

The Order 8781

Chapter: 8781

Mo Chen and Hu Mazi cried out in alarm, attempting to rescue him but being entangled by the poisonous vines.

As if Chen Ping had anticipated this, he advanced instead of retreating. A brilliant golden light suddenly erupted from his brow—the Dragon Might Shield formed after refining his Dragon Essence.

“Hiss—”

The Erosion Spirit Snake slammed into the golden light, letting out a shrill hiss and being sent flying backwards. Puffs of white smoke billowed from its body.

“How is this possible!” Wan Duzi screamed. The Erosion Spirit Snake was his natal Gu, cultivated with a century of painstaking effort. It specialized in suppressing the soul and had never failed.

Just as he lost consciousness, Chen Ping’s sword arrived.

The tip of the Dragon Slaying Sword stopped just an inch from Wan Duzi’s brow. The interwoven golden and black sword energy had already pierced a bloody hole in his skin.

“You... You can’t kill me!” Wan Duzi finally felt fear. “I am the Lord of the Ten Thousand Poison Valley. If you kill me, you will be hunted down by the entire Fifth Heaven poison cultivator!”

Chen Ping’s eyes were cold, unwavering. “Did the Hu family beg you the same thing back then?”

These words, like a sharp blade, pierced Wan Duzi’s last psychological defenses. His face drained of all color, and he collapsed on the platform.

“Kill!”

Chen Ping exerted force on his wrist, and the sword flashed.

Wan Duzi's head tumbled to the ground, dark green blood gushing from his neck. The moment it came into contact with the evil aura surrounding Chen Ping, it was completely purified.

With Wan Duzi's death, the wildly growing poisonous vines instantly withered, and the poisonous mist within the hall began to dissipate.

Hu Mazi looked at Wan Duzi's corpse on the dais, then suddenly knelt and kowtowed three times in the direction of the Hu clan. "Ancestors, I have avenged you!"

Mo Chen patted his shoulder, his eyes filled with regret.

Chen Ping walked over to the bronze cauldron, where the dark green liquid still swirling inside had turned to clear water.

He reached out and touched the bottom of the cauldron, pulling out a jade pendant engraved with the word "Hu." A faint spiritual aura still lingered on the jade pendant.

"This should belong to the Hu clan," Chen Ping handed the jade pendant to Hu Mazi.

Hu Mazi took the jade pendant with trembling hands, tears finally welling up in his eyes. "It's... it's my ancestor's protective jade pendant..."

The three searched the Ten Thousand Poison Hall and found numerous treasures looted from the Ten Thousand Poison Valley, most of which bore the Hu family's mark. Hu Mazi carefully stored these items, as if they were rare treasures.

"Next, it's time to head to the Holy Light Sect." Chen Ping watched the poisonous fog gradually dissipate outside the window, a cold glint in his eyes. "No one who participated in the encirclement and suppression back then will escape."

The Holy Light Sect is located in the Holy Light Plains, west of the Fifth Heaven. Unlike the eerie and gloomy Ten Thousand Poison Valley, it is perpetually shrouded in golden light, with white jade palaces suspended in the clouds, resembling a fairyland.

But only a few know how many foul secrets lie beneath this sacred ground.

Chapter: 8782

Chen Ping and the other two transformed into three streams of light and landed outside the Holy Light Sect's mountain gate.

The gatekeeper, wearing a pristine white robe and wielding a silver sword, immediately stepped forward upon seeing the three men. "Who are you? Please show me your visiting card."

Hu Mazi stepped forward and said coldly, "Send your sect leader out and say that the descendants of the Hu family have come to avenge their blood debt."

The gatekeeper's face darkened. "You audacious lunatic! How dare you speak nonsense in front of the Holy Light Sect!"

The silver sword in his hand suddenly blazed with a blinding light and lunged at Hu Mazi.

Chen Ping's eyes glared. Without waiting for Hu Mazi to strike, he flicked his finger, and a streak of murderous energy, transformed into a black streak, shot out, accurately striking the sword's blade.

With a crisp clang, the silver sword shattered, sending fragments flying everywhere.

The gatekeepers retreated in shock, their faces filled with disbelief. "You... you are heretics!"

"Heretics?" Chen Ping sneered. "Compared to your Shengguang Sect, which appears pure on the surface but is filthy on the inside, we are much cleaner."

Just then, a commanding voice rang out from the mountain gate: "Who is making a noise here?"

As the voice rang out, a middle-aged man in a golden robe slowly stepped out. He was handsome, elegant, and radiated a gentle golden light, giving him the appearance of a saint.

“It’s Li Xiuyuan, the law enforcement elder of the Holy Light Sect,” Mo Chen whispered. “He’s a seventh-rank Earthly Immortal, skilled in the ‘Holy Light Sword Technique,’ and is said to have grasped a hint of divine sword intent.”

Li Xiuyuan’s gaze swept over the three men. Seeing the lingering malevolent aura surrounding Chen Ping, his brows furrowed slightly. “You, sir, harbor such a potent malevolent aura, yet you dare to trespass into our Holy Light Sect? Are you tired of living?”

“It’s you, the Holy Light Sect, who are tired of living.” Chen Ping stepped forward, his murderous aura suddenly erupting, scattering the surrounding golden light. “Hundreds of years ago, you joined forces with the Ten Thousand Poison Valley and the Evil Dao Hall to annihilate the Hu clan. Today, that account is settled.”

Li Xiuyuan’s face changed slightly, then regained its composure, a look of deep sorrow on his face. “Your Excellency is mistaken! The Hu clan practiced evil techniques and harmed lives. How could our Shengguang Sect, a reputable and upright sect, sit idly by? Suppressing them is enforcing justice!”

“Enforcing justice?” Hu Mazi chuckled in anger. “My Hu clan has been practicing medicine for generations, saving lives. When have we ever harmed a living being? To steal our ‘Herb Classic’, you fabricate such a shameless lie!”

“Pure nonsense!” A fierce look flashed in Li Xiuyuan’s eyes. “It seems you’ve been blinded by evil thoughts. Today, I will enforce justice on behalf of Heaven and purify you, these evil demons!”

As soon as he finished speaking, a golden light suddenly surged around him, and a golden sword appeared out of thin air in his hand. Intricate runes engraved on the blade emanated a terrifying aura.

“Holy Light Sword Technique, First Move: Illuminate the Earth!”

Li Xiuyuan swung his sword, and golden light surged out like a tide, instantly enveloping the entire mountain entrance.

A sacred and majestic aura permeated the air, as if to purify all evil.

“A trifle!” Chen Ping snorted coldly, unsheathing his Dragon Slaying Sword, and a golden and black sword light met his target.

“Bang!”

The golden and black sword lights collided with a deafening roar.

Chapter: 8783

Shockingly, the seemingly indestructible golden sword light was ripped apart by Chen Ping’s blade, eventually disintegrating into a swirl of light.

Li Xiuyuan took three steps back, a look of shock on his face for the first time: “Your swordsmanship... how could it possibly restrain my Holy Light?”

“Because your Holy Light is a false thing.”

Chen Ping stepped forward, the murderous aura emanating from the Dragon Slaying Sword growing increasingly intense. “Your so-called sacred sword intent is nothing more than the condensed resentment of countless wronged souls. How can you call it sacred?”

Li Xiuyuan’s face changed drastically: “You... you’re talking nonsense!”

He had clearly not expected Chen Ping to be able to see through the Holy Light Sect’s secrets.

“Whether it’s nonsense or not, you know it.”

Chen Ping’s voice was like a voice from the Netherworld. “The treasures you looted from the Hu family back then should be hidden in the secret chamber of the Holy Light Hall, right?”

A fierce glint flashed in Li Xiuyuan's eyes. "Looks like I can't keep you alive!"

He roared, and golden light erupted again around him. This time, a faint black aura lingered within.

"Holy Light Sword Technique, Third Form: Spear of Judgment!"

Countless golden spears condensed from the golden light, their tips flashing with an icy gleam, shooting towards Chen Ping and the other two.

Mo Chen and Hu Mazi immediately attacked. Mo Chen's sword transformed into a stream of light, repeatedly shattering the incoming spears; Hu Mazi raised a yellow shield, gleaming with runic light, blocking the spears.

But Li Xiuyuan's primary target was clearly Chen Ping; most of the spears were directed at him.

Chen Ping's eyes glared, his spiritual energy and malevolent energy churning frantically. The Dragon Slaying Sword in his hand transformed into a golden and black whirlwind.

"Soaring Dragon Style!"

A black dragon phantom, woven from sword intent and malevolent energy, roared out, instantly devouring every incoming spear.

The black dragon continued its charge towards Li Xiuyuan.

Li Xiuyuan's face paled. He hadn't expected Chen Ping's formidable strength. He hastily raised his golden sword, attempting to block it.

"Puff!"

The black dragon easily shattered the golden sword's defense and slammed into Li Xiuyuan's chest.

Li Xiuyuan spat out a mouthful of blood and flew backward, slamming heavily into the white jade archway at the mountain gate, shattering it instantly.

He struggled to stand, but found his dantian had been eroded by malevolent energy, and his spiritual energy was stagnating.

“You... who are you?”

Li Xiuyuan watched Chen Ping approach, his eyes filled with fear.

“A debt collector,” Chen Ping’s voice was icy, the tip of his Dragon Slaying Sword pointed directly at Li Xiuyuan’s throat. “Tell me, where is your sect leader?”

Li Xiuyuan gritted his teeth, a flicker of determination in his eyes: “Want to find the sect leader? Get past me first!”

He slapped his chest fiercely, emitting a stream of golden blood. The blood fell to the ground, transforming into a complex rune array.

“Holy Light Sacrifice!”

As Li Xiuyuan roared, the rune array suddenly erupted with dazzling light. Countless golden chains emerged from the array, wrapping around Chen Ping.

Holy runes gleamed on these chains, clearly some kind of forbidden technique.

“You’re asking for your own death.”

Chen Ping’s eyes grew cold, and he swung his Dragon Slaying Sword.

The interwoven golden and black sword beams resembled the Grim Reaper's scythe, instantly severing all the golden chains.

The sword's force remained undiminished as it chopped straight towards Li Xiuyuan's head.

Chapter: 8784

A flicker of despair flashed in Li Xiuyuan's eyes. He opened his mouth, as if about to say something, but only a muffled thud escaped, and his head separated from his body.

With Li Xiuyuan's death, a commotion erupted from the Holy Light Sect's mountain gate. Countless disciples in pristine white robes rushed out, surrounding the three.

"Protect the sect!"

"Kill these evil heretics!"

The disciples roared in anger, their silver swords radiating golden light, forming a golden sea of swords that surged towards the three.

Chen Ping gazed at these deceived disciples, a complex expression flashing in his eyes, but it quickly gave way to an icy coldness.

"Anyone who stands in my way will die!"

He roared, and the Dragon Slaying Sword erupted with unprecedented brilliance. A crisscross of gold and black radiance soared into the sky, like a raging dragon, instantly tearing through the golden sea of swords.

The sword shone like a dragon, the murderous aura like a prison.

Chen Ping slashed with his sword, a torrent of golden light and black energy instantly ripped through the sea of swords held by the Holy Light Sect's disciples.

Dozens of disciples in the front row were pulverized by the sword energy before they could even scream. Shreds of white robes mingled with the golden glow, creating an eerie rain of blood.

“Madman! He’s a madman!”

The surviving disciples were terrified by the bloody scene, their hands trembling as they gripped their swords, no longer daring to move forward.

Chen Ping didn’t pursue. His gaze passed over the crowd, gazing at the Holy Light Hall, the grandest palace deep within the Holy Light Sect.

“Master Hu, Master, I’ll leave the task of clearing out the miscellaneous soldiers to you.”

“I’ll go meet their leader.”

Before he finished his words, his figure transformed into a streak of light, soaring towards the Holy Light Hall.

“Chen Ping, be careful!” Mo Chen and Hu Mazi shouted simultaneously.

Mo Chen swung his longsword, a surge of sword energy sweeping back the disciples who tried to stop Chen Ping. “Master Hu, let’s make this a quick fight and help Chen Ping!”

“Okay!”

A fierce glint flashed in Hu Mazi’s eyes. He pulled out several talismans and, muttering something, transformed them into flaming dragons, which flew towards the crowd.

For a moment, flames shot up into the sky in front of the Holy Light Sect’s mountain gate, accompanied by screams and the clash of weapons.

Chen Ping galloped along, the disciples along the way unable to stop him.

A single swing of the Dragon Slaying Sword could slash through entire groups of disciples. The so-called Holy Light defenses proved futile before his murderous aura.

Chapter: 8785

Soon, he arrived at the Holy Light Hall.

The Holy Light Hall was constructed entirely of white jade, its roof covered in golden glazed tiles, gleaming brilliantly in the sunlight.

Two massive angel statues stood on either side of the hall's entrance, swords in hand, their expressions majestic, as if guarding some sacred secret.

Chen Ping didn't knock, but simply kicked in.

"Boom!"

The heavy hall door flew away with his kick, sending wood chips flying everywhere.

Inside the hall, an elderly man in a purple robe sat at the head of the table. His hair and beard were white, his face was kind, and he exuded a gentle yet powerful aura. He was none other than Wang Shengguang, the leader of the Shengguang Sect and an eighth-rank cultivator in the Earthly Immortal Realm.

Several trembling elders knelt before Wang Shengguang, clearly having just received the news.

Seeing Chen Ping burst through the door, Wang Shengguang slowly raised his head. There was no trace of surprise in his eyes, only a calm, unwavering composure.

"You're finally here."

Wang Shengguang's voice was gentle, yet carried an undeniable authority. "I've waited for this day for hundreds of years."

Chen Ping frowned. "Did you know I was coming?"

"Of course." Wang Shengguang smiled faintly. "The descendants of the Hu family will seek revenge on us sooner or later. I just didn't expect it would be a young genius like you."

He stood up, his purple robe fluttering in the wind, and the golden light around him grew increasingly intense. "Your evil aura is unique. It can actually suppress my holy light. Moreover, you are only at the Scattered Immortal Realm, yet you defeated the Earth Immortal Realm cultivators without a fight."

"If I'm not mistaken, you must be the Chen Ping who shone so brightly in Sword Saint City?"

Chen Ping's eyes glared. "You know a lot."

"How could my Shengguang Sect not know about the major events that took place in the Fifth Heaven?"

Wang Shengguang's smile gradually grew colder. "You killed Zhao Jingfeng in Sword Saint City and destroyed the Ten Thousand Poison Valley. Such a huge event would be impossible to conceal."

"It's a pity that you should never have come to my Shengguang Sect."

"Oh?" Chen Ping's lips curled into a sneer. "Do you think you can hold me back?"

"We'll know if I can, after we try."

Wang Shengguang's eyes blazed with a fierce fighting spirit. "If I can harness your divine dragon power and murderous aura, perhaps I can break through the ninth level of the Earthly Immortal Realm and reach the legendary Human Immortal Realm!"

He slammed the table in front of him, and it instantly crumbled to dust.

“Holy Light Technique! All the swords return to their origin!”

Chapter: 8786

With Wang Shengguang’s roar, all the decorations in the Holy Light Hall, including the two angel statues, transformed into golden swords, suspended in the air.

The dense swarm of swords covered the sky, at least tens of thousands of them. Each sword gleamed with sacred runes, emanating a terrifying pressure.

“This is the ‘Ten Thousand Saints Sword Domain,’ the crowning treasure of my Holy Light Sect,” Wang Shengguang said with a cruel smile. “Back then, the Hu clan’s patriarch perished at this very blow. Today, I’ll teach you the same lesson!”

“Ten Thousand Swords!”

With a command from Wang Shengguang, tens of thousands of golden swords hummed simultaneously, shooting towards Chen Ping like a swarm of summoned bees.

A golden rain of swords obscured the sky, enveloping the entire Holy Light Hall. A sacred and destructive aura permeated the air.

Chen Ping’s eyes were solemn. He could sense the powerful divine force within these golden swords, far superior to Li Xiuyuan’s Holy Light Sword Technique.

But he showed no fear. Instead, a flicker of excitement flashed in his eyes.

“Well-timed!”

Chen Ping roared, his spiritual energy and murderous aura surging wildly. An unprecedented radiance erupted from the Dragon Slaying Sword.

Tens of thousands of golden swords poured down like a torrential rain. The sacred runes on the swords sizzled in the air, and even the air rippled in their path.

Wang Shengguang sat upright behind the rain of swords, his purple robe fluttering, his eyes filled with a sneer of confidence.

This Ten Thousand Saints Sword Domain was a forbidden technique passed down for millennia by the Shengguang Sect. It was this technique that had once slain the Hu clan patriarch through exhaustion. He didn't believe a cultivator in the realm of the Immortal could defy fate.

But Chen Ping smiled at the moment the rain of swords approached.

That smile contained no fear, only the exhilaration of meeting a worthy opponent.

He took a sudden step forward, the dragon essence and evil spirit within him surging like boiling magma. The golden and black light of the Dragon Slaying Sword suddenly surged, forming a swirling vortex around him.

"Watch me!"

With a low shout, countless tiny sword energies suddenly shot out from the vortex. These sword energies didn't move in a straight line, but twisted and entwined as if possessed of life, weaving a vast black-gold web in mid-air.

The first wave of golden swords collided with the web with a dense clang. Runes exploded with light like fireworks, but they were trapped by the web, unable to advance.

"Interesting."

Wang Shengguang raised an eyebrow, and with a slight movement of his fingertips, the rain of swords in the sky suddenly changed its trajectory, converging on a single point like a tide.

Instantly, it condensed into a massive sword dozens of feet long, its blade radiating liquid golden light, as if cleaving the heavens and earth in two.

“Holy Light Judgment!”

The giant sword slashed down with overwhelming divine power, ripping the air in two, creating a visible vacuum.

Chapter: 8787

The white jade tiles beneath Chen Ping’s feet instantly cracked, countless cracks spreading like spiderwebs. The entire Holy Light Hall trembled violently under this overwhelming pressure.

Chen Ping took a deep breath and plunged the Dragon Slaying Sword into the ground.

Instantly, black-gold murderous energy, guided by the sword’s blade, surged madly into the earth.

Dozens of dragon-shaped waves suddenly erupted from the hall’s floor. These waves roared skyward, intertwining in midair to form a ferocious, five-clawed black dragon.

“Dragon power—suppress!”

The black dragon raised its head and roared, its roar shaking the glazed tiles on the hall’s roof.

It lashed its long tail and unexpectedly slammed its body into the golden giant sword.

“BOOM!!!”

Two completely different forces collided within the hall: golden divine power and black-gold dragon power clashed fiercely, forming a visible energy storm.

At the center of the storm, space twisted and distorted. Those Holy Light Sect elders who hadn't had time to dodge were swept by the aftermath, instantly spitting blood and flying backwards, crashing into the temple pillars and unconscious.

Hu Mazi and Mo Chen watched from outside the temple, trembling with fear. They could clearly feel the energy fluctuations generated by each collision, enough to easily obliterate even an early Earth Immortal Realm cultivator.

But Chen Ping, with his ninth-rank Loose Immortal Realm cultivation, withstood the full force of an eighth-rank Earth Immortal Realm cultivator.

"This kid... is a monster!"

Hu Mazi and Mo Chen, having dealt with the minions, rushed in. Seeing this scene, Hu Mazi muttered, the talisman in his hand already twisted and deformed.

Mo Chen's face was also solemn: "Wang Shengguang hasn't used his full strength yet; he's testing Chen Ping's hand."

Before he finished speaking, a crisp sound suddenly rang out from within the temple.

Amidst the energy storm, a crack appeared on the golden giant sword, and the black dragon's body gradually faded.

Chen Ping suddenly spat out a mouthful of blood, his face pale as paper. The forced application of Dragon Might had strained his meridians, and his spiritual energy was now somewhat disrupted.

Wang Shengguang was also suffering. The cuffs of his purple robe had been eroded by the evil spirit, leaving several black holes. A trace of blood hung from the corner of his mouth.

Although he had the upper hand in the previous attack, Chen Ping's Dragon Might had also shaken him, causing his blood to surge.

“You’ve achieved this in the Sanxian realm, you have something to be proud of.”

Wang Shengguang wiped the blood from his mouth, his eyes burning with fighting spirit. “But the game is over!”

He formed seals with his hands, and the golden light around him suddenly became extremely viscous, flowing like molten gold.

The scattered golden sword fragments seemed summoned, recondensing into countless small swords. These swords no longer attacked, but instead swirled around him, gradually forming a full-body golden armor.

Chapter: 8788

The armor was covered in intricate runes, and six pairs of radiant wings extended from its back. Each wing seemed crafted from the purest crystal, reflecting a dazzling light.

At this moment, Wang Shengguang was like a legendary holy war angel, emanating a mighty aura that made the entire Holy Light Sect tremble.

“Holy Body—Descend!”

Wang Shengguang took a single step, instantly crossing a distance of dozens of feet, appearing before Chen Ping.

He clenched his fist, a golden fist shrouded in an all-consuming holy light, and blasted it towards Chen Ping’s front.

The blow, seemingly slow, blocked all avenues for Chen Ping to evade. Before the blow even reached him, Chen Ping’s skin was already burning with stinging pain.

Chen Ping’s pupils suddenly constricted, and he forcibly suppressed the surging blood and qi within him. He held the Dragon Slaying Sword across his chest, simultaneously concentrating his evil spirit into a shield.

“Dang!”

The clash of fist and sword and shield resonated with a resounding bell-like sound.

Chen Ping felt a surge of immense power, his arm instantly going numb, and the Dragon Slaying Sword nearly flew out of his hand.

His feet plowed deep trenches into the ground, and he finally steadied himself after crashing into the shattered temple pillars. A sweet taste welled up in his throat, and another mouthful of blood spurted out.

Wang Shengguang seized the opportunity, his six pairs of luminous wings flapping. His figure flashed through the temple like a ghost, each appearance accompanied by a torrential downpour of attacks.

Golden fists, the slashing of luminous wings, rays of holy light radiating from his fingers... He unleashed the speed and power of an eighth-grade Earthly Immortal to the limit, leaving Chen Ping no chance to breathe.

Chen Ping was caught off guard by the torrent of attacks, his wounds mounting.

The golden holy light was like a maggot on the heel, burning his flesh and blood once it touched him. If it weren't for the suppressive force of the evil spirit, he would have collapsed long ago.

But the light in his eyes grew more determined. Though Wang Shengguang's attack was fierce, it also gave him a deeper understanding of the workings of divine power, and his counterattacks with the Dragon Slaying Sword became increasingly precise.

“Swish!”

Chen Ping seized a flaw in Wang Shengguang's attack. Like a venomous snake emerging from its burrow, the Dragon Slaying Sword slashed through the crack in his golden armor, sending a wisp of evil spirit piercing through the wound and into Wang Shengguang's body.

Wang Shengguang groaned, his breath instantly disordered, and the golden light on his body dimmed slightly.

“Looking for death!”

Wang Shengguang was shocked and furious. He had never imagined that his holy body would be corroded by evil spirit.

He slammed his palm into Chen Ping’s chest, sending him flying. At the same time, he channeled his spiritual energy to force out the evil spirit within him, his expression becoming even more gloomy.

The two men distanced themselves again, both panting heavily.

Chen Ping’s left arm twisted awkwardly, clearly broken. His shirt was stained red, and blood trickled from the corner of his mouth.

Chapter: 8789

Wang Shengguang was in slightly better condition, but his armor bore several more sword marks, and the light wings on his back were also damaged. His aura was noticeably less stable than before.

Outside the Holy Light Hall, all the disciples of the Holy Light Sect were stunned.

How could their leader, who they held as a god, be reduced to this state by a cultivator from the Unbounded Immortal Realm?

Hu Mazi was terribly anxious, ready to charge in, but Mo Chen held him back firmly: “Don’t be impulsive! Going in now will only hinder Chen Ping!”

“But if you keep going like this, Chen Ping will be exhausted to death!” Hu Mazi said anxiously.

Mo Chen remained silent, staring intently at the figure in the hall, a flicker of determination in his eyes. If Chen Ping truly couldn’t hold out, he would risk his own life to secure a glimmer of hope for him.

Inside the hall, Wang Shengguang felt the chaotic spiritual energy within him, as well as the malevolent energy corroding his meridians. For the first time, a hint of fear rose in his eyes.

He looked at Chen Ping and suddenly grinned. "Excellent! Very good! It's been ages since I've encountered an opponent so satisfying! To reward you, I'll show you true power!"

As soon as he finished speaking, Wang Shengguang's aura began to surge wildly.

The once dim golden light shone again, even more intensely than before. The runes on his six pairs of wings seemed to come alive, spinning frantically.

The space around him rippled, and a far more terrifying pressure spread out, the spiritual energy of the entire Holy Light Plains converging towards him.

"He... he's about to break through?!" Mo Chen's face changed drastically, his eyes filled with disbelief.

Wang Shengguang, who had remained at the peak of the eighth level of the Earthly Immortal Realm for decades, had actually reached the threshold of the ninth level in a fierce battle with Chen Ping!

Chen Ping's pupils also constricted. He could clearly feel the power within Wang Shengguang's body growing exponentially, the divine force becoming purer and more terrifying.

He gritted his teeth, forcing himself to endure the pain, channeling all his remaining spiritual energy and malevolent energy into the Dragon Slaying Sword, preparing for the coming storm.

"Om—"

The golden light radiating from Wang Shengguang reached its peak, and the six pairs of wings behind him fully unfolded, obscuring most of the Holy Light Hall.

He slowly opened his eyes, their gaze devoid of any human emotion, only a cold majesty.

“Ninth Rank of the Earthly Immortal Realm... Finally!”

Feeling the surging power within him, Wang Shengguang let out a long, joyful roar. “Chen Ping, witnessing my breakthrough is enough for you to rest in peace!”

He took a step forward, his figure instantly vanishing from the spot.

Chen Ping’s heart rang with alarm, and he instinctively held the Dragon Slaying Sword across his back.

“Puff!”

With a dull thud, Chen Ping felt as if a mountain had struck his back, sending him flying like a kite with its string cut.

Chapter: 8790

It slammed hard into the Holy Light Hall’s dome, punching a large hole in the solid glazed tiles, and landed awkwardly on the square outside.

“Chen Ping!”

Hu Mazi and Mo Chen exclaimed simultaneously, no longer caring about anything else as they rushed towards Chen Ping.

Wang Shengguang’s figure appeared above the square, looking down at Chen Ping, who lay sprawled on the ground like a dead dog. A cruel smile crossed his face. “The Scattered Immortal Realm is still the Scattered Immortal Realm. Even if you’re a genius, you can’t leap across a realm to challenge me.”

He raised his right hand, and a ball of light as dazzling as the sun condensed in his palm. The power contained within it distorted the very air.

“It’s over.”

The ball of light slowly descended towards Chen Ping. Wherever it passed, the ground began to melt, and puffs of white smoke rose.

Just then, Hu Mazi and Mo Chen finally reached Chen Ping's side. Hu Mazi summoned all his talismans, forming a thick wall. Mo Chen held his sword in front of him. Both men simultaneously channeled their spiritual energy, attempting to block the fatal blow.

"You overestimate your abilities," Wang Shengguang snorted coldly, and the ball of light in his palm trembled slightly.

"Bang!"

The wall and sword energy shattered like paper before the ball of light. Hu Mazi and Mo Chen spurted blood and flew backward, hitting the ground hard, their lives uncertain.

Chen Ping struggled to raise his head, looking at the two unconscious men, his eyes bloodshot.

He tried to stand, but found that his limbs had completely lost feeling. The spiritual energy and evil spirit within him were completely chaotic, making even moving a finger extremely difficult.

The ball of light drew closer, its scorching heat burning his skin.

He could feel the shadow of death looming, and his heart was filled with resentment. Was he going to die here?

A triumphant smile crossed Wang Shengguang's face. He seemed to have already envisioned Chen Ping being reduced to ash by the holy light.

But just as the ball of light was about to strike Chen Ping, a cold voice suddenly echoed through the heavens and earth:

"Your Excellency, bullying the weak is truly unseemly, isn't it?"

Before the words had finished, a brilliant silver sword energy, like a meteor piercing the night sky, shot from the sky and precisely struck the golden ball of light.

“Crack!”

A shocking scene unfolded. The golden ball of light, powerful enough to easily annihilate an Earth Immortal cultivator, was cleaved in two by the silver sword energy, then dissipated into the air like foam.

Wang Shengguang’s expression changed drastically. He suddenly looked up at the sky, his eyes filled with shock and disbelief: “This sword energy... is it you?”

A figure in white stepped through the air, its steps slow, yet carrying an air of dominance.

The man wielded a simple, ancient sword. His features were handsome, his eyes indifferent, as if nothing in the world mattered to him.