

The Order 8541

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“You...”

His head fell to the ground, his eyes full of unbelievable fear, until his life was completely cut off, his head was still wide open, and he died with his eyes open.

The whole place was dead silent.

The disciples of the Black Evil Sect watched their young master’s body and head separated in an instant, and they didn’t even see how the other party attacked. A chill went from the soles of their feet to the top of their heads.

A seventh-level expert in the scattered fairyland was turned into ashes in the blink of an eye?

What kind of terrifying strength is this?

Chen Ping didn’t even look at the corpse on the ground, and said to Yun Wuya with his hands behind his back: “Lead the way.”

Yun Wuya trembled all over, and almost rolled and crawled forward, fearing that if he was a step slower, he would follow in the footsteps of Hei Wuchang.

Hu Mazi blew a whistle and grinned at the remaining Black Evil Sect disciples: “Everyone, do you still want to block the road?”

How could those disciples dare to stay? They screamed and scattered like birds and beasts, not even caring about the body of the young sect leader.

Huo Jingjing and Mo Qingyun looked at Chen Ping with admiration, thinking that the way he killed people with a flick of his finger just now was even more cool and domineering than the gods and Buddhas in the sky.

“Chen Ping, your ability to pretend is getting more and more amazing!” Hu Mazi gave a thumbs up.

Chen Ping smiled faintly: “It’s still a little lacking.”

The group continued to move forward. The bloody smell in the air seemed to be a little stronger, but no blind force dared to stop them.

Three days later, everyone arrived at the territory of the Savage Ancient Clan.

This place is completely different from the outside world. The sky presents a strange dark red color. There are countless huge black stone tablets on the ground, which are engraved with hideous totems. The air is filled with wild and violent atmosphere.

From a distance, a huge city built on the mountain comes into view. The city wall is made of black rocks, covered with traces of claws and weapons, revealing a fierceness like a wild beast.

A huge animal bone plaque hangs above the city gate, on which are written three ancient characters in blood-like words – “Wild City”.

However, the Wild City at this moment seems a little abnormal.

The guards at the city gate all look solemn, the animal skin armor around their waists is stained with undried blood, and the eyes looking out of the city are full of vigilance and anxiety.

Their Barbarian King has disappeared for several days, and there is no news at all. The elder has ordered that the whole city is under martial law!

As soon as Yun Wuya walked to the city gate, he was stopped by several barbarian warriors holding huge axes.

The leading warrior was burly with green battle patterns painted on his face. He shouted sternly: "People from Qingyun Sect? What are you doing in my ancient barbarian tribe?"

Just as Yun Wuya was about to speak, a quick bell rang in the city, and then a group of old men in animal skin robes walked out quickly, surrounded by many barbarian warriors.

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The old man in the lead had white hair and beard, a huge white feather on his head, and his face was full of wrinkles from the years. He was the great elder of the ancient barbaric tribe, a powerful man of the eighth rank in the Sanxian realm!

"Yun Wuya?"

The elder's eyes were as sharp as a hawk, and they were full of anger when they fell on Yun Wuya, "You are so bold! My ancient tribe has never had any dealings with your Qingyun Sect. You brought outsiders to trespass into my tribe's territory. Are you looking for death?"

Yun Wuya was so scared that his legs softened and he almost knelt on the ground. He stammered, "Great... Great Elder, I... I brought this Mr. Chen here..."

"Mr. Chen?"

The elder sneered and glanced at Chen Ping. Seeing that he was young and unremarkable, he immediately sneered, "Is this a kid who is still wet behind the ears? You call him Mr., are you being treated like a dog by your Qingyun Sect?"

Yun Wuya was ridiculed, but he didn't dare to say a word. After all, compared with the ancient tribe, his Qingyun Sect was not good enough!

"Is your Barbarian King missing?"

Chen Ping raised his eyebrows, and a playful arc appeared at the corner of his mouth.

The elder frowned slightly when he heard this: “How did you know?”

“Is my guess OK?” Chen Ping laughed!

“Guess? Do you think I’m a fool?” The elder became more and more angry, and then pointed at Yun Wuya’s nose and cursed, “Yun Wuya, you dare to bring people to make trouble? Believe it or not, I will twist your head off now!”

Yun Wuya was so scared that his soul flew away, and he waved his hands quickly: “No... No, elder, this Mr. Chen...”

“Enough!”

Chen Ping interrupted impatiently, he was too lazy to listen to these nonsense.

He turned his wrist, and a bloody head was picked up in his hand and thrown at the feet of the elder.

“You... Who are you? Dare to act wild in my ancient tribe...” The elder was about to get angry, but his eyes suddenly fixed on the head, and his pupils suddenly shrank!

The head had a hideous face, and it was the leader of the ancient barbarian tribe – the Mountain Splitting Barbarian King!

“Barbarian... His Majesty the Barbarian King?”

“This... What’s going on?”

“The head of His Majesty the Barbarian King?”

The surrounding barbarian warriors and elders were all in an uproar, staring at the head on the ground in amazement, with shock and fear written all over their faces.

The Great Elder was struck by lightning, staggering back a few steps, pointing at Chen Ping, his voice trembling: "Who... killed His Majesty the Barbarian King?"

The Great Elder did not believe that Chen Ping had killed the Barbarian King. After all, Chen Ping was only a fifth-grade scattered fairyland, while the Barbarian King was a ninth-grade scattered fairyland, and the difference between the two was huge!

Even if the Barbarian King stood still and let Chen Ping take action, Chen Ping could not kill the Barbarian King!

Chen Ping clapped his hands, as if what he had just thrown was not the head of a ninth-grade Sanxian Realm warrior, but an ordinary stone. His tone was calm and calm: "Of course I killed him!"

"Impossible, absolutely impossible..."

The Great Elder did not believe it: "How could you, a fifth-grade Sanxian Realm warrior, kill our Barbarian King!"

"Great Elder, it's really what Mr. Chen said. Don't look at him as a fifth-grade Sanxian Realm warrior, but with real strength, he can kill you!"

Yun Wuya said!

"Looking for death!"

The Great Elder gritted his teeth, full of murderous intent!

"Revenge for His Majesty the Barbarian King!"

"Kill him!"

After being shocked, the people of the Barbarian Ancient Clan burst into a raging rage.

Dozens of sixth- and seventh-grade Sanxian Realm warriors roared and rushed up.

The elders in the lead even used the secret treasures of the ancient barbaric tribe, such as the black iron mace, the bloodthirsty bone spear, and the thunderous animal hide shield. All kinds of wild and domineering attacks came at Chen Ping.

“A trifling trick.” Chen Ping snorted coldly, and did not even use the Dragon Slaying Sword. He just glowed with golden light all over his body, and the indestructible golden body automatically activated.

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“Dangdangdang...”

The dense attacks fell on Chen Ping, making a loud sound like hitting gold and stone, and sparks flew everywhere.

However, Chen Ping stood still, without even a scratch on the golden scales on his body. Those violent attacks were like a drop in the ocean, and were completely dissolved by his indestructible golden body.

“How is it possible?”

The elder’s pupils shrank suddenly, and his face was full of disbelief: “So many six- and seven-grade cultivators in the scattered immortal realm attacked with all their strength, but... they couldn’t hurt him at all?”

The elder now believed that perhaps their barbarian king was really killed by Chen Ping in front of him!

Chen Ping was too lazy to waste time with these ants. His eyes turned cold and he flicked his fingers.

“Zheng! Zheng! Zheng!”

Several invisible sword intentions shot out like lightning, more fierce than when he killed Hei Wuchang before!

The barbarian warriors who were at the front didn't even have time to scream before their heads were torn apart and fell to the ground, their eyes still showing ferocious expressions.

"This... is this sword intent?"

A second elder with hair and beard standing up was horrified, "Such a terrifying sword intent, I'm afraid... I'm afraid that even the peak of the scattered immortal realm can't reach it?"

The elder's face turned pale, and he finally realized that the seemingly young man in front of him was a terrifying existence that they could not reach at all!

Killing the Mountain Splitting Barbarian King and killing several strong men in the scattered immortal realm in a snap of his fingers, this kind of strength may have surpassed the scattered immortal realm and reached the realm of earthly immortals!

It's too outrageous that such a young man has reached the strength of an earthly immortal!

"Retreat! Retreat quickly!!" The elder roared, trying to command the tribesmen to retreat.

However, how could Chen Ping give them a chance?

His figure flashed, and he appeared in front of the elder like a ghost.

The elder's pupils shrank, and he subconsciously sacrificed the treasure of the ancient tribe of the wilderness. A black shield engraved with ancient totems exuded a heavy and vicissitudes of life. It was the "Wild Guardian Shield", which was said to be able to withstand the full force of the peak of the scattered fairyland.

“Bang!”

Chen Ping didn't even use the Dragon Slaying Sword, but just punched it casually.

The golden fist print, with the momentum of destroying the world, hit the Wild Guardian Shield fiercely.

With a crisp “click”, the so-called indestructible guardian shield was instantly covered with spider web-like cracks, and then “boom” exploded into countless fragments!

The elder was horrified, and the protective qi of his body burst out instantly, trying to resist this punch.

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But Chen Ping's fist was unstoppable, easily piercing his qi and hitting him hard in the chest.

“Puff...”

The elder flew backwards like a kite with a broken string, knocking down half of the city wall, spurting out a mouthful of blood, his internal organs shattered, and he was obviously dead.

“Elder!”

“Chief!”

The people of the ancient barbarian tribe were completely panicked when they saw this. Even the elder was killed in one move, what else could they resist?

“Run!”

Someone shouted, and the remaining barbarian warriors no longer cared about revenge, and turned around to escape.

“Want to leave?”

Chen Ping’s eyes were cold, and he raised his hand and waved.

“Buzz...”

An invisible field instantly enveloped the entire barbarian city.

Those barbarian warriors who were fleeing felt their bodies sink, as if they were pressed down by a huge rock, unable to move.

They were horrified to find that their cultivation was suppressed to the extreme in this field, and it was extremely difficult to even raise their hands.

This is exactly the origin of time that Chen Ping comprehended. Although it is not perfect, it is more than enough to suppress these ants below the scattered fairyland.

In the field created by Chen Ping, everything is controlled by Chen Ping.

“Chen Ping, let us show off for a while!”

Hu Mazi rubbed his hands, his eyes flashing with excitement.

Huo Jingjing and Mo Qingyun took out their storage bags and prepared to receive the spoils.

Following Chen Ping, the two people are slowly getting used to it!

According to this method and speed, they don't have to worry about not having resources. It won't take much time for them to take over the entire three heavens.

Chen Ping smiled and said, "It's useless to keep it, let's solve it.

"Okay!"

Hu Mazi laughed and rushed forward like a tiger into a flock of sheep.

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Huo Jingjing and Mo Qingyun also used their magic powers. For a while, screams rose and fell in the Savage City, and blood flowed like a river.

"My Savage Blood Clan has no grudges against you, why do you want to kill us all?"

Facing the massacre, the Great Elder really couldn't understand why Chen Ping wanted to destroy their Savage Ancient Clan!

"No grudges?" Chen Ping smiled coldly: "Your Savage King, together with Xuanjizi of Tianyan Sect and Madam Meixin of Xueying Palace, wanted to seize the ancient relics treasures on me. I almost died in their hands."

"If it weren't for my strong strength, I would have let them succeed long ago. Now they are dead, but I want to destroy all their sects!"

Chen Ping's words made the elder look ashen.

Tian Yan Zong, Xue Ying Palace, and their ancient tribe of the wilderness, all joined forces and failed to defeat Chen Ping, so you can imagine how strong Chen Ping is!

The elder slowly closed his eyes. He knew that the ancient tribe of the wilderness was finished, and the Tian Yan Zong and Xue Ying Palace below were also going to be finished!

Chen Ping stood on the city wall with his hands behind his back, overlooking the one-sided massacre, his eyes were calm, as if he was watching an insignificant farce.

For him, destroying a top force in the third heaven was like trampling on a nest of As simple as an ant.

This is the feeling of pleasure brought by strength, high strength is pleasant!

It is pleasant to show off...

Half an hour later, the noisy Savage City was completely silent.

Except for Chen Ping and his party, there was no one alive in the city.

The corpses and blood on the ground turned this ancient city into a Shura field.

Yun Wuya, who was standing aside, was almost scared to death. He looked at Chen Ping standing with his hands behind his back, like a follower!

Yun Wuya's scalp tingled when he remembered that he wanted to make trouble for Chen Ping at that time!

"Chen Ping, it's done!"

Hu Mazi wiped the blood from his face and grinned, "These barbarians are quite rich, and they found a lot of good things!"

Huo Jingjing and Mo Qingyun also handed tens of thousands of storage bags to Chen Ping like offering treasures: "Chen Ping, look, there are a lot of fairy stones and fairy herbs in it, and there are also many secret manuals of martial arts! "

Chen Ping waved his hand casually, and all the storage bags were put together. He scanned with his spiritual sense, and a trace of satisfaction flashed in his eyes.

As one of the top forces in the Three Heavens, the Savage Ancient Clan is indeed rich in resources. There are not only a large number of immortal stones in the storage bag, but also many rare natural treasures, and even a few secret manuals of the late stage of the scattered immortal realm.

These densely packed skills are very useful for the Mohist School and the Eight Palaces!

Without the support of the Temple, the Eight Palaces have to rely on themselves, so they need more secret manuals, immortal stones and the like!

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“Search all the resources here, including their treasure house and immortal mines.”

Chen Ping said after taking a glance at Savage City.

These cultivators have so many good things on them, so there must be a lot of treasures hidden in the entire Savage City!

“No problem, I love searching for treasures the most!”

Hu Mazi chuckled and began to search the Savage City with Huo Jingjing and Mo Qingyun in an orderly manner.

Seeing this, Yun Wuya took the initiative to join in and help search, but he did not dare to hide even a single immortal stone!

Chen Ping walked alone to the Barbarian King Hall, the core area of the Savage Ancient Clan.

The decoration in the hall was rough, with animal bones and furs everywhere, and a faint smell of blood still remained on the throne in the center.

Chen Ping released his consciousness, and instantly covering the entire Barbarian King Hall, he soon found the real treasure house of the ancient barbarian tribe.

Chen Ping's consciousness penetrated into the restrictions under the floor tiles of the Barbarian King Hall like a spider web, and finally locked onto the dark yellow stone wall behind the throne in the center of the hall.

The stone wall looked ordinary, but it was flowing with the rough runes unique to the ancient wilderness, and each line was bloody and ancient.

He flicked his finger, and a wisp of chaotic sword energy burst out from his fingertips, accurately slashing at the node of the stone wall rune.

“Boom ——”

The stone wall cracked in response, revealing a bottomless passage.

The passage was pitch black, with only a faint golden light flashing at the end, accompanied by a rich and indissoluble aura and... A faint fluctuation of the soul.

Chen Ping's eyes condensed, and he stepped into the passage. As soon as his feet touched the ground, thousands of bone lamps suddenly lit up around him, illuminating a circular treasure house with a dome of a hundred feet.

The scene inside the treasure house was shocking: the walls were inlaid with night-light fairy crystals, making the whole space as bright as day;

On the central jade platform, there were piles of fairy stones as big as a hill, and the spiritual energy was so rich that it almost turned into substance;

There were also countless jade boxes and animal skin scrolls placed randomly, and several spiritual herbs emitting chaotic breath among them made Chen Ping's sea of consciousness tremble slightly.

But what really made his pupils shrink was a golden soul suspended in the deepest part of the treasure house.

The soul was about three feet tall, wearing animal bone armor, with a blurred face but revealing the majesty of looking down on the world. Surrounding it were the unique totem phantoms of the ancient barbaric tribe, and every pattern seemed to contain the laws of the beginning of heaven and earth.

“Outsider, trespassing into the ancestral land of the barbaric, seeking death!”

Shenhun opened his mouth, his voice was like the roar of thousands of beasts, shaking the whole treasure house.

Chen Ping felt an overwhelming pressure coming at him, which was more than a hundred times stronger than the previous great elder, and even touched the threshold of the quasi-saint realm.

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He instantly activated the origin of time, and his domain exploded, trying to suppress the other party.

However, Shenhun just smiled coldly, waved his robe sleeves, and a golden air wave as solid as iron hit Chen Ping’s domain.

With a “crack”, the time domain shattered like glass. Chen Ping felt a tightness in his chest, and was shocked by this air wave and retreated three steps, with a trace of blood at the corner of his mouth.

“You dare to show off your skills in front of me with just the prototype of the origin of time?”

The phantom of the soul stepped into the air, and his five fingers became claws, grabbing Chen Ping’s throat with the power of tearing space, “Considering that your cultivation is not easy, you will abandon your cultivation, and I can keep your body intact.”

Chen Ping’s eyes were cold, and the chaotic true energy in his body was running wildly. At the same time, he sacrificed the Immortal Slaying Flying Knife, which turned into a green light and shot towards the center of Shenhun’s eyebrows.

But Shenhun just pointed casually, and the flying knife was shaken back, and even a tiny crack appeared on it.

“Impossible...”

Chen Ping was horrified.

The strength of this Shenhun far exceeded his expectations. With only a wisp of residual soul, it has such power. What kind of existence is the ancestor of the ancient barbaric tribe?

He used several magical powers in succession, and even triggered the chaos beads in the sea of consciousness, but Shenhun was like an eternal mountain, unmoved, and every counterattack put him in danger.

Seeing that the attack of Shenhun was getting more and more fierce, Chen Ping’s true energy was about to run out. He gritted his teeth and sank into the sea of consciousness and said: “Senior, it’s your turn!”

“Hahaha... Are you letting me possess you again? ”

Red Cloud Demon Lord laughed!

“No, this guy is a spirit, you just come out directly.” Chen Ping said!

Red Cloud Demon Lord is also a spirit body at this time, so it is just right to deal with this guy in front of him!

The seal in the sea of consciousness was broken with a bang, and a dark red figure wrapped in monstrous demonic energy soared into the sky. It was the Red Cloud Demon Lord who had been in Chen Ping’s sea of consciousness for a long time.

As soon as he appeared, he turned into a stream of light and rushed into the treasure house, directly approaching the golden spirit.

“Where did you come from, the old immortal, dare to touch my people?”

Red Cloud Demon Lord’s body suddenly grew, turning into a thousand-foot demon shadow, pointing at the nose of the spirit and cursing, “Look at your appearance that is neither human nor ghost, have you been dead for tens of thousands of years and no one has burned paper money for you? Are you so poor that only bones are left?”

The golden spirit obviously did not expect Chen Ping to release such a rogue. He was stunned at first, and then shouted angrily: “How dare you! I am the ancestor of the ancient barbaric tribe. How can I allow you, a demon, to blaspheme me! ”

“Ancestor?”

The Red Cloud Demon Lord sneered, circled around the soul, and suddenly pointed at a crack on the opponent’s armor and laughed, “I think I am so great, but it turns out that I was fighting with the old sow of the demon tribe next door, and my armor was cracked by her hoof?”

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The golden soul obviously didn’t expect Chen Ping to release such a scoundrel. He was stunned at first, then shouted angrily: “How dare you! I am the ancestor of the ancient barbaric tribe. How can you, a demon, blaspheme!”

“Ancestor?”

The Red Cloud Demon Lord sneered, circled around the soul, and suddenly pointed at a crack on the opponent’s armor and laughed, “I think I’m so great, but I was fighting with the old sow of the demon tribe next door, and my armor was cracked by her hoof?”

“Tsk tsk, isn’t it embarrassing? If this gets out, where will your ancient tribe put their faces?”

The soul was so angry that the golden light surged, and the totem shadows around it were trembling: “You... How do you know? ! ”

“I know a lot!”

The Red Cloud Demon Lord glared, and suddenly approached the soul, with a strong demonic aura blowing in his face, “With your virtue, how can you be worthy of being an ancestor? Do you believe that I can pee you to death?”

“Who are you?” The ancestor of the ancient barbaric tribe looked at the Red Cloud Demon Lord with some horror!

“I am the Red Cloud Demon Lord...” The Red Cloud Demon Lord slowly reported his name!

“Red Cloud Demon Lord?”

The ancestor of the ancient barbaric tribe suddenly widened his eyes!

“Why? Do you know me?” The Red Cloud Demon Lord asked!

“Of course, thousands of years ago, you killed more than ten thousand immortals in a battle in the Ninth Heaven, who doesn’t know you!”

The ancestor of the ancient barbaric tribe flattered the Red Cloud Demon Lord.

When the Demon Lord Chiyun heard this, he felt a little embarrassed. He smiled and said, “A hero doesn’t brag about his past achievements. I am only a spirit now, and my body has been destroyed.”

“Since you know me, please give me a favor and let me take all your treasures away. Anyway, your ancient tribe has been destroyed, and it’s useless for you to have so many treasures with just a spirit!”

The words of the Demon Lord Chiyun completely broke the psychological defense of the ancestor of the ancient tribe. He didn’t expect that his ancient tribe had been destroyed.

The ancestor of the ancient tribe looked at the undisguised teasing and threat in the eyes of the Demon Lord Chiyun, and then looked at Chen Ping who seemed to be smiling beside him, and finally realized that he had met a tough guy.

He knew that if he didn't agree, he might not be able to keep this spirit.

"Okay, I'll leave this treasure house to you, but I hope you won't touch the foundation of my ancient clan's inheritance. When I rebuild my body, I can make the ancient barbaric clan reappear!"

After the ancestor of the ancient barbaric clan finished speaking, he turned into a golden light and instantly sank into the stone tablet deep in the treasure house, and there was no movement.

Chen Ping looked at the ancestor of the ancient barbaric clan who left, and then looked at the proud Chiyun Demon Lord with his hands on his waist, and couldn't help but smile.

"Senior, I didn't expect you to have such a loud reputation!" Chen Ping flattered Chiyun Demon Lord.

"Of course, I have no rivals under the Ninth Heaven!"

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Chiyun Demon Lord smiled proudly!

Chen Ping's consciousness moved, and Chiyun Demon Lord's soul instantly returned to the sea of consciousness.

"Damn, what's wrong with you asking me to stay outside for a while?" Chiyun Demon Lord yelled.

"I'm afraid that your soul will be exposed for too long and damaged, and it will be troublesome if you can't reshape your body!"

Chen Ping said!

After Chen Ping said this, the Red Cloud Demon Lord didn't say a word.

Chen Ping then waved his hand, and countless natural treasures, secret manuals, and ancient spiritual tools were instantly collected into his storage ring.

What surprised him most was a "chaos spiritual root" rooted in the chaos stone, and a fragment of the "Barbaric Body Refining Art" that exuded an ancient atmosphere. The body refining method recorded in it was actually many times stronger than the body refining technique of the ancient body refining clan in the Tianren Realm.

"With this body refining art, my body can be stronger!" Chen Ping put away the barbaric body refining art, and then set his eyes on the chaos spiritual root!

This chaos spiritual root is obviously still growing, and the fairy energy around it is obviously much richer.

"If this thing is planted in the Demon Suppression Tower, won't there always be fairy spirit in the tower?"

Chen Ping pondered, and then brought the Chaos Spirit Root and the Chaos Stone into the Demon Suppression Tower!

Soon, the Chaos Spirit Root actually grew in front of Chen Ping at a speed visible to the naked eye!

The flow of time in the tower is a hundred times faster than outside, so the growth rate is also much faster!

Chen Ping laughed and put some fairy stones into the Demon Suppression Tower. In the future, Chen Ping will practice in the Demon Suppression Tower, and the speed will be much faster!

However, with the improvement of Chen Ping's realm, the consumption of resources is also huge!

If there are more plants like Chaos Spirit Root that can continuously produce fairy spirit, that would be great!

After leaving the treasure house, Hu Mazi and the others also came over!

Everyone had a lot of harvests. Yun Wuya took out all the things he had looted, and did not dare to keep any of them privately.

“I’m so tired. If this goes on, you may not be tired of killing people, but we are so tired of looting things!” Hu Mazi wiped the sweat from his forehead and said! Chen Ping glanced at Mo Qingyun and Huo Jingjing. The two girls were also blushing at this moment. After all, this Savage City is huge. It is really too tiring for them to loot it! “Yun Wuya, send a signal and ask all the disciples of your Qingyun Sect to come over. This kind of looting will be inevitable in the future. It is really too tiring for you guys alone!” After Chen Ping finished speaking, he threw thousands of storage bags to Yun Wuya and said, “These resources are for you. Be obedient and honest. In the future, your Qingyun Sect will also have a place in the Three Heavens!” “Thank you, Mr. Chen, thank you, Mr. Chen. I am willing to be a dog for Mr. Chen!” Yun Wuya was very excited. Yun Wuya quickly sent a message to notify his disciples of Qingyun Sect to come quickly! “Let’s go too...” Chen Ping knew that it was time to go to the next destination! But just as Chen Ping and his group were about to leave, the world suddenly shook violently, the bloody setting sun was swallowed by dark clouds, and gray-black mist rose from the broken walls of the Barbarian King’s Palace.

Chen Ping felt a chilly breath penetrate the clouds. The breath was not as wild as the wild ancient tribe, but it carried a precise and mechanical sense of killing, as if countless dead souls were wailing in the fog.

“Be careful!”

Hu Mazi protected Huo Jingjing and Mo Qingyun behind him, and the compass needle on his waist spun wildly, “This is not a spiritual fluctuation... It’s a soul demon!”

Three black shadows condensed from the fog, shaped like ink-stained human figures, with fine white light chains wrapped around their bodies, and a dim soul fire at the end of each light chain.

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They did not look at Chen Ping and others, but walked straight to the pile of corpses of the barbaric ancient tribe monks, and grabbed the air with their skinny fingers.

Those souls that had not yet dissipated were like being pulled by invisible threads, turning into dots of green light and merging into the black gourds hanging in their sleeves.

Yun Wuya's pupils shrank suddenly, and he pulled Chen Ping's sleeve and whispered: "Mr. Chen, these three people should be the people of the mysterious organization I told you about."

The black-clothed men moved very quickly, and in the blink of an eye, they looted the souls of hundreds of corpses on the square.

One of them suddenly stopped, and pointed his withered finger at the treasure house deep in the Barbarian King's Palace: "The breath of the residual soul is here."

The three of them broke into the treasure house like a shadow, ignoring the fairy stones and spiritual herbs scattered all over the ground, and went straight to the stone tablet engraved with totems.

The leading black-clothed man took out a rusty bronze bell and shook it gently. The sound of "ding ding" was not loud, but it made the Red Cloud Demon Lord in Chen Ping's sea of consciousness suddenly swear: "Damn it! It's the 'Soul Locking Bell', an evil weapon specifically used to deal with the soul!"

The golden lines on the stone tablet flashed violently, and the soul of the wild ancestor was pulled out of the cracks of the stone by an invisible force, turning into a ball of light struggling at the mouth of the bell.

The black-clothed man had no expression on his face. As soon as the bell was retracted, the ball of light completely disappeared in the runes on the bell body.

At this moment, three pupils as black as night turned to Chen Ping at the same time.

The leader's voice was like two pieces of broken ice rubbing against each other: "There is a powerful soul in your sea of consciousness, hand it over."

Chen Ping's heart sank, and he subconsciously activated the Concentration Heart Technique to protect his sea of consciousness.

"No." Chen Ping said in a cold tone.

"If you don't accept my toast, you'll have to drink the wine." The black-clothed man stopped talking nonsense. The three of them formed seals at the same time, and three black light ropes flew out of their sleeves. The thousands of soul fires strung on the light ropes suddenly surged, turning into a large soul-killing net that covered Chen Ping.

The shrill cries from the nets actually caused ripples in Chen Ping's sea of consciousness.

The three soul-killing nets covered him like a spider web, and the cries of thousands of dead souls in the nets turned into real sound waves, which made Chen Ping's eardrums hurt.

He subconsciously activated the indestructible golden body, and his whole body was covered with golden scales.

Hu Mazi also instantly sacrificed several talismans, forming a series of shields around them.

"Sizzle..."

The moment the soul-killing net touched the light shield, those cold and piercing soul fires turned into green smoke with a sizzling sound, just like snow meeting the scorching sun.

Chen Ping also activated the Concentration Heart Technique at the same time, madly devouring the Yin-killing power he came into contact with.

"This evil spirit is so damn pure..." Chen Ping was very shocked. He didn't expect that the evil spirit of these three black-clothed men was as pure as before!

This pure evil spirit is very useful for Chen Ping's cultivation!

The black-clothed man in the lead saw this and showed surprise for the first time on his withered face:
“Impossible! The power of the soul-killing spirit can kill gods and demons. How can you resist it with your mortal body?”