

He had never imagined that Lin Chen belonged to Jade Bird Peak.