

The Order 8801

Chapter: 8801

Lingxue shook her head gently, her other hand clasping his neck. Her breath was as sweet as a sweet orchid. "I know... only you can save me..."

Her warm breath, carrying the unique fragrance of a young girl, brushed against Chen Ping's ear, instantly overcoming his sanity.

He stared into Lingxue's large, watery eyes, where his own image was clearly reflected.

"Are you... willing?" Chen Ping's voice was a little hoarse.

Lingxue didn't answer, but simply stood on tiptoe and gently kissed him on the lips.

Like a spark igniting dry wood, long-suppressed emotions erupted.

The candlelight in the room flickered, illuminating the intertwined figures. The moonlight outside the window had grown hazy, as if casting a gentle veil over the lovers who had endured so much hardship.

This night was destined to be sleepless.

The next morning, the first rays of sunlight filtered through the window.

Chen Ping slowly opened his eyes, looking at Ling Xue, who slept soundly in his arms. Her face still clung to a flush, her long eyelashes fluttering gently, like a napping butterfly.

Last night's madness seemed like a dream. Upon waking, only the beauty of the room and a faint sense of guilt filled the room. He gently tucked the quilt around Ling Xue, then stood up and walked to the window.

The courtyard had returned to peace. The traces of last night's fight had been cleaned up, leaving only the faint smell of blood in the air as a reminder of what had happened.

"Senior Brother Chen Ping," Ling Xue's voice came from behind him, a hint of laziness and shyness.

Chen Ping turned around and saw that she was dressed, but her cheeks were still flushed, and she didn't dare meet his eyes.

"How are you feeling?" Chen Ping stepped forward and reached out to feel for her pulse.

The instant his spiritual energy surged in, Chen Ping breathed a sigh of relief. The toxins in Ling Xue's body had been completely cleared. Even thanks to the absorption of his bloodline, her cultivation showed signs of breaking through to the fourth level of the Earthly Immortal Realm.

"Much better, thank you." Ling Xue lowered her head, her voice soft as a mosquito's hum.

Just then, Hu Mazi rushed in, shouting, "Chen Ping! This is bad! Qin Lie and his men are coming to kill us!"

Chen Ping's face darkened. "Just in time."

He and Ling Xue exchanged a glance and simultaneously left the room.

The Sword Sect's headquarters was already surrounded by a dense swarm of cultivators.

Leading them was none other than Qin Lie, his eyes crimson and a terrifying aura emanating from him. He had clearly learned of Qin Feng's fate.

Behind him stood a dozen or so elderly men in diverse attire, each exuding a powerful aura. They were clearly the leaders of various sects.

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Zhang, the head of Sword Saint City, was also prominently present. He stood beside Qin Lie, a subtle smugness on his face.

“Chen Ping! Get out here!”

Qin Lie roared, his voice booming like thunder. “If anything happens to my son, I will destroy every last one of you, your entire Sword Sect!”

Chen Ping slowly walked out of the gate, followed by Mo Chen, Hu Mazi, Ling Xue, and all the other Sword Sect disciples.

Though they were vastly outnumbered, each of them wore a look of determination, ready to die.

“Where’s Qin Feng?”

Qin Lie stared at Chen Ping, the murderous intent in his eyes almost solidifying.

“His cultivation was destroyed, and he was thrown outside the city.”

Chen Ping’s tone was flat, as if he were discussing a trivial matter.

“You’re courting death!”

Qin Lie trembled with rage, the pressure of an eighth-grade Earthly Immortal erupting like a tsunami. “My son’s arms were severed, his cultivation completely destroyed, and you still dare to be so arrogant!”

“He deserves it.”

Chen Ping met his gaze fearlessly. “If Master hadn’t spoken, he would have been a corpse long ago.”

“And remember, this is Sword Saint City, Li Chunfeng’s territory, not your Divine Sword Villa!”

Chen Ping knew that Li Chunfeng was behind him, so he wasn’t afraid of Qin Lie, even if Qin Lie summoned so many sects.

Qin Lie’s expression changed slightly at the mention of Li Chunfeng, but then turned to anger. “Don’t think you can frighten me by mentioning City Lord Li! Even if the City Lord arrived, he couldn’t save you from what happened today!”

He turned to look at Zhang, the responsible person. “Brother Zhang, this Chen Ping has resorted to violence and injured people in Sword Saint City, taking human life with him. Shouldn’t he be dealt with according to the rules?”

Zhang, the responsible person, cleared his throat and stepped forward. “Chen Ping, you have repeatedly provoked conflicts in Sword Saint City and severely injured the young master of Divine Sword Villa, violating the city regulations.”

“Considering this is your first offense, if you are willing to sacrifice your cultivation and surrender the Sword Sect’s headquarters, I might be able to plead for your life.”

These words seemed fair, but in reality, they were clearly biased.

Chen Ping stared at Zhang, puzzled. He hadn’t expected him to change so quickly!

During the competition, Zhang had used his status and position to pressure Qin Lie not to resort to violence.

But now, he was siding with Qin Lie! It goes without saying that this guy must have received benefits from Qin Lie, and these benefits were something he couldn’t refuse.

“Hahaha!”

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Hu Mazi couldn't help but laugh. "Zhang, you must have received benefits from the Qin family, right? Qin Feng brought his men to provoke us, and used aphrodisiacs to frame Miss Ling Xue, but how come you're saying it's Chen Ping's fault?"

Manager Zhang's face darkened. "Don't talk nonsense! I've always been fair!"

"Fair?"

Chen Ping scoffed. "I think Divine Sword Villa gave you a treasure?"

His eyes swept over Manager Zhang, as if he wanted to see through him.

Manager Zhang's face changed slightly, and he looked a little embarrassed. He had indeed received a sword from Divine Sword Villa, and it was the villa's most precious treasure.

Otherwise, as the leader of Sword Saint City, he wouldn't have sided with Qin Lie so openly.

And the leaders of these sects had also received benefits from Divine Sword Villa, which was why they joined Qin Lie in attacking Chen Ping and the Sword Sect.

After all, in this society where the strong prey on the weak, nothing is gained without profit.

They had no connection to Chen Ping, so since Divine Sword Villa was willing to offer them benefits, they were more than happy to accept!

"Nonsense!" Zhang, the head of the group, shouted in a timid tone. "Capture this arrogant scoundrel!"

At his command, the surrounding cultivators immediately surrounded him, their magical weapons ablaze with a murderous aura.

Mo Chen protected Chen Ping behind him, unsheathing his sword: "If you want to touch my disciple, you'll have to step over my corpse first!"

"You're courting death!" Qin Lie snorted coldly, striking out himself.

An eighth-level Earth Immortal Realm palm wind, carrying devastating force, struck Mo Chen in the face.

"Master, be careful!" Chen Ping, startled, tried to intervene, but was entangled by several Earth Immortal Realm cultivators.

"Bang!"

Mo Chen was no match for Qin Lie. He was slapped back and flung back, slamming heavily against the wall, blood gushing from his mouth.

"Master!"

"Old bastard!"

Chen Ping and Hu Mazi roared in anger, attempting to rescue him, but were held back.

Qin Lie stepped towards the fallen Mo Chen, a cruel smile on his face: "Mo Chen, your Sword Sect was once so glorious, yet now you've ended up like this? Hand over your Sword Sect's secret manual, and perhaps I can even give you a quick death."

"Wishful thinking!"

Mo Chen coughed up a mouthful of blood, his eyes filled with unyielding determination.

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Killing intent surged in Qin Lie's eyes, and he raised his foot to stomp on Mo Chen's head.

At this critical moment, a cold voice rang out:

"Master Qin, bullying the weak is too shameful, isn't it?"

Everyone looked in the direction of the voice and saw Ling Xue, who had somehow stood in front of Mo Chen, her sword pointed directly at Qin Lie. Though her body trembled slightly with fear, her eyes were remarkably firm.

"You dare a little girl to stop me?" Qin Lie's eyes flashed with disdain, and he struck Ling Xue with his palm, unwavering.

He took Ling Xue seriously. This palm strike could be fatal at best.

Chen Ping's eyes were bloodshot, and he tried to break free, but he was powerless. He could only watch helplessly as the palm wind approached.

"Bang!"

The expected tragedy did not occur. A golden light curtain suddenly appeared in front of Ling Xue, blocking Qin Lie's palm wind.

"Who?" Qin Lie's face changed slightly, and he looked around fiercely.

Li Chunfeng suddenly appeared in the courtyard. With a flick of his whisk, the golden curtain of light slowly dissipated.

"City Lord Li?"

Qin Lie's pupils shrank slightly. He hadn't expected Li Chunfeng to appear again. "This matter has nothing to do with you, City Lord. Please don't interfere."

"Private fighting is prohibited in Sword Saint City. Master Qin, have you forgotten?" Li Chunfeng's tone was calm, yet it carried an undeniable authority.

Qin Lie's expression shifted from gloomy to gloomy. He knew Li Chunfeng's strength was unfathomable. If he insisted on protecting Chen Ping, he would be in for a very bad outcome.

But the thought of his son's plight rekindled his anger. "City Lord, this brat injured my son and disgraced Divine Sword Villa. This feud is irreconcilable!"

"Qin Feng provoked me first, then resorted to despicable tactics. Chen Ping was merely defending himself."

Li Chunfeng said calmly, "I've investigated this matter. Divine Sword Villa is in the wrong. If Master Qin insists on making trouble, don't blame me for being rude."

The pressure of a ninth-level Earthly Immortal descended upon Qin Lie like a physical force. He suddenly felt short of breath, his face turning pale.

The sect leaders behind him also retreated, clearly wary of Li Chunfeng.

"Good! Good Li Chunfeng!" Qin Lie gritted his teeth, a flicker of venom in his eyes. "Divine Sword Villa will remember this humiliation today! Let's go!"

With that, he glared at Chen Ping and fled in disgrace.

Seeing this, the sects that had originally joined Qin Lie in the fun also tactfully retreated, fearing they would be in trouble.

As Zhang, the head of the group, watched this scene, his face turning pale and blue. He wanted to say something, but was forced back by Li Chunfeng's cold gaze.

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The crisis was over, and everyone breathed a sigh of relief.

"Thank you, City Lord Li, for your continued assistance." Chen Ping stepped forward and bowed solemnly.

Li Chunfeng waved his hand, "It's a small favor. But Qin Lie is a vindictive man, so you'd better be careful."

He paused, then added, "I have important matters to attend to. I'll be leaving now. If you need anything, you can still call me."

With that, he transformed into a white rainbow and disappeared into the sky.

Watching Li Chunfeng's retreating figure, Chen Ping felt a mixture of emotions.

"Brother Chen Ping, are you okay?" Ling Xue approached him, eyeing him with concern.

"I'm fine." Chen Ping shook his head and looked at Mo Chen, who was being helped to his feet by his disciples. "Master, how are you feeling?"

Mo Chen waved his hand, his face still pale. "My old bones can still hold on, but... Qin Lie won't let this go. We're probably in big trouble."

Hu Mazi was also worried. "That old fellow has been operating in the Fifth Heaven for many years and has extensive connections. If he really unites with the major sects to deal with us, even with City Lord Li's protection, we might not be able to withstand it."

Chen Ping remained silent. He knew this was only the calm before the storm. Qin Lie's revenge would come sooner or later, and with even greater force.

At this moment, Qin Lie led his men away, his face gloomy enough to drip water.

In the carriage, Qin Feng, his arms severed and his cultivation crippled, lay slumped like mud, his eyes filled with nothing but resentment and dead silence.

“Dad, I’m going to kill him! I’m going to tear Chen Ping into pieces!”

Qin Feng’s roar was hoarse and unpleasant, the blood clots at the broken ends cracking again with excitement.

Qin Lie slammed the car wall, causing it to sag in an instant. “Don’t worry, I’ll make him wish he were dead!”

A fierce glint flashed in his eyes. He had originally thought he could secure victory with the help of Zhang and the various sects, but he hadn’t expected Li Chunfeng to protect Chen Ping so well.

The pressure of a ninth-grade Earthly Immortal was like a sword hanging overhead. As long as Li Chunfeng remained in Sword Saint City, he would have no chance of victory.

“Chen Ping...” Qin Lie gritted his teeth. “Do you really think you can rest easy hiding in Sword Saint City?”

Qin Lie decided to continue searching for help. Their Divine Sword Villa was a renowned sword forging operation. As long as they offered him something in return, he had no doubt he wouldn’t find help.

Furthermore, Qin Lie knew that Chen Ping had a problem with the Divine Temple. The Sixth Palace Master had even approached Chen Ping! Therefore, the enemy of my enemy is my friend. Qin Lie decided to go to the Sixth Heaven to find the Sixth Palace Master!

Three days later, an unassuming black carriage pulled out of Excalibur Villa, speeding northwest.

Inside the carriage, Qin Lie gazed at the fleeting scenery outside the window, caressing a black dagger engraved with strange runes.

Forged by his ancestors from the early days of Excalibur Villa, it was crafted from ten-thousand-year-old black iron and engraved with runes.

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Qin Lie planned to use this dagger to ask the Sixth Palace Master to join him in dealing with Chen Ping!

Sixth Heaven

Amidst the mist-shrouded mountains, a palace constructed entirely of black crystals hovered in mid-air. The six blood-red orbs atop the palace exuded a terrifying aura.

Qin Lie stood on the cold jade steps, holding the black dagger high in his hand. "Qin Lie of Divine Sword Villa, I beg to see the Lord Palace Master!"

Qin Lie didn't dare to rush into the Sixth Palace. After all, the Sixth Palace was backed by the Divine Palace!

And behind the Divine Palace stood the entire Divine Clan. Even the might of Divine Sword Villa couldn't afford to offend them.

Qin Lie shouted twice, and the palace was completely silent, with only the candlelight flickering in the breeze.

After half an incense stick of time, a hoarse voice like the grinding of rusted iron rang out: "Master Qin of Divine Sword Villa, what are you doing in my Sixth Palace?"

Qin Lie shuddered, cold sweat breaking out on his forehead. "I offer you the Divine Sword Villa's supreme sword, and only ask the Lord Sixth Palace Master to kill one person!"

"Oh?"

The voice was tinged with amusement. "Who is worthy of your expense?"

"Chen Ping!" Qin Lie said calmly!

Upon hearing the name "Chen Ping," the Sixth Palace Master abruptly stood up. He had long wanted to kill Chen Ping, but the Fourth Palace Master had sent Yun Xiu to directly threaten him, preventing him from doing so. This left the Sixth Palace Master helpless.

But if he didn't kill Chen Ping, he couldn't report to the Third Palace Master, which put the Sixth Palace Master in a difficult position.

Now that Qin Lie had come knocking on his door, the Sixth Palace Master had a perfect opportunity to capitalize on the situation and even obtain the sword!

"Come in..."

The Sixth Palace Master spoke, inviting Qin Lie in!

With a wave of his hand, Qin Lie tossed the dagger in his hand. The Sixth Palace Master gazed at the dagger, fascinated.

"Okay, I can help you, but Chen Ping has quite a few helpers around him, so you'd better find more," the Sixth Palace Master said.

Qin Lie nodded. "Thank you, Palace Master. I'll find others!"

"Yes!" the Sixth Palace Master said, then waved his hand.

A moment later, three cultivators clad in blood-red armor emerged from the hall. The leader had an expressionless face, yet his aura had reached the early ninth stage of the Earthly Immortal Realm, comparable to Li Chunfeng's.

“These are three Blood Guards of the Divine Clan sent by our Third Palace Master. Let them help you, and they’ll definitely kill Chen Ping.”

The Sixth Palace Master’s words delighted Qin Lie immensely!

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With three ninth-stage cultivators of the Earthly Immortal Realm, there was no need to fear Li Chunfeng!

“Follow us, and do not act rashly.”

The leading cultivator in blood-armored armor spoke in a cold voice, turning and heading out of the hall.

Qin Lie hurriedly followed, his heart finally at ease.

With the Sixth Palace Master taking action, even if Li Chunfeng himself were to take action, Chen Ping would undoubtedly be dead!

However, to be on the safe side, Qin Lie, after placing the three Blood Guards of the Divine Clan at Divine Sword Villa, immediately headed for the Black Wind Mountains!

Chen Ping had been searching for the Evil Path Temple’s branch, and Qin Lie had also learned of this!

After all, Chen Ping had been making such a fuss in the Information Building that practically everyone in Sword Saint City knew about it!

As long as he could mobilize the Evil Path Temple’s forces, they’d be safe!

Black Wind Mountains...

In a miasma-filled valley, on an altar built of skulls, You Wuxie sat cross-legged.

A thick black aura surrounded him, and his once ethereal figure had solidified. Clearly, he had regained most of his strength and physical form through the secret techniques of the Evil Path Temple.

“Elder, Qin Lie of Divine Sword Villa requests an audience,” a guard with a green face and fangs stepped forward to report.

You Wuxie opened his eyes, a cold glint flashing in them: “Let him in.”

Qin Lie couldn't help but shudder as he stepped onto the altar.

The altar was surrounded by the skeletons of monks, and the air was thick with the stench of blood. Compared to the hypocrisy of the Holy Light Sect, this place was a veritable hell on earth.

“Brother You, how are you?”

Qin Lie suppressed his discomfort and bowed with a smile.

You Wuxie slowly stood up, stretching his new body, his bones crackling as he stretched it. “Master Qin, I'm grateful for your presence. What could you wish for?”

“I wish to cooperate with the Evil Dao Hall to eliminate someone.”

Qin Lie got straight to the point. “This person and Brother You have an old grudge.”

“Who is it?”

“Chen Ping!”

“Chen Ping?” You Wuxie clenched his fists, dark energy surging in his palms. “That bastard who destroyed my body!”

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Footsteps were heard from behind the altar. You Wuji and You Yue, father and daughter, slowly emerged.

After their escape, they found You Wuxie and temporarily took up residence here!

You Yue’s face was filled with resentment: “Uncle, this Chen Ping destroyed our sect, and Hu Mazi, who was with him, even took away my innocence!”

You Yue had long wanted to kill Chen Ping and Hu Mazi, but unfortunately, You Wuxie’s body hadn’t recovered, so she had been waiting.

You Wuji caressed his daughter’s head with heartache and said to You Wuxie, “Brother, you must kill Chen Ping!”

You Wuxie nodded, looked at Qin Lie, and asked, “How would Master Qin like to cooperate?”

“I have already mobilized the masters of the six halls of the Divine Temple. With just a little more effort from the Evil Path Hall, we will surely make Chen Ping’s escape impossible!” Qin Lie said solemnly, “After this is accomplished, the Evil Path Hall will have first choice of any treasures found on Chen Ping’s person!”

You Wuxie’s eyes flashed with greed: “Are you serious?”

“No empty talk!”

At this moment, a sinister voice rang out from the depths of the altar: "Since we're dealing with the people Li Chunfeng is protecting, how can I be absent?"

A cultivator clad in a black robe, his face obscured by a hood, floated out. The aura emanating from him made even You Wuxie's heart palpitate.

"Palace Master!" You Wuxie and the others hurriedly bowed.

The Palace Master of the Evil Path Palace branch slowly raised his head, revealing a pair of scarlet eyes beneath his hood: "Chen Ping... is quite interesting. Pass on my order, all cultivators of the palace will follow Master Qin on the expedition. Whoever takes Chen Ping's head will be rewarded with a top-grade spiritual weapon!"

A thunderous cheer erupted from the altar. Countless dark shadows emerged from all corners of the valley, densely packed like an ant swarm, spreading towards Sword Saint City.

The atmosphere in Sword Saint City grew increasingly solemn.

Ever since Qin Lie's departure, all the major forces in the city have been secretly observing him. Unidentified cultivators are often seen lingering outside the Sword Sect's headquarters.

Chen Ping knew this was only the calm before the storm; Qin Lie's revenge would come sooner or later, and with even greater force.

"Mr. Chen, this is the latest intelligence." Li Chunfeng quietly appeared in the courtyard, holding a jade slip.

Chen Ping took the slip and, after probing it with his spiritual sense, his expression suddenly changed. "The Sixth Hall of the Divine Temple? A branch of the Evil Path Hall? Qin Lie has actually invited these evil spirits!"

The slip clearly stated that Qin Lie had allied himself with the Sixth Hall of the Divine Temple in the Sixth Heaven, as well as the branch of the Evil Path Hall in the Black Wind Mountains. He had even wooed

several hidden sects from the Fifth Heaven, bringing his total force to over a thousand, including no fewer than fifty cultivators of the Seventh Rank and above in the Earthly Immortal Realm.

“The Lord of the Sixth Hall of the Divine Temple and I have a grudge. I’m afraid this time, they’re not just targeting you,” Li Chunfeng said gravely. “Even more troublesome is the Evil Path Hall. The evil magic they practice is bizarre and difficult to deal with.”

Hu Mazi rushed in, shouting, “Chen Ping, rumors are circulating that Qin Lie is planning a bloodbath in Sword Saint City. Should we run?”

“Run? Where to?” Mo Chen emerged, leaning on a cane, his face pale but his eyes determined. “The Sword Sect has been passed down for thousands of years. Even if we have to fight to the last man, we must not retreat!”

Ling Xue clenched her sword and whispered, “Senior Brother Chen and I will advance and retreat together.”

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Chen Ping took a deep breath and handed the jade slip to the group. “Now is not the time to retreat. City Lord Li, the defense of Sword Saint City...”

Li Chunfeng smiled wryly, “To be honest, Mr. Chen, I’ve been gone for hundreds of years, and the city’s affairs have long been controlled by Zhang, the person in charge. He’s secretly cultivated a number of forces, and I’m afraid they’re now colluding with Qin Lie.”

“That old man!” Hu Mazi slammed the stone table angrily. “I’ve disliked him for a long time!”

“At this point, we can only rely on ourselves.” A resolute look flashed in Chen Ping’s eyes. “City Lord Li, can you ask the neutral forces in Sword Saint City for help?”

“Difficult.”

Li Chunfeng shook his head. “The Sixth Hall of the Divine Temple and the Hall of Evil Path are too famous. No one wants to offend them on our behalf.”

Just as everyone was at a loss, a burst of hearty laughter suddenly rang out from outside the courtyard. "Who said no one is willing?"

Looking in the direction of the voice, they saw Nan Batian striding towards them, holding a charming woman in his arms. Dozens of powerful cultivators followed behind him. Leading the group was the owner of the Information Building!

"Nan Batian!" Chen Ping was surprised and delighted. "Why are you here?"

Nan Batian laughed heartily. "I heard that Divine Sword Villa is going after Mr. Chen. How could I not come to help?"

"Don't worry, Mr. Chen. All the forces of the Information Building in the Fifth Heaven are at your disposal," Xiao Cui said.

Chen Ping felt a surge of warmth in his heart. Seeing the dozens of Earthly Immortal Realm cultivators suddenly appear in the courtyard, his originally heavy heart lightened considerably.

"I'm relieved to hear you two say that!"

Nan Batian patted Chen Ping's shoulder. "But then again, the group Qin Lie brought this time is indeed a formidable one. The cultivators from the six halls of the Divine Temple are all incredibly arrogant, and the evil cultivators from the Evil Path Hall are even more formidable. We need to plan carefully."

Li Chunfeng said in a deep voice, "We have little chance of success in a head-on confrontation. We can only hold our ground and wait for reinforcements. I've sent a message to several old friends in Sword Saint City, hoping they'll consider our old friendship and come to our aid."

Chen Ping shook his head. "We can't wait. Since Qin Lie dared to come, he must have made thorough preparations. Delaying will only harm us."

He looked at the crowd, a glint of determination in his eyes. "If they come tomorrow, I'll go meet Qin Lie!"

"No!" Mo Chen quickly stopped him. "Qin Lie is an eighth-grade Earth Immortal. You're no match for him!"

"Master, don't worry. I have my own way." Chen Ping smiled faintly and took something from his storage ring.

It was a jet-black longbow, intricately carved with golden patterns, emanating a faint dragon's might.

"This is..." Li Chunfeng's pupils shrank. "The Divine King Bow? You actually possess such a divine artifact!"

Chen Ping nodded. "This bow can amplify my strength. Perhaps I can even fight Qin Lie."

Nan Batian's eyes lit up. "Good boy, you've hidden it well! With this treasure, you might even be able to turn the tables!"

"But don't use it unless absolutely necessary," Li Chunfeng said sternly. "The Divine King Bow is an ancient artifact. If it were to come to light, it would likely cause even greater trouble."

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Chen Ping remained silent, knowing that Li Chunfeng was speaking the truth.

In this world where the strong prey on the weak, he understood better than anyone the principle of possessing a treasure.

As the night deepened, the lights in the Sword Sect's headquarters remained brightly lit.

Everyone was making final preparations. The sounds of chanting and the humming of talismans blended together, composing a tragic war song.

Chen Ping stood alone on the rooftop, gazing at the waning moon in the sky.

He gently stroked the God King Bow, sensing the dormant power within.

“Red Cloud Demon Lord, what the hell are you doing?”

Chen Ping muttered to himself. Ever since Red Cloud Demon Lord had reminded Chen Ping in the Black Wind Mountains, he had fallen silent again, receiving no response no matter how Chen Ping called out.

Just then, his storage ring suddenly felt slightly hot.

A thought struck Chen Ping, and after probing with his spiritual sense, he discovered that the Fire Kirin had grown considerably in size, a faint red glow emanating from its body.

“Is it about to break through?”

Chen Ping was delighted. If the Fire Kirin could break through at this moment, it would undoubtedly be a significant boost.

Chen Ping carefully placed some resources into the storage ring for the Fire Kirin to consume.

Not far from the Fire Kirin, the little Sky-Swallowing Beast was soundly asleep, its size unchanged.

All he did all day was eat and sleep. If the little Sky-Swallowing Beast could obey orders, Chen Ping wouldn't have to fear Qin Lie and the others at all.

“Tomorrow, perhaps we'll be fighting side by side.”

Chen Ping whispered, looking at the Fire Kirin!

Chen Ping wasn't confident of succeeding in a battle with Qin Lie using only swordsmanship, so he planned to use all his lifelong skills.

The Divine King Bow, the Origin Power, the Power of the Divine Dragon, the Power of the Three Clans, the Fire Kirin...

He planned to expose himself completely; it was the only way to survive!

As dawn broke in the east, the alarm bells of Sword Saint City suddenly rang, the sharp sound piercing the tranquility of dawn.

Chen Ping gripped the Dragon Slaying Sword tightly, a fierce look flashing in his eyes: "Here they come!"

At the east gate of Sword Saint City, a dark crowd surged in like a tide, surrounding the entire Sword Sect headquarters.

Qin Lie, riding a unicorn rhino, clad in purple-gold armor and clutching a precious sword, gazed condescendingly at the courtyard wall ahead.

Behind him, blood-armored monks from the six halls of the Divine Temple, black-robed evil cultivators from the Evil Path Hall, and masters from various sects swarmed thickly, their aura thick with murderous intent.

"Chen Ping! Come out and die!"

Qin Lie's voice boomed like thunder, shaking the courtyard wall.

Li Chunfeng stepped out, his white robes as white as snow, his longsword pointed directly at Qin Lie. "Qin Lie, how dare you run wild in Sword Saint City? Do you really think I don't exist?"