

The Order 8811

Chapter: 8811

The Blood-Armored Monk stepped forward, runes flickering on his blood-red armor. "Li Chunfeng, after all these years, you're still as irascible as ever. Today's matter has nothing to do with you. Get out of here!"

"You, a lackey of the Temple, dare to dictate to me?" Li Chunfeng snorted coldly, his sword energy surging forth.

The Blood-Armored Monk didn't flinch, letting the sword energy slash through his armor, leaving only a faint white mark. "Your sword is still so weak."

Li Chunfeng's expression changed slightly. The opponent's defense was so astonishing.

You Wuxie floated to the front of the formation, a dark aura swirling around him. "City Lord Li, a man who understands the current situation is a true hero. Chen Ping and my Evil Dao Hall are sworn enemies. He must die today!"

"And me!" You Yue screamed. "I will personally gouge his eyes out!"

Nan Batian walked out, hugging Xiao Cui and laughing. "You bunch of idiots, you dare to speak so brazenly in front of me? Do you believe that I, the Information Building, will expose all your secrets?"

Xiao Cui stepped forward, holding a jade scroll. "The six halls of the Divine Temple are secretly colluding with the demonic sects. The Evil Dao Hall branch is taking away the souls of innocent cultivators. Master Qin... Tsk tsk, I have a lot of stories about your son bullying men and women."

Qin Lie's face darkened. "Don't talk nonsense!"

"We'll know if it's nonsense or not when we publish it." Xiao Cui said calmly, "If you withdraw your troops, today's events will be wiped out."

The Blood-Armored Monk scoffed, "The Information Building? They're nothing but a bunch of gossipmongers. If you dare say anything more, I'll kill you!"

"Then let's try!"

The monks behind Nan Batian simultaneously released their auras. Though few in number, each one possessed a concentrated aura, clearly elite warriors.

The two sides were on the verge of a battle.

Just then, Chen Ping's voice rang out from the courtyard: "Enough nonsense."

He walked out slowly, followed by Mo Chen, Hu Mazi, Ling Xue, and all the Sword Sect disciples.

Though there were only a few dozen of them, they all held their heads high and showed no fear.

"Qin Lie, don't you just want to kill me?"

Chen Ping stared at him. "I'll fight you. Life or death is your own decision. Do you dare?"

Qin Lie was stunned, then burst into laughter. "What did you say? You, a Loose Immortal, dare challenge me, an Eighth-Rank Earth Immortal?"

"Why wouldn't you dare?"

Chen Ping gripped the Dragon Slaying Sword tightly. "If I lose, I'll do whatever I want. If you lose, take your men and get out of Sword Saint City and never do it again!"

"Chen Ping! No!" Mo Chen shouted urgently.

“Mr. Chen, think again!” Li Chunfeng hurriedly intervened.

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Chen Ping waved his hand, his eyes firm. “This is a grudge between him and me. It’s time to settle it.”

A sinister glint flashed in Qin Lie’s eyes. He wished Chen Ping would die. “Okay! I promise! But if anyone dares to interfere, don’t blame me for being rude!”

Qin Lie slowly walked towards Chen Ping, his spiritual energy surging through him, and deep pits were dug into the ground.

“Boy, it’s your honor to die by my sword.” Qin Lie swung his longsword, and a surge of sword energy ripped a deep chasm between them.

Chen Ping took a deep breath, the power of the three clans within him energizing simultaneously, tricolored currents coursing through his meridians.

He knew that this battle hinged not only on his own life but also the survival of the entire Sword Sect.

“Stop talking nonsense and attack!”

Killing intent surged in Qin Lie’s eyes. Without hesitation, he slashed with his longsword, slicing through mountains and splitting rocks. Even before the sword’s winds reached him, waves of air were already rising from the ground.

“Come on!” Chen Ping shouted, and the Dragon Slaying Sword transformed into a golden beam to meet the blow.

“Clang!”

The deafening sound of metal clashing was heard, and the ground beneath their feet simultaneously cracked, sending rubble flying.

Chen Ping felt a surge of immense force, his arms instantly numb. He took three steps back before steadying himself, a trickle of blood escaping from the corner of his mouth.

“As expected, he’s vulnerable!” Qin Lie sneered, pressing forward with his victory. His longsword rained down like a raging storm, his sword energy crisscrossing and blocking all of Chen Ping’s escape routes.

Chen Ping employed his Fire Control Step to its fullest potential, his figure weaving through the sword shadows like a ghost, his Dragon Slaying Sword firmly protecting his vital points. Every collision sent his blood boiling.

“Is Chen Ping courting death?” Hu Mazi stamped his feet anxiously.

“He’s testing Qin Lie’s strength,”

Li Chunfeng said gravely. “Qin Lie’s swordsmanship is fierce and powerful, with few flaws. Chen Ping will hardly find an opening.”

In the arena, Chen Ping’s situation grew increasingly precarious.

Qin Lie’s swordsmanship grew faster and faster, his sword energy condensing into the phantom of a ferocious tiger, which, with its bloody maw wide open, lunged at Chen Ping.

“Roar!”

Wherever the tiger’s phantom passed, the air ripped apart, emitting a piercing scream.

A flicker of determination flashed in Chen Ping’s eyes, and the murderous energy within him suddenly erupted, coating the Dragon Slaying Sword in a layer of black mist. “Dragon Slash!”

A black dragon, condensed from murderous energy, roared out and slammed fiercely into the phantom tiger.

“Boom!”

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A wave of energy swept in all directions, and the onlookers retreated.

When the smoke cleared, Chen Ping’s face was pale, and a patch of his chest had collapsed, clearly suffering a serious injury.

Qin Lie also stepped back, a hint of surprise on his face.

“Interesting.” Qin Lie licked his lips. “Unfortunately, it’s not enough!”

He gripped the hilt with both hands, spiritual energy surged into it frantically, and a blazing fire suddenly ignited from the longsword: “Burning Heaven Sword Technique!”

The sword shadows shone thickly, each strike carrying a heat that could incinerate mountains and boil seas, distorting the air with the scorching heat.

Chen Ping’s pupils constricted. He could sense that the power of this sword technique was several times greater than before. A direct hit would surely result in death.

“That’s the only way!”

Chen Ping gritted his teeth, the divine dragon power within him churning furiously, golden scales emerging from beneath his skin.

Soon, the Indestructible Golden Body activated, and Chen Ping’s entire body was covered in golden scales.

“Is this... dragon scales?” Ling Xue exclaimed.

Mo Chen was also shocked: “Is this kid a descendant of the dragon clan?”

Qin Lie saw the dragon scales, and a glint of greed flashed in his eyes: "So you're a dragon bastard! No wonder you're so difficult!"

His attacks intensified, each sword thrust aimed at Chen Ping's vital points.

Chen Ping no longer held back, infusing his legs with divine dragon power. His body accelerated sharply, narrowly avoiding the sword's edge. At the same time, the Dragon Slaying Sword swept out, aiming directly at Qin Lie's throat.

"A trifle!" Qin Lie twisted his wrist, blocking the attack with his longsword.

At this moment, Chen Ping quietly condensed a golden ball of light in his left hand, and taking advantage of Qin Lie's moment of blocking, he fiercely struck his chest!

"Dragon's Fury!"

The golden ball of light exploded, and the dragon's might spread. Qin Lie felt a tightness in his chest, his blood surging, and he was actually knocked back five steps.

"You're courting death!"

Qin Lie was shocked and furious. He had never expected Chen Ping to have hidden such a powerful killing move.

Murderous intent surged in his eyes. He raised his sword overhead, and his spiritual energy condensed into a massive fireball: "Burn the heavens and destroy the earth!"

The fireball rose like a miniature sun, radiating such intense heat that the surrounding cultivators released their spiritual energy to protect themselves.

A flicker of determination flashed in Chen Ping's eyes as he stared at the fireball, which was powerful enough to incinerate him to ash.

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"It seems I have no choice but to use it."

Chen Ping slowly raised his left hand and grasped the air.

"Hum..."

A soft humming sound echoed, and the pitch-black God King Bow appeared out of thin air in his hand. The golden patterns on the bow seemed to come alive, emitting a faint golden glow.

"That's... a divine weapon!"

"It's the God King Bow! The legendary artifact that can kill gods!"

The onlookers were in an uproar, their eyes filled with shock and greed.

Qin Lie was also incredulous: "How did the God King Bow end up in your hands?"

Chen Ping didn't answer. He placed his right hand on the bowstring, and the Dao patterned evil energy within him instantly condensed into a dazzling arrow.

"Go to hell!"

Chen Ping shouted softly, releasing his right hand.

The arrow shot out like a meteor, carrying a force that could tear through the heavens and earth. It instantly spanned dozens of feet and pierced the massive fireball.

“Boom!”

The moment the arrow collided with the fireball, time seemed to stand still.

Immediately, a devastating energy erupted, a golden light engulfing everything, even the very air trembling slightly.

Everyone was stunned by this power and instinctively closed their eyes.

When the light faded, the scene on the scene made everyone gasp.

Qin Lie half-knelt on the ground, a hideous bloody hole appearing on his chest, blood gushing out, his purple-gold armor shattered into several pieces.

He stared at the wound in disbelief, his eyes filled with fear.

Chen Ping was no better off. The backlash from the Divine King Bow had severed his meridians, blood oozing from the corners of his mouth, and his body was shattered.

“I... I actually lost?”

Qin Lie muttered to himself, a flash of madness in his eyes. “No! I didn’t lose!”

He suddenly looked up at the crowd behind him: “What are you still standing there for? Attack! Kill him! Seize the artifact!”

The Blood-Armored Monk’s eyes flashed with greed, and he rushed forward first: “The Divine King Bow is mine!”

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You Wuxie, not to be outdone, lunged at Chen Ping, shrouded in black aura: "Chen Ping, your body is mine!"

You Yue and You Wuji followed closely behind, and masters from various sects also attacked. Everyone was attracted by the Divine King Bow and Chen Ping's dragon bloodline, having long forgotten their previous agreement.

"Despicable!"

Li Chunfeng roared, unsheathing his longsword and charging at the Blood-Armored Monk.

"Protect Mr. Chen!"

Nan Batian and Xiao Cui attacked simultaneously, and the monks in the Information Building formed a human wall to block the incoming enemy.

Mo Chen and Hu Mazi supported Chen Ping as he retreated, while Ling Xue, sword in hand, stood in front, her eyes cold as she glared at the charging You Yue.

"Little bitch, prepare to die!"

A bone whip materialized in You Yue's hand, lashing out at Ling Xue with a piercing sound.

"Get out of the way!" Ling Xue roared, her sword thrusting out like a swift, swift movement, forcing You Yue back.

A melee erupted instantly!

Li Chunfeng and the Blood-Armored Monk engaged in combat. Both were ninth-rank Earth Immortals. Their sword energy clashed with the blood-colored aura, and every exchange of blows shifted the landscape.

Nan Batian, wielding the Axe of Creation, was incredibly brave, fending off the attacks of several Earth Immortals.

Xiao Cui, agile and nimble, her silver needles aimed at the enemy's vital points, their coordinated attack complementing each other perfectly.

Although the Sword Sect disciples were relatively weak, they were fearless and engaged the evil cultivators of the Evil Dao Hall. Screams and the clash of weapons filled the air.

Chen Ping leaned against the wall, watching the chaotic battle before him, his heart pounding with anxiety.

He wanted to help, but he didn't even have the strength to lift a hand. The backlash from the Divine King Bow was more severe than he had imagined.

This use of the Divine King Bow had nearly depleted Chen Ping's Dao Pattern evil energy.

"Chen Ping, are you okay?" Hu Mazi asked anxiously, using talismans to block the attack.

"I'm fine..."

Chen Ping coughed up blood, a flicker of despair in his eyes. Was he really going to die here today?

"I'll take you away. I'm afraid these people won't be able to hold out for much longer."

Hu Mazi wanted to take Chen Ping away!

But Chen Ping shook his head. These people had risked their lives to save him, following Qin Lie and the others.

Chapter: 8816

How could Chen Ping just walk away?

“Fire Qilin...”

Chen Ping shouted.

A flash of red light burst out from the storage ring and landed on the ground.

The Fire Qilin, covered in red scales, opened its mouth and let out a childish roar.

Although the Fire Qilin had grown considerably, it was still a cub.

“Is this... a Fire Qilin?” Mo Chen exclaimed in shock.

The little Fire Qilin seemed to sense Chen Ping’s danger, a fierce glint flashing in its eyes, and it inhaled sharply.

“Roar!”

A deafening roar echoed, and the little Qilin’s body expanded at a visible speed. In the blink of an eye, it grew into a behemoth several feet tall, its body ablaze with blazing flames, emitting the imposing aura of a divine beast.

“Divine beast! It’s a Fire Qilin!”

“Great! If we can capture it, refining elixirs will surely lead to breakthroughs!”

More people, attracted by the Fire Qilin, turned around and rushed in their direction.

The Fire Qilin roared furiously, spewing out a stream of fire that instantly reduced the leading cultivators to ash.

It nudged Chen Ping with its head, its eyes filled with affection.

“Fire Qilin, stop them!” Chen Ping said weakly.

As if it understood his words, the Fire Qilin turned to face the oncoming enemy, opening its maw and unleashing countless fireballs like a meteor shower.

“Boom! Boom! Boom!”

Explosions echoed, sending the oncoming cultivators careening and falling, temporarily alleviating the crisis.

But this was only temporary. The main forces of the Sixth Hall and the Hall of Evil Paths had yet to be deployed. If they launched their full-strength attack, even with the Fire Qilin’s assistance, they would be hard to resist.

The Blood-Armored Monk was engaged in a fierce battle with Li Chunfeng. Upon seeing the Fire Kirin, a glint of greed flashed in his eyes: “Li Chunfeng, I’ll spare you today!”

He feinted a move, then turned and charged at the Fire Kirin: “The divine beast is mine!”

Li Chunfeng hurriedly gave chase, but was stopped by several Divine Temple monks. He could only watch helplessly as the Blood-Armored Monk pounced on Chen Ping.

“Chen Ping, die!”

Chapter: 8817

The Blood-Armored Monk slammed his palm towards Chen Ping, a blood-colored shield of light carrying destructive power.

Despair flashed in Chen Ping’s eyes; he no longer had the strength to resist.

At this moment, two elder voices rang out simultaneously:

“Boundless Heavenly Venerable, benefactor, stop!”

“To outnumber the few is truly unseemly!”

Two golden beams shot out like meteors, landing precisely on the Blood-Armored Monk’s palm.

“Bang!”

The Blood-Armored Monk was knocked back three steps, looking at the attacker in disbelief.

Two veteran Taoists appeared in the arena. One held a whisk, his hair white and his face youthful; the other wore Taoist robes, his appearance solemn and majestic.

Behind them followed dozens of Taoists, each exuding a powerful aura.

“Master Wuji? Master Wuwei?” Chen Ping was surprised and delighted. “Why are you here?”

Chen Ping hadn’t expected to encounter these two here.

After the seal on the Celestial Realm was lifted, Master Wuji returned to the Celestial Realm with Master Wuwei’s spirit, and Chen Ping hadn’t seen them since.

Unexpectedly, these two appeared at this moment.

Taoist Wuji stroked his beard and smiled, “Chen Ping, your reputation is well-known throughout the Fifth Heaven. It’s impossible for us not to know you.”

“Today, we heard that an evil demon is causing trouble here, so we’ve come to exorcise it.”

Taoist Wuwei also smiled faintly: “Chen Ping, the Temple is colluding with the demonic sect and harming lives. How can our Leiyin Temple sit idly by and watch?”

The Blood-Armored Monk’s face darkened: “Are you planning to intervene?”

“No.” Taoist Wuji looked at Chen Ping. “We are here to lend a hand.”

“Chen Ping is my disciple’s husband. I don’t want my disciple to be a widow.”

Hearing Taoist Wuji’s words, Ling Xue looked at Chen Ping with confusion.

She had never heard Chen Ping mention a wife or a girlfriend.

And now a wife suddenly appeared?

Chen Ping glanced at Ling Xue and said, “I’ll explain to you later. I actually have many women...”

Chapter: 8818

“As a cultivator, having three wives and four concubines is normal. There’s no need to make a fuss.”

Mo Chen said from the side!

A bit embarrassed, Chen Ping said nothing more. He didn’t just have three wives and four concubines; he probably had thirty or forty. He couldn’t even remember how many women he had!

Some were just for business, just for a single night. Like the two sisters of the Ji family, Ji Meiyun and Ji Meiling. Chen Ping was forced by the Ji family patriarch to sleep with them!

In order to ensure that the two sisters had his bloodline, there was no real affection. At the time, Chen Ping was completely a stud.

A flicker of fear flashed across the Blood-Armored Monk’s eyes. Leiyin Temple was a great sect with a thousand-year-old heritage, its strength not to be underestimated.

But as he gazed at the Divine King Bow and Fire Kirin so close, greed finally overwhelmed reason: “Don’t blame me for being rude! Temple disciples, follow my command, kill!”

“Kill!”

Hundreds of Temple monks attacked simultaneously, and a blood-red light shield merged into one, surging like a tide.

“Leiyin Temple disciples, form a formation!” Taoist Master Wuwei shouted.

Dozens of Taoists chanted Taoist scriptures simultaneously, and golden divine light condensed into a massive palm print, striking the blood-red light shield.

“Sword Sect disciples, form a formation!” Mo Chen, seeing this, hurriedly shouted.

The Sword Sect disciples stepped on the Seven Stars, their spiritual energy condensing into a massive immortal sword, slashing at the oncoming enemies.

Li Chunfeng, Nan Batian, and the others seized the opportunity to counterattack, and the situation on the battlefield instantly reversed.

Chen Ping watched the chaotic battle unfold before him, a chorus of emotions welling up in his heart.

He hadn't imagined that, in his most desperate moment, so many would fight for him.

But he knew this was only the beginning.

The Divine King Bow, the Dragon Bloodline, the Fire Kirin... the revelation of these secrets would inevitably drag him into a larger vortex.

The Taoist formation of Leiyin Temple and the Seven-Star Sword Formation of the Sword Sect complemented each other, golden divine light and piercing sword energy intertwining into a web, shattering the blood-red light shields of the Divine Temple cultivators.

The Fire Kirin was even more unstoppable. Wherever its flames passed, the black-robed evil cultivators of the Evil Dao Hall were reduced to charcoal, their screams echoing incessantly.

"Retreat! Retreat!"

An elder from a small sect, seeing the situation dire, led his disciples in a retreat.

They had been lured in by Qin Lie's offers, but now, seeing both the Divine Temple and the Evil Dao Hall at a disadvantage, how could they dare to continue fighting?

If there's one, there's another.

Chapter: 8819

The cultivators from various sects dispersed like a receding tide, most of them gone in the blink of an eye.

You Wuxie watched his disciples fall in droves, a flicker of fear in his eyes.

The Taoist techniques of Leiyin Temple were the nemesis of their evil cultivators; further fighting would only lead to annihilation.

“Leave!”

You Wuxie acted decisively, transforming into a stream of black energy and escaping with Youyue and Youwuji, not even bothering to take the altar with him.

The Blood-Armored Monk’s face sank as he observed the disastrous situation.

He had intended to seize the Divine King Bow and the Fire Qilin, but he hadn’t anticipated the mighty deity of Leiyin Temple appearing mid-air.

If he didn’t leave now, he might even die here.

“Let’s go!”

The Blood-Armored Monk didn’t even glance at Qin Lie, and departed with the temple disciples in a stream of light.

They had come solely on the orders of the Sixth Palace Master. Now that their mission had failed, they naturally wouldn’t be buried with an unrelated Qin Lie.

In a flash, the once dense crowd was reduced to Qin Lie and his son, along with a handful of the Excalibur Villa's assassins.

Qin Lie stared at the empty surroundings, then at the approaching Chen Ping and his men. His face drained of color, his eyes filled with despair.

"No... Impossible!"

Qin Lie muttered to himself, his longsword clanging to the ground. "How could the millennia-old foundation of Excalibur Villa be lost to a mere brat like you!"

Chen Ping slowly approached him, the blood still stained on his Dragon Slaying Sword. "Qin Lie, you've colluded with the demonic sect and murdered your fellow believers. Today is your day of death."

"Dad! Save me! I don't want to die!"

Qin Feng, sprawled on the ground, cried out in agony, the blood from his broken sword staining the ground red.

Qin Lie glared at Chen Ping, his eyes gleaming with madness. "Chen Ping! If my son dies, even as a ghost, I won't let you go!"

He suddenly leaped up and lunged at Chen Ping, intent on a shared destruction.

"Stubborn!"

Chen Ping's eyes darkened, and the Dragon Slaying Sword flashed with a cold gleam.

"Puff!"

Blood splattered as Qin Lie's head tumbled to the ground, eyes wide open, eyes still open in death.

Chapter: 8820

Qin Feng, looking at his father's corpse, was paralyzed with fear, his body drooling. "Mercy... Please, please, please..."

Chen Ping gazed at him, his eyes devoid of any pity.

When Qin Feng had framed Ling Xue with the aphrodisiac, had he ever considered offering mercy?

"You've committed countless evil deeds. I cannot spare you."

Chen Ping swung his sword, ending Qin Feng's life once and for all.

With the execution of Qin Lie and his son, the once-prosperous Divine Sword Villa was utterly destroyed.

When the dust settled, the Sword Sect's headquarters lay in ruins, yet a sense of relief filled them with the relief of having survived.

Taoist Wuji stepped forward and handed Chen Ping a jade bottle. "This is the 'Nine-Turn Resurrection Pill,' a sacred healing elixir from my Leiyin Temple. It will have miraculous effects on the damaged meridians in your body."

"Thank you, Taoist." Chen Ping solemnly accepted it and bowed deeply.

If they hadn't arrived in time today, the consequences would have been disastrous.

Taoist Wuwei smiled and said, "There's no need for thanks between you and me. But now that you've exposed the dragon bloodline and the Fire Kirin, I'm afraid there will be no peace in the future."

"I understand." Chen Ping nodded, having already made preparations.

“We two have important matters to attend to. We’ll take our leave now.”

Taoist Wuji glanced at Ling Xue, a hint of a smile in his eyes. “Miss Ling, Chen Ping is a man worthy of your trust, but... I’m afraid you’ll have many sisters in the future.”

Ling Xue blushed and bowed her head in silence.

Taoist Wuji and Taoist Wuwei smiled at each other, then transformed into two streaks of golden light and departed with the disciples of Leiyin Temple. Nan Batian stepped forward and patted Chen Ping on the shoulder. “Brother, take good care of your injuries. Come to me if you need anything.” With that, he left with the people from the Information Building.

Chen Ping watched the group leave, a warm feeling welling in his heart.

He turned to Mo Chen and said, “Master, please take the disciples to heal their wounds and reinforce the base.”

“Okay.” Mo Chen nodded, his eyes filled with relief.

Li Chunfeng walked over to Chen Ping and said solemnly, “Although Divine Sword Villa has been destroyed, the Divine Temple and the Evil Dao Hall will never give up. You must be careful.”

“I understand.” Chen Ping paused. “City Lord Li, the matter of Sword Saint City...”

“Leave it to me.”

A stern look flashed in Li Chunfeng’s eyes. “It’s time to deal with Zhang and those corrupt officials who are colluding with the foreign enemy.”

With that, Li Chunfeng turned and left, his figure in snow-white clothes radiating a murderous aura.

Over the next few days, Sword Saint City was in turmoil.

Li Chunfeng launched a drastic purge, wiping out Zhang and his cronies. All high-ranking officials who had colluded with Qin Lie were also dismissed.

The entire Sword Saint City experienced a minor upheaval, but ultimately returned to Li Chunfeng's control, with order restored.

Chen Ping, meanwhile, restoring his injuries at the Sword Sect's headquarters.

The Nine-Turn Resurrection Pill lived up to its reputation. His ruptured meridians healed at a visible rate, and his Divine Dragon Power and the power of the three clans gradually stabilized.

Ling Xue brought him medicinal herbs daily. Their relationship, having endured life-or-death trials, grew closer. However, when Ling Xue occasionally mentioned that night, her face would still blush with shame.

One day, Chen Ping was finally able to walk. He walked into the courtyard, observing the Sword Sect disciples cultivating, a glint of determination in his eyes.

The fall of Divine Sword Villa was only the beginning; greater challenges awaited him.

The Divine Temple, the Evil Path Hall, and the enemies lurking in the shadows... He must improve his strength quickly to protect those around him.

"Senior Brother Chen Ping."

Ling Xue approached, carrying a bowl of medicinal soup with a gentle smile on her face.

Chen Ping took the medicine, drank it in one gulp, and then held her hand. "Ling Xue, when I recover, we'll go to the Black Wind Mountains and completely eliminate the Evil Path Hall branch."

Ling Xue nodded vigorously. "Okay, I'll go with you."

"To go to the Evil Path Hall, my strength isn't there yet. I need to improve my cultivation quickly."

"I'll take you to the Demon Suppression Tower for dual cultivation. We'll both improve together!"

Chen Ping led Ling Xue into the Demon Suppression Tower.

Ling Xue blushed at this. She knew she wouldn't have time to stand up again in the days ahead!