

The Order 8911

Chapter: 8911

“Fan Tianyou, number two on the Martial Ranking, is the Divine Kingdom’s greatest genius. It’s said he’s on par with the Half-Beast King. The two have only fought once, and haven’t fought since.”

The white-haired old man said!

“Among these young geniuses, isn’t there a guy named Chen Ping?”

The Lord frowned!

“Chen Ping?” The old man was stunned. He clearly didn’t know Chen Ping!

Xue Wuying hurriedly said, “Lord, Chen Ping has had some issues with my Evil Dao Palace. While he’s very powerful, he’s not a concern. According to estimates, he’s currently only at the first or second level of the Earthly Immortal Realm. Even if he could fight against opponents of higher levels, he couldn’t possibly compare to a genius from the Sixth Heaven Realm.”

“Really?” The Lord was stunned. “I was almost breaking through the restrictions, but Chen Ping’s arrival has wasted another day.”

“Furthermore, this guy possesses pure divine dragon power, as if he were a descendant of the Dragon Clan...”

Hearing the Lord’s words, Xue Wuying said, “This individual is indeed a descendant of the Dragon Clan, but his realm is not as high as his strength. Not very big. Sometimes he’s powerful, and sometimes weak. However, he possesses a number of divine weapons, which greatly enhance his combat power.

“However, this fellow possesses some kind of dragon-patterned bell that can actually replace the Thunder Sound Bell, and he’s continued to seal me for many days.” The Lord finished speaking, then suddenly looked at Xue Wuying and asked, “Did you steal the Thunder Sound Bell from the Thunder Sound Temple from the Evil Dao Hall?”

Xue Wuying didn't hide the truth and nodded, saying, "Indeed. We know that this seal needs to be reinforced with a Thunder Sound Bell every hundred years, so we stole the Thunder Sound Bell now so that the Lord can lead the demon souls through the barrier."

"So, I want to thank you very much?" the Lord said with a smile!

"That's not necessary. We are both demon cultivators, and we should help each other." Xue Wuying seemed not to understand the Lord's meaning.

"Hmph, you stole the Thunder Sound Bell and released us, simply to use these demon souls under my command for cultivation. Am I right?"

The Lord snorted coldly!

Xue Wuying was speechless, for they indeed had this idea.

After all, these demon souls were all demon cultivators slain in the past. Once any demon soul was suppressed, the Evil Dao Hall simply absorbed all kinds of souls for cultivation, regardless of whether they were demon souls, human souls, or beast souls.

Seeing Xue Wuying fall silent, the Lord continued, "But you have indeed helped me greatly. Regardless of your motives, I must thank you, the Evil Dao Hall."

"This time, I will go on a killing spree in the Sixth Heaven, and you will be able to take all the deceased souls."

"Thank you, Lord..." Xue Wuying exclaimed with joy!

The Lord led the group towards Lei Yin Temple, but just as they were about to reach it, a sudden surge of spiritual energy caused the Lord to frown.

"There are divine cultivators nearby. Find them..."

With a command from the Lord, the demon souls and demon cultivators scattered!

Soon, over a dozen cultivators were brought before the Lord!

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“Are you from the Divine Clan? Are you here to gather information?”

Looking at the dozen or so cultivators, Xue Wuying was the first to ask!

“No, no, we are from the Sixth Hall of the Divine Temple. I am the Sixth Hall Master, Jin Fu.”

The leading cultivator quickly shook his head!

“From the Divine Temple?” The Venerable Lord was also slightly taken aback.

“Hmph, the people from the Divine Temple are from the Divine Clan. They belong to the Divine Kingdom, so they must be here to gather information and seek revenge.”

“Just kill them and save the trouble...”

An old man behind the Venerable Lord said!

“No, no, no, although we are also from the Divine Clan, we are different from the Divine Kingdom.”

The Sixth Hall Master, Jin Fu, quickly waved his hand!

Xue Wuying also quickly spoke up, “Are you from the Third Hall Master’s people?”

“Yes!” Jin Fu nodded.

“I am Xue Wuying, Elder of the Evil Path Hall!”

Xue Wuying introduced himself.

Upon hearing they were from the Evil Path Hall, Sixth Hall Master Jin Fu was overjoyed. “Elder Xue, our Third Hall Master has a close relationship with the Evil Path Hall. I hope you can put in a few kind words for us.”

“We have no intention of becoming enemies with our Lord. If you want to kill the people of the Divine Kingdom, we will not stop you.”

Xue Wuying whispered something in the Lord’s ear, who sneered coldly, “So not all the people of the Divine Clan are arrogant and unyielding.”

“Since you’re not with the Divine Kingdom, then get out of here! Get out of the Sixth Heaven! From now on, the Sixth Heaven will be mine.”

The Sixth Hall Master blushed at this, but he was helpless. After all, he wasn’t as skilled as the Lord right now, and his strength wasn’t as great as his Lord’s.

Besides, there was a chance their Divine Temple might collaborate with these demonic spirits in the future, making it easy to offend them. So, he quickly nodded and said, “Okay, we’ll get out now! We’ll get out now!”

The Sixth Hall Master and his men fled, swifter than a rabbit.

As for killing Chen Ping, the Sixth Palace Master had long since forgotten about it. However, with the Lord appearing with such a grand display, even if Chen Ping possessed three heads and six arms, he would surely be utterly annihilated!

The Lord led the group to the foot of Leiyin Temple. Gazing at the towering peak before them, the Lord was overcome with emotion!

He had been suppressed here for ten thousand years...

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At this moment, the hillside of Lei Yin Temple was already filled with powerful figures, all of them warriors from across the Sixth Heaven.

At the sight of the overwhelming force of demonic spirits, everyone fell silent.

One hundred thousand demonic spirits, tens of thousands of demonic cultivators—this scale was truly breathtaking.

Especially the ten thousand demonic spirits behind the Lord, each possessing a powerful aura that gave off a powerful, oppressive vibe.

With such a powerful aura, no one knew what realm these demonic spirits had reached before their physical bodies vanished.

At that moment, all the powerful figures halfway up the mountain wore solemn expressions.

These demonic spirits were far more powerful than they had imagined.

Wu Hao and the others also wore solemn expressions, especially upon seeing the Lord. Everyone felt a surge of pressure.

After all, those beings, suppressed for ten thousand years, were old creatures. No one knew how powerful they once were.

The Yunxia Sect leader gazed at the Lord with an extremely solemn expression. When his gaze fell on the two sword-wielding elders behind the Lord, his eyes widened.

Both elders were sword cultivators, seemingly unfathomable.

Ten thousand years ago, the only renowned sword cultivators among the Sixth Heavenly Demon Clan were the two brothers, Wushuang Divine Sword...

One was Wushuang, the other Divine Sword...

The Yunxia Sect leader didn't recognize the brothers of Wushuang Divine Sword, but it looked as if these two elders were them.

Hundreds of thousands of cultivators, separated by thousands of feet, stared at each other.

Wu Hao led his men slowly down the mountain!

Since the enemy had arrived, they had to be faced. There was no escape.

"Since you've escaped the restrictions, you should take your men and seek a new place to rebuild your bodies, rather than engaging in a fierce battle with us."

"That will only lead to mutual destruction, and you might even be suppressed again..."

Wu Hao said to the Lord!

The Lord looked at Wu Hao with disdain, "With you rubbish, it's not even close to a mutual destruction, and you're not even qualified to suppress me."

The Lord's words filled the 100,000 cultivators present with shame.

Among so many human and beast cultivators, there were probably few, if any, who truly surpassed the Lord in strength.

“Since we’ve come to this, let’s stop talking nonsense and engage!”

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Wu Hao took up his stance.

The other cultivators all drew their weapons. At this point, fear was futile.

“I can give you one chance!” the Lord sneered. “Let the younger generation have their fun. Don’t accuse me of bullying you. If you lose, hand over the sacrificial manual, and get out of the Sixth Heaven.”

“Remember, there’s only one chance...”

“What if you lose?” Wu Hao asked.

“I’ll take my men and leave, never to return to the Sixth Heaven again,” the Lord said confidently.

Wu Hao turned and glanced at the people behind him. He didn’t dare make a decision on his own; he had to get everyone’s opinion.

“No problem. I’ll meet them first...”

A man in green clothes leaped up in front of Wu Hao. “Lord, let me meet these demonic cultivators and let them experience my invincible iron fist...”

Seeing someone step forward, Wu Hao nodded and looked at the Lord. "Okay..."

The Lord smiled, a smile that was both triumphant and cruel, as if the outcome had already been predetermined.

"Master, I'll go first..."

A young man in white stepped forward. His flowing white robes and ethereal demeanor made him look nothing like a demonic cultivator.

"You?" The Master fixed the young man with a fixed gaze.

"Mu Baiyi, Young Master of the Tianluo Sect..."

The young man in white introduced himself.

"Boy, you're courting death..."

The man in green sneered!

Mu Baiyi glanced at the man in green, but without a word, he suddenly vanished.

Swish...

No one could see what had happened. The man in green was instantly split in two, blood and internal organs scattering across the ground.

Seeing this scene, everyone was in awe.

This young demonic cultivator before them had actually reached the ninth level of the Earthly Immortal Realm.

With this kind of strength, even in the Sixth Heaven Realm, he could be the leader of a sect.

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Mu Baiyi appeared, glanced at Wu Hao and the others, and said calmly, "You'd better send someone capable, not some trash..."

"I'll do it..."

A young man suddenly descended from the sky!

Seeing this young man, someone in the arena immediately said, "Leng Yun, fifth on the Martial Ranking..."

Fifth on the Martial Ranking!

This Martial Ranking only includes cultivators from the Human and Beast races. Demons are not included, and neither humans nor beasts will play along with them.

Even after reaching the Celestial Realm, demon cultivators still hold a somewhat low status.

"Please enlighten me..."

Leng Yun said, bowing!

"The ranking on the Martial Ranking is garbage!"

Mu Baiyi's voice drifted lightly down the center of the battlefield, but it felt like a slap in the face to all the Sixth Heaven cultivators.

Leng Yun's eyes glared, and his spiritual energy suddenly erupted. The aura of a peak eighth-grade Earthly Immortal swept over him like a hurricane. The longsword in his hand hummed, and a thin layer of frost formed on the blade—it was none other than his famous "Frost Sky Sword."

"Enough of the nonsense, let's see what we do!"

Leng Yun tapped the ground with his toes and rushed towards Mu Baiyi like an arrow from a bow. His longsword sliced through the air, leaving a cold white streak, piercing Mu Baiyi's heart.

The strike was lightning fast, and the angle was so sharp that even Wu Hao couldn't help but nod, "What a swift sword!"

However, Mu Baiyi's face showed no fear, and even a hint of mockery.

Just as the sword tip was about to touch his clothes, he suddenly shifted sideways, dodging the blade like a ghost. At the same time, his right hand formed a claw, wielding a dense demonic aura, and grabbed Leng Yun's wrist.

"Too slow!"

Leng Yun was startled and quickly drew his sword back to block.

With a crisp clang, the longsword collided with the demonic claw. Leng Yun felt a surge of force, his arm numb, and he took three steps back before steadying himself.

Looking down, he saw a tiny crack on the blade of the Cold Sky Sword. His pupils constricted. "Such a powerful demonic energy!"

"Good to know. It's not too late to beg for mercy now."

Mu Baiyi pressed forward, demonic energy condensing into a black spear in his palm. "But I'm not interested in leaving you alive."

Before he finished speaking, Mu Baiyi thrust the spear forward.

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The black spear pierced the air with a sharp sound, corroding the air with a sizzling sound wherever it passed.

Not taking any chances, Leng Yun channeled all his spiritual energy into the sword, unleashing his ultimate skill, the "Nine Styles of Cold Sky."

"First Style: Thousand Miles of Ice!"

With a swipe of the sword, the sky filled with sword shadows transformed into tiny ice crystals, sweeping towards Mu Baiyi.

The ice crystals froze as soon as they hit the ground, instantly forming a thick layer of ice on the ground, and even the air seemed to be frozen.

Mu Baiyi snorted coldly and swept his spear across. Black demonic energy surged out like a tide, instantly shattering the ice crystals.

"A trifling trick!" He leaped forward, thrusting his spear downwards at Leng Yun. The demonic energy at the spear's tip coalesced into a ferocious, ghostly face, emitting a piercing shriek.

"Second move: Snow Falls on a Thousand Mountains!"

Leng Yun raised his head and swung his sword. A brilliant white light erupted from the blade, and countless snowflake-like sword energy appeared out of thin air, colliding with the ghostly face.

"Bang, bang, bang" explosions echoed in succession, sweeping across the sky and stirring up the surrounding dust.

The cultivators halfway up the mountain watched intently, each holding their breath.

The Yunxia Sect leader clenched his fists. "Leng Yun has given it his all, but Mu Baiyi is still holding his own. This demon cultivator is too powerful!"

The White Tiger Valley Master said in a low voice, "A demon cultivator of the ninth rank in the Earthly Immortal Realm is considered the best among the younger generation. Leng Yun is a small realm behind him, making it difficult for him to defeat him."

On the battlefield, Leng Yun's face grew increasingly pale.

While the Nine Frost Sky Styles were powerful, each one consumed a significant amount of spiritual energy. Mu Baiyi's demonic energy seemed boundless, and his attack intensified.

"Ninth Style: Frost Sky Break!"

Leng Yun roared, channeling the last of his spiritual energy into his longsword. The sword transformed into a massive ice dragon, swooping down on Mu Baiyi with bared fangs and claws.

This was his strongest attack, his final trump card.

A hint of solemnity flashed across Mu Baiyi's eyes, and then a cruel smile curled his lips.

He thrust his spear into the ground, forming hand seals: "Demon Shadow Devouring Soul!"

Black demonic energy surged from his body, condensing into countless twisted shadows that tangled with the ice dragon.

Though the ice dragon was powerful, the shadows were like maggots on its tarsal bones, constantly eating away at its body, soon devouring it to pieces.

“Puff!”

Leng Yun spat out a mouthful of blood, his body teetering on the brink of collapse.

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With the ice dragon destroyed, his spiritual power completely depleted.

Mu Baiyi slowly approached Leng Yun, spear pointed at his throat: “I told you, ranking on the Martial Arts Ranking is garbage.”

“Stop!”

Wu Yue couldn't help but shout, but was stopped by Wu Hao.

Wu Hao's face was grim: “This is a fair duel, we can't interfere.”

Leng Yun gritted his teeth and struggled to his feet, but found himself completely powerless.

He looked at Mu Baiyi's cold gaze, filled with resentment, yet helpless.

“Die!”

Mu Baiyi thrust his spear forward, its deadly force piercing Leng Yun's heart.

At this critical moment, a golden light suddenly shot out from the direction of Leiyin Temple. With a clang, it struck the spear, deflecting it.

Startled, Mu Baiyi turned to see Chen Ping standing at the entrance of Leiyin Temple, gazing at him coldly.

“Chen Ping!”

Xue Wuying gritted his teeth, a flicker of fear in his eyes.

Mu Baiyi frowned. “Who are you? How dare you ruin my plans!”

Chen Ping ignored him and, instead, flashed to Leng Yun’s side, infusing him with a stream of divine dragon power.

Leng Yun instantly felt a warmth throughout his body, his strength gradually returning.

“Thank you, fellow Daoist,” Leng Yun said gratefully.

Chen Ping nodded and turned to look at Mu Baiyi. “It’s just a duel, why kill me?”

Mu Baiyi snorted coldly, “Losers don’t deserve to survive.”

“Really?” Chen Ping’s eyes darkened, and a powerful aura emanated from him. “Then I’d like to see if you have the ability to make me die too.”

Mu Baiyi’s heart trembled. He could sense Chen Ping’s aura was strong, even stronger than his own.

But he was, after all, a ninth-rank demon cultivator in the Earthly Immortal Realm, and he wasn’t one to be intimidated.

He gripped his spear tightly and eyed Chen Ping warily. “Do you want to defend him?”

“Not defending him, but I don’t want to see anyone slaughter innocent people in front of me.”

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Chen Ping said calmly, “If you want to continue the competition, I’ll play along.”

Mu Baiyi was about to agree, but was stopped by Soul Devourer.

Soul Devourer looked at Chen Ping, a hint of doubt in his eyes. “Are you from the Dragon Clan?”

“It has nothing to do with you,” Chen Ping said coldly.

Soul Devourer chuckled. “Interesting! After ten thousand years, a Dragon Clan member has appeared in the Sixth Heaven. However, today’s duel isn’t over yet. If you want to fight, wait until our men have finished.”

Chen Ping glanced at Wu Hao, and seeing Wu Hao nod, he stepped aside.

Leng Yun tactfully returned to the mountainside.

Mu Baiyi glanced at Chen Ping with a smug look, then shouted to the cultivators halfway up the mountain, “Anyone else wants to come up and die?”

The cultivators halfway up the mountain looked at each other in dismay, none daring to step forward.

Leng Yun was already fifth on the Martial Ranking, and even he had suffered such a crushing defeat. Anyone else would only die in vain.

Wu Hao, watching the scene before him, felt a surge of anxiety.

If no one could defeat Mu Baiyi, they would have to hand over the sacrificial manual as agreed and leave the Sixth Heaven. He swept his gaze over the crowd, finally settling on Zi Yuan.

Zi Yuan was standing in the crowd, her expression calm, but a determined glint gleamed in her eyes.

She felt Wu Hao's gaze, looked up at him, and nodded.

"Zi Yuan, I'm leaving this to you," Wu Hao said softly.

Zi Yuan flashed and arrived at the center of the battlefield.

She looked at Mu Baiyi and said calmly, "I'll play with you."

Mu Baiyi's eyes flashed with surprise upon seeing Zi Yuan, but then turned to disdain. "So it's a woman? It seems you're truly out of options."

Zi Yuan wasn't angry, but simply stared at him quietly. "Whether we're out of options or not, we'll know after we fight."

"Alright, I'll show you how powerful I am."

Mu Baiyi gripped his spear tightly and charged at Zi Yuan.

Zi Yuan dodged Mu Baiyi's attack with a flicker of her body, easily dodging it.

She had unknowingly acquired a cyan longsword in her hand. The sword swung with a fresh, spiritual aura, a stark contrast to Mu Baiyi's demonic energy.

“Hmm?” Mu Baiyi was startled. “You’re also a ninth-rank Earthly Immortal?”

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Zi Yuan didn’t answer, but instead launched an attack.

The long sword, like a green snake emerging from a cave, pierced Mu Baiyi’s throat. Mu Baiyi hurriedly drew back his spear to block, and the two instantly engaged.

The moment the green blade and the black spear collided, the sharp clink of metal echoed through the valley.

Zi Yuan’s sword moves were agile and graceful, like a swallow soaring through the forest, each strike aimed squarely at Mu Baiyi’s weak spots. Meanwhile, Mu Baiyi’s spear was fierce and domineering, imbued with a sinister aura, each strike deadly.

“What a swift sword!”

The cultivators halfway up the mountain exclaimed in amazement.

Zi Yuan’s speed was even faster than Leng Yun’s, and her sword moves were even more refined, clearly a testament to the skill and refinement of her skills.

Wu Hao breathed a sigh of relief. “Zi Yuan’s strength has indeed increased considerably. It looks like she has a chance of winning.”

The White Tiger Valley Master nodded in agreement. “This girl’s swordsmanship is formidable, and her spiritual energy is pure, without a trace of impurities. It’s clearly an orthodox Taoist technique.

Although Mu Baiyi’s demonic energy is overwhelming, defeating her won’t be easy.”

On the battlefield, the two had already exchanged dozens of rounds, still unable to determine the winner.

Mu Baiyi's expression grew increasingly solemn. He had originally assumed Zi Yuan was just an ordinary ninth-rank cultivator in the Earthly Immortal Realm, but he hadn't expected her strength to be so formidable.

"It seems I underestimated you."

Mu Baiyi snorted coldly, hurling his spear into the air and forming hand seals. "Raging demonic flames!"

Black demonic energy surged from his body, coalescing behind him into a vast sea of fire, within which the wailing of countless wronged souls could be vaguely heard.

The sea of fire swept towards Zi Yuan, scorching the ground wherever it passed.

Zi Yuan's expression stern, and she swung her sword. "Qing Lan Shield!"

Cyan spiritual energy coalesced in front of her, forming a massive shield, covered in fine lines and emitting a faint azure glow.

The sea of fire collided with the Qing Lan Shield, making a sizzling sound, sending countless black sparks flying.

"Break it!"

Mu Baiyi roared, increasing his demonic energy output. The sea of fire grew in power, and the lines on the Qing Lan Shield began to blur.

Zi Yuan's forehead was covered in beads of sweat. She could sense the strangeness of Mu Baiyi's demonic energy, not only overbearing but also carrying a corrosive force that constantly eroded her spiritual energy.

"No more passive defense," Zi Yuan thought to herself. She abruptly withdrew the Qing Lan Shield and, like an arrow from a bow, rushed towards Mu Baiyi.

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The longsword in her hand transformed into a streak of azure lightning, piercing Mu Baiyi's heart.

Mu Baiyi hadn't expected Ziyuan to suddenly abandon her defense and attack. Startled, he hurriedly tried to dodge.

But Ziyuan's speed was too great, leaving him no time to react. He could only watch helplessly as the longsword pierced his heart.

"Puff!"

The longsword pierced Mu Baiyi's shoulder, blood gushing out instantly.

Mu Baiyi screamed and jerked back, putting distance between him and Ziyuan.

"You dare to hurt me?"

Mu Baiyi clutched his shoulder, his eyes filled with murderous intent.

Ziyuan retracted her longsword and said coldly, "You asked for it."

"I'm going to kill you!"

Mu Baiyi roared, charging at Ziyuan again. This time, his attack was even more frenzied, his demonic energy surging towards her like a tide, as if to devour her completely.

Ziyuan remained undaunted, swinging her longsword even faster.

Cyan sword light and black demonic energy intertwined, forming a sharp boundary. The two exchanged blows for dozens of rounds, leaving the ground around the battlefield riddled with pits and rubble.

“It’s already been a hundred rounds!”

Someone exclaimed.

Everyone watched intently, even breathing cautiously.

This was a true peak-level duel, a contest between ninth-grade Earthly Immortals, every moment fraught with danger.

Mu Baiyi’s breathing grew increasingly erratic, his shoulder still bleeding, and after such a long and intense battle, his demonic energy had been significantly depleted.

Zi Yuan’s condition was also not optimistic. Her face was pale, and her breathing had become rapid, clearly draining a significant amount of spiritual energy.

“This won’t work. We must end this quickly.”

Zi Yuan thought to herself, thrusting her longsword into the ground and forming hand seals: “Qingming Sword Art? Final Form!”

As her words fell, the surrounding spiritual energy converged frantically towards her, condensing into countless small green swords in front of her.

These small swords swirled around her, emitting a powerful aura.

“Not good!” Mu Baiyi was startled. He could sense the immense power of these small swords and hurriedly formed hand seals: “Demon Soul Guard!”

The black demonic energy coalesced into a massive phantom of a demon soul in front of him. The demon soul opened its maw and let out a piercing roar.