

## **The Order 8941**

Chapter: 8941

Jun Buhui's pupils shrank slightly, startled but unperturbed. He suddenly leaped back several feet, narrowly avoiding the powerful punch.

The fist struck air with a resounding bang, instantly creating a crater several feet deep in the ground. Debris flew, and smoke and dust filled the air.

"Interesting."

Jun Buhui brushed the dust off the corner of his clothes, a solemn expression appearing for the first time on his young face. "No wonder he dares to speak so arrogantly. He's a bit stronger than that half-beast king."

Chen Ping sneered, his steps shifting. He approached Jun Buhui like a ghost, his fists coming one after another.

Each punch was wrapped in a dazzling golden light, and the wind was as sharp as a knife, forcing Jun Buhui to dodge repeatedly.

His punches were so fast, almost impossible to detect with the naked eye. Golden afterimages crisscrossed the battlefield, like an impenetrable net, enveloping Jun Buhui.

"What a swift speed!"

Halfway up the mountain, Han Lie exclaimed, "Fellow Daoist Chen's speed is no less than Jun Buhui's!"

Zi Yuan clutched the corner of her clothes tightly, her eyes filled with worry, yet also with a hint of certainty—she had seen Chen Ping's strength and knew he was no reckless man.

Wu Hao stroked his beard, the despair on his face gradually fading, replaced by a glimmer of hope: "This Chen Ping is truly well-hidden. Perhaps he can truly defeat Jun Buhui!"

On the battlefield, Jun Buhui dodged dozens of punches before finally being grazed on the shoulder.

Golden spiritual energy instantly invaded his body, and he groaned, stumbling back two steps. A black hole had been burned in his clothes, and the air was filled with a faint smell of burning.

“You’ve angered me.”

Jun Buhui’s voice grew cold, demonic energy surging around him. Black mist condensed into dozens of sharp demonic blades, which shot towards Chen Ping like a torrential rain.

Chen Ping didn’t dodge, a golden light surging around him, forming a solid light shield.

The crisp sound of “ding-ding-dang-dang” echoed continuously as the demonic blades shattered upon the light shield, dissipating into tiny specks of demonic energy.

He seized the momentum and counterattacked, leaping up and sweeping his right leg with immense force, striking Jun Buhui squarely in the waist.

Jun Buhui hurriedly raised his hand to block, but with a “bang,” he felt his arm go numb, and he was sent flying backwards, slamming heavily into a boulder, which instantly shattered.

“How is this possible?”

Someone in the demonic cultivator camp exclaimed in surprise. They had never imagined that Jun Buhui, seemingly immature yet capable of defeating even the Half-Beast King, could be so subdued by Chen Ping.

Soul Devourer sat on the lion’s back, a flicker of surprise flashing through his hollow eyes before returning to a cold expression. “Don’t worry, the fun is yet to come.”

Jun Buhui rose from the rubble, dusting himself off. A trace of blood trickled from the corner of his mouth, but his eyes blazed with fighting spirit.

“It seems I can’t defeat you without my true strength.”

He slowly raised his hands, and the space around him began to distort again. A strange force, even more intense than before, spread out, and the surrounding rocks began to levitate, slowly spinning.

Chapter: 8942

“It’s the Origin of Space again!”

Fan Tianyou’s face changed. “Fellow Daoist Chen, be careful!”

Chen Ping, however, remained calm, even a faint smile playing on his lips, as if he didn’t take this terrifying power seriously at all.

He stood there, his hands clasped behind his back, his gaze calmly fixed on Jun Buhui. His confident expression gradually calmed the cultivators.

“Spatial Confinement!”

Jun Buhui growled, thrusting his hands forward fiercely.

Instantly, the space around Chen Ping solidified like a frozen lake, and the golden light shield ceased its ripples. His body was locked firmly in place, unable to even move a finger.

“Hahaha! He’s locked in! Let’s see how arrogant he can be this time!”

A cheer erupted from the demonic cultivator camp.

Zi Yuan’s heart instantly rose to her throat. She wanted to charge, but Wu Hao stopped her: “Believe him!”

Jun Buhui slowly walked towards Chen Ping, a triumphant smile on his face: "Where's that arrogance from earlier? Now you're trapped by me like a dog?"

He condensed a black magic sword in his right hand and slowly pointed it at Chen Ping's brow. "Prepare to die!"

Just as the magic sword was about to pierce Chen Ping, Chen Ping suddenly laughed, a hearty and confident laugh: "With such little skill, you dare to show off in front of me?"

Before he finished speaking, flames suddenly ignited under his feet. His steps suddenly changed, and his body swayed gently like willow catkins in the wind, drawing a strange arc within the spatial confinement.

"Fire Control Step..."

Chen Ping used the spatial leaping ability of the Fire Control Step to escape the spatial confinement.

The next second, a flash of golden light appeared, and Chen Ping's figure appeared out of thin air several feet away, the spatial confinement instantly losing its power.

"What?"

Jun Buhui was stunned, his smile froze. "How could you possibly break free from the spatial confinement?"

Everyone on the mountainside gasped, their faces filled with shock.

"What was that just now? A spatial jump?"

Han Lie muttered to himself.

Hu Mazi slapped his thigh and laughed. "This kid really has a trick up his sleeve!"

Chen Ping flexed his wrist and said calmly, "It's just the power of space. Who doesn't know how?"

He moved his feet again, his figure flashing repeatedly, leaving several afterimages on the battlefield, each flash precisely avoiding Jun Buhui's sight.

Chapter: 8943

Jun Buhui's face changed drastically. He hurriedly activated the power of space to explore, but he couldn't locate Chen Ping at all.

"Can't find me?"

Chen Ping's voice came from behind Jun Buhui.

Jun Buhui spun abruptly, thrusting his magic sword backward, but missed.

Just then, a golden light struck him from the side, slamming heavily into his back.

Jun Buhui spat out a mouthful of blood and stumbled forward a few steps.

Before he could regain his balance, Chen Ping's fists struck again, golden shadows surging like a tide, each strike striking a vital point.

Jun Buhui was beaten back step by step, barely able to mobilize his demonic energy to resist.

Although his spatial force was strange, it was unable to pinpoint Chen Ping's position, forcing him to passively take the blow.

"I don't believe it!"

Jun Buhui roared, slamming his hands to the ground. "Space Collapse!" Instantly, the space dozens of feet around him began to violently twist and contract, shattering the surrounding rocks and rocks into dust.

This was his ultimate move; once unleashed, everything within its range would be ripped apart by the spatial force.

The cultivators in the camp exclaimed in shock, and Taoist Wuji even prepared to intervene.

But Chen Ping remained composed. Standing at the center of the spatial collapse, he showed no sign of panic. Instead, he slowly raised his right hand, a faint gray glow emanating from his palm.

"What kind of power is that?"

Wu Hao frowned. He had never seen such an aura before.

Just as the force of the spatial collapse was about to reach Chen Ping, the gray light from his palm suddenly erupted, and a mysterious force spread out.

A strange scene unfolded—the violently distorted space gradually slowed down, the collapse reversed, and the rocks that had been reduced to pulverized dust recondensed at a speed visible to the naked eye.

"Time... The Origin of Time!"

Daoist Wuji exclaimed in shock, his eyes filled with disbelief. "He actually possesses both the fundamental powers of time and space!"

These words reverberated like thunder in the ears of the crowd. The cultivators stared wide-eyed at the calm figure standing at the center of the battlefield, their faces filled with shock and awe.

Simultaneously mastering two fundamental powers—this had never happened before in the history of the Sixth Heaven!

Jun Buhui's face instantly turned pale. He stumbled back a few steps, his eyes filled with fear. "Impossible... This is impossible... How could you possibly master the essence of time?"

Chen Ping slowly retracted the light from his palm and walked towards Jun Buhui, each step causing the ground to tremble slightly.

"I told you, there's no need to use all my strength against you."

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His voice was calm, yet it held an undeniable pressure. "Now, it's time to end it."

Chen Ping's figure flashed, and he instantly appeared before Jun Buhui. His right fist, brimming with golden spiritual energy and a faint gray glow, struck Jun Buhui's chest hard.

Jun Buhui tried to dodge, but found himself bound by the power of time, unable to move an inch.

"No!"

He let out a desperate roar.

"Bang!"

The fist struck Jun Buhui's chest firmly.

The golden spiritual energy instantly destroyed his meridians, and the power of time began to erode his soul.

Jun Buhui spat out a mouthful of blood, his body flying backward like a kite with a broken string, hitting the ground hard, unable to move. His demonic energy quickly dissipated, his aura growing weaker and weaker, clearly completely losing his fighting power.

The battlefield fell into a dead silence. A moment later, deafening cheers erupted from the cultivator camp, more intense than any before.

“We won! We won!”

“Fellow Daoist Chen is amazing! Even Jun Buhui, who mastered the Origin of Space, was defeated by him!”

“With mastery of both the Origin of Time and Space, Fellow Daoist Chen is truly the best in the world!”

Zi Yuan, unable to contain her excitement, ran towards Chen Ping, her eyes filled with joy and admiration.

Wu Hao, Fan Tianyou, and the others also stepped forward, bowing to Chen Ping, their faces filled with admiration.

“Fellow Daoist Chen, thank you so much for turning the tide!” Wu Hao’s voice trembled with excitement.

Fan Tianyou also put aside his previous arrogance and said sincerely, “Fellow Daoist Chen’s strength far surpasses mine. I am convinced.”

Chen Ping waved his hand, turning his gaze towards the demon cultivator camp. His voice was loud and provocative: “Soul Devourer, is this the subordinate you are so proud of? Are there any more powerful young men? Send them out, don’t hide them!”

Silence fell on the demon cultivator camp. The demon cultivators who had been shouting before now lowered their heads, and no one dared to respond.

Jun Buhui was already the strongest among their younger generation, and even he was beaten by Chen Ping without any resistance. Who else could fight?

Soul Devourer's face was so gloomy that it could drip water. Murderous intent swirled in his hollow eye sockets, but he was helpless.

He knew that sending another man to fight today would only bring humiliation upon himself.

Seeing no one from the demonic cultivators respond, Chen Ping let out a mocking smile. "What? No one dares to attack? Where's that arrogance from earlier?"

He took a step forward, and golden and gray light erupted from his body, a powerful pressure enveloping the entire demonic cultivator camp. "If no one dares to come, get your people out of the Sixth Heaven immediately! Don't embarrass yourself here!"

The demonic cultivators retreated repeatedly under this pressure, their faces filled with fear.

Chapter: 8945

"You lose. You may leave now."

Wu Hao looked at Soul Devourer and said.

"Leave?"

Soul Devourer sneered, a sinister glint curling his lips. "You want me to leave? Not so easy!"

Before he finished his words, he suddenly raised his hand, waved his sleeve, and shouted, "Demon Soul Army, kill! Seize the Sacrificial Treasure Book from me!"

With this command, tens of thousands of demon souls behind him simultaneously roared shrilly. Black mist surged around them, sweeping towards the cultivator camp like a bursting dam.

These demon souls took on various forms: some wielded long, bone-white swords shrouded in the stench of blood; some wielded black fangs, their bodies entwined with threads of resentful souls; and even some transformed into translucent shadows, moving through the ranks like ghosts.

The dense swarm of demon souls obscured the sky, dyeing it a gloomy inky hue, completely swallowing up even the sunlight.

“Soul Devourer! You don’t keep your word!”

Wu Hao trembled with rage, pointing at the figure on the lion’s back and cursing furiously, “As a demon lord, you’re so treacherous! Aren’t you afraid of being ridiculed by all the cultivators?”

Soul Devourer let out a piercing laugh, like a broken gong, filled with disdain. “Reputation? What a worthless thing! Can it even compare to the Sacrificial Manual? I seek control of the Sixth Heaven. As for reputation, it’s worthless!”

He patted the lion’s mane, and the beast let out a roar that shook the valley. Its hooves kicked the ground, carrying him like an arrow from a bow towards the cultivator camp.

“Ao Lie!”

Wu Hao turned to look at the commander of the Imperial Guards behind him, his voice hoarse with anger. “Lead the Imperial Guards to meet the enemy! Even if we die today, we will defend the Sixth Heaven!”

“I obey your command!”

Ao Lie knelt on one knee, his armor clashing with a resounding sound. He abruptly stood up, drew the black iron sword from his waist, and shouted sternly, “Forbidden Guards, listen! Form your ranks and meet the enemy! Kill!”

“Kill!”

Tens of thousands of Forbidden Guards roared in unison, the sound shaking the surrounding rocks.

Clad in heavy black iron armor and armed with spears and swords, they quickly formed into a neat square formation, with shieldmen in front, spearmen in the rear, and swordmen on the flanks. Like a steel fortress, they charged towards the demonic soul army.

“Kill!”

The human and beastman cultivators also raised their weapons and charged with the Forbidden Guards.

For a moment, shouts, the clash of weapons, screams, and roars mingled, deafening. A brutal melee that engulfed the entire Sixth Heaven had begun.

The first to collide were the Forbidden Guards' square formation and the demonic soul vanguard.

The Imperial Guards thrust their spears fiercely at the demon spirits, but most of them simply pierced through their ethereal forms, causing no damage at all.

The bone blades wielded by the demon spirits, however, easily pierced armor and pierced the soldiers' flesh.

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A young Imperial Guard soldier thrust his spear at a demon spirit when the blade slashed his throat, blood gushing out. He clutched his neck, eyes filled with resentment, and slowly fell to the ground, his body rapidly devoured by the demon spirits.

“Use spiritual energy to imbue your weapons! Souls are vulnerable to spiritual attacks!”

Ao Lie shouted a warning, wielding his long sword. Golden spiritual energy clung to the blade, and he struck a demon soul with one blow. The demon soul let out a shrill scream, its body instantly consumed by the spiritual energy, dissipating in a wisp of black smoke.

The soldiers reacted quickly, channeling their spiritual energy into their weapons and attacking again.

This time, the demon souls finally began to suffer casualties. The black soul mist gradually dissipated, but their numbers were too great. With each fall, more surged forward, like an endless tide, constantly assaulting the Imperial Guards formation.

Han Lie wielded his broadsword, its flames blazing fiercely. Every strike ignited a sea of fire, engulfing dozens of demon souls.

The demon souls struggled in agony within the sea of fire and were soon reduced to ash.

“Just in time!”

Han Lie laughed heartily, leaping to his feet and slashing at a demonic general wielding twin axes.

The general roared, crossing his axes to block. With a clang, the axeheads burned red in flames, and the general’s soul was also burned, emitting puffs of black smoke.

But just as Han Lie forced the demonic general back, more demonic souls surged from behind, swarming with bone blades, stabbing at his back.

“Watch out!”

Zi Yuan arrived just in time, brandishing her longsword. A cyan spiritual energy swept through like a whirlwind, deflecting the incoming bone blades.

She and Han Lie stood back to back, their longswords and broadswords working in perfect harmony, continuously slashing at the surrounding demonic souls.

“Thank you!”

Han Lie took a breath and wiped the sweat from his face. “There are too many demon souls. This isn’t a solution.”

“Hold on! There’s always a way!” Zi Yuan gritted her teeth, thrusting her sword once more, piercing a demon soul’s chest.

In addition to these demon souls, tens of thousands of demon cultivators seized the opportunity and launched a massive attack. In the Sixth Heaven, their status as demon cultivators was lower than that of humans and beastmen, and it was even more impossible for them to compete with the gods of the Divine Kingdom.

But now, finally having a chance to show off their power, these demon cultivators fought tooth and nail.

Fan Tianyou’s golden spiritual energy surged, and he unleashed his Golden Sky Divine Fist one after another, each one shattering several demon souls.

He charged through the demon souls like a ferocious tiger, dispersing demon souls wherever he passed.

A massive demon soul giant swung a massive hammer at him. Undeterred, Fan Tianyou charged forward, slamming his fist into the hammer. With a thud, the giant hammer flew back, sending the demonic giant reeling. Fan Tianyou seized the opportunity to follow, striking the giant in the chest with a single punch, instantly shattering its soul.

But just then, dozens of demonic spirits wielding spears surged from all directions, surrounding Fan Tianyou.

The spears stabbed at him like venomous snakes, and Fan Tianyou could only fend them off with his fists. He quickly sustained several wounds, and his golden spiritual energy gradually dimmed.

Although the Half-Beast Ming King had been severely wounded by Jun Buhui and his spiritual power had yet to fully recover, he now forced himself to stand. The golden lines on his body reappeared, and his tiger claws gleamed with a sharp light.

Chapter: 8947

He roared furiously and lunged at a group of demon souls. With a single swipe of his tiger claws, he ripped apart the bodies of several.

A demon soul spellcaster muttered something, and countless black curse runes flew towards him. The Half-Beast King was unable to dodge and was struck by the runes. Puffs of black smoke immediately billowed from his body, and intense pain rippled through his wounds.

“Despicable!”

The Half-Beast King roared furiously, enduring the pain as he lunged at the demon soul sorcerer, tearing him apart with a single claw.

But he, too, had been depleted of spiritual energy, and stumbled, nearly falling to the ground.

The battlefield was awash with blood and flesh, and corpses piled like mountains.

One by one, human and beast cultivators fell, their blood staining the ground red, gathering into streams that flowed into the distance.

The mountains of the Sixth Heaven collapsed amid the fierce battle, and massive rocks tumbled from the peaks, crushing and killing numerous cultivators and demon souls.

The river ran red with blood, fish and shrimp turned upside down, and the entire world teetered in the chaos, seemingly on the verge of destruction.

Wu Hao stood at the rear of the camp, watching the monks fall one after another, his heart aching. He knew that if he continued to fight like this, his entire army would be annihilated. He had to find a way out as soon as possible.

“Capture the leader first!”

A fierce glint flashed in Wu Hao’s eyes. He turned to Taoist Wuji and Chen Ping beside him and said, “If we kill the Soul Devourer, the demonic spirit army will be leaderless and will naturally collapse! Let’s charge together and kill him!”

“Okay!”

Talent Wuji nodded, waving his whisk. White spiritual energy swept away the surrounding demonic spirits like a sharp sword. “Follow me!”

Chen Ping gripped the Dragon Slaying Sword tightly. Golden light shone from the blade, emitting a rich sacred aura.

He followed behind Wu Hao and Taoist Wuji, swinging his Dragon Slaying Sword. Each strike could cleave several demon souls, carving a bloody path through the dense swarm of demon souls.

One demon soul attempted to attack Wu Hao from the side, but Chen Ping, quick-witted and swift-handed, cleaved it in two with a single blow, its body instantly dissipating.

“Want to kill me? Wishful thinking!”

Soul Devourer quickly discovered their intentions, sneered, and shouted behind him, “Two Wushuang Elders, stop them!”

As his words fell, two figures darted out of the demon soul ranks like ghosts and landed before Soul Devourer.

They were two white-haired elders, clad in gray Taoist robes. Their faces were lined with wrinkles, but their eyes were as sharp as hawks’.

Each of them wielded a longsword, its blade radiating a chilling aura. They were Soul Devourer’s most capable assistants—the Wushuang Divine Swords.

“Your opponents are us!”

The old man on the left spoke coldly, his voice as chilling as ice.

He swung his longsword, and a stream of sharp sword energy shot towards Wu Hao like lightning, tearing the air wherever it passed.

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“Come on!”

Taoist Wuji remained unfazed. With a flick of his whisk, white spiritual energy condensed into a thick light shield, blocking Wu Hao.

With a loud “bang,” the sword energy collided with the light shield, stirring up a wave of spiritual energy. A crack appeared on the light shield, and Taoist Wuji was shocked and took two steps back.

The old man on the right, seeing this, also launched an attack.

He swung his longsword, and countless tiny sword energies shot towards Chen Ping like a rainstorm, each one imbued with immense power.

Chen Ping’s eyes focused, and he swung the Dragon Slaying Sword rapidly in his hand, forming a golden sword net that blocked all the sword energy.

The crisp sound of “ding-ding-dang-dang” echoed endlessly. The sword energies collided with the Dragon Slaying Sword, only to be dissipated by divine power and dissipated into the air.

“What a divine sword!”

A glint of greed flashed in the eyes of the old man on the right. “Boy, leave this sword to me, and I’ll spare your life!”

“Come and get it if you dare!”

Chen Ping sneered and leaped up. The Dragon Slaying Sword, gleaming with golden light, struck the old man like thunder.

The old man, not wanting to be careless, quickly swung his sword to block the blow.

With a clang, the two swords collided, their golden light intertwining with the black sword energy. The old man felt a numbing sensation in his arm, and was forced to take two steps back, his knuckles aching slightly.

Seeing this, the old man on the left immediately swung his sword forward, coordinating with the old man on the right. Like two venomous snakes, the two long swords attacked Chen Ping from left and right.

Their swordsmanship was exquisite, their coordination seamless. Their sword energies crisscrossed, forming an impenetrable sword net that enveloped Chen Ping, leaving him no chance to breathe.

Chen Ping showed no fear. The Dragon Slaying Sword seemed to come alive in his hands, slashing horizontally, slashing vertically, and thrusting forward. Golden sword light and black sword energy collided constantly, creating a deafening sound.

With his nimble movements, he weaved through the sword net, searching for an opportunity to strike back.

Once, the sword of the old man on his right stabbed at his chest. Chen Ping dodged sideways and simultaneously struck at the old man's wrist. The old man quickly drew his sword back to block, but Chen Ping seized the opportunity and kicked him in the chest, sending him stumbling back a few steps.

Wu Hao seized the opportunity to rush towards the Soul Devourer. Swinging his sword, golden spiritual energy coalesced into a massive sword shadow, slashing towards the Soul Devourer with devastating force.

Soul Devourer sat on the lion's back with a disdainful sneer. With a flick of his right hand, a black demonic energy condensed into a thick shield, blocking him.

With a "bang," the sword shadow collided with the shield, shattering instantly. Wu Hao was knocked back several steps by the powerful recoil, his blood boiling and a sweet taste lingering in his throat.

“With this little skill, you dare to kill me?” Soul Devourer taunted. With a swing of his longsword, a stream of black sword energy shot towards Wu Hao’s lower abdomen like a venomous snake.

Wu Hao quickly dodged to the side, but the sword energy grazed his battle robe, slicing a long gash, revealing the armor beneath.

Daoist Wuji tried to step forward to help, but was held tightly by the old man on his left.

The old man’s swordsmanship was tricky and ruthless, and each strike struck at Daoist Wuji’s vital points, leaving him with no chance of escape.

Chapter: 8949

He watched Wu Hao in peril, feeling extremely anxious yet helpless.

On the other side of the battlefield, Xue Wuying did not join the battle. Instead, he stood on a high ground, holding a black cloth bag.

The bag looked ordinary, yet it exuded a strange suction force.

He watched the monks falling one after another, his eyes gleaming with excitement. Every time a monk died and their souls left their bodies, he would raise the bag and mutter something.

As if summoned, the souls of the monks flew towards the bag, being sucked in.

As more and more souls were sucked in, the bag gradually swelled, emitting an increasingly dense black mist.

“Xue Wuying, what are you doing? Come and help!”

The Soul Devourer, seeing Xue Wuying standing by and watching, shouted angrily.

“Wait a moment, my Lord!”

Xue Wuying said without turning back, his movements unwavering.

The Soul Devourer snorted coldly and ignored him, concentrating on dealing with Wu Hao.

While Wu Hao was formidable, he was still a notch below the Soul Devourer, who had lived for ten thousand years.

After several rounds, Wu Hao was already struggling, wounded and bloodstained his robes. His spiritual energy had been largely depleted.

As time passed, the melee intensified.

The casualties among the human and beast cultivators mounted. The Imperial Guards' formation had long been broken by the demonic spirits. Soldiers fought on their own, falling continuously.

Han Lie and Zi Yuan were exhausted, their spiritual energy nearly depleted. They could only rely on instinct to wield their weapons to resist. Their bodies were covered in wounds, and blood dripped from their weapons, forming pools on the ground.

Fan Tianyou was surrounded by dozens of demonic spirits. His golden spiritual energy dimmed, and each punch seemed exceedingly difficult.

The Half-Beast King was even more severely injured, his consciousness gradually fading. If it weren't for his stubborn determination, he would have collapsed long ago.

“No, we can't hold on!”

A beast cultivator let out a desperate roar, dropped his battle axe, turned, and ran backwards.

His presence was like a signal, instantly igniting fear in the other cultivators.

More and more cultivators began to flee, unable to endure the hellish battle any longer and desperately trying to save their own lives.

“Don’t run! Hold your ground! We still have a chance!”

Ao Lie roared loudly, trying to stop the fleeing cultivators, but he himself was entangled by several demonic spirits, unable to spare any time.

As more and more people fled, the cultivator camp’s defenses collapsed instantly. The demonic spirit army took advantage of the opportunity to launch a fierce attack, leaving more cultivators lying in a pool of blood.

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Wu Hao looked at the scene before him, despair filling his heart. He knew that if this continued, everyone would die here, and the Sixth Heaven would fall completely into the hands of the demonic cultivators.

“The Sacrificial Book... perhaps this is our only hope.”

A flicker of determination flashed in Wu Hao’s eyes. He pulled a golden box from his bosom, intricately engraved with runes and emitting a faint sacred aura. It was the box containing the Sacrificial Book.

“Soul Devourer! Don’t you want the Sacrificial Book? I’ll give it to you!”

Wu Hao raised the box and shouted with all his might, his voice resoundingly clear amid the chaotic battlefield.

At his command, Soul Devourer halted his attack. A glimmer of greed flashed in his hollow eyes. “Throw the book over here! Or I’ll kill you!”

“If you want the book, come after me!”

Wu Hao sneered, turned, and ran toward the distant mountains. "If you can catch me, the Sacrificial Book will be yours! But if you dare attack with force, I'll destroy it!"

"You dare!"

Soul Devourer roared in anger, but dared not act rashly.

The sacrificial manual was of vital importance to him, and he absolutely could not let Wu Hao destroy it.

"Don't run!"

The Soul Devourer, riding a lion, followed closely behind Wu Hao, maintaining a constant distance. He didn't want to get too close and be tricked by Wu Hao, but also worried that he might escape.

Seeing this, the two Wushuang elders also wanted to abandon Chen Ping and chase him, but Chen Ping blocked their way.

"Your opponent is me. You want to escape? Not so easy!"

Chen Ping wielded the Dragon Slaying Sword, a golden glow surging around him. A sacred aura spread like a tide, causing the two Wushuang elders to feel a surge of fear.

"Stop him!"

The old man on the left shouted fiercely, swinging his two long swords again. Countless sword energies shot towards Chen Ping, attempting to force his way through.

Chen Ping was not afraid at all. The Dragon Slaying Sword danced in his hands with impenetrable force, and the golden sword light completely blocked all the sword energy.

He knew he had to buy Wu Hao enough time to distract the Soul Devourer and create an opportunity for the other cultivators to escape.

“Everyone, flee! Take advantage of the Soul Devourer’s departure and leave this place!”

Daoist Wuji shouted to the surrounding cultivators, waving his whisk to drive back the surrounding demonic spirits.

Han Lie, Zi Yuan, Fan Tianyou, and the others reacted upon hearing the sound.

Bearing their wounds, they supported each other as they fled, away from the battlefield.

The remaining cultivators followed closely behind, running desperately, fearing the demonic spirits would catch up.