

The Order 8761

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Zhao Jingfeng hadn't yet realized that Chen Ping's body was immune to all poisons.

"The power of the divine dragon..."

Chen Ping roared, the shadow of a dragon's pupils appearing in his eyes. His aura steadily rose, even hinting at a breakthrough into the realm of the scattered immortal.

Zhao Jingfeng, terrified by the terrifying dragon's might, turned and attempted to flee.

But it was too late.

Chen Ping took a step forward, his figure appearing before Zhao Jingfeng like a ghost. The Dragon Slaying Sword in his hand shone with golden light, and with devastating fury, he slashed down fiercely!

"No!"

Zhao Jingfeng screamed in despair.

"Puff!"

A teeth-grinding sound of flesh and bone ripping apart echoed.

Amidst the horrified gazes of countless people, Zhao Jingfeng's body was cleaved in two by Chen Ping's sword, from head to crotch!

Blood and organs splattered across the ground, the scene was horrific.

A deathly silence fell upon the entire crowd, everyone stunned by this sudden, bloody scene.

No one expected Chen Ping to kill Zhao Jingfeng so swiftly and decisively, and with such brutal force!

On the VIP stage, Qin Lie abruptly stood up, his face livid, his eyes filled with shock and anger: "Chen Ping! How dare you kill someone from my Divine Sword Villa!"

Chen Ping leaned on his sword, glanced coldly at Qin Fenglie, and uttered in a chilling voice: "To spare the life of such a despicable attacker would be a blasphemy against justice!"

With that, he ignored the crowd's gazes, clutching his injured left shoulder, and slowly walked off the stage.

The sunlight bathed him, yet it seemed to carry a chilling aura of murderous intent.

In this battle, Chen Ping not only demonstrated his extraordinary strength, but also allowed everyone to witness his decisive and ruthless side.

From then on, the name "Chen Ping" would become an indelible mark in the hearts of countless people.

The audience remained dead silent for three full breaths before a deafening uproar erupted.

"Murder, murder!"

"Zhao Jingfeng... died just like that?"

"That was a sixth-rank Earth Immortal Realm expert! He was split in half by an eighth-rank Scattered Immortal Realm cultivator!"

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On the VIP stage, Qin Lie's pupils suddenly constricted, his fingers digging into the rosewood armrests until his knuckles turned white as paper.

He stared intently at the horrific corpse on the stage, a low growl like a trapped beast emanating from his throat. His spiritual energy surged uncontrollably, tearing his precious brocade robes in pieces.

"Ah!!!"

With a roar like thunder, Qin Fenglie's figure vanished into a shadow, charging towards the stage with devastating force.

The pressure of the eighth-rank Earth Immortal Realm cultivator was like a substantial mountain, forcing the less powerful cultivators below to their knees, blood streaming from the corners of their mouths.

"Chen Ping! I will tear you into pieces!"

Just as Qin Lie's palm wind was about to reach Chen Ping, several figures rushed onto the stage like arrows, shielding Chen Ping behind them.

Leading the group was Mo Chen, holding a longsword across his chest. Although Qin Lie's pressure sent his blood surging, he remained upright.

"Master Qin! Stop!"

Following closely behind were more than a dozen Sword Sect disciples. They quickly formed a sword formation, their sword lights interweaving into a net, firmly protecting Chen Ping.

Ling Xue looked at Qin Lie with anger in her eyes. "Zhao Jingfeng attacked after admitting defeat. He deserves death! Is Master Qin trying to bully others by taking advantage of his power?"

Qin Lie's gaze was like a poisoned knife, sweeping across the Sword Sect members standing in his way, finally landing on Chen Ping. "Bullying? My apprentice was brutally murdered by that little beast. No one can protect him today!"

"Brutal murder?"

Mo Chen chuckled in anger, his sword pointed at Zhao Jingfeng's body. "Master Qin, open your eyes and see! Who attacked after admitting defeat? Who violated the spirit of martial arts and assassinated Zhao Jingfeng? Zhao Jingfeng deserves death. He has brought disgrace upon Divine Sword Villa!"

"You're courting death!"

Qin Lie felt a pang of pain, and his palm suddenly turned towards Mo Chen.

"Master Qin, what a powerful presence!"

A hoary voice suddenly echoed. The Sword Saint City official slowly stepped onto the stage and, with a flick of his whisk, effectively neutralized Qin Lie's palm strike. "This is Sword Saint City. How can you be so presumptuous?"

Qin Lie glared at him. "Old man Zhang, that little bastard killed my apprentice, and you're going to protect him?"

"Protect?"

Zhang stroked his beard, his gaze sweeping across the room. "Thousands of eyes saw what just happened.

Zhao Jingfeng surrendered, then attacked, and Chen Ping counterattacked to protect himself. Legally and legally, they were both innocent.

"But Master Qin, is he going to break the rules of Sword Saint City and retaliate publicly?"

The surrounding elders echoed:

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“Brother Zhang is right. Zhao Jingfeng truly can’t afford to lose. He deserves death!”

“Divine Sword Villa has always prided itself on being a prestigious and upright sect. I never expected such a despicable individual to emerge!”

“If Master Qin were to forcibly take action today, he would be making an enemy of all cultivators!”

The voices of discussion surged towards Qin Fenglie like a tide. He looked at the contemptuous gazes around him, felt the countless pointing fingers from behind, and his old face flushed red as if it had been splashed with blood.

“Well... well done to all the cultivators in the world!”

Qin Lie suddenly turned on Chen Ping, his eyes venomous. “Little bastard, remember this! Today’s humiliation, today’s revenge, Divine Sword Villa will repay you a hundredfold! The Sword Sect will protect you? I want to see if you can protect him forever!”

Chen Ping slowly straightened himself, wiping the blood from the corner of his mouth. The Dragon Slaying Sword trembled slightly in his hand, emitting a low dragon roar.

He looked at Qin Lie, his voice soft but clear, carrying throughout the room: “I, Chen Ping, am in Sword Saint City, awaiting your arrival at Divine Sword Villa at any time. But if you dare to plot against me again, I won’t just dismember you.”

“You!”

Qin Lie trembled with anger, but under the cold gaze of Zhang, he forcibly suppressed his murderous intent.

He cast a long glance at the corpse on the ground, then, with a flick of his sleeve, shouted to the disciples behind him, "Take Zhao Jingfeng's body back! Let's go!"

A group of disciples from the Divine Sword Villa hurried forward, wrapped Zhao Jingfeng's body in white cloth, and fled in dismay amid countless scornful glances.

As Qin Lie's figure disappeared at the city gate, the resentful oath drifted back like a ghost:

"Chen Ping, Sword Sect... We'll see!"

Only after the Divine Sword Villa men had completely departed did the tense atmosphere on the arena ease slightly.

Zhang looked at Chen Ping with a complicated expression. "Do you realize that killing Zhao Jingfeng would be like stirring up a hornet's nest?"

Chen Ping bowed and said, "I understand, but where the Dao is, I will go even if there are thousands of enemies. If you can even tolerate sneak attacks from behind, what's the point of practicing the Dao of the Sword?"

"What a Dao!"

Zhang laughed heartily. "I wasn't wrong about you! Sword Saint City will bear witness to your actions today. If Divine Sword Villa dares to retaliate openly in Sword Saint City, I will not tolerate it!"

He paused and pulled out a jade token engraved with sword patterns from his bosom. "This is Sword Saint City's... 'The Guardian Order' grants unimpeded access to the seven great sword sects of the Fifth Heaven. If Divine Sword Villa challenges them, they can present this order to seek assistance from the various sects."

Chen Ping took the jade token, feeling its warmth and a faint flow of spiritual energy. "Thank you, Senior Zhang."

“Your injuries are serious. Go down and heal first.”

Manager Zhang patted him on the shoulder. “The champion of the Sword Tournament is undoubtedly you.”

Mo Chen quickly stepped forward to support Chen Ping. “Chen Ping, I’ll take you to heal.”

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Ling Xue and Hu Mazi also gathered around, their eyes reddened as they gazed at Chen Ping’s wounds.

A group of Sword Sect disciples surrounded them as they walked off the stage. The cultivators along the way made way, their eyes filled with awe as they gazed at Chen Ping.

This young man, at the eighth level of the Sanxian realm, had defeated numerous Earthly Immortal masters and even slew the genius of Divine Sword Villa. With a resounding victory, he had completely shocked the entire Sword Saint City.

Returning to the Sword Sect’s compound, Mo Chen immediately took out his healing elixir and personally tended to Chen Ping’s wounds.

When Mo Chen unbuttoned Chen Ping’s shirt and saw the deep wound that pierced the bone, he couldn’t help but gasp, “Zhao Jingfeng is such a piece of shit!”

Chen Ping smiled faintly and said calmly, “It’s okay. I won’t die.”

“You still say it’s okay?” Ling Xue glared at him angrily and carefully wiped the wound with spiritual spring water. “Do you know how dangerous that was? If Qin Lie had really attacked, we wouldn’t have been able to stop him!”

Hu Mazi praised Chen Ping from the side, “Chen Ping, you’re amazing! That ‘Tenglong Style’ was absolutely stunning! I almost jumped when Zhao Jingfeng got split in half!”

As Mo Chen applied medicine to Chen Ping, he said in a deep voice, "Divine Sword Villa will never let this go. Qin Fenglie is a vengeful man. After such a disgrace this time, he'll definitely try to trip you up. I think you should leave Sword Saint City and avoid the spotlight for a while."

Chen Ping nodded. "We'll leave as soon as we get the championship reward."

Even if Mo Chen hadn't said it, Chen Ping and Hu Mazi would have left Sword Saint City and sought out the Evil Dao Hall branch.

When Ling Xue mentioned the championship prize, her eyes lit up. "I heard that this year's champion will receive the 'Sword Heart Enlightenment Pill,' a treasured possession of Sword Saint City, and will also have the opportunity to enter the 'Ten Thousand Swords Cave' for three days of contemplation!"

"Sword Heart Enlightenment Pill?" Chen Ping was puzzled. "What is that?"

"It's an elixir that enhances sword intent," Ling Xue explained.

Chen Ping looked at Mo Chen in disbelief. He had never heard of an elixir that could enhance sword intent.

"That's right," Mo Chen smiled. "With this elixir, your sword intent barrier might be able to truly transform into a sword domain."

"Then your strength will be significantly enhanced."

"And what about the Ten Thousand Swords Cave?" Chen Ping asked curiously.

"That Ten Thousand Swords Cave is..."

Mo Chen had just begun to speak when footsteps were heard outside the courtyard. A disciple from Sword Saint City stood respectfully at the doorway. "Young Master Chen, Director Zhang wants you in. He's going to announce the prizes for the Sword Competition."

Chen Ping stood up, a hint of anticipation on his face. "Let's go."

When Chen Ping reappeared in the Sword Saint City hall, all eyes were on him.

The heads and elders at the VIP podium all rose and gestured, their eyes filled with kindness. A genius who could challenge the might of Divine Sword Villa was someone everyone wanted to befriend.

Director Zhang, holding a brocade box, announced loudly, "The Sword Competition has concluded successfully. This year's champion is Chen Ping!"

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The applause was thunderous, even more enthusiastic than before.

Zhang handed the brocade box to Chen Ping. "This contains the Sword Heart Enlightenment Pill and the entrance token to the Ten Thousand Swords Cave. In three days, I will personally escort you into the cave."

Chen Ping took the brocade box and was about to express his gratitude when a disciple hurried in and whispered something in Zhang's ear.

Zhang's expression suddenly grew serious.

He looked at Chen Ping and said in a deep voice, "Chen Ping, I'm afraid you won't be able to stay in Sword Saint City for long."

Before leaving, Qin Fenglie sent a message to all the sects friendly with Divine Sword Villa, claiming that you possess rare treasures and are a murderous cult, and called on all cultivators to fight against you."

Mo Chen's face darkened. "He's trying to slander Chen Ping and make him a target of public criticism!"

"Despicable!" Ling Xue exclaimed.

Zhang sighed. "Divine Sword Villa has a huge influence in the sword dao world, and many sects will show respect to it. I'm afraid it won't be long before someone comes to cause trouble."

"After all, Divine Sword Villa boasts not only swordsmanship but also highly skilled forging techniques. Many sects purchase their spiritual swords from Divine Sword Villa, so I'll give it a try."

Chen Ping clenched the brocade box in his hand, a cold glint in his eyes: "Want to attack us in a group? Then let's try..."

Chen Ping turned to Zhang, the person in charge: "Senior, I won't be entering the Ten Thousand Swords Cave. I'll accept the reward and take my leave now."

"Would you consider it again?" Zhang lamented. "The Ten Thousand Swords Cave is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity for sword cultivators."

"While the opportunity is great, you must be alive to enjoy it." Chen Ping smiled. "Once I've resolved the trouble at Divine Sword Villa, I'll come back to ask for your advice."

Zhang nodded: "Alright, I'll have someone escort you out through a secret passage, away from eyes and ears."

"Outside Sword Saint City, there's a sword tomb. You can also go there to cultivate. Since you can't enter the Ten Thousand Swords Cave, cultivating in the sword tomb is a form of compensation."

"Thank you, senior!" Chen Ping bowed.

Half an hour later, the Sword Sect's group left the bustling city through the secret passage of Sword Saint City.

Standing on the hillside outside the city, Chen Ping looked back and saw the outline of Sword Saint City gradually blurring in the setting sun.

“Chen Ping, where are we going next?” Mo Chen asked.

Chen Ping looked westward: “I want to visit the Sword Tomb first.”

“Okay, I’ll take you there. However, this Sword Tomb is different from the Ten Thousand Swords Cave. It’s a place of slaughter, and those with weak wills are prone to obsession.”

“It also depends on each person’s understanding. Not everyone who enters the Sword Tomb will improve. Some people even come out as fools!”

Mo Chen explained the dangers of the Sword Tomb to Chen Ping.

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“I’m not afraid. I’ll give it a try...” Chen Ping smiled faintly!

The group headed towards the Sword Tomb!

The Sword Tomb, nestled in the mountains behind Sword Saint City, lies a vast valley, densely packed with ancient swords. Each sword exudes a faint sword aura, converging to form an invisible sword domain.

Each sword represents a vanished life, and so beneath this sword domain lies a thick aura of malevolence.

“This is the Sword Tomb,” Mo Chen said, pointing to a stone tablet in the center of the valley. “Inscribed on that tablet is the ‘Sword Saint Heart Sutra.’ How much you can comprehend depends on your luck.”

Chen Ping approached the tablet, only to see it inscribed with dense ancient characters. These words seemed to possess a life, slowly flowing across the stone tablet, emitting a majestic sword aura.

Gazing at the inscriptions, Chen Ping felt a vast stream of information flood into his mind, and countless profound sword principles emerged before his eyes.

He seemed to witness the swordsmen of past generations training: some comprehending the sword intent of heaven and earth atop lofty mountains, others sharpening their murderous swords in seas of blood, and still others experiencing the principles of human nature and swordplay in the marketplace...

After an unknown amount of time, Chen Ping slowly closed his eyes, forming seals with his hands, and the spiritual energy within him slowly circulated according to the principles of the "Sword Sage Heart Sutra."

An aura gradually emanated from him, one that merged with the "Sword Tomb." The ancient swords in the valley seemed to be inspired, emitting a crisp hum.

Mo Chen stood in the distance, observing the changes in Chen Ping, his eyes filled with amazement. "I didn't expect his comprehension to be so high, to resonate with the sword intent of the 'Sword Tomb' in such a short time..."

Just as Chen Ping's aura blended perfectly with the sword intent of the Sword Tomb, and the humming of the ancient swords around him intensified, something strange happened!

The black evil aura that had previously lingered in the valley, as if drawn by an invisible force, suddenly became violent.

They were no longer dispersing mists, but surging black torrents, carrying a sickening stench, converging from all directions towards the stone tablet where Chen Ping stood!

"Boom..."

The earth shook violently, as if a giant beast had awakened beneath the earth.

The ground of the Sword Tomb Valley cracked around the stone tablet. From countless deep crevices, eerie white bone claws suddenly burst forth!

"What is that?" Ling Xue screamed.

Densely packed skeletons crawled out of the cracks, their eye sockets ablaze with ghostly green will-o'-the-wisp fire, their joints rubbing against each other with a harsh, crackling sound.

In their hands, they clutched rusted long knives or broken ancient swords, evidently the remains of generations of cultivators who had perished in the Sword Tomb.

Powered by malevolent energy, these skeletons moved with incredible swiftness, emanating a thick aura of brutality and bloodlust. Like a tidal wave, they surged towards Chen Ping!

“Chen Ping!” Mo Chen’s face changed drastically, and he drew his sword, ready to charge.

But just as he took his first step, an invisible barrier suddenly appeared.

The Sword Tomb’s previously hidden Sword Domain suddenly erupted, forming a transparent barrier that completely isolated Chen Ping from the outside world.

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Mo Chen’s sword slashed against the barrier, causing only a faint ripple. The recoil sent his blood surging, and blood flowed from the corner of his mouth.

“This Sword Domain... has become so powerful!”

Mo Chen was horrified. He could sense that the Sword Domain was now several times more violent than before, as if deliberately repelling outsiders.

Over a dozen Sword Sect disciples attacked simultaneously, their sword energies slashing at the barrier, but they were all deflected.

Hu Mazi cast a spell and slammed it down. With a loud clang, he was sent flying backwards, his arm numb.

“Damn it! I can’t get in!” Hu Mazi roared, his eyes filled with anxiety.

Inside the barrier, Chen Ping was completely surrounded by the skeletons.

He suddenly opened his eyes, not a trace of panic in them, only a fervent fighting spirit.

The profound meaning of the “Sword Saint Heart Sutra” he had just grasped during the resonance with the sword’s will raced through his mind. He turned his hand to grasp the Dragon Slaying Sword inserted at his side, and golden light burst forth again, forming a sharp contrast with the surrounding black murderous aura.

“Well done!”

Chen Ping shouted, advancing instead of retreating.

The Dragon Slaying Sword sliced through the air, leaving behind a brilliant golden arc. It was the “Soaring Dragon Style” he had mastered during his battle with Zhao Jingfeng! However, this time, this strike not only carried the might of a dragon, but also the ancient sword spirit of the Sword Tomb.

“Puff!”

The dozen or so skeletons that bore the brunt of the sword’s light were instantly reduced to a cloud of shattered bones.

But more skeletons surged forward, trampling over the remains of their companions. Unafraid of pain, undaunted by death, their weapons slashed through the air, piercing Chen Ping’s vital points.

Chen Ping, employing a mystical footwork, weaved through the swarm of skeletons.

He no longer deliberately defended himself, but instead pushed the “Sword Saint Heart Sutra” to its limits. The moment the black evil energy approached him, he actively drew it into his body!

“Ugh...”

The moment the evil energy entered his body, Chen Ping felt as if his meridians were being pierced by countless steel needles. The excruciating pain instantly covered his forehead in cold sweat.

But he forcibly endured the pain, directing the violent evil energy to flow through his dantian.

Miraculously, under the guidance of his sword intent, the pure energy contained within the evil energy was gradually extracted and integrated into his spiritual power.

“Eighth level of the Scattered Immortal Realm... The barrier is loosening!” Chen Ping exclaimed in delight.

These skeletons were originally nourished by evil spirits. Slaying them would only intensify the dissipating evil spirits.

As Chen Ping swung his sword to slay the endless stream of skeletons, he actively absorbed the energy within.

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His movements grew faster and faster, the golden light of the Dragon Slaying Sword intertwining with the black aura of evil spirits, creating a strange and domineering image.

Amidst the scattering of bone fragments, Chen Ping’s aura rose at a visible rate.

With every swing of his sword, dozens of skeletons shattered; with every bit of evil spirit absorbed, his spiritual power condensed.

Gradually, his swordsmanship expanded beyond the “Soaring Dragon Style.” The ancient characters on the stone tablets of the Sword Tomb seemed to come alive, transforming into invisible sword shadows, guiding his movements.

Sometimes, his sword thrusts were simple, yet they contained a thousand twists and turns, capable of piercing the skulls of several skeletons simultaneously. Other times, his sword thrusts surged with a powerful force, like splitting a mountain, pulverizing entire swathes of skeletons. Tempered by slaughter

and malevolent energy, his sword intent grew increasingly condensed and domineering, showing signs of breaking through the sword intent barrier.

Outside the barrier, Mo Chen and the others watched in astonishment.

“He... he’s absorbing malevolent energy to cultivate?”

Ling Xue covered her mouth in shock. “How is that possible? Malevolent energy is so sinister and evil that even the slightest carelessness could lead to insanity!”

A flash of enlightenment flashed in Mo Chen’s eyes, and he muttered, “Yes, his sword intent inherently carries the might of a dragon, possessing the ultimate masculinity and strength, perfectly suited to suppressing the malevolent nature of malevolent energy.

Furthermore, he’s comprehending the ‘Sword Saint Heart Sutra.’ Perhaps the malevolent energy of this sword tomb is the catalyst for a breakthrough!”

At that moment, the earth shook even more violently, and a gigantic skeleton, three feet tall, rose from the deepest crevice.

The skeleton, clad in tattered armor and wielding a rusty giant sword, was condensed and solidified, clearly the product of a cultivator of exceptional cultivation in his lifetime. It roared, and the massive sword slashed down at Chen Ping with immense force!

Chen Ping looked up, a cold glint in his eyes.

He took a deep breath, and the refined evil spirit within him completely merged with his spiritual power. The golden light on the Dragon Slaying Sword was tinged with a faint black streak.

“Let you be the stepping stone for my breakthrough!”

Chen Ping leaped up, and sword and body merged into one, transforming into a stream of golden and black light, charging towards the giant skeleton's sword!

“BOOM!”

The golden and black light collided with the giant skeleton's rusted sword with a deafening roar, echoing through the sword barrier.

The golden light of the Dragon Slaying Sword clashed fiercely with the black energy on the rusted sword, sending sparks flying all over the sky.

Chen Ping felt a surge of immense force emanating from the sword, and his arm went numb. If it weren't for the surge of power from the fusion of evil spirit and spiritual power within him, he would have been knocked away by the sword. “Such a powerful force!” Chen Ping was secretly shocked.

Though merely a skeleton, this massive skeleton bore the marks of its former martial arts. Its every gesture carried the imposing aura of a peak Earthly Immortal.

It roared, pressing its rusted sword downward. The black energy from the blade coiled around like a venomous snake, attempting to erode the golden light of the Dragon Slaying Sword.

Chen Ping's eyes glared, and he crushed a skeleton's skull with his foot, using the momentum to flip his body and avoid the heavy pressure of the rusted sword.

At the same time, with a sharp twist of his wrist, the Dragon Slaying Sword slashed a sharp arc, piercing the gap between the giant skeleton's ribs—the very spot where the flow of evil energy was most vulnerable.

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“Swish!”

Golden light pierced the skeleton, releasing a wisp of thick black energy.

The giant skeleton roared in pain, swung its rusted sword across. Chen Ping tapped the ground with his toes, and his body drifted back like a willow catkin, avoiding the powerful blow.

The rusty sword struck empty air, creating a trench several feet long in the ground, sending rubble flying.

“We can’t fight head-on!” Chen Ping instantly assessed the situation.

This massive skeleton’s strength far surpassed that of an ordinary skeleton, and its body was thick with evil energy, like armor, rendering ordinary attacks ineffective.

But he also noticed that the skeleton’s movements were relatively slow, and each sword swing drew on the evil energy within it, causing the dim green will-o’-the-wisp fire in its eye sockets to flicker—a flaw in its power flow!

With a quick thought, Chen Ping abandoned the giant skeleton’s direct confrontation.

His figure flashed like a ghost moving through the sword tomb, dodging the rusty sword’s pursuit while wielding his sword to clear out the ordinary skeletons around him.

The golden light of the Dragon Slaying Sword flickered continuously, and each strike sent a shard of bone flying. As if finding a home, the scattered evil energy surged into Chen Ping’s body.

“Buzz...”

As the evil energy was continuously refined, Chen Ping’s aura grew stronger.

The barrier of the eighth rank of the Loose Immortal Realm, like a dam battered by a tidal wave, began to crack more and more.

He could sense the spiritual energy within his dantian undergoing a qualitative change, faintly showing signs of reaching the threshold of the ninth rank of the Loose Immortal Realm.

“Roar!”

The giant skeleton, unable to strike Chen Ping, grew increasingly frantic. It plunged its rusty sword into the ground, forming hand seals, and the murderous aura surrounding it suddenly boiled over.

The remains of the skeletons shattered by Chen Ping unexpectedly recondensed within the black air, transforming into dozens of skeleton soldiers armed with bone spears, charging towards Chen Ping!

“What a coincidence!”

A gleam of light flashed in Chen Ping’s eyes. Instead of retreating, he advanced, maximizing the skills learned in the Sword Saint Heart Sutra, weaving through the gaps between the bone spears.

At the same time, the Dragon Slaying Sword was raised overhead. Golden light and black energy intertwined on its blade, condensing into a sword beam several feet long. This sword, infused with his understanding of the Sword Tomb’s sword intent, also contained the violent power of refined evil spirit!

“Break!”

The sword beam descended, like lightning splitting the night.

The incoming bone spears were instantly shattered, and dozens of skeleton soldiers following closely behind were reduced to ash by the sword beam.

Even more astonishingly, the sword beam’s momentum persisted, slicing straight towards the giant skeleton’s head!

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The giant skeleton roared, raising its arms to block. Nourished by the black energy, its arm bones turned as black as ink, incomparably hard.

“Dang!”

The sword beam collided with the arm bones, resonating a clanging sound. The giant skeleton was thrown back repeatedly, several cracks appearing on the bone armor of its arms, and the will-o'-the-wisp in its eye sockets throbbed violently, clearly suffering serious injuries.

Chen Ping, leveraging the recoil of the attack, spun like a top, the Dragon Slaying Sword transforming into a golden vortex in his hand.

The evil energy that had been dispersed by the sword's light was drawn back into him, flowing along the swirling path into his body—this time, he wasn't passively absorbing it, but actively channeling it to attack the barriers of his cultivation!

“Ah...!”

Chen Ping let out a long howl, and a crisp “crack” echoed from within him, like shackles shattering.

The barrier of the eighth level of the Loose Immortal Realm was finally breached. Surging spiritual energy, mixed with pure evil energy, flowed through his body, and his cultivation level suddenly reached the ninth level of the Loose Immortal Realm!

“Now!”

Chen Ping's eyes suddenly became as sharp as a sword.

After this breakthrough, his control over the sword intent became even more refined.

He could clearly sense the momentary disturbance of the evil energy within the giant skeleton due to the previous attack.

“Soaring Dragon Style!”

This time, the “Soaring Dragon Style” was no longer simply a dragon’s might; it was infused with the murderous aura and furious energy of the Sword Tomb.

A golden glow surged from the Dragon Slaying Sword. A black dragon phantom, woven from sword intent and murderous energy, spiraled upwards, charging towards the giant skeleton with the power to rend the heavens and earth!

The giant skeleton instinctively sensed danger and tried to retreat, only to find that the space around it seemed locked in an invisible sword domain.

It could only watch helplessly as the black dragon phantom opened its maw and bit down on its head.

“Puff!”

The black dragon phantom pierced the giant skeleton’s skull, devouring the blazing green ghost fire within.

Without the support of the ghost fire, the giant skeleton’s movements abruptly froze, and with a crackling sound, it shattered piece by piece, ultimately transforming into a pile of scattered bones, which were blown away by the wind from the Sword Tomb.

As the giant skeleton vanished, the remaining skeletons around it fell to the ground like puppets without power, turning into bone dust.

The violent black evil spirit gradually subsided, no longer attacking. Instead, like a gentle stream, it slowly lingered around Chen Ping, being absorbed and refined bit by bit.

Outside the sword barrier, Mo Chen and the others watched in astonishment.

They had witnessed Chen Ping’s breakthrough from a desperate situation, using his ninth-level Loose Immortal Realm cultivation to slay a giant skeleton comparable to a peak seventh-level Earth Immortal Realm. Furthermore, by refining his body with evil spirit energy, he transformed the peril of the sword tomb into a formidable opportunity.

“This... this brat...” Hu Mazi gaped, unable to utter a single word.