

## The Order 8611

Chapter: 8611

“No, no, we don’t know each other without fighting, I still have some resources here, you can rest assured to heal your injuries here!”

The Seventh Palace Master is very attentive. At this moment, he just wants to make friends with Chen Ping and doesn’t want to offend him!

The bloody smell of the Seventh Palace ruins has not yet dissipated, and the Seventh Palace Master has ordered people to clear out a secluded stone chamber.

The inner wall of the stone chamber is inlaid with rare Jingxin jade, which can slightly suppress the fluctuation of spiritual power and is most suitable for healing.

“Chen Ping, these are the only three ‘Spirit Concentrating Pills’ left in my Seventh Palace. They are very effective in stabilizing the soul. You can use them first.”

The Seventh Palace Master held the jade box in both hands, his attitude was respectful and almost humble.

He had witnessed the horror of the Nine Heavens Soul with his own eyes, and now facing Chen Ping, he no longer had any hostility.

Huo Jingjing helped Chen Ping sit down, frowning as she looked at the black air spreading in his chest: “This demonic energy is very overbearing, will it hurt the root?”

Chen Ping waved his hand and put the Spirit Concentrating Pill into the storage ring: “It’s okay, although Senior Chi Yun’s power is strong, there is room for it, but my body can’t bear it for the time being.”

His fingertips passed across his eyebrows, and a barely detectable golden light flashed, and the shadow of the Demon Suppression Tower slowly rotated in his body.

“I need to retreat for a few days, so I’ll trouble the Seventh Palace Master to look after this place.”

Before he finished speaking, a faint golden halo appeared around Chen Ping, and he slowly sank into the ground.

The stone wall inlaid with the Jingxin jade trembled violently, and an ancient tower shadow rose from the ground, completely engulfing his figure.

“Is this... an independent space inside the magic weapon?”

The Seventh Palace Master took a breath of cold air, looking at the stone slabs on the ground that had returned to a flat state, his eyes full of horror.

Being able to connect the magic weapon space with the ground veins, this method is far beyond the cognition of the three-level heaven cultivators.

Inside the Demon Suppression Tower, however, it was a different scene.

There were countless immortal stones and spiritual veins in the Demon Suppression Tower, as well as immortal herbs and various spiritual treasures. These were all snatched by Chen Ping after he destroyed those sects!

“Damn old devil, using such a domineering force, do you want to dismantle my body and rebuild it?”

Chen Ping gritted his teeth and operated his mind method, trying to repair his body.

As the Condensation Heart Technique was in operation, countless immortal energy rushed into Chen Ping’s body!

Three days and three nights passed quietly.

Outside the stone room, Huo Jingjing, Mo Qingyun and Hu Mazi stayed together.

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The Seventh Palace Master came to visit every day, and the healing elixirs he brought filled half of the room. He even gave away the "Mysterious Ice Jade Marrow" that he had treasured for many years.

"Sister Jingjing, do you think Chen Ping will be in trouble?"

Mo Qingyun rubbed his palms, his face full of worry.

She still couldn't forget the terrifying look of Chen Ping when he turned into a demon god. The world-destroying pressure made him sleep restlessly at night.

Huo Jingjing looked at the closed stone door with a firm look in her eyes: "He is not the kind of person who falls easily."

Having said that, cold sweat had already seeped out of her clenched fists.

At this time, in the Demon Suppression Tower, Chen Ping was undergoing a transformation.

"Crack..."

As if an invisible shackle was broken, the purple-gold energy in Chen Ping's body surged three times, and the air waves around him rushed straight to the top of the tower!

The barrier of the fifth level of the scattered fairyland was broken, and the surging spiritual power rushed through the meridians and finally settled in the depths of the sea of qi. Chen Ping's strength had a qualitative leap.

The sixth level of the scattered fairyland!

Chen Ping slowly opened his eyes, and a purple-gold light flashed in his eyes.

He spread his palms, and a ray of purple-gold energy jumped at his fingertips. The moment it touched the air, it caused subtle ripples in the space.

“Is this the power of the sixth level of the scattered fairyland?”

He murmured to himself, feeling the unprecedented fullness in his body.

The wound that was previously eroded by the demonic energy has scabbed and fallen off, leaving only a shallow scar, wrapped in purple-gold energy, faintly emitting warmth.

Most of the immortal stones in the Demon Suppression Tower gradually dimmed, as if they had completed their mission.

Chen Ping stood up and stretched his muscles. His bones made a series of crisp explosions, and every inch of muscle was filled with explosive power.

The strength of the sixth level of the scattered fairyland, Chen Ping, was enough to deal with the cultivators of the earth fairyland.

“Senior Chiyun, thank you this time.” Chen Ping said softly.

After a moment of silence, the lazy voice of the Chiyun Demon Lord sounded in his mind: “Boy, don’t be too happy too early. Those two old guys are just minions. The organization that can send out such characters must have more powerful old monsters behind them. With your cultivation, you still have to run if you meet them.”

Chen Ping’s mouth curled up a smile: “Run? There is never the word “escape” in my Chen Ping’s dictionary.”

“Damn, you only know how to brag. If I hadn’t taken action these few times, you would have died long ago if you hadn’t escaped!”

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The Chiyun Demon Lord did not hesitate to expose his shortcomings!

Chen Ping was embarrassed for a while, and his body moved, turning into a golden light and rushing out of the Demon Suppression Tower, landing in the stone chamber.

“Chen Ping!” Huo Jingjing rushed up immediately after seeing the stone door open. Seeing his energetic appearance, her heart finally settled down, but her eyes turned red involuntarily, “You scared me to death!”

Mo Qingyun also rushed up, and the two girls hugged Chen Ping tightly, not caring about other people’s eyes!

These days, they were really worried about Chen Ping’s injuries!

The Seventh Palace Master followed closely behind, and felt the aura of the sixth level of the scattered fairyland on Chen Ping, and his eyes almost popped out: “It’s only been a few days? You... You broke through?”

It is difficult to upgrade to the scattered fairyland by one level. Ordinary cultivators may not be able to reach the threshold even after ten or eight years. However, Chen Ping broke through two levels while seriously injured. This speed of cultivation simply overturned his cognition.

Chen Ping smiled and did not explain: “Thank you for your trouble, Lord Seven.”

In the Demon Suppression Tower, one year in the outside world is one hundred years in the tower. Although Chen Ping only stayed for three days, he spent nearly a year in the tower.

Chen Ping felt the surging power in his body, and his eyes softened instantly when he fell on Huo Jingjing and Mo Qingyun.

He had noticed when he just broke through. Although the two girls did not say it clearly, they could not hide their fatigue between their brows, and the circulation of spiritual power around them was also slightly sluggish.

It was obvious that they had been injured in the previous battle with the Shadow Guard, but they were just holding on so as not to make him worry.

“You two, come here.” Chen Ping waved his hand, his tone full of unquestionable concern.

Huo Jingjing and Mo Qingyun looked at each other and walked in front of him obediently.

Mo Qingyun subconsciously wanted to hide the bruise on his wrist, but was grabbed by Chen Ping.

“You want to hide this minor injury from me?”

Chen Ping’s fingertips brushed the purple on her wrist, where the cold and gloomy aura of the Shadow Guard’s poisonous blade remained. “And Jingjing, your spiritual power is stagnant in your dantian. Do you think I can’t see it?”

Huo Jingjing’s cheeks were slightly red, and she whispered, “It’s okay, just rest for a few days.”

“No.”

Chen Ping shook his head, and a faint golden light appeared in his palm. A warm breath enveloped the two of them. “The evil energy in your body has invaded the meridians, and ordinary elixirs are difficult to eradicate.

I will use the golden dragon bloodline to help you dredge it, and by the way...”

He paused, looked at the two people’s blushing cheeks, and smiled, “By the way, I will borrow the method of double cultivation to help you stabilize your realm.”

“Double, double cultivation?!” Mo Qingyun retracted his hand as if he was burned, and his ears were red enough to drip blood, “Chen Ping, this, this is too...”

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Huo Jingjing also lowered her eyes, her long eyelashes trembled, and her fingertips twisted the corners of her clothes, but she did not directly refuse.

After all, it was too embarrassing for Chen Ping to directly talk about dual cultivation in front of so many people.

Hu Mazi, who was standing by, suddenly laughed and crossed his arms and teased: “I say Chen Ping, if you want to be intimate with the girls, just say it directly, why bother talking about healing? We are all men, who doesn’t understand who?”

“You know shit.”

Chen Ping laughed and scolded, “The cold energy in their bodies conflicts with my golden dragon bloodline, and only by guiding it with the method of dual cultivation can it be completely eliminated. Besides, they have accompanied me through life and death, and I help them improve their cultivation, isn’t it right?”

Hu Mazi laughed and said, “It’s right! It’s right! Then you guys hurry up, I’ll be guarding outside, and I guarantee that no one will disturb you!”

Mo Qingyun was so embarrassed by what he said that he wanted to find a hole to crawl into.

Huo Jingjing took a deep breath and looked up at Chen Ping. Although there was shyness in her eyes, she was determined: “As long as I can help everyone... I am willing.”

Seeing Huo Jingjing’s response, Mo Qingyun bit his lip and nodded, but buried his head even lower.

Chen Ping said no more, his fingertips passed across his eyebrows, and the golden light of the Demon Suppression Tower lit up again, covering the three of them.

When Hu Mazi's laughter disappeared in their ears, the three of them were already standing in the inner hall of the Demon Suppression Tower.

The spiritual energy here is a hundred times richer than the outside world, and the fairy stones all over the ground emit a soft halo. The jade bed in the center is covered with thousand-year-old warm jade, which can automatically warm the soul.

"Don't be afraid."

Chen Ping held their hands, and the warmth of the golden dragon blood came through his palms. "Relax your mind and follow my spiritual power."

Huo Jingjing and Mo Qingyun closed their eyes and felt the warm golden air flow slowly into their bodies.

At first they were a little nervous, but when the golden flow touched the cold and hidden injuries in the meridians, they felt a comfortable numbness and gradually relaxed.

Chen Ping sat cross-legged and asked the two to sit on his left and right, with his palms against their dantian.

He used the Condensation Heart Technique to activate the original power of the golden dragon blood in his body, turning it into two golden lines and slowly probing into the bodies of the two.

Where the golden blood passed, the cold air melted like ice and snow meeting the sun, making a "sizzling" sound.

Huo Jingjing and Mo Qingyun groaned, and felt a warm current coming from their dantian. The originally stagnant spiritual power began to run wildly and rushed along the meridians.

"Now!" Chen Ping shouted, guiding the two people's aura to blend with his golden dragon blood.

In an instant, three figures were wrapped in golden light cocoons, and sometimes dragon shadows hovered in the light cocoons, and sometimes green lotus bloomed.

Dual cultivation is not a simple demand, but a complement and resonance of energy.

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Chen Ping's golden dragon blood is domineering and fierce, which just neutralizes the coldness in the two people's bodies;

And their spiritual power also feeds back to Chen Ping, making his slightly impetuous state gradually stabilized after the breakthrough.

The flow of time in the Demon Suppression Tower quietly changed. It was a moment in the outside world, but it had been many days in the tower.

Chen Ping got up and put on his clothes. With his current strength, it was too easy for a man to fight two women.

When the golden light cocoon dissipated, Huo Jingjing and Mo Qingyun slowly opened their eyes, with spiritual light flowing in their eyes, and the strong aura of the sixth level of the scattered fairyland emanated from their bodies.

The bruises on Mo Qingyun's wrists had long disappeared, and his skin was as smooth as jade;

The fatigue between Huo Jingjing's eyebrows disappeared, and her temperament became more and more cold and elegant, but with a hint of gentleness after being nourished.

"I... broke through?" Mo Qingyun looked at his palms, feeling the unprecedented power in his body, his face full of surprise.

Huo Jingjing also clenched her fists, and could clearly feel that the bottleneck that had troubled her before was completely broken, and her spiritual power flow was more than ten times smoother than before.

Chen Ping smiled and retracted his hand. Although the golden dragon blood in his body was consumed a lot, it was more condensed: "Now you know, you are not just thinking about taking advantage, right?"

Mo Qingyun's cheeks flushed, and she glared at him in a reproachful way, but she didn't know that this look was full of charm.

Huo Jingjing stepped forward and gently hugged Chen Ping's arm, her voice trembling with a barely perceptible tremor: "You almost killed both of us, it's all swollen."

Chen Ping patted the back of her hand, his eyes gentle: "It's okay, just take care of it."

The three of them smiled at each other, and the previous shyness had already turned into tacit understanding.

When they walked out of the Demon Suppression Tower again, Hu Mazi saw the breath of Huo Jingjing and Mo Qingyun, and his eyes widened immediately.

"Damn! Sixth level of scattered fairyland?!"

Hu Mazi wiped his eyes, rushed up and circled around the two of them, "I say Chen Ping, your healing method is too powerful, isn't it? Not only does it cure diseases, but it also helps to accelerate growth?" He winked at Chen Ping, "Tell me the truth, you haven't been drained in there these few days, right?"

Mo Qingyun blushed again after being told by him, and hid behind Huo Jingjing.

Huo Jingjing said angrily: "Master Hu! Don't talk nonsense!"

Chen Ping laughed and put his arms around the shoulders of the two: "Want to know? Why don't you find a girl to try it yourself?"

Hu Mazi touched his chin and said with a yearning look: "This is a good idea..."

Looking at the three people talking and laughing, the Seventh Palace Master who was guarding in the distance was a little puzzled and said: "It's a pity. Chen Ping's strength is good, but he is still a little lacking in dual cultivation. It's only been a short hour!"

When Chen Ping heard it, he was speechless!

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Hu Mazi laughed and said: "Seventh Palace Master, you don't understand. The time of this Demon Suppression Tower is one year outside the tower, and a hundred years inside the tower. Don't look at the short hour outside. Chen Ping has been doing it for several days inside."

"If I'm not mistaken, these two little girls are swollen..."

"Ah? So powerful?" The Seventh Palace Master was shocked!

Huo Jingjing and Mo Qingyun both blushed and lowered their heads. Only they knew whether it was swollen or not!

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The mysterious place of the Three Heavens!

There is no sunlight here all year round. The thick black fog is like substance, and even the sunlight cannot penetrate.

Deep in the sky, a palace built of thousands of dry bones is suspended in the air. The three big characters "Evil Dao Palace" on the palace plaque are written in solidified blood plasma, emitting a disgusting fishy smell.

On the main seat, a figure shrouded in a black robe sits quietly.

He is surrounded by nine gray-black soul flags. Countless twisted faces on the flags are screaming in pain. Every swing makes the temperature of the entire palace drop by three points.

This person is the great elder of the Evil Dao Palace, You Wuxie.

The soul lamps of the two elders of the Netherworld are extinguished, and even those shadow guards of the underworld are all destroyed!

This blow is huge for You Wuxie!

As the great elder and the helmsman of the Evil Dao Hall, he couldn't explain to the organization.

The most important thing is that the tokens were lost, which are the most precious things of their Evil Dao Hall!

As long as a few tokens absorb enough undead souls, after opening, they can open the coordinate map of Tianlin Cave Mansion, and they can find the legendary Tianling Cave Mansion!

In order to absorb enough undead souls, the Evil Dao Hall sent him to lead the two elders of the Netherworld, Ghost Face and others to the Three Heavens, opened up a space, and absorbed undead souls everywhere!

But who knew that the tokens were lost, Ghost Face and the two elders of the Netherworld were also killed. If this news reached the ears of the high-level people of the Evil Dao Hall, he would not be able to die even if he had a hundred lives!

"Waste! All waste!"

A roar like thunder, the stone pillars in the meeting hall were instantly covered with spider web-like cracks.

The twelve shadow guards knelt on one knee, their heads pressed to the ground, shaking like sieves, and dared not even breathe.

On the white jade table in front of You Wuxie, there were two dull soul beads – they were the soul beads of the two elders of the Netherworld. Now they were completely shattered, leaving only a faint spiritual power fluctuation.

“The two elders of the Netherworld have followed me for three hundred years. Their cultivation has long reached the peak of the Sanxian realm. They can hold out for a while even in front of the Earthly Immortal Realm. How could they be killed by a young man from the Third Heaven?”

You Wuxie’s voice was as sharp as nails scraping against glass, “Check! Check it out for me! What is the origin of Chen Ping!”

A hunchbacked old man walked out tremblingly: “Reporting to the Great Elder, I have found out that this boy is called Chen Ping. He suddenly appeared in the territory of Qingyun Sect a few days ago. His cultivation progressed rapidly. He once killed a cultivator of the fifth level of the Sanxian realm with the third level of the Sanxian realm.”

“This time, the two elders of the Xuanming realm were killed. According to the news sent back by the two elders of the Netherworld before their death... Chen Ping seems to be possessed by an extremely powerful spirit.”

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“Possessed by a spirit?” You Wuxie’s pupils suddenly contracted under his black robe, and the nine spirit banners trembled violently. “Could it be the descendant of some old monster?”

“According to the news, the spirit claimed to be from the Ninth Heaven.”

“Ninth Heaven?”

You Wuxie stood up suddenly, and black mist surged around him. The blood pool in the entire palace was set off by huge waves: “No wonder! No wonder the two elders of the Netherworld died so miserably! It turned out that the people of the Ninth Heaven intervened!”

The shadow guards in the meeting hall were so scared that they prostrated themselves on the ground.

They had never seen the great elder lose his composure like this. The three words “Ninth Heaven” seemed to contain some kind of terrifying magic.

You Wuxie took a deep breath and forced himself to suppress the shock in his heart.

He sat down slowly, tapping his fingers on the table, making a dull sound: “Nine Heavens... Humph, even if it is the soul of the Nine Heavens, so what? Dare to kill our people in the Evil Dao Hall, you must pay the price!”

“Let alone a soul of the Nine Heavens, even if it is a cultivator of the Nine Heavens, our Evil Dao Hall is not afraid!”

This sentence directly shows the strength of the Evil Dao Hall, even the cultivators of the Nine Heavens are not afraid!

The organization that can find the token, and then secretly collect the undead, intending to find the Tianlin Cave Mansion, must be strong!

Otherwise, even if they find the coordinates of the Tianlin Cave Mansion, they will not be able to protect it.

“Grand Elder, Chen Ping is now recuperating in the Seventh Palace, and the Lord of the Seventh Palace seems to be protecting him...”

“Seventh Palace?” You Wuxie sneered, and the face on the soul flag let out a shrill scream, “A self-proclaimed God Clan, a declining branch of the Temple, dares to interfere in my affairs? Pass the order down, mobilize the eight great priests and twelve blood guards of the Shadow Nether Pavilion, and follow me to the Seventh Palace!”

This You Wuxie actually doesn’t even take the Temple, or even the entire God Clan, into consideration.

“What?” The old man was shocked, “Grand Elder, are you going to do it yourself?”

Each of the eight great priests is a top-notch warrior who has half a foot in the Earthly Immortal Realm; the twelve blood guards have tempered their bodies with their blood essence, and their combat power is comparable to the peak of the Scattered Immortal Realm.

With such a lineup, it is more than enough to sweep the entire Three Heavens, but now the Grand Elder is going to take them to deal with Chen Ping.

A hint of ruthlessness flashed in You Wuxie's eyes: "This boy can let the Nine Heavens spirit possess him, he is definitely not an ordinary person."

"If we don't kill him before he grows up, he will become a big trouble in the future! What's more..."

He stroked the broken soul bead on the table, his voice icy and piercing, "Someone has to settle the accounts of the two elders of the Netherworld and the Ghost Face."

"But the great elder, the temple..."

"The temple?" You Wuxie sneered, "The temple is now in pieces, and the several hall masters are not in harmony. How dare they meddle in the affairs of our Evil Dao Hall?"

"Tell the seventh hall master to either hand over the person, or... accompany that kid to turn into ashes!"

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"Yes!" The old man did not dare to persuade him anymore and bowed and retreated.

You Wuxie slowly stood up, his black robe fluttering without wind, nine soul flags surrounding his body, emitting a suffocating pressure: "Chen Ping... The soul of the Ninth Heaven... I want to see how much you are worth."

As soon as he finished speaking, his figure turned into a black smoke and disappeared in the meeting hall.

The eight great priests and the twelve blood guards followed closely behind him, and the dense black shadows rushed towards the direction of the Seventh Hall like locusts passing through.

Above the Black Wind Abyss, the originally gloomy sky became even darker, as if foreshadowing an upcoming bloody storm.

In the stone chamber of the Seventh Hall, the atmosphere was so solemn that water could almost drip out.

The Seventh Hall Master held the jade slip of the Evil Dao Hall, his hands trembling slightly, and his face was as pale as paper: "Evil Dao Hall... Evil Dao Hall is crazy!"

"I didn't expect that the people killed by Chen Ping were actually people from the Evil Dao Hall..."

"What is the Evil Dao Hall?" Chen Ping asked with some doubts!

"An organization that specializes in collecting undead souls. I didn't expect these people to come to the Third Heaven!"

The Seventh Palace Master said with a face full of shock!

Hearing this, Chen Ping knew that the mysterious organization that Yun Wuya was talking about was the Evil Dao Hall!

"Is this Evil Dao Hall very powerful?" Chen Ping asked!

"Very powerful. I heard that this Evil Dao Hall has been established for thousands of years and has been collecting undead souls everywhere. As long as there are large-scale deaths of monks and battlefields, people from the Evil Dao Hall will appear."

"I heard that in a sect fight in the Ninth Heaven, tens of thousands of people died, and people from the Evil Dao Hall also appeared."

The Seventh Palace Master said!

“Oh?” Chen Ping frowned: “In this case, isn’t the strength of the Evil Dao Hall at least higher than the Ninth Heaven?”

“Of course, the Evil Dao Hall is a very mysterious organization. You can see their figures almost everywhere, but they never fight, they just collect undead souls everywhere, and I don’t know what they are for!”

“This time I clashed with you, and I don’t know why!”

The Seventh Palace Master said puzzledly!

Chen Ping knew that if he didn’t give the soul of the Red Cloud Demon Lord to him, he would fight him!

At this moment, Chen Ping suddenly thought of the token. It seemed that the evil temple was collecting undead souls everywhere, which might be related to the token!

Chen Ping wanted to ask the Seventh Palace Master, but the Seventh Palace Master might not know, and it was not easy for too many people to know that he had the token, so Chen Ping did not speak!

“What did the evil temple give you?” Hu Mazi asked in a deep voice.

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“You Wuxie... The great elder of the Evil Dao Hall is going to bring people to the Seventh Hall in person!” The Seventh Hall Master’s voice trembled, “He also said that we either hand you over or we will flatten the entire Seventh Hall!”

The Seventh Hall Master took a deep breath, his eyes full of despair, “There are also eight great priests and twelve blood guards accompanying us! This lineup, even if all the sects of the Three Heavens take action, they may not be able to stop it!”

Chen Ping stroked the hilt of the Dragon Slaying Sword with his fingertips, his eyes were terrifyingly calm: "It seems that they are really anxious."

"Chen Ping, why don't you go first!" Huo Jingjing said anxiously, "The Three Heavens are vast, if you hide, they may not be able to find you!"

The Seventh Hall Master also nodded hurriedly: "Chen Ping, if you have a green mountain, you will have no worries about firewood! The Evil Dao Hall is powerful, there is no need to confront it head-on!"

"As long as you are not there, the Evil Dao Hall will not do anything to me. After all, I have the Temple and the entire God Clan behind me."

Chen Ping shook his head and looked up to the northwest.

The sky there had been covered by dark clouds at some point, with faint flashes of lightning, and a frightening pressure was approaching quickly.

"I can't leave." He whispered, "Since You Wuxie dared to come in person, he must have laid a net of heaven and earth, not to mention..."

He paused, and a trace of cold murderous intent flashed in his eyes: "I, Chen Ping, will never leave my troubles to others. They are looking for me, and I will wait for them here."

Outside the Seventh Palace, the dark wind of the Black Wind Abyss became more and more violent, rolling up gravel and hitting the bluestone tiles of the palace, making a "crackling" sound, like the drumbeat of the god of death.

In the stone chamber, the voice of the Seventh Palace Master was trembling uncontrollably, and the jade slip in his hand had already been crushed by him, and the powder fell from his fingers.

Huo Jingjing tightly grasped Mo Qingyun's hand, their knuckles turned white, and the blood on their faces faded. Only Hu Mazhi tried to remain calm, but he couldn't help looking out of the cave frequently, his Adam's apple rolling.

Chen Ping stood in front of the stone gate with his hands behind his back, his eyes piercing through the thick rock wall and looking at the rolling black clouds in the sky.

The spiritual power around him was like a dormant beast, seemingly calm, but actually ready to go.

The Dragon Slaying Sword hummed softly in its sheath, as if sensing the upcoming bloody battle, and the sword body emitted a faint golden light.

“Here it comes.”

Chen Ping’s voice was not loud, but it exploded in everyone’s ears like a thunder.

Before he finished speaking, the entire Seventh Palace suddenly trembled violently, as if thousands of troops were coming on the ground.

There was a sharp sound of breaking through the air outside the cave, and countless black shadows fell on the square of the Seventh Palace like a torrential rain. The densely packed figures covered the sky and the sun, surrounding the entire Seventh Palace.

The black-robed figure at the head of the group was suspended in mid-air, with nine soul banners fluttering behind him.

The faces on the banners were screaming more and more frantically, and the strong smell of corpses and blood mixed together, forming a visible gray wave of air, sweeping towards the Seventh Palace.

“Chen Ping, come out and die!”

You Wuxie’s voice was like a cold wind from the Netherworld, with a biting venom. A thick layer of white frost instantly condensed on the bluestone ground on the square, and several tenaciously growing spiritual herbs turned to wither in an instant.

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The mountain protection formation of the Seventh Palace flickered violently under this pressure, and countless cracks appeared on the light curtain, as if it would collapse in the next moment.

The low-level disciples in the palace had already collapsed on the ground in fear, without even the courage to raise their heads.

The Seventh Palace Master's face was pale, and he subconsciously leaned towards Chen Ping, his voice was filled with tears: "Chen... Chen Ping, this... This is You Wuxie, the cultivation of the Earthly Immortal Realm, we..."

Chen Ping raised his hand to interrupt him, his eyes sharp as a sword: "Stay away, leave this to me."

After that, he took a step forward, and the stone door closed behind him.

On the square, You Wuxie looked down at the figure below, and a cruel smile appeared at the corner of his mouth under his black robe: "Just you? A sixth-grade ant in the scattered immortal realm dares to kill people from my Evil Dao Hall?"

The eight great priests and the twelve blood guards spread out in a fan shape, surrounding Chen Ping.

The eight great priests had a heavy breath, and their bodies exuded the pressure of half a foot in the Earthly Immortal Realm. The twelve blood guards were full of blood and blood, and their eyes were red, like bloodthirsty beasts.

"You Wuxie, right?"

Chen Ping was too lazy to talk nonsense with him. His fingertips moved slightly, and the Dragon Slaying Sword hummed out of its sheath. A brilliant golden sword energy rushed into the sky, tearing a gap in the dark clouds above his head. "I killed the two elders of the Netherworld and Ghost Face. If you want revenge, come on."

"Arrogant!"

A tall worshipper shouted angrily, and a huge bone hammer appeared in his hand. The hammer was covered with barbs and exuded a strong aura of death. "Boy, let me send you to the west!"

Before he finished speaking, he jumped up, and the bone hammer smashed towards Chen Ping with a force of ten thousand pounds. A vacuum zone was smashed in the air, making a sharp explosion.

Chen Ping's eyes condensed, and he did not retreat but advanced. The Dragon Slaying Sword drew a sword flower, and the golden sword energy surged like a tide, colliding with the bone hammer.

"Dang —!"

With a deafening roar, a dazzling light burst out from the place where the golden sword energy collided with the bone hammer. The powerful shock wave blew away the surrounding shadow guards, and the bluestone ground of the square shattered instantly, forming a large pit with a diameter of dozens of feet.

The priest groaned, and was shocked to retreat again and again. His knuckles were cracked, blood was flowing, and his face was full of disbelief: "You... How could your power be..."

Before he finished speaking, Chen Ping appeared in front of him like a ghost, and the Dragon Slaying Sword was as fast as lightning, piercing his throat with one sword.

"Puff!"

Blood spurted out, and the light in the priest's eyes quickly dimmed, and his body fell softly, and he still maintained a shocked expression before he died.

One move!

With just one move, he killed a priest who had half a foot in the earth fairyland!

The square fell into a dead silence in an instant, and even the sound of the wind seemed to stop.

The smile on You Wuxie's face froze, and the pupils under the black robe suddenly shrank.