

The Order 8691

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Chen Ping didn't dare to be careless. He held the Dragon Slaying Sword across his chest, resisting with all his might.

"Dang!"

The fist and sword clashed, making a deafening sound.

Chen Ping felt a surge of force, his arm numb, and he was thrown back repeatedly, blood oozing from the corner of his mouth.

"Seventh-rank Loose Immortal Realm? You can withstand my punch and survive. You're quite capable, kid."

The Black Bear Taoist was a little surprised, but then a look of disdain appeared. "But you're still too weak in front of me."

He charged forward again, his fists raining down on Chen Ping like a torrential rain.

Chen Ping could only barely resist, and soon fell into a disadvantage, with new wounds appearing all over his body.

Hu Mazi tried to move forward to help, but was locked in place by the Black Bear Taoist's aura, preventing him from getting close.

He was terrified, spinning around in circles, but there was nothing he could do.

Just as Chen Ping was about to collapse, a resounding voice suddenly rang out: "Black Bear cub, bullying my benefactor, Nan Batian, have you asked me?"

Even before he finished speaking, a burly figure descended from the sky like a meteor, blocking Chen Ping's path. Nearly three meters tall, his muscles bulging, a defiant smile on his face. It was Nan Batian!

"Nan Batian?"

The Taoist Black Bear's expression instantly darkened upon seeing the newcomer. "Why are you here?"

Nan Batian scoffed: "The Fifth Heaven is so vast, I can go wherever I want. Do I need to report to you?"

He turned to look at Chen Ping, a gentle smile on his face: "Mr. Chen, long time no see. How are you?"

Chen Ping stared at Nan Batian, a mixture of shock and gratitude filling his heart. "Nan Batian? You... How are you here? And your strength..."

He could sense that Nan Batian's strength had now reached the peak of the Seventh Stage of the Earthly Immortal Realm, far more powerful than when he had ascended the Heavenly Ladder in the Celestial Realm. After all, when Nan Batian was ascending the Heavenly Ladder, his strength was suppressed, and he lacked the resources to cultivate.

Nan Batian laughed heartily and said, "It's a long story. After leaving the Celestial Realm, I reached the Fifth Heaven and have been cultivating ever since. I didn't expect to meet Mr. Chen so soon."

"Mr. Chen's strength is growing rapidly, too. He's still fighting above his level as always. He's so impressive, reaching the Fifth Heaven from the Scattered Immortal Realm."

"Shame on you, shame on you! I almost got beaten to death just now!" Chen Ping said shamefacedly.

Nan Batian turned to look at the Black Bear Taoist, his expression instantly turning icy. "Black Bear cub, what did you intend to do to Mr. Chen just now?"

The Black Bear Taoist looked at Nan Batian, then at Chen Ping, stunned.

Nan Batian was a seventh-rank Earthly Immortal Realm cultivator, yet upon seeing Chen Ping, he actually addressed him as “Mr. Chen.” It seemed as if they were old acquaintances.

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Now, thinking back to Chen Ping’s words, the Black Bear Taoist no longer felt like bragging.

“Nan Batian, don’t mess around! I’m the Lord of Black Wind Ridge, and I have someone behind me...” Black Bear Taoist retreated, his eyes filled with fear.

“Even your mother can’t stop me!” Nan Batian interrupted him. In a flash, he appeared before Black Bear Taoist and sent him flying with a punch.

Black Bear Taoist screamed and fell heavily to the ground, spitting blood, clearly seriously injured.

He stared at Nan Batian, his eyes filled with fear, and scrambled to escape.

“Want to run?”

Nan Batian sneered, his figure flashing once more, and he stomped down on the Black Bear Taoist’s chest, pinning him to the ground.

“Nan... Nan Batian, spare me!” The Black Bear Taoist, finally frightened, pleaded desperately, “I was blind to the truth. I didn’t realize this young man was your benefactor. Please, spare me this time!”

Nan Batian snorted disdainfully, “Spare you? When you were about to kill Mr. Chen, why didn’t you think of sparing him?”

He exerted a slight force, and with a crack, the Black Bear Taoist’s sternum was crushed.

Nan Batian kicked him back, sending him careening backwards, where he slammed heavily into a boulder, expiring.

After dispatching the Black Bear Taoist, Nan Batian turned to Chen Ping, a gentle smile on his face. "Mr. Chen, I'm sorry to have frightened you."

Chen Ping said gratefully, "Nan Batian, this time it's all thanks to you. If you hadn't showed up in time, Master Hu and I would have been..."

Nan Batian waved his hand. "You're my benefactor, and I promised to be your servant. Why bother with all this polite talk? If you hadn't saved me on the Heavenly Ladder, I'd still be trapped there. This little thing isn't worth mentioning."

He looked at Hu Mazi and asked in confusion, "Who is this?"

Chen Ping quickly introduced him, "This is Master Hu Mazi, my friend."

Hu Mazi quickly bowed and said, "I am Hu Mazi. Thank you, fellow Daoist, for your help."

Nan Batian laughed heartily. "Master Hu, you're too polite. Since you're Mr. Chen's friend, you must be my friend, Nan Batian."

"Mr. Chen, why did you come to the Fifth Heaven? With your current strength, it's difficult to survive there," Nan Batian asked, puzzled.

Chen Ping told Nan Batian everything about his experiences in the Fourth Heaven and the demise of the Hu family.

Nan Batian grew increasingly enraged as he listened. When he heard about the actions of the Black Evil Palace and the Scarlet Snake Fairy, he slammed his thigh. "Outrageous! How dare these bastards be so arrogant! Mr. Chen, don't worry. I, Nan Batian, am here to seek justice for you!"

Upon hearing this, Hu Mazi said gratefully, "Thank you, fellow Daoist! I was planning to seek revenge against the Black Evil Palace and the Scarlet Snake Fairy. With you here, we have nothing to fear!"

With Nan Batian, a peak-level seventh-grade cultivator in the Earthly Immortal Realm, the Black Evil Palace and the Scarlet Snake Fairy are nothing!

“The Black Demon Palace and the Red Snake Sect—what’s so special about them?” Nan Batian said disdainfully. “Mr. Chen, whenever you want to settle your score with them, I’ll go with you!”

A gleam of light flashed in Chen Ping’s eyes. “Without further delay, let’s go now!”

Nan Batian laughed heartily. “Alright! I like straightforward people! Let’s set off now to confront those Black Demon Palace and Red Snake Sect scumbags in the Fourth Heaven!”

With a flick of his hand, Nan Batian ripped through the void, and the three of them entered the Fourth Heaven.

With Nan Batian’s strength, he could reach the Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth Heavens without even needing a passage.

His strength was clear; there was no stopping him!

After entering the Fourth Heaven, the three of them didn’t linger for long, but headed straight for the Black Demon Palace on Jiupan Mountain. Hu Mazi, in particular, was already getting impatient!

With help this time, he was determined to vent his frustrations.

He wanted to see who dared to attack them, who dared to chase them everywhere.

A peak seventh-grade Sanxian Realm cultivator would be wiped out in a matter of minutes, even if the entire Jiupan Mountain force was combined!

The thought of Youyue’s shocked expression upon seeing Nan Batian made Hu Mazi want to laugh.

He wanted to give Youyue a good beating, to make her cry for her parents, to relieve his hatred.

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At this moment, inside the main hall of the Black Demon Palace, the Youyue Witch anxiously awaited news.

She had already dispatched numerous forces to search for Chen Ping, but to no avail.

“Useless! All useless!”

The Youyue Witch slammed the table, shattering the teacup on it. “With so many of us, if we can’t even find two people, what’s the point of keeping you around?”

After entering the Fifth Heaven, Youyue and her companions realized they couldn’t survive there with their strength, especially after Youyue was nearly murdered. They hurried back to the Fourth Heaven!

They suspected that Chen Ping and Hu Mazi’s strength wouldn’t allow them to survive in the Fifth Heaven, and they would definitely exploit the spatial rift to return to the Fourth Heaven!

So they sent people everywhere to search for Chen Ping and Hu Mazi, but there was still no news.

The cultivators below trembled with fear, and no one dared to speak.

Just then, a guard rushed in in a panic: “Witch, Chen Ping and Hu Mazi are coming with a group to attack us!”

“What?” The Phantom Moon Witch was stunned. “I was looking for them, and I didn’t expect them to show up?”

“They’re already outside the palace gates!” the guard said.

The Phantom Moon Witch sneered: "Pass my order, all disciples, assemble immediately and follow me to fight!"

Soon, the disciples of the Black Evil Palace gathered outside the palace gates.

Just then, three figures descended from the sky and landed before the Black Evil Palace disciples.

They were Chen Ping, Nan Batian, and Hu Mazi.

"Phantom Moon Witch, how are you?" Chen Ping looked at her coldly, his eyes gleaming with murderous intent.

The Phantom Moon Witch sneered at Chen Ping: "Chen Ping, you're so bold! You even dared to come to us on your own initiative? Do you think you can defeat our Black Demon Palace just by enlisting the help of a tall man?"

Hu Mazi sneered: "Phantom Moon Witch, stop talking nonsense. We're here today to seek justice. If you know what's good for you, surrender yourself and let me have you for a few nights. Once you've satisfied me, I'll spare your life!"

"You're looking for death!" The Phantom Moon Witch roared. "Go! Kill them, and there's a huge reward!"

The disciples of the Black Demon Palace rushed towards Chen Ping and the others like a tide.

Nan Batian laughed heartily and rushed forward, his aura instantly exploding!

The overwhelming pressure instantly pinned all the disciples of the Black Demon Palace to the ground, rendering them unable to move!

Even Phantom Moon slumped down, as if crushed by a mountain, unable to even stand straight!

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Youyue stared at Nan Batian in shock. She couldn't even discern his true realm or strength.

"Nan Batian, leave Youyue to me. You don't have to worry about her!"

With that, Chen Ping drew his Dragon Slaying Sword and charged at Youyue Witch. Unleashing the full force of his seventh-grade Scattered Immortal Realm power, his golden sword energy crisscrossed, overwhelming anyone in his path.

Hu Mazi watched leisurely, ready to stop Chen Ping at any moment!

He couldn't let Chen Ping kill Youyue. He had to kill her himself.

Youyue Witch looked at the Black Evil Palace disciples lying on the ground, her anxiety growing. She knew they were going to die here today.

But facing Chen Ping's attack, Youyue gritted her teeth and met his attack!

"Chen Ping, let me see your skills today!" Youyue Witch cried out, her long whip lashing out at Chen Ping like a spirited snake.

Chen Ping snorted coldly, wielding his Dragon Slaying Sword to meet the long whip.

Golden-red lights collided, emitting a sharp sound.

The two exchanged blows, each a close fight.

The Youyue Witch was indeed formidable, having already reached the fourth level of the Earthly Immortal Realm, a significant improvement from her previous level.

But with the help of the Pure World Green Lotus, Chen Ping had not only broken through to the seventh level of the Loose Immortal Realm, but also gained even more combat experience.

For a moment, the two were evenly matched.

“Let me show you, you female devil, the power of my Devil Whip!” Chen Ping declared, sheathing his Dragon Slaying Sword and unleashing his Devil Whip!

The Devil Whip cracked in the air, and Youyue felt as if her consciousness had been forcibly ripped away!

The Youyue Witch was filled with fear; the Devil Whip was too shocking for her.

She knew that the Black Demon Palace was doomed today.

He gritted his teeth and suddenly ran deep into the Black Evil Palace, “Father, help!”

Chen Ping frowned and immediately gave chase.

“It’s no use calling me ancestors today!”

Nan Batian also gave chase.

Hu Mazi followed closely behind.

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Deep within the Black Evil Palace, within a gloomy palace, an old man in a black robe slowly opened his eyes.

He was You Yue Witch's father, the Palace Master of the Black Evil Palace, You Wuji. He had reached the fifth level of the Earthly Immortal Realm.

In the Fourth Heaven, a fifth-level Earthly Immortal was considered a master among masters, and could easily ascend to the Fifth Heaven!

However, You Wuji was worried that if the Black Evil Palace were handed over to his daughter, she would be unable to manage it, and the elders would not accept his disapproval. Therefore, he remained in the Black Evil Palace to cultivate.

"Who dares to be so presumptuous in my Black Evil Palace?"

You Wuji's voice resounded like a bell, carrying a powerful pressure.

The Phantom Moon Witch ran to You Wuji, sobbing, "Father, please help me! Chen Ping and his men have stormed in, and our disciples have suffered heavy casualties!"

You Wuji's expression instantly darkened. "Chen Ping? How dare you cause trouble in my Black Demon Palace? Who are you? Do you have a master behind you?"

You Wuji believed that if Chen Ping dared to cause trouble in their Black Demon Palace, he must have a master or a powerful force behind him, otherwise he wouldn't dare!

Just then, Chen Ping, Nan Batian, and Hu Mazi rushed in.

Seeing You Wuji, Chen Ping sneered.

This guy is only a fifth-grade Earth Immortal Realm cultivator, a considerable distance behind Nan Batian, who was at the peak of the seventh-grade Earth Immortal Realm. There's no need to fear him!

Chen Ping looked at the black-robed old man before him, his lips curled in a sneer. The magic whip in his hand was still trembling slightly, carrying with it a lingering demonic aura.

“Fifth-rank Earthly Immortal?”

He scoffed, his eyes filled with undisguised contempt. “I thought the Black Demon Palace was hiding some earth-shattering figure, but it turns out to be just an old wretch cowering behind his daughter.

Why didn’t you come out when your daughter cried for help just now? Could it be that you’re too old to even move?”

You Wuji’s face instantly turned pale, and his fingers clenched tightly beneath his black robe.

He had lived for thousands of years and was a formidable figure in the Fourth Heaven. When had he ever suffered such humiliation?

Especially since the other party was only a seventh-rank Loose Immortal. This was a sheer humiliation!

“You little brat, stop your rhetoric!”

You Wuji roared, his body instantly enveloped by a thick black mist. “Today, I’ll show you the insurmountable chasm between Earthly Immortals and Loose Immortals!”

“A chasm?”

Chen Ping raised an eyebrow and deliberately puffed out his chest. “You can’t even protect your own daughter, and you’re cowering in your den like a coward. How dare you talk about a chasm? I think your Fifth-Rank Earthly Immortal status is probably built up by pills, right?”

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“You’re looking for death!”

You Wuji was completely enraged. His black robe suddenly bulged, expanding several times like an inflated ball. Five inky black claws tore through the air, clutching at Chen Ping’s face with a corrosive, murderous aura.

This “Netherworld Ghost Claw” was his signature move, and even an ordinary Third-Rank Earthly Immortal would be hard-pressed to withstand it.

Nan Batian was about to step forward, but Chen Ping raised his hand to stop him.

“Don’t worry about it!” Chen Ping’s eyes lit up, his fighting spirit blazing. “This guy’s just perfect for me to practice with. I’ve been improving so quickly lately, and I don’t have anyone to practice with.”

Nan Batian was stunned for a moment, then understood and laughed heartily. “Alright! Since Mr. Chen is so kind, I’ll just watch! But if this old man dares to cheat, I’ll crush his head in an instant!”

Hearing this, You Wuji trembled with rage.

A junior in the Loose Immortal Realm actually used him as a practice target?

What a humiliation! He roared angrily, and his claw shadow increased in speed by three points, striking Chen Ping with a sharp, air-piercing sound.

Chen Ping remained calm, his feet executing a mystical footwork, his figure moving like a ghost through the claw shadows.

He didn’t rush to attack, but instead dodged repeatedly, carefully observing You Wuji’s force generation and the flow of his aura.

“The aura of a fifth-grade Earthly Immortal is indeed powerful, but its operation has many flaws...”

Chen Ping thought to himself. Suddenly, he dodged a claw shadow with a flick of his wrist. At the same time, he whipped the Devil Whip like a spirit snake emerging from a cave, lashing out with crackling golden arcs of electricity towards You Wuji’s wrist.

“Snap!”

The Devil Whip struck accurately. You Wuji felt a surge of pure righteous energy flowing through his arm, instantly shattering the concentrated black evil demonic energy. A burning pain shot through his wrist.

At the same time, his consciousness faltered. Although it was not obvious, he still felt it!

“This whip...”

You Wuji was shocked and furious. He had not expected the other party to possess such a magical weapon that could restrain demonic cultivators.

“Old man, does it taste good?”

Chen Ping sneered, and his pace quickened. Sometimes it was like a gentle breeze rustling willows, sometimes like a sudden thunderclap. It was the Fire Control Step.

Using the long-range attacks of the Devil Whip, he harassed You Wuji like a nimble hunter.

You Wuji, despite possessing the cultivation of a fifth-rank Earthly Immortal, was unable to truly strike Chen Ping. Instead, he was struck repeatedly by the Devil Whip, his black robe ripped in pieces, revealing the withered skin beneath.

“Little bastard, don’t try to hide if you dare. If I don’t kill you today, I, You Wuji, will be ridiculed by everyone.”

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You Wuji roared, forming hand seals. The black mist surrounding him condensed into a massive black spear. “Experience the power of my Black Demonic Spear!”

The black spear, carrying a devastating aura, pierced Chen Ping.

This strike condensed 70% of his total strength, and its speed was so fast that Chen Ping had no time to dodge.

“Well-timed!”

A fierce look flashed in Chen Ping’s eyes. Instead of retreating, he charged towards the spear.

The divine dragon power within him circulated furiously, and golden light formed a shield of golden scales across his body.

“Indestructible Golden Body!”

“Bang!”

The black spear collided with the golden shield, making a deafening noise.

The golden shield trembled violently, cracking countless times, but it ultimately blocked the blow.

Chen Ping was thrown back repeatedly by the immense impact, blood oozing from the corner of his mouth again, but his eyes grew sharper.

“You actually took my Black Demonic Spear?” You Wuji was utterly shocked.

He simply couldn’t comprehend how a seventh-rank cultivator in the Loose Immortal Realm could possibly withstand his full-strength attack.

“Old man, the warm-up is over!”

Chen Ping wiped the blood from his mouth, a maniacal grin spreading across his face. "Next, I'll show you my combo!"

Before he finished speaking, he suddenly vanished from the spot where he stood.

"Nine Shadow Sword Technique!"

Several figures identical to Chen Ping appeared in the hall, simultaneously wielding Dragon Slaying Swords and slashing at You Wuji.

You Wuji's pupils shrank, and he instinctively wielded his black demonic energy to defend himself.

But it was difficult to distinguish the real from the fake clones. Some were dispersed by the demonic energy, while others actually struck him.

"Puff!"

One of the clones' Dragon Slaying Swords slashed through You Wuji's arm, sending a trail of black blood flying.

"A mere trifle!" You Wuji roared, his aura flaring, scattering all the clones.

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But at that moment, the real Chen Ping appeared behind him, the Devil Whip wrapped around his neck!

"Get down!" Chen Ping shouted, pulling down hard.

Caught off guard, You Wuji stumbled, a sharp pain and numbness radiating from his neck.

He quickly channeled his inner energy, trying to deflect the Devil Whip, but found the righteous energy within it like a leech, constantly corroding his meridians.

“Now!”

A gleam flashed in Chen Ping’s eyes. He clenched his left fist, gathering all his strength, and delivered a powerful punch to You Wuji’s back!

“Bang!”

The punch landed firmly, sending You Wuji groaning, his body trembling violently, and he spat out a mouthful of black blood.

“Good boy, quite interesting!”

Nan Batian, watching from the side, nodded repeatedly, a smile of approval on his face.

He could see that Chen Ping’s combat skills and command of force far surpassed those of cultivators of the same rank, even surpassing those of some cultivators in the early stages of the Earthly Immortal Realm.

You Wuji, struck repeatedly, was completely enraged.

He abandoned his defense, the dark, demonic energy surrounding him surging wildly, shrouding him in a thick black mist, revealing only a pair of scarlet eyes.

“Little bastard, I will destroy your soul and spirit!”

Countless black ghost claws emerged from the black mist, clawing at Chen Ping like a tide.

This was You Wuji's ultimate move—Ten Thousand Ghosts Devouring Souls. Once caught by these ghost claws, not only would the body be shredded, but even the soul would be devoured.

Chen Ping's face darkened. He could sense the terrifying power contained in these ghost claws and knew he couldn't withstand them head-on.

“Attack!”

Chen Ping acted decisively, abandoning the fight and retreating rapidly, shouting aloud.

He knew he was merely exchanging blows; if he were truly injured by You Wuji, the result would be more harm than good!

After all, with Nan Batian around, Chen Ping only needed to warm up!

“I've been waiting for you to say that!”

Nan Batian laughed heartily, his figure appearing before Chen Ping like a ghost.

He didn't even employ any magical weapon, simply casually raising his right hand and slapping the black mist.

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This seemingly ordinary palm strike carried an irresistible pressure.

The wind from his palm passed through, and the black ghost claws melted away like ice and snow in the sun, blowing the thick black mist away.

“Puff!”

You Wuji's figure was revealed. He stared at Nan Batian's palm, his eyes filled with fear and despair. He tried to dodge, but found himself locked in place by an invisible force, unable to move.

“Bang!”

Nan Batian’s palm landed firmly on You Wuji’s chest.

There was no earth-shattering roar, only a dull crash.

You Wuji’s body flew backward like a kite with a broken string, slamming heavily into the hall’s pillars before sliding to the ground.

A distinct palm print appeared on his chest, his bones beneath his black robe shattering inch by inch. Black blood gushed from his mouth, and his eyes quickly blurred.

You Wuji, a fifth-level Earthly Immortal, couldn’t even withstand a single blow from Nan Batian!

Nan Batian clapped his hands and said disdainfully, “Fifth-level Earthly Immortal? You dare to be so presumptuous in front of me? You’re courting death.”

A flicker of despair flashed in You Wuji’s eyes; he knew he was already defeated.

The opponent’s strength was clearly far superior to his own; he had no chance of victory!

At this moment, Chen Ping stepped forward and looked coldly at You Wuji and Youyue Witch: “Now, it’s our turn to settle accounts.”

“You Wuji, let me ask you, was it your Black Evil Demon Palace that was responsible for the annihilation of the Hu clan?” Chen Ping asked coldly.

You Wuji was silent for a moment, then smiled bitterly and said, “At this point, there’s no need to hide it. Yes, we, the Black Evil Demon Palace, were involved in the annihilation of the Hu clan.”

Hu Mazi, upon hearing this, became agitated: "Why? We, the Hu clan, have no grudge against you. Why are you doing this?"

You Wuji sighed: "All this is because of those powerful figures in the Fifth Heaven.

They set their sights on a supreme treasure of the Hu clan and wanted to claim it for themselves.

The Hu clan refused to hand over the treasure, so they joined forces with us, the forces of the Fourth Heaven, and launched a war of genocide against the Hu clan."

"Supreme treasure? What supreme treasure?" Chen Ping demanded.

You Wuji shook his head. "I don't know exactly what the treasure is. We're just following orders. The true leaders are the forces in the Fifth Heaven."

"Which forces in the Fifth Heaven?" Chen Ping continued.

You Wuji hesitated, then said, "The most important of them is the Evil Path Hall. The genocide that year was orchestrated by Ouyang Tian, the master of the Evil Path Hall's branch in the Fifth Heaven."

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"Evil Path Hall?" A cold glint flashed in Chen Ping's eyes!

He remembered how, in the Third Heaven, he had defeated You Wuxie of the Evil Path Hall, and his spirit had escaped.

He hadn't expected the Evil Path Hall to have a branch in the Fifth Heaven, and to be the culprit behind the Hu family's demise.

"Besides the Evil Path Hall, were there other forces involved?" Chen Ping asked.

You Wuji nodded. "There were also several major sects in the Fifth Heaven, such as the Ten Thousand Poison Valley and the Holy Light Sect. They all participated in the genocide."

Chen Ping's expression grew increasingly gloomy. He hadn't expected so many forces to participate in the genocide.

It seemed that there was still a long way to go before he could avenge the Hu family.

"That's not right. Wouldn't it be easy for a sect in the Fifth Heaven to annihilate the Hu family in the Fourth Heaven? Why would they need so many sects to unite?"

Chen Ping suddenly realized that the Hu family, being in the Fourth Heaven, couldn't be very powerful. How could they possibly be able to unite against them?

"Back then, many of the Hu clan's cultivators greatly increased in strength, reaching the Fifth and Sixth Heavens. If they were to exterminate the Hu clan, they would surely recall these disciples, which is why we joined forces."

"Among all the Fourth Heavens, the Hu clan's disciples advanced the fastest. This might be the reason. They suspect the Hu clan possesses a supreme treasure that can rapidly elevate their cultivation, leading to their own demise."

You Wuji analyzed!

He did this simply to save his own skin. If he didn't share some useful information, he might be doomed!

Upon hearing this, Chen Ping looked at Hu Mazi and asked, "Master Hu, did you use any supreme treasure to elevate your cultivation back then?"

"No, I cultivated on my own. How could I possibly have a supreme treasure? Perhaps I acquired it later?"

"I've been reincarnated many times. I have no idea what's happened to my clan!"

Hu Mazi shook his head.

“I have another question.” Chen Ping looked at You Wuji and asked word by word, “Why didn’t any of the Hu clan members leave behind even a single soul? Didn’t anyone escape?”

But just as he finished asking, Chen Ping suddenly remembered that the Evil Path Hall specializes in collecting souls and the like. They must have been taken away!

“Was the Hu clan’s remains taken away by the Evil Path Hall? I’ve encountered the Evil Path Hall in the Third Heaven as well. They specialize in collecting souls and spirits.”

“The head of the Evil Path Hall at the time was a man named You Wuxie. I killed him, but his spirit escaped!”

Chen Ping asked You Wuji!

You Wuxie? You Wuji?

Chen Ping suddenly seemed to realize something and asked again, “Who is You Wuxie to you?”