

The Order 8521

Chapter: 8521

Above the ruins of the Shura Palace, blood-colored mist rolled like viscous plasma.

The blood sprayed out by Sang Tianyang soaked the ancient token in his hand. The hideous ghost face patterns engraved on the surface of the token suddenly lit up, and each gully oozed scarlet light, twisting and wriggling like a living thing.

In the cracks of the earth, first came a dull crashing sound, as if thousands of war drums were beating underground, and then, countless arms covered with dark purple scales suddenly broke out of the ground, and the sound of nails tearing the rock layer was deafening.

“Shura Guard... Start the formation!”

Sang Tianyang’s voice was hoarse like a worn-out bellows, and blood foam surged in the shoulder sockets where he lost his arms, but his eyes burned with the final determination.

Thousands of figures burst out from the cracks, and each Shura Guard was three feet tall.

Covered with black iron battle armor with blood-colored patterns flowing all over the body, there was no face under the helmet, only two jumping ghost fires of the netherworld.

The tips of their long halberds were emitting dark poisonous mist. As soon as they appeared, they formed a mysterious battle formation, with the tips of the halberds pointing at the Pavilion Master of Tianyuan Pavilion in the air, forming a terrifying murderous intent that could tear the clouds apart.

As the battle formation was in operation, the blood-colored mist on the ground was forcibly extracted and condensed into a blood-colored light band surrounding the Shura Guards. Countless painful and twisted faces faintly emerged in the light band, all of which were the heroic souls of the Shura Palace who died in battle for generations.

The Pavilion Master of Tianyuan Pavilion was suspended on the top of the blood mist. There was no emotion in his pupils controlled by the blood corpse, only absolute indifference to life.

He was too lazy to even look down at the Shura Guards. He just casually raised his right hand wrapped in the energy of the blood corpse. The blood light overflowing from his fingertips suddenly turned into thousands of blood-colored flying needles, each of which was wrapped in the stench of corroding everything.

“Buzz ——”

The flying needles fell like a rainstorm, and the Shura Guard formation, which was the first to bear the brunt, instantly burst into a dazzling purple light.

The light band at the core of the battle array suddenly expanded, blocking the flying needles three feet away, but the blood-colored flying needles were like maggots on the heels, gnawing at the battle array light wall layer by layer.

With the sound of “crackling”, the Shura guards in the front row suddenly knelt on one knee, the ghost fire under the helmets flickered violently, and the energy in their bodies was being forcibly extracted by the flying needles!

“Foolish struggle.”

The voice of the Pavilion Master of Tianyuan Pavilion was a mixture of male and female accents, sharp and cold, “The power of the blood corpse, how can your ordinary battle array resist it?”

He turned his wrist, and the blood-colored flying needles accelerated suddenly, no longer attacking the battle array, but accurately piercing into the gaps in the armor of each Shura guard.

The ghost fire of the first Shura guard suddenly extinguished, and the black iron battle armor broke inch by inch, revealing the body that had long been decayed inside.

Then came the second, the thirtieth, and the entire Shura Guard formation, which was reduced to ashes in a few breaths, like dominoes.

Only the dull metal collision sound of the long halberds falling to the ground was particularly harsh in the dead silence of the battlefield.

Sang Tianyang watched the Shura Guards that he relied on to save his life being slaughtered like ants, and a fishy sweetness surged in his throat.

He remembered that these Shura Guards were the war spirit weapons that the Shura Palace had spent thousands of years to refine, and each of them carried the residual soul of a powerful person, but now they were turned into dust in the hands of the enemy.

“No—!”

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He roared like a trapped beast, and his remaining body trembled violently, and the blood in his dantian boiled uncontrollably again.

At this moment, two jet-black streams of light tore through the blood mist, and they were the two warriors who had lost control of Chen Ping’s body before!

A strong breath of death lingered around them, and the black battle axes in their hands drew twisted trajectories in the void. Ancient runes appeared on the axe blades, which were the two ancient fighting spirits that Chen Ping had subdued before.

At this moment, they were no longer controlled by Chen Ping, but were pulled by some kind of power deep in the Shura Palace, and rushed straight to the Pavilion Master of Tianyuan Pavilion!

“Hmm?”

The Pavilion Master of Tianyuan Pavilion finally had a slight reaction. He turned his head to look at the two warriors, and a trace of doubt appeared on his face eroded by the blood corpses, “You two guys are not dead yet, but it is impossible to suppress us now...”

The voices of a man and a woman appeared in the mouth of the Pavilion Master of Tianyuan Pavilion at the same time!

It is obvious that these two warriors are here to suppress the two blood corpses!

Before the voice fell, the two warriors swung their battle axes at the same time.

The warrior on the left had a fierce axe. Wherever the axe wind passed, the space was rippled like water waves, and a black axe light chopped the Pavilion Master's head directly.

The warrior on the right wielded his axe in a feminine way, and the runes on the axe blade lit up, turning into a huge black net covering the sky and the earth, trying to trap the Pavilion Master.

Two completely different forces intertwined together, forming a miniature energy storm, and even the blood-colored mist around was forcibly emptied.

The Pavilion Master of Tianyuan Pavilion snorted coldly, no longer looking down on it.

He put his palms together, and a blood-red vortex suddenly appeared in front of his chest. An arm covered with green scales stretched out from the vortex, which was the arm of the blood corpse!

The speed of the arm was extremely fast, leaving dozens of afterimages in the air, and first slapped the axe blade of the warrior on the left.

“Bang”

With a loud bang, the axe blade shattered into pieces, and the warrior on the left was shocked and retreated repeatedly, and the black air on his body instantly dimmed by three points.

Then, the arm opened its five fingers and grabbed the black giant net of the warrior on the right. The sound of nails scratching the runes was like metal friction. The giant net collapsed instantly. The warrior on the right let out a silent roar and shook violently.

“How dare you, a mere fighting spirit, be so presumptuous in front of me?”

The voice of the Pavilion Master of Tianyuan Pavilion was full of teasing. The blood corpse's arm clenched into a fist, and two dark energy beams shot out from the fist, accurately hitting the eyebrows of the two warriors.

"Puff..."

The bodies of the two warriors were like balloons that had been punctured, and black air rushed out.

They tried to condense their bodies, but the runes on the axe blade were annihilated inch by inch under the erosion of the blood corpse's energy.

The warrior on the left took a last look in the direction of Sang Tianyang, and the ghost fire in his eyes was completely extinguished, turning into a black air and dissipating.

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The warrior on the right roared unwillingly, and his body disintegrated. Only the two black axes fell to the ground. The runes on the axe blades had completely disappeared, turning into two ordinary black iron axes.

"No... Even they..."

Sang Tianyang watched the two warriors disappear, and the last glimmer of hope in his heart was shattered.

He knew that these two warriors were the upper fighting spirits that Chen Ping had subdued in the ancient ruins. Now even they were easily killed. The Shura Palace was really at the end of its rope.

"Do you still want to resist, Sang Tianyang?"

The Pavilion Master of Tianyuan Pavilion slowly fell down, and the blood corpse's arms retracted into his body. He looked down at Sang Tianyang, with greed in his eyes, "Hand over the Shura Blood Crystal, and I can let you die quickly."

Sang Tianyang laughed miserably, and the blood foam he coughed up condensed into a weird blood flower on his chest.

He suddenly raised his head, and his eyes burst into an unprecedented light: "Shura Palace... still has one last trump card!"

He bit his tongue hard and spurted out a mouthful of blood containing the essence of the origin. The blood turned into a blood-colored talisman in the air and imprinted on the ruins of the ancestral temple that had long collapsed in the depths of Shura Palace.

"Shura ancestors, I, the unworthy descendant Sang Tianyang, beg the ancestor... to come to the world!"

The moment the voice fell, a roar that shook the world came from the ruins of the ancestral temple, and an ancient and majestic breath rushed into the sky, tearing apart the blood-colored mist that enveloped Shura Palace.

The earth shook violently, and a huge figure made of countless bones slowly stood up from the ruins.

The bones were covered with tattered golden dragon robes, and two golden flames as big as millstones burned in the eye sockets on the head. It was the residual soul of the ancestor of Shura Palace that had been passed down for thousands of years!

The voice of the ancestor was like the cry of thousands of ghosts, echoing between heaven and earth: "Who... dares to offend my Shura Palace?"

For the first time, the eyes of the Pavilion Master of Tianyuan Pavilion showed a solemn look. He could feel the terrifying energy contained in this white-bone giant, which was an ancient power that almost surpassed the realm of scattered immortals.

"It's interesting that the residual soul of this old thing was awakened."

He licked his lips, and the power of the blood corpse flowed wildly in his body, “But the residual soul is a residual soul, and dare to come out to die?”

The ancestor did not speak, but raised the white-bone giant palm and slapped it fiercely at the Pavilion Master of Tianyuan Pavilion.

Before the palm wind arrived, the ground below had been slapped into a bottomless gully, and the air was compressed into a shock wave visible to the naked eye, crushing all the surrounding ruins into powder.

The Pavilion Master of Tianyuan Pavilion did not dodge, and formed seals with his hands. Suddenly, a huge blood-colored coffin appeared in front of him, which was the one that sealed the blood corpse before!

The lid of the coffin suddenly opened, and a soul-shaking stench gushed out. Countless blood-colored tentacles stretched out from the coffin, entwined around the Pavilion Master, and formed a solid blood-colored shield.

“Boom...”

The white bone giant palm slammed hard on the blood-colored shield, and the entire Shura Palace ruins shook violently. Dark clouds rolled in the sky, and lightning and thunder roared.

Countless cracks appeared on the blood-colored shield, but it finally blocked the attack.

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The Pavilion Master of Tianyuan Pavilion groaned, a trace of blood flowed from the corner of his mouth, but his eyes showed excitement: “You really have some skills, but is this all you have?”

He inserted his hands into the blood-colored coffin, and a shrill roar came from the coffin. A larger amount of blood corpse energy was extracted by him, turning into a blood-colored beam of light and shooting at the ancestor.

Wherever the beam of light passed, the space shattered like glass. The ancestor's skeletal body was hit by the beam of light, making a "crackling" sound, and the golden flames in the eye sockets swayed violently and almost extinguished.

"No! Ancestor!"

Sang Tianyang's eyes were bloodshot, he could feel that the ancestor's residual soul was rapidly dissipating.

The ancestor let out a sad roar, and his skeletal body suddenly exploded, turning into countless bone blades and shooting in all directions, trying to die with the Pavilion Master of Tianyuan Pavilion.

But the Pavilion Master just waved his hand casually, and the blood-colored tentacles crushed all the bone blades without even a ripple.

The ancestor's residual soul was completely annihilated, and the ancient pressure between heaven and earth disappeared.

The Pavilion Master of Tianyuan Pavilion slowly walked towards Sang Tianyang, stepping on the bodies of the disciples of Shura Hall with every step, and the splashing blood dyed his robe red.

"Now, you have used up all your tricks." His voice was icy cold. "I'll ask you one last time, where is the Shura Blood Crystal?"

Sang Tianyang looked at the piles of corpses around him and the ruins left by his father, and the last trace of hesitation in his eyes disappeared.

He knew that he had no way out.

"If you want the Shura Blood Crystal... then step over my body!"

He straightened up suddenly, and his originally dim eyes suddenly became extremely bright. The blood in his dantian no longer burned, but condensed wildly, forming a dazzling blood-colored light ball.

“Shura Palace... I would rather die than surrender!”

The head of Tianyuan Pavilion’s pupils shrank. He didn’t expect Sang Tianyang to choose to self-destruct his dantian!

“Looking for death!” He retreated suddenly, and at the same time offered a blood-colored coffin to block in front of him.

“Boom — —!!!”

A deafening explosion sounded, and Sang Tianyang’s body turned into a blood-colored mushroom cloud.

The terrifying energy shock wave spread out from him, sweeping up all the surrounding building debris and corpse fragments into the sky, forming a bloody storm.

The blood-colored coffin vibrated violently under the shock wave, and countless fine cracks appeared on the surface. The Pavilion Master of Tianyuan Pavilion was also shocked and his blood was surging, and blood flowed from the corners of his mouth again.

However, when the light of the explosion dissipated, the Pavilion Master of Tianyuan Pavilion pushed away the blood mist in front of him, and saw empty ruins.

Although Sang Tianyang’s self-explosion was powerful, it failed to hurt him fundamentally, but only blew up the last dignity of Shura Palace.

“Stupid guy.”

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The Pavilion Master snorted coldly, and his eyes swept towards the long-collapsed altar in the center of Shura Palace, “It seems that I can only find it myself...”

At this moment, a stream of green light tore through the sky, and Chen Ping finally arrived!

He looked at the scene of the sea of blood and corpses, the residual self-explosion energy fluctuations on the ground, and the Tianyuan Pavilion Master who was controlled by the blood corpse not far away. His eyes were instantly filled with bloodshot.

“Father!”

Sang Lan let out a sad and angry roar. She could feel that her father’s breath had completely disappeared.

Huo Jingjing, Mo Qingyun and Huo Feng also arrived later. Seeing the tragic scene in front of them, the three of them were pale.

Huo Jingjing covered her mouth with tears in her eyes: “This... What’s going on?”

The entire Shura Palace had already become a sea of blood and corpses, and there was no one alive!

Mo Qingyun and Huo Feng were also frightened by the scene in front of them.

Miserable, it was really too miserable!

Sang Lan only felt a blackness in front of her eyes, and she fainted directly.

Seeing this, Mo Qingyun supported Sang Lan and continuously injected immortal energy into her body!

Sang Lan slowly woke up, looked at Mo Qingyun, and burst into tears: “I have no home, I have no home...”

Looking at Sang Lan, Chen Ping's forehead veins bulged, and his eyes were already full of murderous intent.

The Pavilion Master of Tianyuan Pavilion turned around and looked at Chen Ping, with a strange smile on his face controlled by the blood corpse: "Oh? You are finally here, Chen Ping. It's just right, I will get rid of you together to save trouble."

Chen Ping didn't say anything. He slowly sacrificed the Dragon Slaying Sword, and the sword body made a buzzing sound. The green sword energy surrounded him, forming a sharp aura.

He could feel the power in his body boiling. Seeing Sang Tianyang's sacrifice and the miserable situation of Shura Palace, an unprecedented anger was burning.

"You killed the Palace Master Sang and destroyed Shura Palace..."

Chen Ping's voice was as cold as ten thousand years of black ice, "Today, I want you to pay for your blood debt with blood!"

Before he finished speaking, Chen Ping had turned into a green rainbow and pounced on the Pavilion Master of Tianyuan Pavilion.

The Dragon Slaying Sword brought with it the might of the heavens and the earth, slashing out a thousand-foot-long green sword energy. Wherever the sword energy passed, the air was forcibly cut open, leaving a dark space crack.

The Pavilion Master of Tianyuan Pavilion snorted disdainfully, and the power of the blood corpse circulated in his body.

He stretched out his palm, and the blood-red vortex in the palm appeared again, easily catching the green sword energy.

The sword energy spun wildly in the vortex, and finally turned into dots of green light and dissipated.

Chapter: 8526

“Is that all you can do?”

The Pavilion Master taunted, and at the same time took the initiative to attack. His figure flashed and appeared in front of Chen Ping, with five fingers forming claws, grabbing Chen Ping’s heart.

His nails were blue-black, obviously stained with poison.

Chen Ping’s eyes condensed, and he did not retreat but advanced, and the Dragon Slaying Sword quickly returned to defend and blocked his chest.

“Dang...”

The sound of metal clashing was deafening. Chen Ping felt a huge force coming. His arm went numb instantly. He was knocked back and plowed a gully several feet deep on the ground.

“Chen Ping!”

Huo Jingjing exclaimed and wanted to help, but was stopped by Mo Qingyun.

“Don’t go.” Mo Qingyun’s face was solemn. “That guy is too strong. We will just die if we go up.”

Chen Ping stabilized his body and wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth. The fighting spirit in his eyes became stronger.

He knew that he was no match for the opponent in a head-on fight and had to use stronger power.

He took a deep breath and swung his right hand violently. An ancient longbow appeared in his hand. It was the bow of the God King!

As soon as the God King Bow appeared, the energy of the entire world began to surge wildly. The bow body exuded a faint golden light, and the bowstring was wrapped with strands of law power.

Chen Ping injected evil spirit into the bow, and held his left hand in the air. A golden arrow condensed by the evil spirit of the Dao pattern appeared on the bowstring.

“Is this... the ancient god bow?”

For the first time, the Pavilion Master of Tianyuan Pavilion showed a fearful look in his eyes. He could feel the terrifying energy contained in the arrow, which was enough to threaten him.

Chen Ping did not give the other party time to react. He pulled the bowstring and aimed at the Pavilion Master of Tianyuan Pavilion. A trace of determination flashed in his eyes: “Go to hell!”

The golden arrow flew out of the string and instantly turned into a golden meteor. The speed was so fast that even space could not restrain its trajectory.

Wherever the arrow passed, it left a trajectory burning with golden flames, and the air was ignited, making a “crackling” sound.

The head of Tianyuan Pavilion did not dare to neglect it. He suddenly sacrificed the blood-colored coffin and blocked it in front of him, while mobilizing all the blood corpse energy to inject it into the coffin.

The blood-colored coffin instantly expanded several times, and countless strange runes appeared on the surface, exuding a suffocating breath of death.

“Boom!!!”

The golden arrow shot fiercely at the blood-colored coffin, and an energy shock that was more terrifying than Sang Tianyang’s self-explosion broke out.

The blood-colored coffin vibrated violently, and the runes on the surface shattered inch by inch. A deep crack appeared on the coffin lid, and black corpse gas gushed out from the crack.

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The head of Tianyuan Pavilion was shocked by the impact and retreated repeatedly. Several blood corpse scales on his arms peeled off, revealing the pale skin underneath.

However, although the God King Arrow was powerful, it still failed to completely destroy the blood-colored coffin, let alone hurt the head of Tianyuan Pavilion behind the coffin.

“Ahem...” The Pavilion Master of Tianyuan Pavilion coughed a few times, wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth, and a venomous light appeared in his eyes, “Very good, Chen Ping, you succeeded in angering me!”

Chen Ping looked at the God King Bow in his hand, and the bowstring had become a little dim. Obviously, the arrow just now consumed a lot of his Dao Pattern Evil Qi.

He knew that although the God King Bow was powerful, it could not easily defeat the Pavilion Master of Tianyuan Pavilion who was controlled by the blood corpse, not to mention that Chen Ping could not use the God King Bow for a long time.

“What should I do, Chen Ping?” Huo Jingjing asked anxiously.

Chen Ping clenched his teeth, and his eyes became extremely firm.

He knew that there was only one last choice left, that is, to ask the Red Cloud Demon Lord to possess him again!

Now Chen Ping’s body can withstand the Red Cloud Demon Lord using most of his strength!

At that time, the Pavilion Master of Tianyuan Pavilion will be like an ant, and can be easily killed!

“Senior.” Chen Ping shouted.

“Is it my turn to step in?” The Red Cloud Demon Lord yawned and asked!

“I can’t handle this guy, let the senior take action!”

Chen Ping said!

As soon as the voice fell, the Red Cloud Demon Flame in Chen Ping’s body burned again, and an extremely domineering force burst out from his dantian, instantly sweeping his body.

His hair moved automatically without wind, turning into a burning red color, his eyes turned pure black, and two balls of demon flames jumped in his pupils.

The voice of the Red Cloud Demon Lord sounded in his mind, with a hint of teasing and excitement: “Hahaha, I can finally move again, let me see what this blood corpse is capable of!”

As the power of the Red Cloud Demon Lord poured in, Chen Ping’s breath increased exponentially, and the demonic energy he exuded collided with the corpse energy on the Pavilion Master in the air, forming a violent energy turbulence.

He raised the Dragon Slaying Sword again. This time, the sword was no longer green, but covered with a layer of burning demonic flames. The lines on the blade seemed to come alive, constantly emitting black demonic energy.

“Master of Tianyuan Pavilion.”

Chen Ping’s voice became low and hoarse, mixed with the majesty of the Red Cloud Demon Lord, “Are you ready to meet your doomsday?”

The Master of Tianyuan Pavilion looked at Chen Ping, who was completely different in front of him, and felt the terrifying demonic energy that was no weaker than his own. The face controlled by the blood corpse finally showed a trace of real fear.

He knew that the young man in front of him was the real threat!

“Kill!”

Chen Ping took the lead in launching the attack, and his figure flashed and disappeared on the spot.

The next second, he appeared in front of the Master of Tianyuan Pavilion, and the Dragon Slaying Sword chopped down fiercely with the demonic flames that burned the sky and destroyed the earth.

Chapter: 8528

This sword contained the supreme magic power of the Red Cloud Demon Lord and the will to destroy everything. The air was forcibly ignited in front of the sword blade, forming a burning black trajectory.

The Pavilion Master of Tianyuan Pavilion let out a shrill roar, and used all his strength to drive the blood-colored coffin. At the same time, the power of the blood corpse ran wild in his body, and the whole person turned into a huge blood-colored light ball, facing Chen Ping’s dragon-slaying sword.

“Puff...”

The sword blade split the blood-colored light ball and slashed on the blood-colored coffin.

This time, there was no earth-shattering explosion, only a dull tearing sound.

The Red Cloud Demon Flame madly eroded the blood-colored coffin, and the cracks on the coffin lid expanded rapidly. With a “click”, the entire coffin was completely shattered, turning into countless blood-colored fragments and dissipating in the air.

The Pavilion Master of Tianyuan Pavilion let out a terrified scream. Without the protection of the blood-colored coffin, he was directly exposed to Chen Ping’s sword.

The magic flames of the Dragon Slaying Sword instantly enveloped his body and began to burn the blood corpse energy in his body crazily.

“No...! Lord Blood Corpse, save me!”

The Pavilion Master of Tianyuan Pavilion screamed desperately, trying to summon the power of the blood corpse, but the red cloud magic flames were like maggots on the tarsal bones, suppressing the corpse energy in his body.

There was no mercy in Chen Ping's eyes. He remembered Sang Tianyang's sacrifice and the miserable situation of Shura Palace. He turned his wrist and the Dragon Slaying Sword with blazing magic flames chopped down from the Pavilion Master's head.

"Ah...!"

The shrill screams resounded through the world, and the Pavilion Master of Tianyuan Pavilion's body burned inch by inch in the red cloud magic flames and turned into ashes.

In the end, even the remaining soul of the blood corpse in his body was completely burned by the magic flames, leaving only a faint smell of blood and burnt in the air.

The wind gradually stopped.

Chen Ping took back the Dragon Slaying Sword, and the Red Cloud Demon Flame on his body slowly receded. He gasped for breath, his face as pale as paper. It was obvious that the price of borrowing the power of the Demon Lord was extremely high.

He looked at the ruins in front of him and the corpses all over the ground, his eyes full of fatigue and sadness.

Huo Jingjing and others hurried forward to support the shaky Chen Ping.

"Chen Ping, are you okay?" Huo Jingjing asked worriedly.

Chen Ping shook his head, looked in the direction of Shura Palace, and said in a hoarse voice: "I'm fine... But, Shura Palace..."

Mo Qingyun sighed and whispered: "Let's see if there are any survivors first."

The group searched in the ruins and finally found only a few seriously injured and unconscious Shura Palace disciples, all of whom were dying.

Chen Ping looked at the sad Sang Lan, and then looked at the traces left by Sang Tianyang's self-explosion in the distance, with mixed feelings in his heart.

Although the Pavilion Master of Tianyuan Pavilion was killed, Shura Palace had been destroyed, and Sang Tianyang had left forever.

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Sang Lan slowly stood up and then bowed deeply to Chen Ping!

"Mr. Chen, thank you, thank you for avenging my father for Shura Palace!"

Although Sang Lan was very sad, she was still very grateful to Chen Ping!

"Miss Sang, if I could have come earlier, maybe Sang Dianzhu would not have died!"

Chen Ping blamed himself a little!

"This is fate, it has nothing to do with you!" Sang Lan shook her head!

"Then what will you do next?" Chen Ping asked worriedly!

Sang Lan forgot to take a look at Shura Palace, which had already become a ruin, and the piles of corpses, and fell into confusion for a while!

“I want to revive Shura Palace...” After a moment, Sang Lan said!

“Just you?” Chen Ping frowned slightly!

With Sang Lan’s strength, it would be harder than ascending to heaven to revive Shura Palace!

“And me...”

At this time, a figure slowly came from the sky!

When the figure approached, Chen Ping was stunned, and Sang Lan was also a little surprised.

“Grand Elder?” Sang Lan shouted in surprise!

“Miss, the Shura Palace has been destroyed, and we have the responsibility to revive the Shura Palace.”

“From now on, I will swear to help Miss revive the Shura Palace!”

After saying that, the Grand Elder glanced at the mountains of corpses and seas of blood, his eyes full of tears!

Sang Lan nodded vigorously. With the assistance of the Grand Elder, the revival of the Shura Palace is just around the corner!

Chen Ping and Mo Qingyun left, and Chen Ping could not help much with the reconstruction of the Shura Palace!

The successive possessions caused serious trauma to Chen Ping’s body, so Chen Ping still needed to continue to recuperate in the Demon Suppression Tower!

Fortunately, there is the Demon Suppression Tower. Even if Chen Ping recuperates for a year, it is only a few days in the outside world!

After returning to the Eighth Palace, Chen Ping directly entered the Demon Suppression Tower to recuperate!

But just when Chen Ping was recuperating, the situation in the Second Heaven fell into chaos after the destruction of the Shura Palace and the death of the Pavilion Master of the Tianyuan Pavilion.

Chapter: 8530

The two giants that maintained the balance in the past collapsed, and the various forces were like sharks that smelled blood, showing their fangs one after another.

The Mo family and the Eight Palaces were also involved in the dispute. If they wanted to survive in the Second Heaven, they had to fight.

The Second Heaven was completely in chaos, and some long-dormant loose cultivator alliances also wanted to get a share of this dispute.

The competition for resources became more and more intense, and the once prosperous city became a battlefield, and the wailing sound spread to every corner of the Second Heaven.

Outside the Demon Suppression Tower, Mo Qingyun and Huo Jingjing stayed in front of the tower every day, full of worries.

Now that the Second Heaven is so chaotic, the two of them don't know what the fate of their respective families will be, and they don't know when Chen Ping will be able to recover!

Hu Mazi took advantage of the chaos in the Second Heaven to rescue a few female cultivators from time to time, calling himself a hero saving a beautiful woman, but in fact he was just having fun!

Those female cultivators were saved and were grateful to Hu Mazi, so they naturally offered their bodies.

Three days later, the Demon Suppression Tower shook violently, and brilliant rays of light burst out from the tower.

The top of the tower burst into dazzling light, turning into a beam of light that shot straight into the sky.

Mo Qingyun and others quickly stepped aside, only to see a figure slowly walking out with a strong pressure.

Chen Ping was dressed in cloth, his hair fluttering in the wind, and a faint fairy aura lingering around him.

His eyes became deeper, and his every move exuded a palpitating breath.

At this time, his realm had reached the fifth level of the Sanxian Realm, and his strength far exceeded the peak powerhouses of the Sanxian Realm.

He waved his hand gently, and the Demon Suppression Tower turned into a stream of light and sank into his storage ring.

Chen Ping actually improved his realm again, and this speed is comparable to riding a rocket!

“Chen Ping!”

Huo Jingjing was the first to react and rushed towards Chen Ping.

Although Mo Qingyun was also very happy, he still maintained his usual elegance and followed quickly.

“I’m fine.”

Chen Ping smiled at the two of them, his voice gentle but full of power.

He turned his head and looked at the smoke-filled sky in the distance, his eyes instantly became cold:
“What happened to the Second Heaven?”

Mo Qingyun told Chen Ping about it, and only then did Chen Ping know that the entire Second Heaven was in chaos!

The collapse of Tianyuan Pavilion and Shura Palace at the same time made some forces that had long been unable to bear it agitated!