

The Order 8751

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The audience fell silent, stunned by this incredible scene.

A moment later, thunderous applause erupted.

“What agile movements!”

“What kind of finger technique is that? It can actually deflect an Earth Immortal Realm sword move?”

“This Chen Ping, he’s got something!”

Ling Xue and the others leaped to their feet in excitement. Hu Mazi slapped his thigh and laughed, “I knew this kid had some skills!”

Mo Chen, standing in the audience, a flicker of surprise in his eyes, then turned to relief.

He recognized Chen Ping’s move as the Sword Sect’s “Treading Snow Without a Trace,” though Chen Ping had executed it with even greater sophistication, even hinting at the “Air Step” technique.

That finger move, however, had taken “Sword Intent Transformed” to its ultimate perfection. It appeared to be a finger, but in reality, it embodied a sharp sword aura.

Zhao Jingfeng, watching from the VIP booth, frowned slightly and said to his junior fellow apprentice, “Interesting! This kid’s body movements and finger techniques are quite impressive, but it’s a shame his cultivation is so low.”

His junior fellow apprentice echoed, “Brother, you’re right. They’re just some unorthodox techniques. If he encounters your ‘Sky-Splitting Sword Technique,’ he’ll be exposed.”

Zhao Jingfeng sneered, fell silent, and returned his gaze to the ring.

The next few matches were uneventful, with the superior cultivation prevailing in most cases. A few duels were particularly exciting, drawing cheers from the audience.

Soon, it was Zhao Jingfeng's turn. His opponent was a third-rank Earth Immortal Realm disciple from the Iron Sword Sect. As soon as the two clashed, Zhao Jingfeng unleashed his "Sky-Splitting Sword Technique."

His longsword swung with a sharp, air-shattering whistle. Each strike was powerful and relentless, with faint flashes of lightning etched within the blade's shadow.

The Iron Sword Sect disciple's sword moves were powerful but lacked agility. After just three moves, Zhao Jingfeng sent his sword flying, and then placed the tip of his sword against his throat.

"Surrender!" the Iron Sword Sect disciple shouted, his face pale.

Zhao Jingfeng retracted his longsword and scanned the stage, his gaze finally landing on Chen Ping, a hint of defiance.

Chen Ping simply glanced back, ignoring him.

The first round concluded, and of the thirty-two disciples who advanced, Chen Ping was the only one in the Loose Immortal Realm.

This impressed many. After all, reaching the second round at the eighth rank of the Loose Immortal Realm was no fluke. After this battle, Chen Ping's name spread throughout Sword Saint City.

The second round of competition would take place three days later.

After the first round of screening, the remaining contestants were all the best from their respective sects, their strength having been elevated to a higher level.

Chen Ping's opponent was a disciple from the Fiery Sect named Zhang Kuang, a fourth-rank Earthly Immortal. He had mastered the "Fiery Sword Technique" to perfection, his sword moves carrying scorching waves of energy said to be capable of melting fine iron.

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"Boy, you're lucky to have made it to the second round. Facing me, your luck ends!"

Zhang Kuang wielded a crimson sword, a faint flame lingering around it, evidently a weapon imbued with fire-attributed spiritual power.

Chen Ping, maintaining his composure, slowly drew the Dragon Slaying Sword.

The moment the sword was unsheathed, there was no earth-shattering sound, only a gentle hum, like a sleeping dragon awakening.

But Hu Mazi, familiar with the Dragon Slaying Sword, knew the terrifying power contained within this seemingly mundane hum.

"Oh? Finally drawing your sword?"

A sneer curled Zhang Kuang's lips. "Alas, your sword will become nothing but scrap metal before me!"

Before he finished speaking, he swung his sword. The crimson light shone like a fire dragon emerging from the sea, carrying a scorching heat wave towards Chen Ping.

The crowd below felt a wave of scorching air rushing towards them, and many cultivators with lower cultivation levels instinctively took a few steps back.

"Such a powerful fire! This 'Fiery Sword Technique' truly lives up to its reputation!"

"Then Chen Ping is in trouble. The spiritual energy of the Scattered Immortal Realm is no match for this blazing flame!"

Faced with this powerful and devastating blow, Chen Ping advanced instead of retreating.

With a flick of his wrist, the Dragon Slaying Sword traced a strange arc through the air, like an antelope hanging from a branch, leaving no trace.

Wherever the sword flashed, the seemingly ferocious fire dragon instantly disintegrated, as if it had met its nemesis.

“What?”

Zhang Kuang was horrified. He had never seen anyone so easily counter his “Fiery Sword Technique.”

Before he could react, Chen Ping’s sword, like a venomous snake emerging from its lair, aimed directly at his wrist.

The strike was at an extremely sharp angle, unavoidable.

Zhang Kuang could only abruptly drop his sword, simultaneously forming a fist with his left hand, and striking Chen Ping’s chest with scorching spiritual energy.

Knowing his swordsmanship was inferior to his opponent’s, he sought to rely on his cultivation for a decisive battle.

A cold glint flashed in Chen Ping’s eyes, and he spun like a top, dodging the punch as he swept the Dragon Slaying Sword across.

“Swish!”

The sword flashed, and Zhang Kuang’s sleeve was neatly sliced, leaving a bloody streak on his arm.

Had he not retreated quickly, the strike would have crippled his entire arm.

Zhang Kuang was shocked and furious. He took a few steps back, clutching his wound, and looked at Chen Ping with fear in his eyes. "You... what's the origin of your swordsmanship?"

Chen Ping didn't answer. He simply stood there, sword in hand, and said calmly, "Do you want to fight again?"

Zhang Kuang looked at the seemingly ordinary iron sword in Chen Ping's hand, then at the wound on his arm. Finally, he gritted his teeth and said, "I surrender!"

With that, he picked up the longsword from the ground and walked off the stage in a panic.

The audience roared with applause again.

"Another victory with a single sword strike! This Chen Ping is incredible!"

"An eighth-grade Loose Immortal defeated a fourth-grade Earth Immortal. This is simply unbelievable!"

"I'm starting to believe he can make it to the end!"

At the VIP podium, Qin Lie's brow furrowed even deeper. He said to Zhao Jingfeng beside him, "Chen Ping's swordsmanship is very strange. It seems ordinary, but he always manages to defeat the clumsy with his cleverness. If you meet him, don't be careless."

Zhao Jingfeng shrugged, "Don't worry, Master. These are just some opportunistic tricks. In a head-on confrontation, he wouldn't be able to withstand even a single strike from me."

"This kid not only possesses superb swordsmanship, but also possesses formidable sword intent. I've experienced it before..."

"You must not be careless. Be careful of a sudden disaster..."

Looking at Chen Ping, Qin Feng remembered the time he and Ling Xue competed in swordsmanship at the city gate. A burst of Chen Ping's sword intent had separated them.

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"Young Master, rest assured!" Zhao Jingfeng nodded.

In the following match, Zhao Jingfeng continued his unstoppable momentum. Leveraging the dominance of his "Sky-Splitting Sword Technique," he defeated two opponents of the fourth rank of the Earth Immortal Realm in quick succession, advancing to the quarterfinals.

Li Hanjiang of the Seven Star Sword Sect also performed impressively. His "Seven Star Linking Sword" was unpredictable, its seven sword shadows interlocking like the Big Dipper, catching his opponent off guard. He also advanced smoothly.

In the quarterfinals, Chen Ping faced a disciple from the Ice Valley, a fifth rank Earth Immortal Realm cultivator whose "Ice Sword Technique" could freeze his opponent's spiritual energy.

At the start of the match, the disciple swung his sword, creating a cloud of icy mist that enveloped the entire arena.

From within the mist, countless ice cones rained down upon Chen Ping, bringing a bone-chilling chill.

To the audience below, Chen Ping's figure flickered in and out of the mist, as if strolling leisurely in a garden.

The Dragon Slaying Sword swung with unerring precision, shattering incoming ice cones. Wherever the sword's light passed, the icy mist dispersed automatically, preventing any approach.

"This... is this the 'Sword Domain'?" a sword master exclaimed in shock.

The Sword Domain is a realm attainable only by sword cultivators in the Earthly Immortal Realm. It allows one to influence their surroundings with their sword intent, forming a unique domain.

But Chen Ping was only an eighth-rank Loose Immortal Realm cultivator. How could he possibly comprehend the Sword Domain?

Just as everyone was stunned, a sudden scream rang out from the icy mist.

Then, the mist dissipated, revealing the Ice Valley disciple clutching his chest and stumbling back, blood oozing from the corner of his mouth. The longsword in his hand had already broken in two.

Chen Ping stood with his sword, its blade still pristine, as if it had never been used.

"I surrender..." the Ice Valley disciple uttered these three words with difficulty, turning and walking off the stage.

The entire arena was in complete silence.

An eighth-rank Loose Immortal Realm cultivator comprehended the Sword Domain and defeated a fifth-rank Earth Immortal Realm cultivator!

This couldn't be described as "unbelievable"; it was simply unbelievable!

Mo Chen stood in the audience, trembling with excitement.

He could sense that Chen Ping hadn't truly mastered the Sword Domain, but rather concentrated his sword intent to its utmost, forming an invisible barrier. While not as powerful as a true Sword Domain, it was still far superior to cultivators of the same rank.

This level of understanding of sword intent was enough to make even him feel inferior.

"Brilliant! Chen Ping!" The Sword Saint City leader suddenly stood up, clapping his hands and laughing. "I'm truly fortunate to have met such a genius in my lifetime!"

The other sect leaders and elders at the VIP stage nodded, their eyes filled with admiration and amazement as they looked at Chen Ping.

Only Zhao Jingfeng's face was so gloomy it looked like water dripping from his face.

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He had originally thought Chen Ping was just a lucky lone cultivator, but he hadn't expected him to possess such strength.

A sense of crisis washed over him, and he vaguely felt that Chen Ping might become the biggest obstacle on his path to victory.

"Master, this brat..." Zhao Jingfeng looked at Qin Fenglie, a hint of unease in his tone.

Qin Lie said coldly, "It's just some unorthodox techniques. In the quarterfinals, his opponent is Li Hanjiang. I want to see if he can make it."

Li Hanjiang's "Seven Star Linking Sword" had long since reached the realm of mastery. He had reached the peak of the fifth rank of the Earthly Immortal Realm, a level higher than the disciples of the Ice Valley.

In the eyes of many, even if Chen Ping could defeat the Ice Valley disciples, he would be no match for Li Hanjiang.

The final match of the quarterfinals was the duel between Chen Ping and Li Hanjiang.

This match captivated everyone's attention.

On one side was the dark horse among dark horses, Chen Ping, who, with his eighth-rank Sanxian realm cultivation, had defeated powerful foes in a row and mastered the sword intent barrier.

On the other was Li Hanjiang, the long-established core disciple of the Seven Star Sword Sect, a peak-level fifth-rank Earth Immortal realm cultivator.

Even before the two men clashed, an invisible pressure permeated the arena.

Li Hanjiang, clad in a blue robe, wielded a silver longsword inlaid with seven blue gems—the Seven Star Sword, the Seven Star Sword’s most precious treasure.

He looked at Chen Ping with a solemn expression, his previous contempt gone. “Brother Chen, I admire your swordsmanship. But today’s battle concerns the honor of our sect, and I will show no mercy.”

Chen Ping bowed and said, “Brother Li, please advise.”

Li Hanjiang said no more. With a flick of his wrist, the Seven Star Sword hummed, and the seven gems illuminated simultaneously, emitting a faint blue light.

“Seven Stars in a Line, First Move, Dazzling Stars!”

With a low shout, he swung his longsword, and countless blue sword beams, like a galaxy of stars, shot towards Chen Ping, blocking all his escape routes.

This seemingly chaotic sword attack actually contained a sophisticated array of techniques. Each sword beam resonated with the others, a single move affecting the entire body.

The audience was dazzled, and many sword cultivators were filled with astonishment.

“What a brilliant move! ‘Dazzling Stars’! Senior Brother Li’s swordsmanship has improved again!”

“This sword beam is so dense, there’s no way to dodge it. Chen Ping is in trouble this time!”

Faced with this avalanche of sword light, Chen Ping remained calm and composed.

He took a deep breath, and the Dragon Slaying Sword slowly spun in his hand, forming a visible sword wheel.

As the sword wheel spun, it emitted a faint golden glow, a testament to his ultimate concentration of sword intent.

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“Ding, ding, ding...”

Countless blue sword beams collided with the golden sword wheel, making a dense clang, but none could penetrate its defense.

Li Hanjiang frowned slightly; he hadn't expected Chen Ping's defense to be so strong.

“Seven Stars in a Row, second move, the stars shift!”

He formed a seal with his left hand and swung his right sword fiercely. The deflected blue sword beams suddenly reversed direction, like boomerangs, shooting towards Chen Ping from all directions again, at even more cunning angles than before.

This lightning-fast change of tactics was impossible to defend against.

But Chen Ping seemed to have anticipated this. He used his “Treading on Snow Without a Trace” technique to its fullest potential, his figure moving through the sword beams like a ghost.

As he swung the Dragon Slaying Sword, he always managed to avoid the sword beams by the tiniest hairline, while occasionally counterattacking with a strike, forcing Li Hanjiang to focus on his defense.

The two exchanged blows, and in a blink of an eye, they had exchanged dozens of rounds.

Li Hanjiang's “Seven Stars Linking Sword” was unpredictable and deadly.

Chen Ping's swordsmanship, though seemingly ordinary, was always able to avert danger, using softness to overcome hardness.

The audience was mesmerized. This was no longer a simple fight, but a display of exquisite swordsmanship.

"Good job! Well done!"

"Keep going, Chen Ping!"

"Brother Li, you're mighty!"

The cheers were deafening.

On the VIP stage, the head of Sword Saint City stroked his beard and nodded frequently. "Brilliant! A masterful use of softness to overcome hardness, a masterful unpredictability! These two young men are the future of our Sword Saint City!"

Qin Lie's expression grew increasingly grim. He had initially expected Li Hanjiang to easily defeat Chen Ping, but he hadn't expected the two to engage in a close fight.

"Seven Stars in a Row, third move, Seven Stars Breaking the Moon!"

After a prolonged battle, Li Hanjiang grew increasingly impatient. He roared, unleashing all his spiritual energy without reservation.

The seven gemstones on the Seven Star Sword simultaneously blazed with dazzling light. Seven blue sword beams, like seven giant dragons, circled in the air before converging into a massive sword shadow. With devastating force, it struck Chen Ping headlong.

This strike was the most powerful move in the “Seven Stars in a Row” technique, combining the power of all seven sword beams and delivering a force comparable to the full force of a sixth-rank cultivator in the Earthly Immortal Realm!

Everyone in the audience gasped, their breathing becoming tense.

“It’s over! This strike is too powerful! Chen Ping might not be able to block it!”

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“What a shame! He’s already doing so well!”

Ling Xue and the others were so nervous that their palms sweated. Hu Mazi even closed his eyes, daring not to watch.

Facing this earth-shattering sword strike, Chen Ping’s eyes flickered with excitement.

He felt his spiritual energy boiling, and the Dragon Slaying Sword hummed with eagerness.

“Come on!”

Chen Ping roared, abandoning his defense and focusing all his sword intent on the Dragon Slaying Sword.

Instantly, the Dragon Slaying Sword erupted with a brilliant golden light, as if a scorching sun had awakened within its blade.

“Dragon Slaying Style!”

These three simple words carried an aura of domineering power.

A golden beam of light shot forth from the Dragon Slaying Sword. It was not massive, but it imbued it with unbreakable power, like a blade cleaving the heavens and earth, piercing the massive blue sword shadow.

“Bang!”

The golden and blue sword lights collided, emitting a resounding, earth-shattering roar.

A terrifying wave of air spread outward from the arena. Fortunately, the “Soul Locking Formation” blocked the wave, preventing any harm to the audience. The light faded, and the scene on the stage stunned everyone.

Li Hanjiang’s “Seven Stars Breaking the Moon” sword had dissipated, three of the seven gemstones on the Seven Star Sword shattering. He stumbled back dozens of steps, his face pale, blood oozing from the corners of his mouth, clearly seriously injured.

Chen Ping, on the other hand, remained standing, Dragon Slaying Sword in hand, his figure erect as a pine tree, though his breathing was slightly erratic.

The entire arena was in complete silence.

After a long pause, a thunderous cheer erupted, louder than any before.

“Win! Chen Ping wins!”

“An eighth-grade Loose Immortal defeated a fifth-grade Earth Immortal! This is nothing short of a miracle!”

“He’s the true champion of this sword tournament!”

Ling Xue and the others embraced and wept with excitement. Hu Mazi leaped to his feet and shouted, “Chen Ping! Well done!”

Mo Chen stood in the audience, tears glistening in his eyes. He muttered to himself, "The Sword Sect... is saved..."

On the VIP stage, the Sword Saint City Lord suddenly stood up and shouted, "Brilliant! A brilliant 'Dragon Slaying Style'! I declare this match Chen Ping victorious!"

Li Hanjiang looked at Chen Ping and smiled wryly, "I lose... wholeheartedly."

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With that, he clutched his chest and stumbled off the stage.

Chen Ping gazed at Li Hanjiang's back, feeling no joy of victory but rather a certain admiration. Li Hanjiang's swordsmanship was truly exquisite. If it weren't for the aid of the Dragon Slaying Sword and his mastery of the Sword Intent Barrier, victory would have been far from easy.

At that moment, Zhao Jingfeng suddenly leaped from the VIP podium onto the stage, glaring at Chen Ping with a stern look: "Boy, you're lucky, but your luck has run out!"

He was clearly impatient and wanted to challenge Chen Ping beforehand.

The crowd below, upon seeing this, immediately erupted in discussion.

"What is Zhao Jingfeng planning? It's not their turn yet!"

"He seems anxious, afraid that Chen Ping's continued winning streak will threaten his championship status!"

"How shameless! Bullying the weak!"

The Sword Saint City official frowned and was about to speak up to stop him, but Chen Ping spoke first: "Well, it doesn't matter if it's sooner or later. Let's do it now."

He knew that a fight between him and Zhao Jingfeng would come sooner or later.

Upon hearing this, Zhao Jingfeng's face lit up with a sinister smile: "Excellent! You've got guts! Today, I'll show you what true swordsmanship truly is!"

Zhao Jingfeng wielded his longsword, radiating a majestic aura, his cultivation at the sixth level of the Earthly Immortal Realm fully on display.

"Chen Ping, it's your honor to die under my 'Sky-Splitting Sword Technique'!"

Before he finished his words, he had already struck with his sword.

This strike was even more powerful than Li Hanjiang's 'Seven Stars Breaking the Moon'. The shadow of the sword carried traces of spatial cracks, as if it threatened to rip the entire world apart.

"Sky-Splitting Sword Technique, First Move: Splitting Rocks and Piercing Clouds!"

The sword flashed like lightning, instantly reaching Chen Ping.

Everyone in the audience exclaimed in amazement. The speed and power of this strike far surpassed all previous moves.

Chen Ping's expression was solemn, not daring to be careless.

He could sense the terrifying power of space contained within this sword strike; even the slightest misstep would shatter him to pieces.

He took a deep breath, channeling his spiritual energy to its full potential. The Dragon Slaying Sword swung in a perfect arc.

“Dragon Control!”

The golden sword light, like a giant dragon, spiraled upward, colliding with the space-shattering sword shadow.

“Bang!”

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Another loud bang, and a faint crack appeared in the “Soul Locking Formation” on the arena.

Both men retreated three steps, their blood boiling.

A flicker of surprise flashed in Zhao Jingfeng’s eyes. He hadn’t expected Chen Ping to withstand his “Stone-Splitting Cloud-Piercing” attack.

“Interesting! Try again!”

Zhao Jingfeng roared, swinging his sword even faster.

“Sky-Splitting Sword Technique, second move, Stretch of Qi!”

“Sky-Splitting Sword Technique, third move, Earth-shattering!”

He unleashed two moves in quick succession, each more powerful than the last. Space cracks appeared in the sword shadows, and the entire arena seemed to be ripping apart.

Chen Ping responded calmly, alternating between the “Dragon Slaying” and “Dragon Controlling” styles, sometimes fierce and domineering, sometimes agile and graceful. The golden sword light and the space-shattering sword shadows continuously collided, emitting deafening roars.

The audience watched in amazement. This was no longer a sparring match, but a life-and-death struggle!

“Exciting! This is a top-level sword duel!”

“Zhao Jingfeng’s ‘Sky-Splitting Sword Technique’ is truly worthy of its reputation, but Chen Ping is too tenacious!”

“Who will win in the end?”

On the VIP stage, Qin Fenglie stared intently at the arena, his fists clenched. He knew that Zhao Jingfeng had already exerted 80% of his strength, yet still couldn’t defeat Chen Ping. This filled him with unease.

Mo Chen, on the other hand, was filled with worry. Although Chen Ping had temporarily withstood Zhao Jingfeng’s attacks, he was only an eighth-rank Loose Immortal Realm cultivator after all. His spiritual energy was surely depleting faster than Zhao Jingfeng’s. If this continued, he might not be able to hold on.

On the ring, the two men collided again, each retreating over ten steps.

Chen Ping’s face was pale, a trace of blood oozing from the corner of his mouth, clearly injured. But his gaze remained resolute, and his grip on the Dragon Slaying Sword was as steady as a rock.

Zhao Jingfeng wasn’t much better, his breathing erratic, cold sweat dripping from his forehead. He hadn’t expected Chen Ping’s resilience to be so strong. Even with 80% of his strength, he still couldn’t defeat him.

“Boy, you’re courting death!”

Zhao Jingfeng was completely enraged. He roared, unleashing all his spiritual energy without reservation. His hair swayed without a breeze, and his eyes gleamed with madness.

“Sky-Splitting Sword Technique, Fourth Move, Eternal Destruction!”

This strike was the most terrifying move in the “Sky-Splitting Sword Technique.” The sword’s shadow was filled with spatial cracks, like a massive black hole threatening to devour everything around it.

Everyone in the audience was horrified. The power of this strike surpassed that of a sixth-grade Earth Immortal, reaching the level of a seventh-grade Earth Immortal!

“Has Zhao Jingfeng gone mad? He actually used this move!”

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“Chen Ping, give up! If you keep fighting, you’ll die!”

Ling Xue and the others were terrified and tried to rush onto the stage, but were stopped by Mo Chen. Mo Chen knew that going up now would be futile and would only interfere with Chen Ping.

Faced with this devastating sword, Chen Ping’s eyes remained remarkably calm.

He sensed that his spiritual energy was dwindling, yet the sword intent within him surged as never before.

“Dragon Slaying Sword, follow me in battle!”

Chen Ping roared, channeling the last of his spiritual energy into the Dragon Slaying Sword. Instantly, the Dragon Slaying Sword erupted with unprecedented brilliance. Within the golden glow, the shadow of a giant dragon loomed.

“Soaring Dragon Style!”

This was a new move Chen Ping had mastered during his battle with Li Hanjiang. It combined the domineering power of the “Dragon Slaying Style” with the agility of the “Dragon Controlling Style,” making it even more powerful.

The golden dragon shadow roared, charging towards the sword shadow that was riddled with spatial cracks.

“Boom!”

This collision was more violent than any before.

The entire arena shook violently, the light of the Soul Locking Formation dimming instantly, and countless cracks appeared.

A terrifying wave of air spread outward. Even with the Soul Locking Formation blocking the impact, many cultivators below were shaken, their blood surging and retreating dozens of steps.

The smoke and dust slowly dissipated, and the scene on the arena finally came into clear view.

Zhao Jingfeng half-knelt on the ground, the Sky-Splitting Sword in his hand long broken into several pieces. He was covered in blood, and his breath was as weak as a candle in the wind.

A deep wound appeared on his chest, the result of Chen Ping’s “Tenglong Style.”

After that earth-shattering collision, he had ultimately lost by a single move.

Everyone was now as still as death.

No one spoke, their eyes wide open, their faces filled with disbelief.

Chen Ping, an eighth-grade Loose Immortal, actually defeated a sixth-grade Earth Immortal?

Even if it was a narrow victory, it was still a victory.

Chen Ping leaned on the Dragon Slaying Sword, his face equally pale, his chest heaving violently, but his eyes were as sharp as an eagle’s as he stared intently at Zhao Jingfeng.

Using only swordsmanship, without any other means or power, Chen Ping was able to defeat Zhao Jingfeng thanks to the swordsmanship taught to him by Mo Chen.

Zhao Jingfeng watched Chen Ping approach him, his eyes filled with fear and unwillingness.

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He knew he had no power to resist.

“I... I surrender!”

Zhao Jingfeng shouted hoarsely, exhausting his last bit of strength.

He didn't want to die. As long as he lived, he still had a chance for revenge.

Chen Ping paused, looking at the defeated Zhao Jingfeng, a complex emotion flashing in his eyes.

He slowly raised the Dragon Slaying Sword, as if about to do something, but ultimately suppressed his killing intent. After all, the opponent had already surrendered, and killing him in public would inevitably give rise to criticism.

Just as Chen Ping turned his wrist, preparing to sheath his sword...

“Go to hell!”

A sinister glint suddenly flashed in Zhao Jingfeng's eyes. He abruptly pulled out a short blade imbued with deadly poison from his bosom. Using all his remaining spiritual energy, he thrust it fiercely into Chen Ping's back with lightning speed!

It all happened so quickly, so fast that no one could react.

“Be careful!”

Ling Xue, Mo Chen, and the others cried out in unison, their hearts leaping into their throats.

By the time Chen Ping felt the gust of wind behind him, it was too late.

He twisted his body with all his might, trying to avoid the vitals, but the short blade still pierced his left shoulder. A piercing pain and numbness instantly spread throughout his body.

“Puff!”

Chen Ping spat out a mouthful of blood and stumbled forward a few steps before steadying himself.

He slowly turned and looked at Zhao Jingfeng. His eyes were free of hesitation, filled only with cold murderous intent.

“You’re courting death!”

Chen Ping’s voice was like a voice from the Netherworld, chilling to the bone.

Zhao Jingfeng, seeing his sneak attack had succeeded, a ferocious grin spread across his face: “Hahaha! Chen Ping, you didn’t expect that, did you? All’s fair in war. This is the result of your naiveté!”

He thought Chen Ping had been poisoned and would surely die.

However, the next second, his smile froze.

A brilliant golden light suddenly erupted from Chen Ping’s body. A mighty dragon power emanated from him, and the entire arena trembled under this pressure.

A golden light surged from the wound on his left shoulder, and the poison was instantly purified.