

The Order 8831

Chapter: 8831

“Goodness! This place is much more sinister than the last time I came here.” He smacked his lips, a serious look flashing in his eyes. “It looks like You Wuxie has been messing around here quite a bit. I’m afraid he’s really done something.”

Chen Ping’s eyes darkened. His right hand flickered slightly, and the Dragon Slaying Sword at his waist, as if sensing something, emitted a clear humming sound and automatically unsheathed, hovering at his side.

A faint golden glow swirled around the blade, as if a golden dragon was swirling within it. “The more this is the case, the more it proves they’re guilty.”

His voice was calm, yet it held an undeniable authority. “Master Hu, let’s split up and explore. You go to the valley on the left, and I’ll head to the dense forest on the right. We’ll meet here in half an hour.”

“Alright.”

Hu Mazi responded, and with a flicker of his body, three yellow talismans appeared in his hands. Intricate runes were painted in cinnabar, emitting a faint aura.

He tossed the talisman into the air, muttering something to himself. It instantly transformed into three streams of yellow light, trailing long flames as they charged into the miasma-filled mountains. He followed closely behind, his figure quickly disappearing into the dense fog.

Chen Ping took a deep breath, the divine dragon power within him quietly flowing. Golden scales spread from his wrists, quickly covering both arms. A faint golden halo enveloped his body, pushing the surrounding miasma back three feet.

He didn’t rush to exert his speed, but instead spread his spiritual consciousness outward like an invisible net, carefully scanning his surroundings. Then, he took a step forward, his figure like a ghostly golden light, plunging deep into the Black Wind Mountains.

Visibility in the miasma was extremely low, blurring beyond three feet, with only the faint outlines of trees visible.

From time to time, the roars of demonic beasts echoed in his ears, sometimes deep as thunder, sometimes sharp as whistles, interspersed with faint, eerie whispers, as if countless resentful spirits were watching from the shadows.

Chen Ping remained alert, his feet quietly executing the Fire Control Step. His figure moved through the forest with almost no sound, save for the occasional snap of dead branches, quickly drowned out by the surrounding clamor.

His eyes were sharp as an eagle's, able to pick up even the slightest movement in the dim light.

Soon, a faint wave of spiritual energy reached his senses. Chen Ping paused and quietly retreated into the canopy of a towering ancient tree. Peering down through the gaps in the branches, he saw a simple yet heavily guarded camp hidden in the valley not far away.

Dozens of black-robed monks from the Evil Path Hall were training in the camp, wielding bone blades fashioned from the bones of demonic beasts. Thick black energy lingered around the blades, and each chop was accompanied by a sharp, air-piercing sound.

These monks' faces were filled with ferocity, their eyes flashing a bloodthirsty red, and a sinister aura lingered around them, clearly cultivating the evil arts of the Evil Path Hall.

In the center of the camp, an altar constructed from countless skulls stood out.

The altar stood approximately three meters tall, a faint green light flickering in the skulls' eye sockets. A thick green mist swirled around the altar's summit.

A closer look revealed countless fragmented figures struggling and roaring within the green mist. Upon closer inspection, they were all imprisoned spirits!

"Hmph."

Chen Ping's eyes surged with murderous intent, and the golden light surrounding him suddenly intensified.

Among these souls, there were some that bore the aura of cultivators. Clearly, after being brutally slaughtered by the Evil Dao Hall cultivators, their souls had been forcibly extracted to cultivate their evil arts.

He no longer hesitated, his figure suddenly accelerating, shooting out from the treetops like an arrow from a bow. The Dragon Slaying Sword sliced through the air, carrying with it a stream of unparalleled golden sword energy.

"Swish!"

Chapter: 8832

The sword energy, swift as lightning, instantly pierced the throats of the three black-robed cultivators whose backs were facing him.

Before they could even turn, their bodies froze, transforming into wisps of black air and dissipating into the air. Only three shrunken, mummified corpses remained, collapsing heavily to the ground.

"Intruders!"

The cultivators in the camp were instantly alerted, turning their heads.

When they saw the golden glow radiating from Chen Ping, which was a stark contrast to the evil aura, a flicker of fear flashed across their eyes, then gave way to greed.

"It's a righteous cultivator! Capture him alive!" a cultivator who looked like the leader shouted sternly. "His soul is so pure, it will surely greatly nourish the altar!"

Dozens of black-robed cultivators rushed forward simultaneously, their bone blades imbued with a thick evil aura, aiming for Chen Ping's vital points. Their formation was chaotic yet fierce, and combined with the pervasive evil energy in the camp, it created a chilling sense of oppression.

Chen Ping snorted coldly, and the divine dragon power within him suddenly erupted, instantly igniting a blazing golden flame on the Dragon Slaying Sword.

“You don’t know what death is!” His voice was as cold as ice, and with a flash of his body, he rushed into the crowd like a ghost.

The Dragon Slaying Sword swept out, and golden flames spread like a tide. Wherever it passed, the screams of the black-robed cultivators echoed one after another.

The seemingly domineering evil aura, like ice and snow in the scorching sun, melted away in an instant before the golden flames.

Just as a cultivator’s bone blade was about to strike Chen Ping, it sizzled in the flames and shattered, the flames spreading across him. In the blink of an eye, he was reduced to charred charcoal.

Chen Ping’s figure darted through the crowd, leaving only a trail of afterimages.

Each of his strikes was incredibly precise, stabbing or slashing, always finding his enemy’s weak spots at the last second.

Sometimes, he didn’t even need to wield the Dragon Slaying Sword; a simple wave of his hand sent golden spiritual energy radiating into the air, slicing the throats of several cultivators.

In a matter of moments, dozens of cultivators in the camp were slain, leaving only the skull altar, still radiating a faint green glow.

Chen Ping slowly approached the altar, watching the souls struggling in agony within the green light, a flicker of pity in his eyes.

Most of these spirits were incomplete, evidently tortured for an extended period. Their consciousness had long since faded, leaving only instinctive pain and fear.

He waved his hand, and a gentle, pure golden spiritual energy poured into the altar.

The runes formed of evil energy instantly shattered like glass, and the power binding the spirits vanished. As if feeling liberated, the spirits transformed into tiny specks of starlight, drifting towards the sky before eventually dissipating into the world.

“Rest in peace,”

Chen Ping whispered softly, a hint of pity in his voice.

He turned, not stopping, and sped towards the agreed-upon location with Hu Mazi.

Arriving at the meeting point, he saw Hu Mazi standing beneath a massive tree that required several men to embrace. At his feet lay the bodies of dozens of black-robed monks, each bearing the marks of talisman burns.

Chapter: 8833

Hu Mazi’s face was filled with anger, clearly having uncovered something that was not going well.

“How’s it going?” Chen Ping asked, his gaze sweeping over the corpses, a few guesses forming in his mind.

Hu Mazi gritted his teeth and said, “I’ve found three camps, killed over a hundred people, and captured a few alive. But I’ve questioned everyone, and they all say they don’t know the whereabouts of the Hu clan’s spirit!”

He paused, then added, “But I did capture a small leader, and he was quite stubborn. It took some effort to get him to give up. He said the core area of the branch hall is in the Blood Bone Valley deep in the mountains, and those two old ghosts, You Wuxie and You Wuji, should be there.”

“Blood Bone Valley?”

Chen Ping's eyes sharpened, and the Dragon Slaying Sword whirred softly, as if echoing his fighting spirit. "Looks like the real culprit is there."

"Let's go! To the Blood Bone Valley!"

Hu Mazi's fury was uncontrollable. Before he finished speaking, he summoned several wind-moving talismans, which transformed into a gust of wind that lifted him up and hurtled him deep into the mountains.

Chen Ping followed closely behind, and the two of them sped along, slaughtering every Evil Dao Hall monk they encountered along the way.

Hu Mazi's talismans were endless. Sometimes they were powerful blasting talismans, capable of blasting an entire area of monks to pieces;

Sometimes they were binding talismans, instantly freezing enemies in place, ready for slaughter; and occasionally he would unleash a few blazing talismans, igniting a raging fire and incinerating all evil spirits.

Chen Ping's tactics were even more decisive. Wherever the Dragon Slaying Sword passed, golden light and flames intertwined, making it virtually unstoppable.

Often, with a flash of sword energy, dozens of monks were reduced to charcoal, cleanly and efficiently, without a trace of drag.

The closer they got to the Blood and Bone Valley, the stronger the smell of blood in the air became, even forming a faint blood mist.

Dark red streams began to form on the ground. Upon closer inspection, they revealed long-coagulated blood. Stepping on it made a tingling crunch.

The Blood and Bone Valley lived up to its name.

The entire valley was covered in white bones, stretching from the valley floor to the mountain walls on either side, like a road of death paved with bones.

The mountain walls on either side were covered with dried corpses, each in a variety of poses. Some wore expressions of terror, others of agony, clearly having endured immense torture before death.

In the center of the valley stood a massive black palace.

Constructed entirely of obsidian, it was covered in eerie runes, which occasionally flashed with a bloody glow.

A massive blood-red crystal was embedded atop the palace, emitting a frighteningly sinister aura. The entire valley's evil energy seemed to originate from this source.

Outside the palace, hundreds of black-robed monks patrolled. Their aura was several times more powerful than the monks they had encountered previously, clearly the elite of the Evil Dao Hall.

In front of these monks, two figures stood out—you Wuxie and you Wuji!

You Wuxie, evidently sensing the commotion, suddenly looked up toward the valley entrance.

Chapter: 8834

Upon seeing Chen Ping and Hu Mazi, a flicker of fear flashed across his eyes, then gave way to deep resentment. "Chen Ping! Hu Mazi! How dare you come here!"

You Wuji's expression was also grim, and he pointed his bone sword at the two men. "Last time, you got away with it. This time, I will grind you to dust and drain your souls to nourish this bone sword!"

Hu Mazi laughed heartily and raised his hands. Dozens of talismans floated in front of him, their runes shimmering and their spiritual energy spreading like a tide.

"Stop talking nonsense! Hand over the souls of my Hu clan immediately, or I'll raze this Blood and Bone Valley of yours and scatter your souls to the ground!" Hu Mazi roared.

“Souls?”

You Wuxie sneered, his face filled with disdain. “Those lowly souls have long been refined into elixirs by me. How could you possibly ask for them? If you know what’s good for you, surrender. Perhaps I’ll even spare your life!”

These words added fuel to the fire, instantly igniting Hu Mazi’s rage.

He roared, and the talisman before him instantly erupted with brilliant light: “You’re courting death!”

He charged forward like lightning, simultaneously waving his hands and unleashing several giant force talismans and evil-breaking talismans. The talismans transformed into two massive golden fists in the air, slamming into You Wuxie’s face with the force of splitting mountains and shattering rocks.

“A trifle!”

A fierce look flashed in You Wuxie’s eyes, and black energy surged around him, condensing into a massive bone shield that blocked him. The bone shield was covered in spikes, emitting a dense, sinister aura.

“Dang!”

The golden fist collided with the bone shield, emitting a sharp, metallic clang. The shield was instantly covered with spiderweb-like cracks, sending You Wuxie stumbling backward. A trickle of black blood trickled from the corner of his mouth, clearly suffering internal injuries.

“Your opponent is me!”

Chen Ping’s voice boomed like thunder from the sky. With a flick of his body, he stood before You Wuxie, his Dragon Slaying Sword pointed at his throat, the golden flames dancing on the blade. “Last time, I let you escape. You won’t be so lucky this time.”

You Wuji's face sank. He knew Chen Ping's formidable strength, especially after sensing his aura, several times more powerful than their last encounter—he was actually at the Earth Immortal Realm!

He felt even more intimidated. But now, with no way out, he could only bite the bullet and charge forward, brandishing his bone sword. The sword was shrouded in sinister aura, and the faint roars of countless resentful spirits echoed.

“Kill!”

With You Wuxie's command, hundreds of black-robed monks charged forward simultaneously, a pervasive black aura enveloping the entire valley, as if threatening to devour Chen Ping and Hu Mazi.

A bloody battle erupted!

Chen Ping and You Wuji clashed, the Dragon Slaying Sword gleaming with golden light. Each strike carried the might of a divine dragon, and the whistling winds of the sword forced You Wuji back repeatedly.

Although You Wuji's bone sword was unpredictable, capable of unleashing evil energy to corrode the opponent's spiritual power and physical form, it was like paper against Chen Ping's golden flames, imbued with the ultimate masculine and virile force.

“Clang! Clang! Clang!”

The relentless clash of metal echoed throughout the valley. You Wuji's bone sword quickly became riddled with cracks, its evil energy constantly burned by the flames, emitting a sizzling sound.

Chapter: 8835

He himself was utterly wrecked by the sword energy. His black robe was ripped in several places, revealing skin shrunken like bark beneath. His face was filled with fear and resentment.

“Chen Ping! You've gone too far!”

You Wuji roared, a glint of madness in his eyes. He knew that if he continued like this, he would surely perish. He gritted his teeth, even burning his blood and essence to gain a brief boost of strength.

Instantly, the black energy surrounding You Wuji surged several times, his aura rising with it. The bone sword in his hand instantly grew to several feet in length, sweeping towards Chen Ping with a destructive evil aura.

The air was dyed black wherever it passed, as if even space itself was being consumed by this evil aura.

Chen Ping's eyes grew cold, unfazed: "You dare to show off your mere tricks in front of an expert?"

The divine dragon power within him circulated furiously, and the golden flames on the Dragon Slaying Sword burned fiercely, almost condensing into substance.

"Dragon Flame Break!"

Chen Ping shouted, thrusting forward fiercely.

A massive golden fire dragon roared out from the sword, its maw opening wide and spewing golden flames. It instantly devoured the evil energy and, with unmatched might, slammed into the bone sword.

"Crack!"

The bone sword shattered, the fracture charred black by the flames.

The fire dragon, undeterred, slammed directly into You Wuji's chest.

"Puff!"

You Wuji spat out a mouthful of black blood, which sizzled as it fell to the ground, corroding small pits in his bones.

His body flew backward like a kite with a broken string, slamming heavily into the mountain wall and embedding itself into the rock. He slid to the ground, barely breathing, his life in sight.

Chen Ping slowly stepped forward, holding the Dragon Slaying Sword to his throat, his eyes icy cold: "Tell me! Where are the Hu family's spirits?"

You Wuji coughed up a mouthful of blood, a strange smile flickering across his face. His voice was hoarse and frantic: "They... they were long ago refined into the purest spirit pills, which I devoured... Hahahaha... Your friends... will never be found..."

"You're courting death!"

Chen Ping's eyes blazed with murderous intent. With a swipe of the Dragon Slaying Sword, a flash of golden light swept across the air, and You Wuji's head soared into the sky. The madness and triumph in his eyes froze, and then, along with his body, it dissipated into black air.

After defeating You Wuji, Chen Ping turned to look at Hu Mazi.

Hu Mazi was currently engaged in a fierce battle with You Wuxie. He formed hand seals with his hands, casting spells one after another with impunity. There were talismans raining down like a blanket of needles, vines that restricted movement, and even devastating thunderstorms.

The talisman exploded in the air, a fusion of golden, lightning, and green light, trapping You Wuxie in the center and forcing him to scramble.

Hu Mazi chanted something, his spiritual energy surging. A vast net composed of countless runes slowly unfolded behind him, emitting a holy light, continuously purifying the surrounding evil energy.

"You Wuxie! Give me your life!"

Hu Mazi roared, thrusting his hands forward. The vast net instantly enveloped You Wuxie. Simultaneously, a crimson talisman appeared in his hand, its runes dancing like flames.

“Heaven-Burning Talisman!”

The talisman flew out of his hand and instantly transformed into a massive ball of flame. Combining with the net, it formed a sealed space, trapping You Wuxie within.

The flames burned the evil energy, crackling with a piercing sound. You Wuxie’s screams echoed from within the flames, sounding piercingly shrill.

Although You Wuxie had regained his physical form and reached the eighth level of the Earthly Immortal Realm, he was still outmatched by Hu Mazi, who had reached the ninth level.

Hu Mazi’s talisman, specifically designed to counteract evil spirits, further restricted his movements. His body was already covered in wounds, from which black energy continuously emanated, clearly at the end of his strength.

“Ah! I’ll fight you!”

You Wuxie roared in frustration amid the flames. The black energy surrounding him suddenly erupted, forcibly opening a gap in the talisman net.

Chapter: 8836

He transformed into a black arrow, charging towards Hu Mazi. A bone dagger, steeped in poison, suddenly appeared in his hand, aiming straight for Hu Mazi’s heart.

Hu Mazi, already prepared, snorted coldly, then advanced instead of retreating. Three shimmering golden talismans instantly appeared in his hands: “Unrepentant!”

He held the talismans in front of him, and they instantly transformed into a massive golden shield, inscribed with the words “Suppress Evil,” radiating a majestic divine power.

“Puff!”

The bone dagger pierced the golden shield, like a drop in the ocean, instantly shattered by the golden light.

You Wuxie himself was also sent flying backwards by the immense recoil, landing heavily in front of the palace gate, black blood gushing from his mouth. It was clear he was doomed.

Hu Mazi panted heavily, stepping up to him. His eyes were cold, and talismans surrounded him. “Where are the spirits of my Hu family?”

You Wuxie struggled to open his eyes and looked at Hu Mazi, his eyes filled with resentment. “You... you can’t find them... they... they’re in the main hall...”

“The main hall?”

Hu Mazi’s eyes narrowed, and his aura grew even more violent. “Speak clearly! Where exactly are they?”

You Wuxie coughed, black blood oozing from the corner of his mouth. His voice was weak but tinged with sarcasm. “The branch halls... the branch halls only have a few insignificant spirits... The spirits of powerful members like the Hu family... were all sent to the main hall... As... as to whether they’ve been refined... I... I don’t know...”

Before he finished his words, his head tilted and he was completely dead.

Hu Mazi stared at the corpse, his eyes filled with rage and resentment. He swung his arm violently, sending several explosive talismans raining down upon You Wuxie’s body. With a resounding “bang,” the corpse instantly shattered into dust. “Asshole!”

Just then, a scream echoed from within the palace, and a figure stumbled out. It was You Yue.

She had evidently been startled by the sounds of fighting outside. Seeing the corpses scattered across the floor and Chen and Hu, her face paled with fear, and she turned and tried to flee.

“Want to run?”

Hu Mazi’s eyes darkened, and with a flick of his body, he instantly stood in front of her. He simultaneously cast a talisman, which froze You Yue’s body, rendering her motionless.

Hu Mazi grabbed her hair and slammed her to the ground.

You Yue was dazed and the talisman’s effects faded.

She looked up at Hu Mazi’s furious face, terrified to death. She begged for mercy, “Mercy... Master Hu, mercy... I know nothing... Please let me go...”

Hu Mazi looked at her pitiful appearance, his eyes devoid of pity, only deep hatred.

Youyue had screamed in agony from his play, and Hu Mazi had expected her to submit, only to find she was actually trying to kill him!

“Let you go?”

Hu Mazi sneered, his voice a voice like the depths of hell. “I’m going to fuck you to death today?”

Chapter: 8837

Hu Mazi tore open her black robe, revealing the pale skin beneath.

Youyue screamed and struggled, but before Hu Mazi’s immense strength, she was as powerless as an ant.

Seeing the undisguised rage and murderous intent in Hu Mazi’s eyes, she felt a surge of fear, crying out, “No... Please... No...”

But Hu Mazi was already blinded by rage and days of suppressed hatred. He lifted Youyue up and strode deep into the palace, leaving behind cries of despair that echoed through the valley.

Chen Ping watched this scene without stopping him.

He knew that Hu Mazi had pent up too much pain and hatred in his heart, and Youyue deserved it. Some debts must be paid with blood.

He turned and walked towards the black-robed monks who were still holding out. He swung his Dragon Slaying Sword, and golden flames blazed like the Grim Reaper's scythe, reducing each evil cultivator to charcoal.

Sometimes, he didn't even need to attack deliberately; the mere golden aura emanating from his body caused the bodies of the lower-level monks to dissolve, as if they had met their nemesis.

One monk attempted a sneak attack from behind, piercing Chen Ping's back with a bone blade brimming with evil energy.

As if Chen Ping had eyes on his back, without even turning his head, he simply swung his hand back, and a golden sword energy pierced the air, instantly splitting the cultivator and his bone blade in two.

"A bunch of trash," Chen Ping said softly, his voice calm, yet tinged with a look of indifference that looked down upon all beings.

He moved through the enemy horde as if he were in an empty space, and every swing of his sword brought death upon a swath of the enemy.

Where the golden light passed, evil energy dissipated, and bones melted away, as if even this land, stained by evil, trembled under his power.

Half an hour later, the battle in the valley was completely over. With the exception of Youyue, who had been dragged into the palace by Hu Mazi, all the Evil Dao Hall cultivators had been slain.

The ground was littered with corpses and bones, and the air was filled with the strong smell of blood and burning, making the scene seem particularly tragic.

Chen Ping stood before the palace gate, gazing up at the blood-red palace, a solemn look flashing in his eyes.

He could sense a powerful aura lurking deep within the palace, several times more powerful than You Wuxie and You Wuji. It was clearly the master of the Evil Dao Palace's branch!

"Come out!"

Chen Ping shouted, his voice brimming with spiritual energy, echoing through the valley. "All your men are dead. How long are you going to hide?"

The palace was silent for a moment, then a sinister laugh rang out. It seemed to penetrate the very bones, chilling one to the bone. "Good Chen Ping, good Hu Mazi! You've made it this far! I'm impressed."

A dark figure floated out from the depths of the palace, shrouded in an even wider black robe. His face was invisible, but his unsettling presence was palpable—a ninth-grade Earthly Immortal!

"Branch Hall Master?"

Chen Ping gripped the Dragon Slaying Sword tightly, his mind focused and on guard, the golden flames around him burning even more fiercely.

The black-robed figure slowly raised his head, revealing a pair of scarlet eyes beneath his hood, like two blood-red gemstones. "It is I, the Lord! You have killed so many disciples from my branch temple and destroyed my altar. Today, I will make you pay for this. I will refine your spirit into a tonic for my Lord!"

Chapter: 8838

"Stop the nonsense!"

Chen Ping's eyes blazed with murderous intent, and he pointed his Dragon Slaying Sword directly at the black-robed figure. "Is it true that the spirits of the Hu family have been sent to the main temple?"

The black-robed figure sneered, his tone filled with disdain. "Indeed, the spirits of powerful individuals like them should naturally be offered to the masters of the main temple. If you seek them, go to the main temple, but... I'm afraid you won't have that chance."

Before he finished speaking, he swung his hand violently, and countless black energy surged from his palm, instantly transforming into several black venomous snakes as thick as buckets. From their mouths spewed forked tongues, and with a sharp hiss, they pounced towards Chen Ping. Wherever the venomous snakes passed, the air corroded with a sizzling sound.

Chen Ping snorted coldly, and the golden flames on the Dragon Slaying Sword surged. With a low roar, the fire dragon on the sword reappeared, this time even more solid than before, as if possessed of life.

It opened its enormous maw, let out a deafening roar, and then charged towards the black snakes.

The golden flames collided with the black serpents, instantly incinerating them. The remaining flames, undiminished, spread towards the black-robed figure.

"Your opponent is me!"

Hu Mazi's voice echoed from within the palace, followed by a red light that shot up into the sky. Hu Mazi's figure appeared behind the black-robed figure, clutching a talisman blazing with flames. The aura it emanated was no less powerful than Chen Ping's dragon flames.

"Blood Talisman? Split the Sky!"

He hurled the talisman, instantly transforming it into a massive column of blood-red light. With a sharp whistling sound, it ripped through space wherever it passed.

The black-robed figure clearly wasn't expecting Hu Mazi's sudden appearance. His expression changed slightly, and he quickly turned to block it.

He clasped his hands together, and the black energy around him gathered into a massive black shield, engraved with eerie runes and emitting a sinister aura.

"Dang!"

The blood-red beam of light collided with the black shield with a muffled sound, sending the black-robed figure stumbling backwards, shattering several bones beneath his feet. His eyes were filled with surprise. "Ninth Rank of the Earthly Immortal Realm? How did you suddenly reach such a high level?"

The branch hall master had met Hu Mazi in Sword Saint City, and he had only just reached the Earthly Immortal Realm. Now, he had reached the ninth rank.

He had no idea that Hu Mazi was a reincarnated being. He only needed to awaken his memories and consciousness to regain his strength!

"Thanks to you, I'm recovering quite well!"

Hu Mazi laughed heartily, pressing forward with his victory. His hands continuously cast various spells. Ice spells froze space, thunder spells summoned thunder, and giant stone spells summoned falling rocks. The spells rained down on the black-robed man like raindrops, forcing him into a state of panic.

Seeing this, Chen Ping immediately joined the fray. His Dragon Slaying Sword and spells worked in perfect harmony, left and right, constantly compressing the black-robed man's movement space.

Chen Ping's sword was lightning-fast, each strike aiming for the black-robed man's vital points. Golden flames continuously burned away his evil aura. Hu Mazi's spells were unpredictable, sometimes attacking, sometimes restraining, leaving the black-robed man exhausted.

Although the black-robed man was also a ninth-level Earthly Immortal, he gradually fell into a disadvantage under the combined attacks of Chen Ping and Hu Mazi.

His black energy continuously melted away before the golden flames and blood-red talismans. His black robe was torn in several places, revealing his withered, wood-like skin, covered in strange black lines and looking extremely ferocious.

“Damn it! Two brats, how dare you insult me!”

Chapter: 8839

The black-robed figure roared, a glint of madness in his eyes. “Since that’s the case, let’s perish together!”

The black energy around him suddenly surged, and his body began to swell. The black lines on his body glowed a dazzling red, clearly indicating a self-destruction! The detonation of a ninth-rank cultivator in the Earthly Immortal Realm would be powerful enough to raze the entire Blood Bone Valley to the ground!

“Not good!”

Chen Ping and Hu Mazi’s expressions changed simultaneously. They quickly retreated using their skills and deployed defensive measures.

Golden light surged around Chen Ping, forming a massive golden shield; Hu Mazi unleashed dozens of defensive talismans, layering them together to form a thick wall.

“Boom!”

With a resounding, earth-shattering explosion, the shockwave from the black-robed figure’s self-detonation instantly swept across the valley.

Countless bones were blown away, corpses on the mountainside were shattered, and the palace itself was tottering in the shockwave. The blood-red crystal atop it wailed, its light dimming considerably.

After the smoke and dust cleared, Chen Ping and Hu Mazi scrambled to their feet.

Though their defensive measures had blocked most of the impact, they still sustained minor injuries. Their clothes were stained with dust and blood, and their hair was a bit disheveled.

Thankfully, they were not seriously injured, and their cultivation was unaffected.

“This guy is truly ruthless, resorting to self-detonation.”

Hu Mazi spat, spitting out the dirt in his mouth, his face filled with disdain.

Chen Ping looked at the half-collapsed palace and said in a deep voice, “We can’t stay here for long. The noise of the self-detonation is too loud and might attract other cultivators. Let’s leave first.”

Hu Mazi nodded, his eyes filled with resentment. “Damn it! We’ve been busy for so long, and we still haven’t found the souls of our clansmen!”

“We’ll find them eventually.”

Chen Ping patted his shoulder and said firmly, “We’ll go to the main hall of the Evil Path Palace sooner or later. We must settle this account.”

The two of them plundered all the resources of the Evil Path Palace branch halls, then turned and headed out of the valley without stopping.

As they passed the palace, Chen Ping couldn’t help but glance into its depths. It was in shambles, with a faint trace of crimson blood. The air still lingered with the scent of Youyue’s despair. It was clear that she had long since perished in Hu Mazi’s wrath.

Leaving the Blood and Bone Valley, Hu Mazi glanced back at the valley covered in bones. A fierce look flashed in his eyes. He suddenly raised his hand and unleashed several powerful blasting and flame talismans: “Destroy it!”

The talismans exploded in the air, instantly detonating the remaining evil spirits and spiritual energy in the valley. Explosions echoed one after another, flames shot up into the sky, and the entire Blood and Bone Valley gradually collapsed amidst the roar.

The bones and corpses were completely incinerated by the flames, eventually reducing them to a charred ruin, unrecognizable from their former appearance.

“Let’s go!” Hu Mazi turned and, without looking back, headed towards the Sword Sect.

His back showed a hint of fatigue, yet also revealed an unyielding determination.

Chapter: 8840

Chen Ping gazed at the ruins, a solemn look in his eyes.

Though the Evil Dao Hall branch had been destroyed, the main hall remained a formidable threat, like a sword hanging overhead.

Not to mention the mysterious Divine Temple, which also watched them with covetous eyes.

The road ahead was still filled with thorns and uncertainties.

But he knew he couldn’t retreat.

Using his Aerial Control Technique to its fullest potential, two streaks of light streaked across the Fifth Heaven’s sky, hurtling towards Sword Saint City.

Chen Ping glanced sideways at Hu Mazi beside him. The latter’s hands were clenched into fists, his knuckles white. His face, which had always sported a somewhat savage smile, was now filled with an unwavering gloom.

The Blood and Bone Valley group had razed the Evil Dao Hall branch, slaying You Wuxie, You Wuji, and even the branch hall master. However, the crucial Hu clan spirit had only been reported as having been sent to the main hall.

It was unknown whether it had even been refined.

“Master Hu,” Chen Ping said, slowing down his pace. “Since the Evil Dao Hall’s main hall dared to accept the Hu family’s spirit, it means they haven’t yet fully refined it. As long as they’re still around, we’ll find them one day.”

Hu Mazi took a deep breath, his Adam’s apple rolling twice, his voice a little hoarse. “I know... But when I think about the souls of my clansmen who might still be suffering, my heart burns like fire.”

He raised his hand and pounded his chest, a flash of blood in his eyes. “If I hadn’t entered the cycle of reincarnation, the Hu family wouldn’t have ended like this...”

“Don’t blame yourself for the past.”

Chen Ping patted his shoulder, the Dragon Slaying Sword humming at his side, as if echoing his resolve. “Next, let’s search together. The main hall of the Evil Path Palace, the Sixth Hall of the Divine Temple—this account will be settled sooner or later.”

Hu Mazi looked up at Chen Ping. Seeing no hesitation in his eyes, the knot in his heart eased slightly, and he nodded heavily. “Okay! With your words, I’m relieved!”

The two of them said no more. Their spiritual energy surged again, and their figures transformed into two faster streams of light, flying towards the outline of Sword Saint City.

As they approached Sword Saint City, they could see dozens of figures standing at the city gate in the distance, led by none other than Mo Chen.

He was dressed in a slate-gray Taoist robe, standing with his hands behind his back, his gaze fixed on the sky. Only upon catching sight of Chen Ping and Hu Mazi did his tense brow relax slightly.

“You’re back.”

Mo Chen stepped forward, his gaze sweeping over the bloodstains and evil aura lingering on the two men. A flicker of concern flashed in his eyes. "How's the situation with the Evil Dao Hall branch?"

Chen Ping bowed and said in a deep voice, "Thankfully, we have fulfilled our mission. The Evil Dao Hall branch has been completely destroyed, and the branch master and key cultivators have all been executed. However..."

He paused, looking at Hu Mazi, "The Hu family's spirits were not found in the branch. According to You Wuxie and others, they have been sent to the Evil Dao Hall main hall."

Mo Chen's eyes flickered with understanding. He then looked at Hu Mazi, his tone tinged with regret. "Master Hu, this matter... I'm sorry to have wronged you."

Hu Mazi waved his hand, suppressing his disappointment. "I'm not wronged. At least I know my clansmen's spirits might still be there. As long as the main hall is still there, I'll find them one day!"