

The Order 8501

Chapter: 8501

When the Mountain Splitting Barbarian King saw the two warriors, he was not afraid, but even more excited: "Come on! Just in time for me to practice!"

He roared, turned around and rushed towards one of the warriors, punching down hard again.

At the same time, Madam Meixin also rushed over with a sweet smile, shaking the blood-colored bell in her hand wildly, and countless blood-colored sound waves intertwined into a large net, covering the other warrior and Chen Ping.

The old Taoist Xuanjizi stood in the distance, and lightly tapped the dragon-headed cane in his hand. Countless golden runes suddenly appeared in the void, forming a huge Bagua formation diagram, covering Chen Ping and the two warriors, obviously trying to trap them.

For a moment, three ninth-grade strong men in the scattered fairyland attacked at the same time, cooperating tacitly, and suppressed Chen Ping and the two warriors.

The violent power of the Mountain Splitting Barbarian King continued to bombard the warrior's body, making a loud "dong dong" sound.

Madam Meixin's bloody sound waves penetrated everywhere, trying to disintegrate the warriors' defense.

The Bagua formation of Taoist Xuanjizi kept shrinking, limiting their space for movement.

Chen Ping resisted the attack while dealing with the formation attack of Taoist Xuanjizi, and was immediately caught in a bitter battle.

The wounds on his body kept increasing, and the blood stained his clothes red, but his eyes became brighter and brighter, and the Dragon Slaying Sword in his hand swung faster and faster, and every swing was accompanied by an unstoppable sword intent.

“Chen Ping!”

Mo Qingyun was so anxious that tears came out of her eyes outside the barrier. She desperately beat the rune barrier, but it was of no use at all.

She could only watch Chen Ping fighting bloody battles under the siege of the three powerful men, “Hold on! You must hold on!”

The casual cultivators in the distance were stunned. They had never seen such a tragic battle.

A fourth-grade Sanxian Realm warrior could hold out for so long under the siege of three ninth-grade Sanxian Realm warriors, and even sacrificed two powerful war puppets. This completely overturned their cognition.

“What kind of monster is this Chen Ping? A fourth-grade Sanxian Realm warrior! Even if he is an ordinary ninth-grade Sanxian Realm warrior, he will be killed instantly when facing three ninth-grade warriors, right?”

“Too scary! The sword in his hand and the two war puppets are not ordinary things! The treasures of the ancient ruins are probably more powerful than we imagined!”

“Look, although he is injured, his eyes are not afraid at all, but more and more fierce! Does this kid have a trump card?”

Just when Chen Ping gradually fell into a disadvantage and many cracks appeared on the bodies of the two warriors, a sharp light flashed in the eyes of the old Taoist Xuanjizi, and he said in a deep voice: “It’s almost done, let’s end it!”

He suddenly paused the dragon-headed crutch in his hand, and the Bagua formation diagram instantly burst into a thousand-foot golden light, and countless runes were made into swords, shooting towards Chen Ping.

The Mountain Splitting Barbarian King and Lady Charming Heart also exerted their strength at the same time. The Mountain Splitting Barbarian King smashed the shoulder of a warrior with one punch, and Lady Charming Heart's blood-colored bell let out a piercing scream, causing the other warrior's movement to stagnate.

"Not good!"

Chen Ping was shocked. At the critical moment, he gritted his teeth and a trace of determination flashed in his eyes.

He knew that if he didn't use his trump card, he would really have to die here today!

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"Senior! Help me!"

Chen Ping roared in his sea of consciousness.

"Hahaha... Are you finally willing to beg me?"

"It's been a long time since I let you possess me and relax!"

Deep in the sea of consciousness, the Red Cloud Demon Lord said with a hint of joking: "Just see how much power your body can withstand from me!"

As soon as the voice fell, Chen Ping's sea of consciousness suddenly burst out with a breath of destruction, and a jet of black energy gushed out of his body like a volcanic eruption, instantly enveloping his whole body.

"This... What kind of aura is this?"

The face of the Taoist Xuanjizi suddenly changed, and for the first time, he showed a look of horror in his eyes, "It's more terrifying than the ninth level of the scattered fairyland! This kid... He actually has such a terrifying existence hidden in his body?"

The Mountain Splitting Barbarian King and Madam Meixin also stopped their hands, looking at Chen Ping wrapped in black air in doubt. The aura made them feel the threat of death.

“Roar...”

A roar like from the Nine Nether Hell came from the black air, and then the black air slowly dissipated, revealing Chen Ping’s figure.

But Chen Ping at this time was no longer the same as before.

His hair turned into a burning red, and each strand stood upside down. There was a strange red light flashing in his eyes, and his face was covered with mysterious black lines, like a demon’s totem.

His body swelled up a circle, his muscle lines were full of explosive power, and his skin showed a bronze metallic luster.

The most terrifying thing is the breath he exudes. It is a terrifying pressure that combines destruction, tyranny, and majesty. It changes the color of the world, and the void is constantly broken and reorganized.

“This... This is...”

Mo Qingyun looked at Chen Ping, who was both familiar and unfamiliar, and her eyes were blurred with tears. She could feel the terrifying power in Chen Ping’s body, but she could also feel Chen Ping’s still firm will.

Everyone was shocked when they saw the sudden change in Chen Ping!

“This kid is possessed by a demon, everyone be careful!”

The old Taoist Xuanjizi reminded him hurriedly!

“I didn’t expect that this guy actually has a demon soul hidden in his body. Isn’t he afraid of being backlashed and killed?”

Mrs. Meixin was very puzzled!

Although being possessed can indeed greatly increase strength, once the body can’t withstand the power of being possessed, the body will be destroyed!

Just as everyone was shocked, Chen Ping slowly raised his head, and red light burst out of his eyes.

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The corner of his mouth curled up with a cold arc, and his voice became hoarse and majestic, with a sneer: “Three ants, dare to bully my brother, looking for death?”

Before he finished speaking, his figure flashed and instantly appeared in front of the Mountain Splitting Barbarian King.

Seeing this, the Mountain Splitting Barbarian King roared, mustered all his strength, and punched out: “Whoever you are, die for me!”

However, Chen Ping just raised his hand casually and punched him.

“Bang...”

A muffled sound, lower than any previous collision, but more terrifying.

The moment the Mountain Splitting Barbarian King’s powerful fist touched Chen Ping’s fist, it actually made a sound of bone breaking.

He was like being hit by a high-speed train, screaming and flying backwards, spitting out several mouthfuls of blood in the air, and heavily smashed on a mountain in the distance, smashing the entire mountain.

“What?”

The Taoist Xuanjizi and Madam Meixin cried out at the same time, their eyes filled with unbelievable fear.

They knew the physical strength of the Mountain Splitting Barbarian King. Even if they confronted him head-on, they might not be able to injure him so easily. But the possessed Chen Ping in front of them actually did it with one punch!

“It’s your turn!”

A red light flashed in Chen Ping’s eyes, and he looked at Madam Meixin.

Madam Meixin’s face turned pale, and she no longer had the charm she had before. She screamed, turned around and wanted to escape, and at the same time, she shook the blood-colored bell in her hand wildly, trying to interfere with it with sound waves.

But Chen Ping was faster, and his figure appeared behind her like a ghost, and he slapped her with a palm.

“Ah...”

Madam Meixin let out a shrill scream, and her body flew out like a kite with a broken string.

The blood-colored bell in her hand broke with a “click”, and a huge palm print appeared on her back, her bones were broken, and blood spurted wildly.

Seeing this, Taoist Xuanjizi was terrified. He knew he was no match for him, so he immediately used his magic formula to try to detonate the Bagua formation to block it, while preparing to escape.

“Want to run?”

Chen Ping snorted coldly, and the red light in his eyes turned into two lasers that shot out and instantly pierced through the Bagua formation.

Then, he took a step forward and appeared in front of Taoist Xuanjizi. The Dragon Slashing Sword flashed, and with the sword intent of destroying the world, he slashed towards Taoist Xuanjizi.

Taoist Xuanjizi's pupils shrank suddenly, and he used up his last bit of strength to sacrifice a tortoise-shell-shaped defensive magic weapon. The runes on the tortoise shell flashed, exuding a heavy defensive aura.

“Puff...”

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However, under Chen Ping's sword, the tortoise shell, which was known for its unparalleled defense, was like paper and was instantly chopped apart. The Dragon Slashing Sword continued to have the remaining force and directly chopped off Taoist Xuanjizi's head.

The Mountain Splitting Barbarian King who was hit hard in the distance saw that the head of the Taoist Xuanjizi was chopped off, and his face became very ugly. He climbed up with difficulty and wanted to escape!

But just after taking a few steps, a sword light came towards the Mountain Splitting Barbarian King.

“Puff...”

The huge head of the Mountain Splitting Barbarian King was also chopped off by the sword light!

Madam Mei Xin spit out blood from her mouth, looking at Chen Ping who was like a devil, she was so scared that her whole body was trembling!

“Please, spare my life, I am willing to follow you and serve you for the rest of my life.”

“We are all female cultivators in the Blood Shadow Palace, you can play with us as much as you want.”

“As long as you spare my life, I can also serve you. My sister’s body has not been touched by anyone!”

Madam Mei Xin’s eyes were full of tenderness, and she looked at Chen Ping affectionately!

She hoped that this method could find a way to survive for herself!

She didn’t want to die. After all, after practicing for so many years, she would soon break through the Sanxian Realm, leave the Third Heaven, reach the Fourth Heaven, and become a real immortal!

“Humph, do you think I like playing with women like this silly boy?”

Chen Ping snorted coldly, and the voice of the Red Cloud Demon Lord came out of his mouth!

Chen Ping is now possessed by the Red Cloud Demon Lord, so this kind of seduction is useless to him!

“Puff...”

The sword flashed, and Madam Mei Xin’s head was also chopped off!

In just a few breaths, three Sanxian Realm ninth-grade strongmen were killed one by one in front of Chen Ping, who was possessed by the Red Cloud Demon Lord!

There was a dead silence between heaven and earth, and everyone was stunned to watch this scene, their brains blank.

Sanxian Realm Fourth Grade, killed three Sanxian Realm Ninth Grade!

This... Is this still a human?

Mo Qingyun looked at the figure standing in the void, surrounded by black flames, like a demon god, and tears burst out again.

She didn't know what price Chen Ping paid, but she knew that Chen Ping once again burst out such terrifying power to protect her.

"Chen Ping..."

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She called softly, her voice full of worry and heartache.

Chen Ping slowly turned around and looked at Mo Qingyun. The red light in his eyes gradually faded, and the black lines on his face also disappeared. His body slowly returned to its original state, but his face was frighteningly pale.

"I'm fine..."

Chen Ping forced a smile, then took back the two broken warriors, and walked to the three people with the Dragon Slaying Sword.

After looting the resources of the three people, Chen Ping collected the heads of the three people!

"Tian Yan Sect, Savage Ancient Clan, Blood Shadow Palace, when I reach the Third Heaven, the first one I will destroy is you!"

Chen Ping's eyes exuded a strong murderous intent!

The crowd in the distance watched this scene, and they were all silent. No one dared to step forward, and no one dared to think about the treasures of the ancient ruins.

Seeing Chen Ping's eyes looking over here, these people wanted to turn around and run away!

"Stop..." Chen Ping's cold voice sounded!

Just these two words made more than a dozen monks dare not move, because they knew that with their current strength, as long as Chen Ping wanted their lives, it would only take a snap of a finger!

"Leave the resources on you, and then get out..."

Chen Ping said!

More than a dozen monks did not dare to hesitate at all, and took out their storage bags and threw them in front of Chen Ping, and then quickly ran away!

Chen Ping put away those storage bags, and suddenly a mouthful of blood spurted out!

"Chen Ping..." Seeing this, Mo Qingyun hurried forward to support Chen Ping!

"Go to the Eighth Palace..."

Chen Ping said weakly!

This stop caused Chen Ping to be seriously injured, especially the possession of the Red Cloud Demon Lord, which caused too much damage to his body. Chen Ping must find a safe place to recuperate slowly!

Eighth Palace!

Huo Zhao, Huo Jingjing, and Huo Feng were in the main hall, and their faces were very ugly!

Especially Huo Feng, his face was full of fear and tension!

On the main seat of the Eighth Palace, a cultivator who looked very young sat on it, holding a teacup in his hand and drinking tea gently!

This person was the Seventh Palace Master from the Three Heavens.

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Huo Zhao and the other two looked at the Seventh Palace Master with great fear!

“Palace Master Huo, you don’t have to be afraid. I just came to see you. I heard that you betrayed the temple, and the Fourth Palace Master notified me to come and see!”

“I am also very curious, who on earth could make you resolutely betray the temple?”

The Seventh Palace Master asked lightly!

“If we don’t betray the temple, we have no way to survive. People like you and me who are outside the temple get less and less resources each time.”

“And we are not allowed to marry with other races. This is self-contained. Sooner or later, our temple and even the entire God Clan will be lonely!”

Huo Zhao said to the Seventh Palace Master!

“How dare you...”

The Seventh Palace Master frowned, waved his hand lightly, and Huo Zhao flew backwards and fell heavily to the ground!

At this moment, Huo Zhao's blood surged, and he almost rolled his eyes!

The Seventh Palace Master began to disperse the peak of the fairyland, which was not something Huo Zhao could deal with at all!

"Father..."

Huo Jingjing and Huo Feng hurried forward and helped Huo Zhao up!

Huo Jingjing looked at her father Huo Zhao spitting blood, and her eyes instantly ignited red anger.

She suddenly drew her sword from its sheath, and the sword trembled as spiritual energy surged, pointing at the Seventh Hall Master who was sitting high in the main seat, her voice trembling with anger: "Seventh Hall Master! You dare to hurt my father! Disciples of the Eighth Hall, listen to my order, even if you risk your life today, you must make him pay for what he did!"

Before she finished speaking, dozens of cultivators in the Eighth Hall responded with a roar, and spiritual blades and magic weapons were sacrificed together. The spiritual power fluctuations gathered into a scorching wave and rolled towards the Seventh Hall Master.

Huo Feng's face was pale, but he gritted his teeth and clenched the weapon in his hand, blocking Huo Zhao.

The Seventh Hall Master put down the teacup, and a cold disdain appeared at the corner of his mouth.

He didn't even stand up, but just casually pointed his fingertips, and a golden breath that was as solid as substance suddenly burst out, crashing into the crowd like a crushing force.

"An ant trying to shake a tree."

He smiled faintly, and wherever his breath passed, the monks of the Eight Palaces flew backwards like kites with broken strings, their magic weapons shattered, blood splattered, and they instantly fell in the palace in a mess.

“Jingjing! Stop!”

Huo Zhao struggled to get up and grabbed his daughter, “He is at the peak of the scattered fairyland, we... are not his opponent at all!”

Huo Jingjing shook off her father’s hand, her hair was messy, and her eyes were full of unwillingness: “Are we just going to watch him bully us?”

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The Seventh Palace Master slowly stood up, his eyes swept through the crowd like a knife, and his tone was full of piercing sarcasm: “A group of ants dare to talk about betrayal? Eighth Palace Master, the Chen Ping you mentioned is the reason why you dare to be an enemy of the Temple?”

He paused, and his voice suddenly rose, echoing in the hall, “Chen Ping! If you don’t show up again, I will clean up the door for the Temple today and remove the Eighth Palace from the list!”

“Seventh Palace Master, I said Chen Ping is not here, even if you really destroy us, Chen Ping will not be able to show up!”

Huo Zhao said to the Seventh Palace Master!

“Really? Since Chen Ping is not here, I will kill you first.” The Seventh Palace Master smiled coldly: “After I kill you, I will go find Chen Ping and see who he is!”

As soon as the voice fell, two hurried footsteps came from outside the palace.

Chen Ping supported Mo Qingyun’s shoulders and walked slowly into the palace.

His face was slightly pale, and there was still a trace of blood on the corner of his lips. It was obvious that his injuries had not healed, and the fluctuations of his internal breath were also slightly disordered. The previous fight with the three-level strongman had greatly reduced his strength.

Mo Qingyun's eyes were cold, and he stood in front of Chen Ping, but was gently pushed away by him.

The Seventh Palace Master's eyes fell on Chen Ping, and he seemed a little surprised. He didn't expect Chen Ping to be so young!

"Are you Chen Ping?" The Seventh Palace Master asked Chen Ping!

"Yes!" Chen Ping nodded: "Who are you?"

"Temple, Seventh Palace Master, I'm here to meet you today." The Seventh Palace Master said!

Chen Ping looked up at the Seventh Palace Master, not only without any fear, but also with a smile: "Seventh Palace Master came to meet me, I am so honored."

His tone was relaxed, even with a little teasing, which made the Seventh Palace Master's pupils shrink slightly.

Although Chen Ping in front of him had an unstable breath, he showed a calmness that had experienced life and death. That calm demeanor was definitely not something that ordinary cultivators could have.

"Are you injured?" The Seventh Palace Master asked!

Chen Ping nodded without hiding anything: "I just killed a few cultivators from the Third Heaven. They were blind and offended me!"

The Seventh Palace Master was stunned, then sneered: "Are you the most boastful? Which cultivator from the Third Heaven is not above the seventh rank of the Loose Immortal Realm? You can kill them?"

In the eyes of the Seventh Palace Master, Chen Ping is only the fourth rank of the Loose Immortal Realm, how could he kill several cultivators from the Third Heaven!

He was clearly bragging to make himself timid!

“Boasting?”

Chen Ping chuckled and took two steps forward. The remaining spiritual energy in his body suddenly burst out. Although it was not at its peak, it also brought a fierce killing intent. “I only know that anyone who stands in my way deserves to die.”

“Seventh Palace Master, are you here today to test my sword or to listen to my reason?”

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His words were as sharp as a knife. The Seventh Palace Master was shocked by his momentum for a moment, and muttered in his heart: Chen Ping’s breath is obviously weakening, why is his eyes so fierce? Does he have a backhand?

“I followed the order of the Fourth Palace Master to see what kind of person can make the Eighth Palace betray.” The Seventh Palace Master said!

“Now that you have seen it, can you leave?”

Chen Ping asked.

“Leave?” The Seventh Palace Master raised his mouth: “If I don’t leave, what can you do? Kill me?”

The Seventh Palace Master’s eyes were full of ridicule and disdain!

Even if Chen Ping has a backhand, a mere fourth-grade scattered fairyland is not a concern!

“Is it difficult to kill you?”

Chen Ping smiled coldly, suddenly raised his hand, and three bloody heads flew out of the storage ring and were thrown to the ground by him, rolling to the feet of the Seventh Palace Master.

The eyes of the heads were wide open, and the expression of horror was still frozen on their faces. They were three famous ninth-grade masters of the Sanxian Realm in the Three Heavens!

The Seventh Palace Master looked down, his pupils suddenly shrank, his whole body shook violently, and even his voice trembled: "This... This is the old Taoist 'Xuanjizi' of the Tianyan Sect! And the 'Splitting Mountain' barbarian king of the Wilderness Ancient Clan! And... Madam 'Meixin' of the Blood Shadow Palace!"

"They... How could they die in your hands?"

These three people are all notorious in the Three Heavens. They are the ninth-grade masters of the Sanxian Realm. If the three of them join forces, even he is not a match, but now they have been beheaded by Chen Ping!

Chen Ping wiped the blood from the corner of his lips, and said calmly but with great force: "They wanted to kill me, so I killed them. Seventh Palace Master, how do you think you compare to them?"

The Seventh Palace Master looked at the undisguised murderous intent in Chen Ping's eyes, and thought of the fate of these three people, and felt a chill rushing from the soles of his feet to the top of his head.

Although he was at the peak of the Sanxian Realm, he had already lost his confidence in the face of Chen Ping who could kill three Sanxian Realm ninth-grade strongmen.

"You..."

He staggered back a step and pretended to be calm: "Okay, Chen Ping! I will report today's events to the temple truthfully!"

After that, he did not dare to stay any longer, turned into a stream of light, and fled from the Eighth Palace in a hurry.

Seeing that the Seventh Palace Master was fooled by him, Chen Ping was relieved and suddenly spit out a mouthful of blood!

“Chen Ping...”

Huo Jingjing and Mo Qingyun stepped forward at the same time to support him!

“Brother-in-law...”

“Good son-in-law...”

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Huo Zhao and Huo Feng were also nervous!

“It’s okay, I’ll be fine after a while of recuperation. Three ninth-grade masters in the scattered immortal realm are really hard to deal with!”

Chen Ping wiped the blood and said!

“Did you really kill these three people?” Huo Zhao asked in disbelief!

Chen Ping nodded vigorously!

Huo Zhao looked at Chen Ping in disbelief. He suddenly felt that it was a wise decision for him to betray the temple and let Huo Jingjing stay with Chen Ping!

“Jingjing, take Chen Ping to recuperate immediately!” Huo Zhao said!

Huo Jingjing nodded, but before they left, a terrifying aura suddenly enveloped the Eight Palaces!

Everyone looked up and saw an old man in a black robe with a solemn face, surrounded by dozens of black-clothed monks.

“The master of Tianyuan Pavilion?” Seeing the person coming, Chen Ping frowned instantly!

Huo Zhao narrowed his eyes, stepped forward and bowed, saying, “Pavilion Master Tian, I wonder how you have time to come here?”

Being in the same Second Heaven, Huo Zhao knew the Pavilion Master of Tianyuan Pavilion!

However, they had no intersection in normal times, and Tianyuan Pavilion did not dare to provoke the Eighth Palace. After all, the Eighth Palace was backed by the entire Temple, and even the entire God Clan, which Tianyuan Pavilion could not afford to provoke!

“I came for him...”

The Pavilion Master of Tianyuan Pavilion pointed at Chen Ping and said!

“Pavilion Master Tian, this is my son-in-law, and now he is a member of my Eighth Palace. I wonder how he provoked the Pavilion Master Tian?”

Huo Zhao did not know that Chen Ping had killed Tianci and Elder Tong of Tianyuan Pavilion.

“He killed our people in Tianyuan Pavilion, so I’m taking him away today!” The Pavilion Master of Tianyuan Pavilion said!

Huo Zhao was stunned, then looked at Chen Ping, and saw that Chen Ping did not refute, knowing that this must be true!

“Master Tian, we can compensate you for killing your Tianyuan Pavilion’s people, but you can’t take him away.”

“He is now a member of our Eighth Palace. If you take Chen Ping away, you have to ask our Temple whether it agrees!”

Huo Zhao brought out the Temple to scare the Master of Tianyuan Pavilion!

“Hahaha, you are really good at scaring people. You are already a traitor to the Temple. Do you still want to scare me with the Temple?”

The Master of Tianyuan Pavilion laughed!

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At this moment, Huo Zhao became embarrassed in an instant, not knowing what to do!

Chen Ping pushed Huo Jingjing and Mo Qingyun away and looked at the Master of Tianyuan Pavilion coldly!

“You are a defeated general, and you dare to come to me. Aren’t you afraid that I will kill you?”

“One of them just escaped. He was at the peak of the Sanxian Realm, and he was scared away.”

“Did you see the heads on the ground? These are all masters of the Three Heavens. I killed them all the same.”

“You are the Pavilion Master of Tianyuan Pavilion, what do you think you are?”

Chen Ping said with an imposing manner!

Seeing Chen Ping’s look, the Pavilion Master of Tianyuan Pavilion was not afraid, but laughed loudly:
“Chen Ping, keep pretending. You can fool others, but you can’t fool me at all!”

“I leaked the news that you have ancient relics and treasures on you, and I told the location of the people from the Three Heavens who came to find you.”

“I also know how you killed those three people.”

“You are now at the end of your strength. Let alone me dealing with you, even a fifth-grade Sanxian Realm can easily kill you now.”

The Pavilion Master of Tianyuan Pavilion had already calculated Chen Ping, and he was in charge of all these things!

Chen Ping’s face turned ugly. He didn’t expect that all this was done by the Pavilion Master of Tianyuan Pavilion in front of him!

It seems that he has been plotted against, and he doesn’t know it at all!

This old guy is so scheming.

Chen Ping stared at the Pavilion Master of Tianyuan Pavilion fiercely, but he seemed helpless!

He didn’t have the strength to fight with the Pavilion Master of Tianyuan Pavilion now.

“It seems that you have already calculated it!” Chen Ping smiled bitterly!

“Of course, if I didn’t plan it well, how could I come to you blindly!” The Pavilion Master of Tianyuan Pavilion smiled!

“But you calculated a thousand things, but you only missed one thing!”

Chen Ping looked at the Pavilion Master of Tianyuan Pavilion with a sharp gaze!

“Oh? What did I miss?” The Pavilion Master of Tianyuan Pavilion asked doubtfully!

“If you miss it, will I explode...”

After that, the breath in Chen Ping’s body began to surge wildly, and the whole person became as swollen as a balloon!