

The Order 8791

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Chen Ping's pupils suddenly constricted as he gazed at the newcomer. He had seen this face before!

On the Heavenly Ladder, Li Chunfeng, the swordsman he had rescued, appeared!

Li Chunfeng landed before Chen Ping and gently swung his sword. A gentle wielding of sword energy swept across Chen Ping, Hu Mazi, and Mo Chen, their injuries healing at a visible rate.

He turned and fixed his gaze on Wang Shengguang. His tone remained calm, yet it carried unmistakable murderous intent: "If you injure Mr. Chen, you will die."

Wang Shengguang looked at Li Chunfeng, and for the first time, fear crossed his face. His voice trembled slightly. "Li... Li Chunfeng? Haven't you been gone for hundreds of years? How did you end up here?"

"How do you know this Chen Ping?"

Li Chunfeng didn't answer Wang Shengguang's question, but simply said, "Mr. Chen is my master."

Master?

These words resonated like thunder in everyone's ears.

Wang Shengguang was stunned, as were Hu Mazi and Mo Chen, who had just woken up.

Li Chunfeng, the Lord of Sword Saint City, a peak ninth-rank Earthly Immortal, actually called Chen Ping, a ninth-rank Scattered Immortal, his master?

Wang Shengguang regained his composure, a stern expression on his face. "Li Chunfeng, don't think I'm afraid of you! This is the Holy Light Sect, not a place for you to run wild! Even if you're the Lord of Sword Saint City, don't even think..."

Before he could finish his words, Li Chunfeng moved.

No one could see how he drew his sword; only a flash of silver light passed by.

The next second, Wang Shengguang, maintaining a ferocious expression, froze in place.

A thin line of blood formed on his neck, and then his entire body, along with his golden armor, turned into a cloud of light, completely dissipating into the air.

The Lord of the Holy Light Sect, a ninth-rank Earthly Immortal, was just... killed instantly?

A deathly silence fell over the square. All the disciples of the Holy Light Sect were terrified, their faces pale. Many collapsed to the ground, not even having the courage to flee.

Li Chunfeng retracted his sword and walked up to Chen Ping. He bowed slightly and spoke respectfully, "Mr. Chen, I'm sorry to have frightened you."

Chen Ping finally recovered from his shock. He looked at Li Chunfeng before him, opened his mouth, and finally managed a few words: "You...you are the Lord of Sword Saint City?"

Li Chunfeng smiled slightly and nodded. "Yes, I am the Lord of Sword Saint City."

"Who is the person in charge of Sword Saint City?" Chen Ping asked, his face filled with curiosity.

"That's one of my servants. Ever since I disappeared, he's been in charge of Sword Saint City. So, he's only the person in charge, and he never dared to call himself the city lord."

"Mr. Chen, ever since you rescued me from the Heavenly Ladder and I returned to the Fifth Heaven, I've been immersed in cultivation. I've never left Sword Saint City, and I've never been seen in public."

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“It wasn’t until I accidentally heard your name this time that I realized you’d reached the Fifth Heaven. I didn’t expect your strength to have grown so rapidly in such a short time.”

“It’s my fault for putting Mr. Chen in danger. I failed to protect him...”

Li Chunfeng felt incredibly guilty. After all, he had promised Chen Ping that he would serve him for three hundred years.

“I’m fine, so you don’t have to blame yourself.” Chen Ping smiled faintly. “Nan Batian is also in the Fifth Heaven...”

“I know. He’s with my childhood sweetheart now!”

Li Chunfeng said!

Hu Mazi and Mo Chen listened to Li Chunfeng and Chen Ping’s conversation, both of them stunned!

Especially Mo Chen. As the former leader of the Sword Sect, he had even accepted Chen Ping as his disciple!

And now, the Lord of Sword Saint City was actually Chen Ping’s subordinate.

This scene left Mo Chen stunned, completely bewildered!

“Senior Li...”

Mo Chen stepped forward and bowed to Li Chunfeng!

After all, Mo Chen's Sword Sect made a living in Sword Saint City.

And at the Fifth Heaven level, Li Chunfeng's swordsmanship had reached the pinnacle, unmatched. Otherwise, how could he be the Lord of Sword Saint City?

"Who are you?" Li Chunfeng didn't recognize Mo Chen!

"This is my master, Mo Chen, the Lord of the Sword Sect!" Chen Ping introduced him.

Upon hearing this, Li Chunfeng hurriedly returned the greeting, saying, "So it's Fellow Daoist Mo..."

"Chen Ping, please don't call me Master. I truly cannot bear it."

"With Senior Li here, I'm nothing. If Senior Li were to teach you swordsmanship, it would be far superior to mine!"

Mo Chen said with embarrassment!

"Mr. Chen wants to learn, and I will teach you without reservation..." Li Chunfeng said!

"We'll talk about it later. Let's deal with the current situation first!" Chen Ping said!

Li Chunfeng nodded, glanced at the trembling Holy Light Sect disciples around him, and a cold glint flashed in his eyes: "These people will only cause trouble if we keep them."

Chen Ping said nothing, but his calm eyes made his attitude clear.

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Chen Ping was no saint. In this society, there's no good or evil, only enemies and friends!

Enemy, then, must die!

Li Chunfeng understood Chen Ping's meaning and, without further ado, waved his hand, unleashing several blasts of sword energy.

The Holy Light Sect disciples screamed in agony as they were instantly slain.

After dealing with the Holy Light Sect, Li Chunfeng looked at Chen Ping: "Mr. Chen, we can't stay here any longer. Let's return to Sword Saint City."

Chen Ping nodded. He had so many questions for Li Chunfeng.

With a gentle wave of his hand, Li Chunfeng launched a gentle force, lifting Chen Ping, Hu Mazi, and Mo Chen. Then, transformed into a stream of light, they flew towards Sword Saint City.

Behind them, the once-glorious Holy Light Sect gradually lost its former glory in the afterglow of the setting sun. Only the ruins remained, telling of what had happened there.

Chen Ping glanced back, a flood of emotion welling up in his heart.

The journey from the Ten Thousand Poison Valley to the Holy Light Sect was fraught with danger. If it weren't for the assistance of Mo Chen and Hu Mazi, and if it weren't for Li Chunfeng's timely appearance, he would have likely perished long ago.

"Damn that Scarlet Cloud Demon Lord! Why hasn't he made any noise?"

Chen Ping cursed the Scarlet Cloud Demon Lord inwardly!

If the Scarlet Cloud Demon Lord had possessed him in time, he wouldn't have nearly died!

The outline of Sword Saint City gradually became clear in the twilight, and the stream of light transformed by Li Chunfeng slowly descended over the Sword Sect's headquarters.

Though not luxurious, this courtyard east of the city exuded a sense of tranquility in the setting sun, a stark contrast to the bloody storm that had preceded it.

"Mr. Chen, Fellow Daoist Mo, Master Hu, please rest here for a while." Li Chunfeng waved his hand, removing the shield. Gentle spiritual energy lifted the three of them to the ground. "I've instructed my servants to prepare healing elixirs. If you need anything, just send a message."

Chen Ping struggled to his feet. Pain shot through his left arm, but Li Chunfeng's sword energy had already sorted out the chaotic spiritual energy within him.

"Thank you, City Lord Li, for your assistance," Hu Mazi and Mo Chen both thanked him.

"You're welcome," Li Chunfeng nodded slightly. "You should rest first. If anything needs you, Mr. Chen, feel free to call me!"

With that, Li Chunfeng vanished in an instant!

After settling Hu Mazi and Mo Chen, Chen Ping sat alone on a stone bench in the courtyard.

Moonlight filtered through the sycamore leaves, casting dappled shadows. He slowly practiced the Concentration Heart Technique. Golden spiritual energy laboriously flowed through his meridians. Every inch of damaged vein he repaired felt like countless fine needles piercing his veins.

"Hiss..."

Chen Ping gasped, his chest wound bleeding again from the surge of spiritual energy.

He unbuttoned his shirt. On the charred mark left by Wang Shengguang's palm wind, strands of evil spirit and dragon essence tore at each other, as if fighting for control of the body.

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“This holy light power is quite stubborn.”

Chen Ping frowned slightly and pulled a vermilion pill from his storage ring.

As soon as the pill entered his mouth, it transformed into a refreshing liquid that flowed through his limbs and bones, instantly relieving the burning sensation.

Mo Chen coughed in the distance. Chen Ping looked in the direction of the sound and saw the old sect leader standing in the corridor, supported by his disciples. His pale face was filled with the relief of having survived a disaster. “Chen Ping, are you okay?”

“Thank you for your concern, Master. I’m not dead.”

Chen Ping grinned, revealing his white teeth. “But you and Master Hu, you must rest well.”

Mo Chen waved his hand, stepped closer, and whispered, “City Master Li... does he really recognize you as his master?”

Thinking of the shocking scene in the Holy Light Sect, he still found it incredible.

The Sword Saint City Master, a peak ninth-grade Earthly Immortal, actually showed such courtesy to a disciple from the Loose Immortal Realm. If word got out, it would probably shock the entire Fifth Heaven cultivators.

Chen Ping smiled wryly, “We met once on the Heavenly Ladder. We couldn’t really be considered master and servant. Perhaps he just has an eccentric personality.”

Chen Ping was reluctant to dwell on his relationship with Li Chunfeng. Some secrets should be known as little as possible.

As the two were talking, Hu Mazi stumbled over, his head bandaged like a dumpling, his face brimming with excitement. “Chen Ping! I’m fine! That old man’s Holy Light Bullet only looks scary, not half as powerful as your Dragon Slaying Sword!”

“Watch your wound.”

Chen Ping shook his head helplessly. This guy always forgets the pain once the wound has healed.

Hu Mazi waved his hand nonchalantly and pulled out a dark clay pot from his bosom. “Look what I brought you! This is an ointment made from the inner elixir of the Amethyst Toad from the Ten Thousand Poisons Valley. It’s specially formulated to treat all kinds of injuries. Apply it, and I guarantee you’ll be ready to wield a sword tomorrow!”

Looking at the bubbling green paste in the pottery pot, Chen Ping’s eye twitched. “Are you sure it’s not poison?”

“Hey, you don’t trust me?”

Hu Mazi, anxious, grabbed a piece of gravel and smeared the ointment on it. The stone instantly began to emit green smoke. “Look, even...” Even stone can corrode it, making it excellent for cleaning wounds!”

Chen Ping: “...”

Just then, Li Chunfeng’s voice echoed from outside the courtyard: “Mr. Chen, there’s no rush to heal your wounds.”

He walked slowly in, holding a jade box. “This is the ‘Concentrated Jade Marrow’ from Sword Saint City. It’s extremely beneficial for repairing meridians.”

The moment the jade box was opened, a refreshing fragrance filled the air. The semi-fluid, milky-white liquid within the box slowly swirled, faint traces of spiritual energy condensing into mist.

Chen Ping's pupils shrank slightly. A treasure like this might not even be found in three boxes in the entire Fifth Heaven.

"I dare not accept such a valuable gift." Chen Ping stood up and declined.

Li Chunfeng pressed the jade box into his hands. "Mr. Chen has been so kind to me, so why would I bother with such mundane things?"

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He paused, his tone becoming serious. "It seems the Divine Sword Villa is ready to make a move. Mr. Chen would do well to recover your strength as quickly as possible. If there's any disturbance, simply shout my name in the direction of the City Lord's Mansion."

With that, he transformed into a white rainbow and vanished into the night, leaving only a faint voice echoing through the courtyard: "Rest assured, Sword Saint City is safe for now."

Gazing at the chalcedony slowly flowing from the jade box, Chen Ping felt a mixture of emotions.

For the next three days, the Sword Sect's headquarters remained unusually peaceful.

Chen Ping immersed himself daily in healing. The Concentrated Chalcedony lived up to its reputation. The damaged meridians healed at a visible rate. Harmonized by the sword energy left by Li Chunfeng, the Dragon Essence and the evil spirit gradually achieved a delicate balance.

Mo Chen and Hu Mazi were recovering a bit slower. The former's internal organs, burned by the holy light, needed to be slowly healed, while the latter suffered a backlash from forcibly activating the talisman. Currently, he clutched a medicine jar and sighed daily.

Ling Xue and the other Sword Sect disciples took on the responsibility of vigilance. These days, there were always groups of cultivators lingering outside the base, their eyes glaring unkindly.

"Senior Brother Chen, there are a few unfamiliar faces skulking around the door again today."

Ling Xue walked into the room carrying a bowl of medicinal soup, a look of worry on her beautiful face. "I heard from my disciples that rumors are circulating that our Sword Sect has offended the Divine Sword Villa and will sooner or later be expelled from Sword Saint City."

Chen Ping took the medicine and downed it in one gulp, a bitter taste spreading across his tongue. "Others have their mouths on them, so let them say what they want."

He put the bowl down and looked at the bruise on Ling Xue's wrist, which hadn't yet faded. Curiously, he asked, "How did it happen?"

Ling Xue covered her wrist and shook her head. "There's been constant challenges to the Sword Sect lately. Master and Senior Brother Chen are injured, so I have no choice but to step in!"

"I'm sorry." Chen Ping reached out and gently caressed her wound. As his spiritual energy flowed through her, the bruise faded at a visible speed.

Ling Xue's cheeks flushed slightly, and she shook her head softly. "I don't feel wronged to be by your side."

Their shared life and death these days had already left her with a deep affection for this seemingly ordinary young man.

Just as the two exchanged glances and smiled, a quarrel erupted from outside the courtyard.

"Get out of the way! I'm Qin Feng, the Young Master of Divine Sword Villa. I want to see Chen Ping of your Sword Sect!"

A stern voice echoed, accompanied by the shouts of disciples and the clash of weapons.

Chen Ping's eyes glared, and he and Ling Xue rose simultaneously.

At the courtyard gate, a young man in brocade robes kicked two Sword Sect disciples aside. This man was none other than Qin Feng, the Young Master of Divine Sword Villa.

Behind him were more than a dozen black-clad guards, each with a concentrated aura, clearly masters of the Earth Immortal Realm.

Qin Feng had heard that Chen Ping and Mo Chen were both seriously injured, which was why he had dared to bring his men to the Sword Sect's headquarters and act so arrogantly.

"Where's Chen Ping? A coward?"

Qin Feng glanced around, his gaze landing on the hurried Chen Ping. A hint of sarcasm curled his lips. "I thought you were dead. I heard you were beaten hard this time."

"You've broken into my Sword Sect's headquarters. What's the matter?" Chen Ping stood in front of Ling Xue, his spiritual energy quietly flowing.

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He could sense that although Qin Feng seemed only at the fourth level of the Earthly Immortal Realm, his sword intent was exceptionally sharp, clearly demonstrating his unique mastery of swordsmanship.

Qin Feng's gaze passed Chen Ping and fell on Ling Xue. A cold glint flashed in his eyes. "Ling Xue, you and I have always fought to determine the winner. I wonder if you dare to challenge me today?"

"He won't compete with you!" Chen Ping said!

Qin Feng looked Chen Ping up and down, as if he were looking at an ant. "You were seriously injured and nearly died. Do you still have the right to speak here? You killed Zhao Jingfeng from our Divine Sword Villa, and I haven't settled the score with you yet."

"I killed Zhao Jingfeng. If you want to settle the score, come to me anytime." Chen Ping's tone was icy. "As for whether you can kill me for revenge, that depends on your ability."

“You’re such a sharp-tongued person!”

Qin Feng chuckled in anger. “I won’t argue with you today.”

“Today, no one from the Sword Sect can escape. But if you want me to stop, Ling Xue can strip naked and dance for me, and I’ll let you go today.”

At these words, all the Sword Sect disciples glared at him. Mo Chen and Hu Mazi also hurried over on crutches.

“Qin Feng! Stop being so presumptuous!” Mo Chen trembled with anger. “Although my Sword Sect is weak, we will not tolerate such humiliation!”

“Humiliation?”

Qin Feng scoffed. “If you know what’s good for you, just let Ling Xue strip and dance, or I’ll raze this shabby yard of yours!”

The guards behind him simultaneously unleashed their aura, the pressure of the Earthly Immortal Realm descending like a dark cloud. The Sword Sect disciples with weaker cultivation levels paled instantly.

Chen Ping stepped forward, his murderous energy and dragon power erupting simultaneously, forcibly breaking through the pressure. “Do you want to die?”

“With you?”

Killing intent flared in Qin Feng’s eyes. “Zhao Jingfeng was careless for a moment, and you got away with it. Do you really think you’re invincible?”

He slowly drew the longsword from his waist, a pale blue glow emanating from the blade. “Today, I’ll show you the true Divine Sword Villa swordsmanship!”

Qin Feng remained restrained until the sword was unsheathed, but the moment it left the sheath, a sharp sword energy barreled towards Chen Ping's face.

This sword energy contained traces of icy power, and wherever it passed, tiny ice crystals formed in the air.

"Ice Sword Technique?"

Mo Chen's face changed slightly. "This is one of the unique skills of the Divine Sword Villa. Rumor has it that when mastered to perfection, it can freeze a cultivator's spiritual energy!"

Chen Ping remained unmoved. The Dragon Slaying Sword trembled slightly in his hand, as if it was already eager to drink blood.

He could sense that while the opponent's swordsmanship was exquisite, it lacked a certain unwavering spirit. It was even inferior to Li Hanjiang's, let alone Zhao Jingfeng's.

"If you want to fight, then fight. Why all this nonsense!" Chen Ping shouted, and the Dragon Slaying Sword transformed into a golden beam and pierced Qin Feng's chest.

Qin Feng had clearly not expected Chen Ping to dare to attack, and he hastily drew his sword to block.

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"Clang!"

The two swords clashed, the clanging of metal deafening.

Qin Feng felt a surge of immense force, his arm instantly going numb, and the sword nearly flew out of his hand.

He stumbled back three steps, staring at Chen Ping in horror: “You... How did your cultivation recover so quickly?”

The man who had been severely injured by Wang Shengguang three days earlier could now unleash such terrifying power. This was beyond his comprehension.

Qin Feng knew Chen Ping was seriously injured, so he dared to come here so presumptuously.

Chen Ping didn’t answer, and pressed on.

The Dragon Slaying Sword drew a perfect arc in the air, its golden light blazing like the sun. It was the opening move of the “Dragon Slaying Style.”

Qin Feng didn’t dare to delay. His spiritual energy circulated frantically, unleashing his full blast of Ice Sword Technique.

Pale blue sword energy surged out like a tide, instantly forming a thick layer of ice on the ground, attempting to trap Chen Ping.

“A mere trifle.”

Chen Ping snorted coldly, his Fire Control Step bursting forth, his figure moving across the ice like a ghost. Each step sent a golden ripple through the air, dispelling the chill.

“Ice Sword Technique? A thousand miles of ice!”

Qin Feng roared, stabbing his sword into the ground.

Instantly, countless icy spikes burst from the ground like bamboo shoots, instantly forming a massive ice prison, trapping Chen Ping in the center.

The walls of the prison were covered in sharp ice spikes, gleaming with a cold, blue light.

“Hahaha! Chen Ping, let’s see how you escape this time!”

Qin Feng laughed triumphantly. “This ice prison is formed from my innate spiritual power. The more you struggle, the tighter the freeze. If you know what’s good for you, surrender!”

Mo Chen and Hu Mazi cried out in alarm, attempting to step forward to rescue him, but were stopped firmly by Qin Feng’s guards.

“Let us go!”

Ling Xue was terrified. The longsword in her hand erupted with brilliant light, forcing the two guards back and charging towards the ice prison.

“Capture her!”

A glint of cunning flashed in Qin Feng’s eyes, and he winked at the guards.

The two fifth-level Earth Immortal Realm guards immediately abandoned their opponents and pounced on Ling Xue like hungry wolves.

Their movements were cunning and brutal, clearly intent on capturing her alive.

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Although Ling Xue had reached the fourth level of the Earth Immortal Realm, how could she be a match for two fifth-level Earth Immortal cultivators?

After just three moves, she was at a disadvantage. One of the guards slapped her on the back, causing her to spit out a mouthful of blood and stumble back.

“Ling Xue!”

Chen Ping roared in the ice prison, his spiritual energy surging wildly. Golden sword light continuously bombarded the ice wall, but only left faint white marks.

“Tsk tsk, the sight of a wounded beauty is truly pitiful.”

Qin Feng slowly walked towards the fallen Ling Xue, a lewd smile on his face. “Chen Ping, if you kneel down and beg me now, perhaps I can spare her life.”

“You’re courting death!”

Chen Ping’s eyes were bloodshot, the fire essence within him boiling fiercely, and the Dragon Slaying Sword erupted with unprecedented brilliance.

“Boom!”

With a resounding explosion, the ice prison instantly melted under the flames unleashed by Chen Ping.

Qin Feng’s face paled slightly, having not expected Chen Ping’s explosive power to be so astonishing.

Without hesitation, he pulled a small jade bottle from his bosom and flung it towards Ling Xue. “Since you refuse to accept my toast, I will feast on your beauty first!”

The jade bottle shattered in mid-air, instantly enveloping Ling Xue in a colorless, odorless powder.

As soon as she inhaled a sliver of it, she felt an unbearable heat all over her body. Her once clear eyes gradually grew hazy, and her cheeks flushed an unnatural red.

“This is... called Chun San!” Hu Mazi cried out in shock, trembling with anger. “Qin Feng! You’re the Young Master of Divine Sword Villa, yet you resort to such despicable tactics!”

Qin Feng licked his lips, his eyes blazing with lust. "Why bother talking about morality when dealing with such evil heretics like you?"

He watched Ling Xue gradually lose consciousness and stepped forward. "Ling Xue, since we can't decide the winner in swordsmanship, let's do it on the bed..."

"Get out of here!"

Ling Xue used her last bit of strength to push Qin Feng away, but he grabbed her wrist.

The scorching touch sent her trembling uncontrollably.

"Hahaha, it seems the drug's taking effect."

Qin Feng's smile grew even more triumphant. "Don't worry, I'll treat you well..."

Just as he was about to embrace Ling Xue, a golden sword flash struck like thunder from the heavens!

"Puff!"

Blood splattered as Qin Feng's arm was violently severed!

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"Ah...!"

A shrill scream echoed through the air. Qin Feng stared at his bare shoulder in disbelief, blood gushing out like a fountain.

Chen Ping stood behind him, his clothes stained with blood, his eyes like an Asura from the Netherworld.

That last strike had nearly exhausted all his strength, but the murderous intent in his eyes was fiercer than ever.

“I said, anyone who touches her will die.”

Qin Feng trembled with pain. He stared at his fallen arm, his eyes filled with fear and resentment. “Chen Ping! I will kill you!”

He endured the excruciating pain, his free hand gripping the longsword. Icy sword energy erupted wildly, shrouding the entire courtyard in a blanket of ice.

But at this moment, Chen Ping had already disregarded life and death.

He ignored the oncoming chill and walked towards Qin Feng. Each step left a charred footprint on the ground, a sign of the Supreme Fire within Chen Ping running wild.

“Do you think I’m still the same person I was three days ago?”

Qin Feng, acting like a madman, unleashed his Ice Sword Technique to its fullest potential, raining down countless icy arrows on Chen Ping like a torrential rain. “My father taught me the ‘Cold Jade Art’ a long time ago. Today, I will rip you to pieces!”

Chen Ping didn’t dodge. The Dragon Slaying Sword slashed through his body, creating a red and blue barrier.

The barrier, formed by the fusion of various Supreme Fires, was incredibly powerful.

The icy arrows collided with the barrier and instantly melted into vapor.

“Impossible!”

Qin Feng screamed. His Cold Jade Art was a unique technique capable of freezing the spiritual energy of Earthly Immortal cultivators. How could it be ineffective against Chen Ping?

The answer was actually quite simple. Chen Ping's fire essence contained a supremely masculine and powerful force. When confronted with the icy force, it was like ice and snow encountering the scorching sun; naturally, they were vulnerable.

"Die!"

Chen Ping shouted, his figure instantly appearing before Qin Feng, his Dragon Slaying Sword swung upwards.

"Puff!"

Another crisp sound, and Qin Feng's other arm was severed.

"No...!"

A desperate scream echoed throughout the Sword Sect's headquarters. Qin Feng stared at his bare shoulders, finally feeling the fear that sank to his very bones.

He tried to flee, but his legs had already weakened with fear. He could only watch helplessly as Chen Ping's sword edged closer and closer to his throat.

"Chen Ping, spare his life!"

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At this moment, Mo Chen's voice suddenly rang out, "Killing him will only bring on Qin Lie's even more frenzied revenge."

Chen Ping's eyes were icy: "Master, he insulted our Sword Sect. This hatred is irreconcilable!"

"I know you're angry, but now is not the time," Mo Chen whispered. "Qin Lie has allied with over a dozen sects and is waiting for an excuse to attack our Sword Sect. Killing Qin Feng would be tantamount to handing him an advantage."

As the leader of the Sword Sect, Mo Chen was responsible for its many disciples. To bring about the extermination of the Sword Sect for a moment's pleasure would be a loss!

Chen Ping gripped the Dragon Slaying Sword tightly, his knuckles turning white from the pressure.

He looked at Ling Xue, who lay unconscious and burning on the ground, then at Qin Feng's face, filled with resentment. Murderous intent grew like wild weeds in his heart.

"Leave it to me," Mo Chen sighed softly, then waved his hand and unleashed a burst of sword energy, knocking Qin Feng unconscious. "I'll cripple his cultivation and make him suffer a fate worse than death."

He then signaled his disciples to carry Qin Feng away. He then walked over to Ling Xue, frowning. "This is called Spring Powder, and it's incredibly powerful. If the poison isn't detoxified in time, it could damage your foundation."

"Is there any way to detoxify it?" Chen Ping asked hurriedly.

Mo Chen glanced at Chen Ping, then at the unconscious Ling Xue. After a moment's hesitation, he said, "This poison requires the energy of the most yang force to neutralize it. Ordinary elixirs are ineffective... The best solution is sexual intercourse, channeling one's own spiritual energy..."

Chen Ping was stunned by these words.

Hu Mazi's eyes gleamed with gold. He was eager to offer his services, claiming he was a man and could help.

"I'll go take care of things outside first. Chen Ping... take care of yourself."

With that, Mo Chen hurriedly pulled Hu Mazi away, as if staying even a moment longer would be awkward.

Hu Mazi didn't want to leave, but with Mo Chen holding him, there was nothing he could do!

In an instant, only the two of them were left in the yard.

Chen Ping looked at Ling Xue, lying on the ground. Her breathing was becoming increasingly rapid, her cheeks red as if bleeding. She unconsciously tore at her clothes, revealing her snow-white neck.

A surge of heat rose from his dantian. Chen Ping swallowed, forcing down the throbbing in his heart.

He knew now wasn't the time to dwell on these things, but Li Chunfeng's words kept echoing in his mind.

"We must save her." Chen Ping gritted his teeth, picked up Ling Xue, and walked into the room.

Gently placing her on the bed, Chen Ping turned to look for Hu Mazi to find another solution, but his wrist was firmly grasped.

"Chen Ping..." Ling Xue dazedly opened her eyes, her gaze blurry, and she muttered, "Don't go..."

Her hand was hot and soft, and the touch made Chen Ping stiffen.

"Lingxue, hold on. I'll find you an antidote..."

"It's no use..."