

## **The Order 8771**

Chapter: 8771

Ling Xue's eyes lit up as she gazed at the figure within the barrier. "Not only was he not consumed by the evil spirit, he actually used it to achieve a breakthrough... Such comprehension and character are truly formidable."

Mo Chen breathed a sigh of relief, a pleased smile on his face. "Sword Sect, we've found a treasure."

At this moment, Chen Ping slowly sheathed his sword and stood.

His aura was several times stronger than before. Although a faint black aura still lingered around him, his eyes were clear and bright, without the slightest sign of possessedness.

He looked down at his hands and could feel the perfect fusion of spiritual power and evil spirit within him. Every gesture carried a sharp edge.

The stone tablet of the sword tomb lit up again, the ancient characters flowing faster, as if applauding his understanding.

As the evil spirit subsided, the barrier separating the inner and outer sword realms gradually thinned.

"Master, it's time for us to head to the Black Wind Mountains," Chen Ping said to Mo Chen.

Mo Chen nodded and said, "That's good. Your strength has reached the ninth level of the Loose Immortal Realm. With the Sword Saint Legacy, you shouldn't have any trouble dealing with the eighth level of the Earthly Immortal Realm."

Hu Mazi also said excitedly, "Chen Ping, you've made a breakthrough. We can finally settle accounts with the Evil Dao Hall! This time, we must rescue the souls of our Hu family!"

Hu Mazi knew that the stronger Chen Ping became, the greater his chances of rescuing the souls of his Hu family!

“Chen Ping, although you’re quite powerful now, I think you should retreat and cultivate for a while. Even if you’re at the ninth level of the Loose Immortal Realm, it’s still a futile attempt to deal with the Evil Dao Hall!” Mo Chen advised.

“Master, I...”

“Don’t call me Master anymore. I’m afraid your current strength surpasses mine...” Mo Chen quickly waved his hand!

It wasn’t that Mo Chen didn’t want to take Chen Ping in, but Chen Ping was too monstrous. He wasn’t worthy of being Chen Ping’s master!

In just a short time, Chen Ping’s strength had skyrocketed.

“Master, you taught me much of my sword skills, so it’s only right that I call you Master.”

“I’m only going to the Black Wind Mountains to scout the situation, so there won’t be any danger,” Chen Ping said!

Mo Chen pondered for a moment, then gritted his teeth and said, “I’ll go with you.”

“Ling Xue, take your fellow disciples back to Sword Saint City. Don’t wander off for a while. Divine Sword Villa won’t let you off.”

Mo Chen sent Ling Xue back with the others, while he followed Chen Ping and the others towards the Black Wind Mountains!

Black Wind Mountains, Evil Dao Temple branch.

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In a gloomy hall, an old man in a black robe sat cross-legged. On the altar before him lay dozens of black soul urns, within which countless wronged souls could be vaguely seen struggling.

“Haha, Chen Ping, are you finally coming?” The black-robed elder opened his eyes, a strange red light flickering in them. “I’ve been waiting for you for a long time...”

The Black Wind Mountains are shrouded in a perpetual black aura of evil spirits. Monsters roam the mountains, and countless bizarre formations and traps exist within. Ordinary cultivators dare not venture into the depths.

Chen Ping, Mo Chen, and Hu Mazi carefully navigated the mountains. Hu Mazi frequently drew out his pathfinding talismans and his Evil-Clearing Talisman to dispel the surrounding evil spirits.

“The evil spirits in the Black Wind Mountains are even stronger than I imagined.”

Hu Mazi frowned. “My Evil-Clearing Talisman can only barely protect us within a three-meter radius. Further in, I’m afraid they won’t work.”

Mo Chen said, “The Evil Dao Hall’s branch must be in the core area of the mountains. The evil spirits are densest and most dangerous there. We must proceed with caution.”

Chen Ping nodded and activated his Concentrated Heart Technique, desperately absorbing the evil spirits, reducing their concentration.

Combined with Hu Mazi’s Clearing Evil Talisman, it formed a double defense.

Chen Ping couldn’t absorb and refine all the evil energy here; that would take time, and Chen Ping didn’t have time.

They had to rescue the Hu Mazi people’s souls as quickly as possible, and they weren’t sure if their souls still existed.

“Don’t go any deeper...”

Just as Chen Ping and the other three were heading deeper into the Black Wind Mountains, the voice of the Red Cloud Demon Lord, who had been evading Chen Ping's consciousness, suddenly rang out!

Chen Ping abruptly stopped and called out to the Red Cloud Demon Lord, "Senior, Senior..."

But after calling out several times, there was no response, as if the Red Cloud Demon Lord had vanished again!

"Chen Ping, what's wrong?"

Hu Mazi asked, seeing Chen Ping suddenly stop!

Chen Ping didn't speak, but frowned slightly, confused as to what the Red Cloud Demon Lord was up to!

"Chen Ping, what's wrong?" Mo Chen also asked!

"Master, let's not go after the Evil Path Hall yet. I always feel like I'm not strong enough yet and need to improve."

Chen Ping said!

"I don't care. I'll listen to you!" Mo Chen said, looking at Hu Mazi!

After all, going to the Evil Path Hall is to help Hu Mazi find the Hu clan's spirit!

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"Chen Ping, what's going on? You don't want to help me?" Hu Mazi asked, looking at Chen Ping in disbelief!

In all their time together, he'd never seen Chen Ping back down!

But now, Chen Ping was backing down!

“Master Hu, of course I’ll help you, but we must proceed with caution. The forces that attacked your Hu clan weren’t limited to the Evil Path Hall. There were also forces like the Ten Thousand Poison Valley and the Holy Light Sect. We can start with those!”

Chen Ping decided to start by targeting the weaker forces and obtaining resources from these sects. Once his own strength increased, he would then go after the Evil Path Hall!

The Scarlet Cloud Demon Lord’s sudden remark couldn’t possibly be a random one!

So Chen Ping decided to trust the Scarlet Cloud Demon Lord!

“Alright, then, let’s start with the other forces!” Hu Mazi nodded!

“I know the Ten Thousand Poison Valley. It’s only a little over three thousand miles from here. It’s perpetually shrouded in poisonous gas and contains many toxic creatures. I can take you there!”

Mo Chen said!

“Okay!” Chen Ping nodded, and the three of them retreated, heading straight for the Ten Thousand Poison Valley!

The three of them turned back and sped towards the Valley.

Mo Chen was extremely familiar with the area, constantly pointing out the route along the way to avoid the demonic beasts, driven particularly ferocious by the evil spirit.

“The poisonous miasma in the Ten Thousand Poison Valley has three levels,” Mo Chen said in a deep voice as he soared on his sword. “The outer layer is the green miasma, which paralyzes spiritual energy; the middle layer is the purple miasma, which corrodes the meridians; and the core area is the black miasma, which is fatal if touched, even a cultivator in the Earthly Immortal Realm would suffer.”

Hu Mazi crushed a cleansing talisman, and a pale golden shield enveloped the three of them. He smacked his lips and said, "Luckily, I brought my ancestral 'Poison-Repelling Powder,' otherwise we would have become poisonous corpses before we even saw anyone from the Ten Thousand Poison Valley."

A faint black aura lingered at Chen Ping's fingertips. It was the evil energy refined from the sword tomb.

He discovered that the poisons floating in the air could be slowly absorbed by the evil energy, but at an extremely slow rate.

"Perhaps I don't need to rely on talismans," Chen Ping suddenly said. "I'll try using the evil energy to clear the way."

With that, he channeled his spiritual energy, and the evil energy around him suddenly expanded, forming a pitch-black barrier.

The turquoise miasma melted away upon contact with the black air, like ice meeting fire, creating a clear path ahead of the three.

Mo Chen's eyes flashed with surprise: "Your evil spirit can actually suppress poisons?"

Chen Ping wanted to claim that he was immune to all poisons and that his Concentrated Heart Technique could refine everything, but that only applied to him. If he wanted to protect those around him from poison, he had to use this evil spirit to suppress them.

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"Perhaps it's because they are inherently sinister," Chen Ping pondered. "Evil spirit is even more potent, capable of devouring poisons."

Hu Mazi slapped his thigh and laughed, "That saves me a lot of talismans!"

The three of them quickened their pace, crossing the endless poisonous swamp.

Giant pythons, covered in cancerous tumors, occasionally poked their heads out of the swamp, but were frightened by Chen Ping's unleashed evil spirit and could only cower in the mud and tremble.

As dusk fell, a dense purple bamboo forest appeared ahead.

A pale purple mist drifted through the bamboo forest, causing even ripples in Chen Ping's evil energy barrier.

"This is the outer defense line of the Ten Thousand Poison Valley."

"The bamboo forest holds their poison slaves, cultivators possessed by poison."

Mo Chen said.

As soon as he finished speaking, dozens of figures emerged from the bamboo forest.

These figures were emaciated, their skin a strange bluish-purple hue, their eyes bloodshot, and they clutched bone spears coated in venom.

"Kill!"

The poison slaves roared and charged, their movements stiff but fearless.

Hu Mazi cast three blazing talismans, and golden flames surged like a tide, burning the front row of poison slaves to charcoal.

"Watch out for their blood!" Mo Chen warned.

Chen Ping's figure flashed, and the Dragon Slaying Sword was unsheathed.

A sword beam, intertwined with golden light and black energy, swept out, severing the poison slaves before they could even get close. However, the purple blood gushing from the broken bodies fell to the ground, corroding the solid rock and leaving dense holes.

“These poison slaves were all Earth Immortal Realm cultivators in their lifetime,” Mo Chen swung his sword, cutting off a stinging poison needle. “They were controlled by the Ten Thousand Poison Valley’s ‘Heart-Eroding Gu,’ turning them into mindless puppets.”

Chen Ping frowned as he looked at the pain still lingering in the eyes of the poison slaves. “Is there any way to break their control?”

“Difficult!”

Hu Mazi threw an ice talisman, freezing a charging poison slave. “The Heart-Eroding Gu has penetrated the heart veins. Unless the insect is killed instantly, the slave will explode and die.”

Chen Ping no longer hesitated, and the golden light on the Dragon Slaying Sword grew even more intense.

He unleashed the new sword technique he had learned at the Sword Tomb. The tip of the sword traced a mysterious trajectory, each strike piercing the poison slave’s heart with pinpoint precision.

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Black evil energy surged from the sword’s tip, instantly strangling the poisonous insects hidden within.

“Bang! Bang! Bang!”

The poisonous slave whose poisonous insects had been slain stiffened, then turned to ash, without releasing a single drop of venom.

Seeing this, Mo Chen and Hu Mazi also changed their tactics, focusing their attack on the poisonous slave's heart meridians.

Half an hour later, the last poisonous slave was reduced to ash.

Chen Ping sheathed his sword and stood, noticing that his evil energy had intensified considerably, evidently nourished by consuming these poisonous insects.

"The gate to the Ten Thousand Poison Valley is just ahead."

Mo Chen pointed deep into the bamboo forest. "Through that ravine, we'll reach their core area."

The three of them passed through the purple bamboo forest, and a narrow ravine appeared before them.

The cliffs on either side of the ravine were dotted with honeycomb-like caves, within which wriggling dark shadows could be vaguely seen.

"It's the Centipede Cave in the Valley of Ten Thousand Poisons."

"It's filled with thousand-year-old poisonous centipedes. Disturbing them would be very troublesome," Mo Chen warned.

Chen Ping, however, noticed a flat rock at the canyon's entrance, engraved with strange runes.

The runes glowed with a pale green light, echoing the surrounding miasma.

"This is a warning formation,"

Chen Ping reached out and touched the runes. "Anyone entering the canyon will alert the poisonous creatures within."

He channeled his spiritual power, and malevolent energy flowed through his fingertips into the runes.

The pale green light was quickly swallowed by the black air, and the runes on the rock gradually dimmed.

"Done! Let's go," Chen Ping said, withdrawing his hand.

As the three entered the canyon, a sudden rustling sound came from the cave on the cliff.

Countless half-foot-long centipedes crawled out of the cavern. They were pitch black, their shells gleaming with a metallic sheen, and the poisonous stingers on their tails glowed a faint blue.

"Damn it, we've been discovered again! These are 'Black Iron Centipedes,' their shells harder than fine steel!" Mo Chen frowned.

Hu Mazi hid behind Chen Ping, clutching several runes.

Chen Ping's eyes glared, and he swung his Dragon Slaying Sword.

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The golden light struck the black iron centipede's shell, sending sparks flying and leaving only a faint white mark.

"So tough!"

Chen Ping was secretly shocked, then changed his strategy, infusing his sword with evil spirit.

"So tough!" Hu Mazi was also surprised by this, then said with envy, "If only my weapon were this tough!"

“Fuck...” Chen Ping glared at Hu Mazi!

Mo Chen, not even understanding what Hu Mazi was saying, swung his sword at the black iron centipede!

The pitch-black sword light descended, easily slicing through the black iron centipede’s shell.

Green venom spurted out, but was blocked by the evil spirit barrier.

“Their abdomen is their weak point!” Mo Chen’s voice echoed from above. He had already soared into the air, his sword transforming into a cloud of sword shadows, targeting the black iron centipede’s soft underbelly.

Hu Mazi then took out a porcelain bottle and poured out dozens of yellow pills.

The pill exploded upon landing, dissolving into a cloud of yellow smoke.

The Black Iron Centipede’s body immediately began to melt upon contact with the smoke, emitting a piercing hiss.

“This is the ‘Corpse-Transforming Pill,’ perfect for dealing with poisonous insects!” Hu Mazi exclaimed triumphantly.

Chen Ping hadn’t expected Hu Mazi to possess such a treasure!

Realizing he couldn’t fall behind, Chen Ping condensed his evil energy into dozens of black lines, which, like serpentines, darted toward the cave on the cliff.

As the black lines entered the cave, a flurry of hissing sounds erupted from within, quickly fading into silence.

“Done?” Hu Mazi asked in surprise.

“We’ve blocked their nest with our evil energy,” Chen Ping retracted the black lines. “No new poisonous insects will emerge for a while.”

The three of them quickened their pace as they crossed the canyon, their view suddenly opening up.

A valley stretching across ten thousand acres appeared before their eyes. Within the valley, a variety of bizarre poisonous plants grew, and a colorful miasma swirled through the valley. A black palace could be vaguely seen standing in the center.

“That’s the heart of the Ten Thousand Poison Valley—the Ten Thousand Poison Palace,” Mo Chen said, pointing at the palace. “The Valley Master, Wan Duzi, should be inside.”

Just then, a sinister voice rang out from deep within the poisonous weeds: “Three fools, how dare you trespass into the Ten Thousand Poison Valley?”

As the voice rang out, dozens of black-robed monks emerged from the poisonous weeds.

Each of them had a sinister expression, carrying gourds filled with venom. Leading them was a one-eyed old man, his face covered in snake-scale-like patterns.

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“It’s the Ten Thousand Poison Valley’s law enforcement elder, Snake Elder,” Mo Chen whispered. “He’s cultivated the ‘Snake Shedding Technique’ to the seventh level, making him invulnerable to swords and spears.”

Snake Elder scanned the three with his single remaining eye. When he saw Chen Ping, a glint of greed flashed in his eyes. “Such a rich, sinister aura! Perfect for feeding my ‘Thousand-legged Snake.’”

He untied a black cloth bag from his waist and opened it.

A fishy stench washed over him. A black snake, as thick as a bucket, emerged from the bag, its body covered in densely packed legs, each covered in barbs.

“This is the Thousand-legged Snake King, possessing the strength of a fifth-grade Earthly Immortal,” Mo Chen said.

The Thousand-legged Snake King lolled out its forked tongue, its scarlet eyes fixed on Chen Ping, seemingly fascinated by the sinister aura emanating from him.

Chen Ping gripped the Dragon Slaying Sword tightly, his spiritual energy and murderous aura surging at high speed. “A quick and decisive battle! Don’t let them alert the Myriad Poisons.”

Before he finished speaking, the Snake Elder had already issued his command: “Attack! Bring them back alive. I’ll make them feel the heart-wrenching effects of the Myriad Poisons!”

The black-robed monks simultaneously activated their gourds, and green venom shot out like a fountain, gathering in the air to form a vast poisonous net, enveloping the three men.

Hu Mazi, well prepared, summoned ten golden talismans.

The runes formed a golden Bagua formation in the air. The venom landed on the formation with a sizzling sound, but it couldn’t penetrate it.

“Break!”

Mo Chen’s body moved like lightning, his longsword transforming into a streak of light, instantly piercing the throats of the three black-robed monks.

Those men never saw the sword’s impact until their deaths.

“You fools!” Chen Ping sneered at the Thousand-legged Snake King!

A fifth-rank Earth Immortal dared to act so presumptuously in his presence.

Chen Ping faced the Thousand-legged Snake King and casually swung the Dragon Slaying Sword!

Countless sword beams darted towards the Thousand-legged Snake King!

The Thousand-legged Snake King was chopped into several pieces, its foul-smelling black blood splattering onto the poisonous weeds, corroding the poisonous plants until they began to smoke.

The Snake Old Man's single eye flashed with blood, and his fingers gripping the cloth bag turned white from the force applied. "Little beast! How dare you kill my Snake King!"

The Snake Old Man couldn't believe it. Chen Ping, a ninth-rank Loose Immortal, had actually killed the Thousand-legged Snake King he had so carefully nurtured!

This Thousand-legged Snake King was a fifth-rank Earth Immortal!

The Snake Old Man slapped his chest fiercely, spewing a stream of pale green blood, which fell to the ground.

The black iron centipedes burned by Hu Mazi's Corpse-Transforming Pills instantly recovered, even doubling in size, their shells emitting an eerie red glow.

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"All poisons unite! Tear him apart!"

Snake Old Man roared and formed hand seals. Like an army receiving orders, the black iron centipedes surged towards Chen Ping.

Hu Mazi's face paled. "These poisonous insects, fueled by their essence and blood, have lost their sanity!"

Mo Chen swung his sword, slicing several black iron centipedes that had lunged at Hu Mazi into dust. "Chen Ping, a swift and decisive battle!"

Chen Ping suddenly smiled, not in panic, but with a calmness bordering on indifference.

He slowly raised his Dragon Slaying Sword, its golden light and murderous aura swirling in spirals, as if pulsing with life.

"A bunch of reptiles, you dare block my way?"

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

The next second, a shower of golden and black light exploded from the swarm of black iron centipedes.

That wasn't sword light, but the sword intent realm activated by Chen Ping, using the ninth-grade spiritual power of the Scattered Immortal Realm.

He had actually merged the sword realm he'd comprehended from the Sword Tomb with the evil spirit, forming a miniature killing field.

Where the light rain passed, the black iron centipedes' hard shells shattered like paper, their green juices mingling with the black evil spirit, completely obliterated by the power of the sword realm.

"How is this possible..."

Snake Old's pupils shrank sharply. He could feel the life force of the black iron centipedes fading at a terrifying rate, as if being devoured by an invisible black hole.

As the last black iron centipede turned to ash in the shower of light, Chen Ping's figure had already appeared before Snake Old, no more than three feet away.

"You..."

Snake Old was about to activate his poison power when he found himself unable to move.

The evil spirit surrounding Chen Ping had transformed into invisible chains, tightly locking his meridians.

"You were there during the encirclement and suppression of the Hu family, weren't you?" Chen Ping's voice was soft, but it pierced Snake Old's eardrum like an ice spike.

Snake Old's face changed drastically: "How do you know..."

"I guessed."

Chen Ping flicked his wrist, and the Dragon Slaying Sword slashed a cold arc in the sunlight. "I've already given you a break by keeping you alive until now."

"No! I'm the Law Enforcement Elder of the Ten Thousand Poisons Valley. If you kill me, the Valley Master will not let you go..."

The shouting abruptly stopped.

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The sword flashed, and the head flew off.

Snake Old's head arced through the air, a look of disbelief and terror still lingering in his single eye. The blood spurting from his neck, upon contact with the air, was incinerated into smoke by the murderous aura emanating from Chen Ping's body.

The remaining black-robed monks, terrified by this sight, turned and tried to flee.

“Don’t even think of escaping!”

Hu Mazi’s eyes were bloodshot. He pulled out three yellow talismans and, muttering something, transformed them into three fiery dragons, chasing the fleeing soldiers as if they had eyes.

Mo Chen, on the other hand, flew through the poisonous weeds with his sword. With each flick of his longsword, a black-robed monk clutched his throat and fell. His sword remained unstained by a trace of blood, its energy already pulverizing both poison and life.

Chen Ping did not join the pursuit. He stood before Snake Old’s headless corpse, gathering a strand of pure malevolent energy at his fingertips and probing into the man’s dantian.

After a moment, he withdrew his fingers, a faint golden light lingering on them. “Found it.”

It was the unique spiritual aura of the Hu family, clearly a legacy left by the treasures Snake Old had looted.

“Master Hu, it seems most of your clan’s relics are in the Ten Thousand Poisons Hall.”

Hu Mazi heard this, his hand gripping the talisman trembling slightly. “My ancestors’ belongings... I must get them back!”

The three of them made their way through the corpse-strewn ground towards the Ten Thousand Poisons Hall.

The poisonous miasma along the way retreated automatically before Chen Ping’s murderous aura. Those poisonous insects that had been hiding in the shadows were so frightened that they burrowed into the mud, daring not to show their heads.

The Ten Thousand Poisons Hall’s gate was forged from the skull of some enormous beast, its fangs clung to dried human skin.

Eight guards clad in scaled armor stood on either side of the gate. Their skin was a strange bluish-purple, and they held spears inlaid with poison crystals.

“Stop!” the leading guard shouted, pointing his spear directly at Chen Ping. “Anyone who trespasses into the Ten Thousand Poisons Hall will die!”

Chen Ping didn’t bother to waste time, casually swinging his Dragon Slaying Sword.

A golden-black sword beam, over ten feet long, pierced the air, cleaving the eight guards, spears and all, in half. It also smashed into the Skull Hall’s door.

“Crack...”

The solid animal bone door shattered like porcelain, revealing the eerie hall within.

The hall was filled with a poisonous fog ten times thicker than that outside. On a high platform in the center sat an old man in a green robe. In the bronze cauldron before him, a roiling dark green liquid simmered, emitting a sickening odor.

It was none other than Wan Duzi, the master of the Ten Thousand Poison Valley.

Wan Duzi slowly raised his head. His face seemed woven from poisonous vines, his skin entwined with pale green veins. His eyes were a pure dark green, with no visible pupils.

“Did the snake die of old age?”

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His voice was like two pieces of rotten wood rubbing against each other. “You do have some skills, no wonder you dared to enter my Valley of Ten Thousand Poisons.”

Chen Ping stepped into the hall, his murderous aura forming an invisible barrier around him, keeping the poisonous mist out. “Hundreds of years ago, the Hu family was exterminated, and you were one of the masterminds.”

It wasn't a question, it was a statement.

Wan Duzi let out a strange laugh, his laughter tinged with the sound of dripping mucus that made one's teeth ache. “Indeed, that old man Hu's ‘Immune to All Poisons’ is indeed a good material for refining poisons. It's a pity he self-destructed. Otherwise, I would have already broken through the Earthly Immortal Realm and reached a higher realm.”

Hu Mazi was so angry at this that he trembled all over, almost crushing the talisman in his hand. “You beast! I'm going to kill you!”

“What's the hurry?” Wan Duzi licked his lips, his dark green tongue forked like a snake. “When I refine the three of you into poison pills, it will be atonement for my regrets from that year. Especially you,” his gaze fell on Chen Ping. “You possess evil spirits yet are not affected by them. You're perfect for refining the ‘Yin-Yang Poison Pill’.”

“You talk too much nonsense.” Chen Ping flashed, and the Dragon Slaying Sword pierced Wan Duzi's face with a sound of breaking through the air.

Wan Duzi didn't dodge, simply raised his hand and pointed at the bronze tripod.

The dark green liquid swirling within the cauldron suddenly surged, transforming into a poisonous dragon. Its fang-filled maw opened wide and bit towards Chen Ping. Wherever the dragon passed, the air sizzled with corrosion.

“A trifling trick.” Chen Ping's eyes flashed with a cold light, and his sword's momentum suddenly accelerated. The golden and black sword light pierced the dragon's head directly.

“Puff!”

The dragon instantly disintegrated, transforming into a torrent of poisonous rain.

But before the venom could reach within three feet of Chen Ping, it was incinerated by the evil spirit.

“Huh?” Wan Duzi’s eyes flashed with surprise. “Your evil spirit can actually counteract my Ten Thousand Poisons? Interesting...”

He slammed the platform’s handrail, and the entire hall floor suddenly cracked. Countless dark green poisonous vines emerged from the cracks, wrapping around the three of them like nimble venomous snakes.

Mo Chen unsheathed his longsword, its blade surging with energy as he severed the approaching poisonous vines one by one. “Be careful! These are ‘Corrupted Heart Vines.’ The fine hairs on the vines will burrow into the skin and corrode the heart!”

Hu Mazi summoned a large golden net, its mesh gleaming with runic light, keeping the poisonous vines at bay. “Chen Ping, this old fellow is at the peak of the seventh rank of the Earthly Immortal Realm. Be careful of his innate poison power!”

Chen Ping ignored the surrounding poisonous vines, his gaze fixed on Wan Duzi. “Your opponent is me.”

He charged forward again, this time, his sword moves no longer relentless slashes, but infused with the cunning body movements mastered in the Sword Tomb.

The Dragon Slaying Sword seemed to come alive in his hands, transforming into a dancing golden snake, then a slashing black dragon’s claws, each strike aimed squarely at Wan Duzi’s weak spot.

Wan Duzi, clearly unprepared for the strangeness of Chen Ping’s swordsmanship, retreated repeatedly, his green robe ripped open by the sword energy, revealing his bark-like skin beneath. “You little beast, do you really think I’m afraid of you?” Wan Duzi, driven to rage, ripped open his green robe, revealing a black snake-like tattoo entwined across his chest.

As he chanted, the tattoo sprang to life, transforming into a two-foot-long snake that crawled down his neck to the top of his head, opening its mouth and spitting out its tongue.

“This is my natal poison, the ‘Erosion Spirit Snake,’” Wan Duzi said with a cruel smile. “It will burrow into your sea of consciousness and gnaw away your soul bit by bit, leaving you wishing you were dead!”

The Erosion Spirit Snake transformed into a black streak and shot towards Chen Ping’s brow at a speed indiscernible to the naked eye.