

The Order 8931

Chapter: 8931

Zhao Mu's face darkened, and he hurriedly mobilized the soul mist throughout his body to condense into a massive soul shield.

“Bang!”

The fist collided with the soul shield, emitting a deafening roar.

The soul shield was instantly covered with cracks, and Zhao Mu was shocked and retreated repeatedly, the black mist unique to the soul body emanating from the corners of his mouth.

“Impossible! How can your spiritual power be so strong?”

Zhao Mu roared in disbelief.

He could sense that Fan Tianyou's spiritual power was not only powerful but also carried a sacred aura, possessing a strong suppressive effect on the soul body.

“Because you're too weak!”

The same question and the same answer uttered by Zhao Mu and Fan Tianyou!

After landing, Fan Tianyou attacked again, his Golden Sky Divine Fist following one after another, each one deadly.

Golden fist shadows surged towards Zhao Mu like a tide, forcing him to retreat.

An unprecedented fear surged within Zhao Mu.

He had assumed Han Lie had reached the limit of his younger generation, but he hadn't expected Fan Tianyou to be so formidable.

He attempted to repeat his old trick, exploiting the speed of his soul body for a sneak attack. However, Fan Tianyou's perception far surpassed Han Lie's, and no matter which direction he attacked, he would be detected.

"Golden Sky Divine Fist, Third Form – Golden Thunder Destroys the Soul!"

Fan Tianyou roared, and bursts of lightning suddenly mingled with golden spiritual energy, condensing into a massive thunder fist that smashed down on Zhao Mu.

Not only was this punch immensely powerful, but lightning also proved fatal to the soul body.

Zhao Mu knew he couldn't resist, so he used all his strength to gather a final soul shield.

"Crack!"

The soul shield shattered instantly, and the thunder fist struck Zhao Mu hard.

He let out a shrill scream, and his soul body dissipated like a piece of burning paper, leaving only a wisp of black mist that was quickly incinerated by the lightning.

"Great!"

Cheers erupted from the mountainside, even more intense than before. The cultivators brandished their weapons, their faces replaced by ecstasy as the despair they'd worn out.

"Fan Tianyou is incredible! He shattered Zhao Mu's soul with a single punch!"

“Second on the Martial Ranking is truly worthy of its reputation! Now let’s see how arrogant the demon cultivators can be!”

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“Kill all the demon cultivators and recapture the Divine Capital!”

Wu Hao, watching Fan Tianyou calmly standing on the battlefield, was filled with tears of excitement. “Tianyou, well done! The Divine Kingdom thanks you!”

Zi Yuan also smiled with relief, her heart finally at ease.

Han Lie, his face filled with admiration, bowed to Fan Tianyou. “Brother Fan, your strength is unparalleled. I, Han, am ashamed of myself.”

The laughter in the demon cultivator camp abruptly ceased. Soul Devourer’s expression darkened, a hint of murderous intent flickering in his hollow eyes.

He hadn’t expected such a powerful individual among the younger generation of the Sixth Heaven Realm. This made his plan even more challenging.

Fan Tianyou looked up at Soul Devourer, a cold glint in his eyes. “Soul Devourer, it’s your turn next!”

As soon as Fan Tianyou finished speaking, the battlefield fell silent.

Everyone’s eyes were fixed on Soul Devourer, awaiting the start of this ultimate duel.

However, Soul Devourer suddenly let out a scornful sneer, a laugh as piercing as a broken gong, filled with disdain.

“You little brat, how dare you act so presumptuously in front of me?”

Soul Devourer sat on the lion's head, looking down at Fan Tianyou, his hollow eyes filled with mockery. "You're not worthy enough for me to fight. Let my men play with you."

As soon as he finished speaking, a figure slowly emerged from the demonic cultivators' ranks.

The figure, clad in a purple gauze dress, had a strikingly beautiful face, yet exuded an uncanny aura. In her hand, she held a jet-black flute. It was none other than Soul Devourer's capable lieutenant—the Demonic Music Fairy Su Mei.

Seeing it was a female cultivator, Fan Tianyou frowned, his tone tinged with disdain: "A good man doesn't fight a woman. Let's get a man!"

"Brother Fan, don't be careless! This female demon cultivator looks formidable!"

Han Lie hurriedly warned.

But the cultivators halfway up the mountain erupted in fury, shouting, "Fan Tianyou, don't be cowardly! Kill this female demon cultivator!"

"It doesn't matter if she's a man or a woman, as long as she's a demon cultivator, she must be killed!"

"Hurry up and do it! Don't bring shame to our Sixth Heaven!"

Su Mei, hearing the shouting, wasn't angry. Instead, she revealed a seductive smile. "Since you're so anxious, I'll play with Master Fan."

She gently swung the flute in her hand, her voice soft yet tinged with coldness. "I, Su Mei, have come to learn Master Fan's skills."

Seeing he couldn't refuse, Fan Tianyou snorted coldly. "Since you don't know what's good for you, don't blame me for being ruthless!" He once again channeled his golden spiritual energy, readying himself for battle.

Su Mei, however, didn't rush to attack. Instead, she gently brought the flute to her lips and slowly began to play. The melodious sound rang out, carrying a strange, magical aura that reached everyone's ears, making many cultivators feel dizzy.

"Oh no! There's something wrong with this flute!"

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Daoist Wuji's face darkened, and he hurriedly warned, "Everyone, quickly channel your spiritual energy to resist!"

The cultivators reacted quickly and quickly channeled their spiritual energy to protect themselves.

But Fan Tianyou, in the center of the battlefield, bore the brunt of the flute's impact. His mind was in turmoil, and his spiritual energy stagnates.

"Despicable! You're using such a shady trick!"

Fan Tianyou roared, forcing himself to calm his composure. He leaped up and lunged at Su Mei: "Golden Sky Divine Fist, Second Form – Golden Wind Sweeping Leaves!"

A golden fist shadow swept through like a hurricane, bearing directly at Su Mei's face.

Su Mei continued to play the flute calmly, her body as light as willow catkins, dodging the fist shadow.

At the same time, the flute's sound suddenly became more rapid, and countless black sound waves surged from the flute, shooting towards Fan Tianyou like sharp blades.

Fan Tianyou frantically waved his fist to block it, but the sound waves, invisible and intangible, passed through the fist shadow and struck him.

He felt a sharp pain all over his body, his spiritual energy instantly distorted, and he couldn't help but take a few steps back.

“How is that possible?”

Fan Tianyou’s face was filled with shock. He hadn’t expected this seemingly delicate female cultivator to possess such a strange skill.

Su Mei paused, a seductive smile curling her lips. “Master Fan, this is just the beginning.”

She played the flute again, the sound even more eerie, as if it could penetrate the mind and lull one into a hallucination.

Fan Tianyou’s vision went dark, as if he saw countless wronged souls charging towards him, causing him to retreat in fear.

Knowing he was hallucinating, he frantically channeled his spiritual energy to break free, but the flute’s magical power was too strong, and his consciousness grew increasingly hazy.

“Fan Tianyou! Wake up!” Wu Hao shouted anxiously from within the camp.

Zi Yuan clenched her fists, her eyes filled with worry.

The cultivators halfway up the mountain also grew nervous, holding their breath as they watched Fan Tianyou on the battlefield.

Just as Fan Tianyou was about to completely lose his illusion, a resounding laugh suddenly rang out: “Hahaha! Fan Tianyou, you’re so useless! You were beaten to the ground by a female cultivator without even being able to fight back!”

As the laughter faded, a figure landed in the center of the battlefield like thunder.

The figure was tall, with a human upper body and a tiger’s body, and two golden horns on his head. It was none other than the Beast Clan genius ranked number one on the Martial Ranking—Half-Beast King!

Fan Tianyou instantly regained consciousness upon hearing the laughter. Upon seeing Half-Beast King, a hint of irritation crossed his face: "Half-Beast King, what are you doing here?"

Half-Beast King patted Fan Tianyou on the shoulder and teased, "Of course I'm here to save you, or you'd be dead here today. Get out of here now, and don't embarrass yourself."

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Fan Tianyou's face flushed and paled, but he knew he was no match for Su Mei. He could only snort coldly and retreat back to his camp.

Su Mei looked at the suddenly appearing Half-Beast King, a flicker of alarm in her eyes: "Who are you?"

"Number one on the Martial Ranking, Half-Beast King."

The Half-Beast King spoke calmly, emanating a powerful aura that made Su Mei's breathing difficult. "You just bullied that brat Fan Tianyou. Now it's my turn to play with you."

Su Mei was startled. She hadn't expected Half-Beast King, number one on the Martial Ranking, to appear at this moment.

But now that things had come to this, she could only bite the bullet and accept the challenge: "Then let me see the power of the number one!" She said, bringing the flute to her lips again and playing an eerie sound.

But Half-Beast King remained unmoved. His spiritual power far surpassed that of ordinary people, and the flute sound had no effect on his mind.

"You dare show off such a trick in front of me?" The Half-Beast King sneered, leaping up and lunging at Su Mei.

He was incredibly fast, reaching Su Mei in an instant. His right hand formed a claw, grabbing the flute in Su Mei's hand with powerful force.

Su Mei was startled and tried to evade, but the Half-Beast King firmly grasped her wrist.

"Ah!"

Su Mei screamed in agony, a sharp pain piercing her wrist. The flute fell to the ground with a clang.

The Half-Beast King didn't stop, striking Su Mei in the chest with his left hand.

Su Mei spat out a mouthful of blood, her body flying backwards like a kite with a broken string, landing heavily on the ground, barely breathing.

"Brave!"

A deafening cheer erupted from the mountainside. The monks brandished their weapons, their faces beaming with excitement.

"The Half-Beast King is truly formidable! He dealt a heavy blow to this female demon cultivator with a single blow!"

"The title of number one on the Martial Ranking truly lives up to its reputation! Now the demon cultivators should be in check!"

"Kill all the demon cultivators and recapture the Divine Capital!"

Wu Hao finally breathed a sigh of relief as he watched the Half-Beast King calmly standing on the battlefield.

With the Half-Beast King and Fan Tianyou, they finally had the wherewithal to challenge the Soul Devourer.

The Soul Devourer's expression darkened, a flicker of murderous intent in his hollow eyes.

He hadn't expected the Half-Beast King, number one on the Martial Ranking, to be so formidable that even his own Demonic Sound Fairy was no match for him.

"Your turn..."

The Half-Beast King looked at the Lord.

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The Lord sneered, then pointed to a mountain a hundred miles away.

Everyone looked in that direction, unsure of what the Lord meant.

The next moment, the Lord suddenly drew his sword, a flash of sword light passing by.

Boom!

Before everyone could see, the entire mountain shattered instantly. A hundred miles away, a single casual sword strike shattered the mountain!

After this strike, everyone froze in shock; the air seemed to freeze.

Especially Wu Hao, Taoist Wuji, and the others, their expressions were more solemn than ever!

The power of that strike was such that no one could possibly withstand it.

And yet, the opponent had swung that strike so casually, how formidable must that be.

Chen Ping's expression also grew solemn. He hadn't believed he could do that strike.

Even if he used all his might, even with the Dragon Slaying Sword, he still felt he wasn't quite up to the task of shattering a mountain a hundred miles away.

Chen Ping was now somewhat bewildered.

Before this, he had thought the Soul Devourer was just that, a mere spirit. How powerful could he be?

Not to mention, he had many means of controlling spirits.

But now, Chen Ping didn't dare think that.

Hu Mazi, standing by, glanced at Chen Ping and smiled faintly. "What? Are you feeling discouraged?"

"What's the point? That old man has lived for so many years, and I've only lived for so many. If I'd practiced for over ten thousand years, I could turn him to dust with a single breath."

Chen Ping rolled his eyes.

Before the Lord, the Half-Beast King fell silent, his expression devoid of the previous arrogance.

That sword strike wasn't aimed at him, otherwise he would have been beheaded by now.

"Do you still want to try me?" the Lord asked.

The Half-Beast King remained silent, his face brimming with embarrassment.

Seeing the Half-Beast King remain silent, the Lord sneered and said, "Buhui, show these little bastards the power of the demon race..."

From the army of demon souls behind the Lord, a child who looked only a teenager stepped out.

That childish face made it hard to believe that this was actually a demonic cultivator.

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"Jun Buhui, please teach me..."

The child bowed to the Half-Beast King!

"You want to fight me?" The Half-Beast King frowned slightly, surprised that the other party would actually send a child.

"What's wrong with me?" Jun Buhui smiled faintly.

The Half-Beast King frowned as he looked at the frail, childish Jun Buhui before him.

He had roamed the Sixth Heaven for many years, and his opponents were either highly respected or powerful. Now the Soul Devourer King had sent a seemingly underage child to fight, clearly not taking him seriously.

"Soul Devourer, what do you mean?"

The Half-Beast King glared at the Soul Devourer on the lion's back. "Sending a child out here? Are you humiliating me, or yourself?"

A sneer curled the corners of the Soul Devourer's lips, a chilling coldness etched in his hollow eyes. "Winning a fight isn't about age. Since you don't dare to accept the challenge, then simply admit defeat, hand over the sacrificial manual, and get out."

"Who said I don't dare!"

The Half-Beast King, enraged, turned to Jun Buhui, his tone tinged with impatience. "Little one, considering your youth, retreat immediately. Let someone more capable of fighting come out!"

Jun Buhui, however, remained calm, his childish voice laced with fear: "After we fight, you'll know if I'm worthy."

Before he finished his words, he suddenly flashed and appeared before the Half-Beast King. His small fist, carrying a sharp force, struck the Half-Beast King in the face.

The Half-Beast King was startled, having not expected the child's speed. He quickly dodged to the side.

But Jun Buhui's attacks continued, a web of fist shadows, each one imbued with power far beyond his size, forcing the Half-Beast King back repeatedly.

"Good boy, you've got some skills!"

The Half-Beast King completely put aside his contempt. His spiritual energy surged, enveloping him in a golden glow. "Since you're so ignorant of your own limitations, don't blame me for being ruthless!"

He roared, his figure suddenly soaring to a height of three meters. His tiger claws, with the force of tearing through the air, clawed at Jun Buhui.

Jun Buhui remained unfazed. His body dodged as lightly as willow catkins. Simultaneously, he formed a seal with his right hand, and black demonic energy swirled around him, condensing into a massive demonic blade, slashing towards the tiger's claws.

“Clang!”

The clanging of metal was deafening, sparks flying everywhere. The Half-Beast King felt a tingling sensation in his arm, and was forced back two steps.

Jun Buhui was also shaken by the immense force, but he quickly regained his balance.

“What?”

The cultivators halfway up the mountain exclaimed in surprise.

They had assumed Jun Buhui would be vulnerable, but they hadn't expected him to stand up to the Half-Beast King head-on and not be defeated.

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Wu Hao clenched his fists, his face filled with solemnity: “What is the origin of this child? He possesses such strength!”

Fan Tianyou also frowned: “His demonic energy is several times more condensed than Su Mei's. He is definitely not an ordinary demonic cultivator.”

On the battlefield, the Half-Beast King was completely enraged.

He roared to the heavens, the sound waves shaking the surrounding rocks. Golden lines appeared all over his body, the beast race's innate magical power—Fierce Tiger Transformation.

“Boy, take my ‘Tiger Splitting the Mountain’ move!”

The Half-Beast King leaped up, his tiger claws condensing into a massive golden shadow, which slammed down towards Jun Buhui with devastating force.

Jun Buhui's eyes focused, and he quickly formed seals with his hands. Demonic energy gathered in front of him, forming a massive black shield.

"Bang!"

The claw shadow collided with the shield, and the immense impact caused the ground to collapse several feet. The shield was instantly covered with cracks, but it ultimately blocked the blow.

Jun Buhui groaned, a trace of blood escaping from the corner of his mouth, but he remained steadfast.

He abruptly dropped his shield and waved his hands. Countless black demonic energy surged towards the Half-Beast King like venomous snakes, condensing in the air into a vast demonic net that enveloped him.

The Half-Beast King roared, waving his claws, attempting to rip the net apart. But the magic net was incredibly resilient. Not only did it not rip apart, it tightened even further, trapping him tightly.

"Break it!"

The Half-Beast King channeled all his spiritual energy, and golden light erupted from his body, instantly stretching the magic net beyond its original shape.

A flicker of admiration flashed in Jun Buhui's eyes. He formed a seal again, and runes appeared on the magic net, suddenly increasing its defensive power.

Just as the two men were locked in a stalemate, the Half-Beast King suddenly unleashed his power, his golden spiritual energy erupting like a volcano. With a "crack," the magic net was completely ripped apart.

He seized the opportunity to pounce on Jun Buhui, his tiger claws directed at his vitals.

Jun Buhui flashed, teleporting behind the Half-Beast King again. Simultaneously, with a pointed right finger, a stream of black demonic energy shot towards the Half-Beast King's back like a sharp sword.

The Half-Beast King reacted quickly, spun around to block. The demonic energy struck his arm, leaving a deep wound. The black demonic energy continued to erode his flesh.

"This demonic energy is poisonous!"

The Half-Beast King's face darkened, and he quickly channeled his spiritual energy to repel the demonic energy.

Jun Buhui gave him no chance, darting around him like a ghost, attacking repeatedly.

For a moment, the battlefield was a crisscross of demonic energy and golden light. Fists and claws flew, each collision accompanied by a deafening roar. The surrounding rocks crumbled, and smoke and dust filled the air.

"Too intense! This Jun Buhui is a monster!"

Han Lie gazed at the battlefield, his face filled with shock. He considered himself quite capable, but in such a battle, he felt like an ant.

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Zi Yuan gripped her sword tightly, her palms wet with sweat. "The Half-Beast King has already exerted his full strength, yet Jun Buhui remains undefeated. Just how powerful is this child?"

Chen Ping's expression was also extremely solemn. He could sense a strange power within Jun Buhui's demonic energy, far surpassing that of an ordinary demon cultivator.

Hu Mazi sighed, "This Jun Buhui must have been a renowned demon cultivator for ten thousand years, yet he's only remained in the form of a child."

On the battlefield, the Half-Beast King's aura gradually became erratic.

He had launched dozens of fierce attacks, but he had been unable to injure Jun Buhui's vital points. Instead, he was left utterly utterly defeated by his uncanny form and sinister demonic energy.

"Boy, all you can do is hide? If you're brave enough, face me head-on!"

The Half-Beast King roared.

Jun Buhui smiled faintly, "There's no need for a head-on battle to deal with you."

Before he finished his words, he vanished again, reappearing above Half-Beast King.

He formed hand seals, and demonic energy swirled around him, condensing into a massive demonic hammer. With the force of thunder, he struck Half-Beast King.

A fierce glint flashed in Half-Beast King's eyes. Without dodging, his golden spiritual energy coalesced into a massive golden axe, striking down at the demonic hammer.

"Bang!"

The two massive weapons collided, sending a massive shockwave that instantly dispersed the surrounding smoke and dust. The cultivators halfway up the mountain could even feel the ground shaking violently.

Half-Beast King and Jun Buhui were simultaneously flung back, tumbling heavily to the ground.

Half-Beast King spat out a mouthful of blood, and the golden glow on his body dimmed slightly. Jun Buhui's face paled, and the blood at the corner of his mouth became more pronounced, but his eyes remained sharp.

"I didn't expect you to be able to withstand my attack."

Jun Buhui slowly stood up, a hint of seriousness on his childish face. "Looks like I'm going to have to use my true strength."

He slowly raised his hands, and the space around him suddenly began to distort, a strange force spreading.

The Half-Beast King's expression suddenly changed. He could feel the terrifying power, as if even his own soul was being distorted.

"Is this... the power of space?" Chen Ping exclaimed in shock.

The power of the origin of space is one of the most mysterious and powerful forces in the universe, possessed by very few. It was surprising that Jun Buhui could actually wield it.

Wu Hao, Fan Tianyou, and the others were also shocked. They hadn't expected this seemingly childish child to be a powerful being who had mastered the origin of space.

Jun Buhui's eyes narrowed, and he shouted softly, "Spatial Confinement!" Instantly, the space around the Half-Beast King froze, his body trapped and unable to move.

"How is that possible?"

The Half-Beast King roared in terror, desperately channeling his spiritual energy to break free, but the force of the spatial confinement was incredibly strong, and his body remained motionless.

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Jun Buhui slowly approached the Half-Beast King, raised his right hand, and a stream of black demonic energy condensed into a small magic sword, pressing it against the Half-Beast King's brow.

"You lose."

The Half-Beast King stared at the magic sword between his brows, his eyes filled with resentment, yet resigned to his utter helplessness.

He knew he had no room for resistance.

Jun Buhui retracted the magic sword and released the spatial confinement.

The Half-Beast King stumbled back a few steps, his face pale and his breath weak, clearly no longer able to fight.

He lowered his head, not daring to meet their gazes, his heart filled with humiliation and resentment.

The battlefield instantly fell into a dead silence. Everyone was stunned by the scene before them, speechless for a long time.

The Half-Beast King, number one on the martial arts rankings, was unexpectedly defeated by a demonic cultivator who looked like a child, and who had even wielded the terrifying power of the Origin of Space.

The excitement on the faces of the cultivators halfway up the mountain had long since vanished, replaced by deep fear.

If even the Half-Beast King had been defeated, who else could possibly stand against the demonic cultivator?

“It’s over, we’re completely finished...” someone muttered, their voice filled with despair.

“Jun Buhui has mastered the Origin of Space, making him unbeatable...”

“Are we really going to hand over the sacrificial manual and let the demonic cultivator ravage us?”

Wu Hao's face was as pale as death. He looked at Jun Buhui, who stood calmly on the battlefield, then at the silent crowd around him, and a sense of powerlessness welled up in his heart.

He knew they had already lost this battle.

Fan Tianyou clenched his fists tightly, his nails digging deep into his palms, and blood flowed.

He wanted to step forward and challenge Jun Buhui, but the thought of the terrifying spatial force made his heart tremble. He knew he was no match for Jun Buhui.

Soul Devourer, observing the despair on their faces, let out a smug laugh: "Hahaha! Now you understand how powerful I am, don't you? If you know what's best for you, hand over the Sacrificial Manual and get out of the Sixth Heaven. Otherwise, don't blame me for a bloody spree!"

Jun Buhui walked up to Soul Devourer and bowed. "My Lord, I have fulfilled your mission."

Soul Devourer nodded in satisfaction: "Well, well, well! You are truly worthy of my approval."

His gaze swept across the ranks of cultivators, eyes filled with a mixture of amusement and cruelty. "I'll give you one last chance. Hand it over or not?"

The cultivators exchanged glances, no one speaking, yet they all saw despair in each other's eyes.

At this moment, Chen Ping suddenly spoke, his voice calm but with a hint of determination: "It's not that easy to obtain the Sacrificial Manual!"

Chen Ping slowly stepped out of the crowd and faced Soul Devourer.

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“Chen Ping...”

Zi Yuan stepped forward to stop Chen Ping. Although she knew Chen Ping was formidable, Jun Buhui was far too powerful. Especially with his mastery of spatial origin, this was his ultimate weapon.

If he were trapped in this space, he would be doomed to death.

“Don’t worry, I’m fine!” Chen Ping smiled faintly at Zi Yuan.

Seeing the expressions of Chen Ping and Zi Yuan, Wu Hao instantly understood what had happened.

The look they exchanged was clearly the kind that only comes with breaking through the final taboo.

Taoist Wuji sighed as he looked at Chen Ping and Zi Yuan. Chen Ping was being lenient, and he couldn’t help but watch over him for his disciple.

Hu Mazi stepped forward and whispered to Chen Ping, “Chen Ping, you’re going to fight Jun Buhui. Do you want me to secretly get you two talismans?”

“No, there’s no need to resort to underhanded tactics to deal with this brat.”

Chen Ping smiled.

“Well, be careful then,” Hu Mazi said, then added with a playful expression, “Are you having an affair with this Zi Yuan? You two look at each other with a strange look.”

“No, I haven’t broken through the final step yet.”

Chen Ping shook his head.

“Impossible! From the way Ziyuan looks at you, it’s obvious we’ve had intimate contact, and she considers herself your woman.”

Hu Mazi was a little skeptical. After all, he was very accurate in judging people, especially women.

“Really not, but I did lick her...”

Chen Ping said a little embarrassedly.

“Fuck...” Hu Mazi was stunned, then gave a thumbs-up. “You’re really good at this. I admire you, I admire you...”

“If you want to die, do it quickly. Why are you dithering?”

Jun Buhui was getting impatient.

Chen Ping walked up to Jun Buhui with a sneer on his face. “I don’t usually like hitting children, but today, I’m different...”

With that, before Jun Buhui could say anything, Chen Ping threw a punch.

“Holy Light Fist...”

This punch instantly erupted with a dazzling golden light, and Chen Ping’s fist grew to the size of a mountain.

The moment a golden light flashed, the battlefield was bathed in a blinding brilliance. Chen Ping’s fist, as massive as a mountain, whistled with a powerful force. It smashed straight into Jun Buhui’s face.