

The Order 8961

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“It’s incomparable. My thousands of concubines have been around for a hundred years, and I haven’t yet fully favored them. And these Medicine King Sect’s hundreds of female disciples, you’ve only been able to...”

“I’m so envious...”

Wu Hao’s eyes were filled with envy.

At this moment, Ling Yue approached. Seeing Wu Hao awake, her eyes filled with joy. She immediately turned to the disciples beside her and ordered, “Quickly gather all the Medicine King Sect disciples. Gather in the front courtyard!”

The disciples hurriedly left. Within half an incense stick of time, over three hundred Medicine King Sect disciples, dressed in white, had gathered neatly in the front courtyard.

They stood tall and straight, their bodies shrouded in pure spiritual energy. But when their gazes fell on Chen Ping, their previous dignity instantly vanished, their eyes filled with undisguised desire, a gaze so intense that it seemed to melt Chen Ping.

After all, during the bloodline fusion process, they not only broke through the bottleneck in their cultivation that had long troubled them, but also experienced unprecedented joy. This memory was deeply etched in their hearts, filling them with a special affection for Chen Ping.

Ling Yue stood in front of the disciples, feeling the fiery gazes behind her, and her cheeks flushed slightly.

She longed to fuse her bloodline with Chen Ping again. The comfort brought by the intertwined powers and the joy of advancing her cultivation level filled her with longing.

If Wu Hao hadn’t been present, she would have cast aside her reserved dignity as a sect leader and thrown herself into Chen Ping’s arms.

Wu Hao took in all this, a knowing smile curling his lips.

He bowed to Ling Yue and Chen Ping, “Thank you, Sect Master Ling Yue, for your care during this time. You not only saved me, but also greatly improved Fellow Daoist Chen’s cultivation.

The Sixth Heaven is in imminent danger. We can no longer remain here. It’s time to go out and find other companions to fight the Soul Devourer together.”

Hearing this, Ling Yue suppressed his thoughts and his expression grew serious. “The King is right. Now is not the time for sentimental relationships. I have had my disciples prepare sufficient elixirs and healing herbs. If you come along, you will provide additional combat power.”

Chen Ping looked at the crowd before him, his heart filled with gratitude. He bowed deeply to Ling Yue and the disciples, “Thank you all very much. I will repay you in the future. Once we have quelled the demonic cultivator rebellion, we will restore peace to the Sixth Heaven.”

Then, everyone packed up and headed out of the Medicine King Sect. As they passed through the spatial light curtain at the valley’s entrance, the sight before them made everyone gasp—the once blue sky and white clouds of the Sixth Heaven were now shrouded in a thick, inextricable black demonic aura. The sunlight completely vanished, and the world was shrouded in darkness.

The air was thick with the stench of blood and decay, making every breath nauseous.

The ground was littered with mutilated corpses: those of human cultivators, beastmen, and even those of divine beings. Their deaths were gruesome, some severed in the middle, others headless. Blood stained the ground crimson, flowing into dark streams that flowed toward the low-lying areas.

“This... This is pure hell on earth!”

A female disciple of the Medicine King Sect, upon witnessing this scene, covered her mouth with her hands, her eyes filled with fear, her voice trembling.

Ling Yue's expression darkened. She clenched her medicine staff tightly and said in a deep voice, "I didn't expect the Soul Devourer's methods to be so cruel. In just two weeks, the Sixth Heaven Realm has been reduced to this state."

Wu Hao stared at the tragic scene before him, his eyes filled with grief and anger. He clenched his fists, his nails digging deep into his palms as blood dripped from his fingers. "Soul Devourer! I will tear you to pieces and avenge these fallen cultivators!"

Chen Ping patted Wu Hao's shoulder and spoke gravely, "Lord, our priority now is to find Taoist Wuji and Zi Yuan and the others. Only by pooling more strength can we stand a chance against the Soul Devourer."

Wu Hao took a deep breath, suppressed his anger, and nodded. "You're right. Let's set off now and head to the agreed-upon meeting point."

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The group continued along the shattered road, their minds constantly assaulted by the evil deeds of the demonic cultivators.

In a small town, dozens of demonic cultivators surrounded a group of unarmed civilians, their faces grim and faces wielding their demonic blades.

The civilians' screams echoed in agony. A pregnant woman was kicked to the ground by a demonic cultivator, her fetus bleeding out, while the demonic cultivators roared with laughter.

"Stop!"

Watching this, Chen Ping was enraged. He instantly unsheathed his Dragon Slaying Sword, wielding a golden blade of energy that slashed at the demonic cultivators.

The demonic cultivators turned their heads, and upon seeing Chen Ping and his group, a glint of greed flashed in their eyes: "A few more of these suicidal thugs! Perfect for capturing them and presenting them to the Lord!"

The leading demonic cultivator, clutching a demonic blade, charged towards Chen Ping. The blade was shrouded in black demonic energy, emitting an eerie aura.

Unfazed, Chen Ping charged forward with his Dragon Slaying Sword. With a crisp clang, the demon cultivator's magic blade was instantly split in two. The golden sword energy, still lingering, pierced the cultivator's chest.

The demon cultivator, horrified, tried to dodge, but it was too late. The sword energy pierced his chest, sending blood gushing out.

Seeing this, the other demon cultivators swarmed towards Chen Ping. Ling Yue and the Medicine King Sect disciples also immediately attacked. White spiritual energy and black demonic energy collided throughout the town, and the sound of fighting instantly filled the air.

The Medicine King Sect disciples, after their bloodline fusion, had significantly enhanced their cultivation. They coordinated seamlessly, their staffs continuously unleashing healing and attacking spells.

Ling Yue was even more formidable. Her cultivation at the first level of the Human Immortal Realm allowed her to move unhindered on the battlefield. Purple spiritual energy entwined the demon cultivators like a silk ribbon, and each swing could take their lives.

In just half an hour, dozens of demonic cultivators were slain.

Chen Ping walked over to the deceased pregnant woman, his eyes filled with pity. He gently closed her eyes and said solemnly, "Rest in peace. We will avenge you."

The surviving cultivators in the town gathered around him, kowtowed to Chen Ping and his group, their eyes filled with gratitude.

Chen Ping helped them up, pulled out some elixirs from his bosom and handed them to them. "It's no longer safe here. Find a secluded place as soon as possible. Once we have quelled the demonic cultivator rebellion, we can return and rebuild our homes."

The cultivators thanked him again and hurriedly fled into the distance.

As they continued on their journey, scenes like these continued to play out.

Some villages had been burned to the ground, leaving only broken walls and ruins; other cities had been occupied by demonic cultivators, their walls covered with the heads of cultivators as a deterrent to any resistance.

One day, they arrived outside a once-thriving city. From afar, they could see a dense mass of skulls hanging from the city walls. Black blood flowed down the walls, forming a pool of blood at the city gate.

At the city gate, several demon cultivators were escorting a group of monks toward the city. Despair filled the monks' faces. Some were chained, while others had demon cultivators holding their backs with demonic blades. Any resistance would result in a brutal beating.

"They're from the Evil Path Hall!"

Wu Hao immediately recognized the demon cultivator's attire, and a flicker of hatred flashed in his eyes. "The Evil Path Hall has allied itself with the Soul Devourer, aiding and abetting the evil! They're probably capturing these cultivators to collect souls and bolster their own power!"

Chen Ping's heart tightened as he watched the abducted cultivators. "We must rescue them. We can't let the Evil Path Hall succeed!"

Ling Yue nodded. "This city is heavily guarded. We can't force our way in. We have to find a way to sneak in."

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After a moment's deliberation, they decided that Chen Ping, Wu Hao, and Ling Yue would infiltrate first, while the other disciples would lie in wait outside the city, awaiting the signal to join forces.

Chen Ping released his demonic energy, disguising himself as a demon cultivator, and led Wu Hao and Ling Yue toward the city gate.

The demon cultivator at the gate carefully examined them. Seeing they were surrounded by demonic energy, they allowed them in without further questioning.

The scene before them, once inside, was even more bleak than outside. The streets were deserted, save for the occasional sight of a few demonic cultivators parading with aplomb. All the shops along the roadside were shuttered, some with their doors and windows smashed and their contents looted.

They moved cautiously along the street, soon arriving in front of a massive palace. This palace had once been the city lord's residence, but was now occupied by members of the Evil Path Hall.

Outside the palace, guards were heavily guarded. Dozens of demonic cultivators, wielding demonic blades, watched vigilantly.

"Those captured cultivators should be imprisoned inside," Chen Ping whispered, a glint in his eyes.

Just then, a demonic cultivator emerged from the palace, holding a list. He addressed the guards at the gate, "By order of our lord, bring the cultivators captured today to the altar in the backyard for a sacrifice!"

The guards, taking orders, immediately headed in the direction of the imprisoned cultivators.

Chen Ping and the other two exchanged a glance and quietly followed.

They followed the guards to a dungeon, from which emanated the cries and angry curses of the monks.

The guards opened the dungeon's gate, forced all the monks out, and headed toward the backyard.

Chen Ping and the other two blended in with the guards, carefully observing their surroundings.

In the center of the backyard stood a massive altar, engraved with eerie runes that shimmered with a black light, and a sinister aura permeated the air.

Several monks from the Evil Path Hall stood around the altar, holding magical instruments and muttering to themselves, seemingly preparing for some ritual.

“Oh no! They’re about to begin the ritual!”

Wu Hao whispered in alarm, his eyes filled with anxiety.

Chen Ping took a deep breath, signaled to Ling Yue and Wu Hao, and the three attacked simultaneously.

Golden sword energy, purple spiritual energy, and white light instantly assaulted the surrounding Evil Path Hall monks.

The demon cultivators were caught off guard and instantly felled.

Seeing this, the cultivators around the altar swarmed towards the three men, black demonic energy surging like a tide.

“Quick, get the cultivators out!”

Chen Ping fended off the demon cultivators’ attacks while shouting to the cultivators in the dungeon.

Seeing this, the cultivators fled towards the city.

A demon cultivator general, seeing this, was enraged. Wielding a black spear, he attacked Chen Ping: “You dare to ruin my plans? You’re courting death!”

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A massive demonic energy emanated from the black spear and blasted towards Chen Ping.

Chen Ping, fearing no complacency, unleashed the full force of his dragon bloodline, golden spiritual energy forming a protective shield around him.

With a resounding “boom,” the demonic energy and spiritual energy collided, generating a massive shockwave that caused the surrounding ground to collapse.

Seeing this, Ling Yue and Wu Hao immediately rushed forward to help Chen Ping.

“Take your men and leave. Deal with this little piece of trash. No need for help!”

Chen Ping ordered Ling Yue and Wu Hao to lead the cultivators away.

Ling Yue and Wu Hao exchanged a glance, then led the cultivators away.

Chen Ping, now a second-rank Earth Immortal, should have no problem dealing with a ninth-rank Earth Immortal Demon General.

“How dare you, a mere second-rank Earth Immortal, be so arrogant?”

The demon general charged, spear in hand.

“Little piece of trash...” Chen Ping’s eyes were filled with disdain!

With a swift strike of his Dragon Slaying Sword, the demon general felt a gust of wind roar, instantly reeling back a hundred feet, blood streaming from his mouth and nose.

“You...”

The demon general was shocked. He hadn’t expected Chen Ping to be so formidable.

“Boy, if you have the guts, wait for the Lord to kill you!”

The demon general glared at Chen Ping fiercely and turned to flee.

“You want to leave? That’s not so easy!”

A fierce glint flashed in Chen Ping’s eyes. He channeled all his spiritual energy into the Dragon Slaying Sword, and the golden sword energy, like a mighty dragon, pursued the demon general.

The demon general heard the movement behind him and tried to dodge, but it was too late. The sword energy pierced through his body.

He let out a scream of unwillingness and fell heavily to the ground, his breath gradually fading.

After defeating the demon general, Chen Ping immediately headed out of the city.

At this point, the demon cultivators within the city had been utterly slain by Ling Yue, Wu Hao, and the disciples of the Medicine King Sect. The surviving cultivators gathered around him, expressing their gratitude.

Chen Ping looked at the surviving cultivators, his heart filled with emotion. “Don’t thank us! Protecting the Sixth Heaven is the responsibility of every one of us. The Sixth Heaven is now perilous. If you wish, join us in finding other companions and fighting against the Soul Devourer.”

The cultivators nodded in agreement, knowing that only by uniting could they have a chance of survival and a chance of reclaiming the Sixth Heaven.

Then, they continued on their journey. Survivors continued to join their group, and the group grew larger and larger.

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But their mood didn’t improve at all. With every step, they saw more devastation and felt more despair.

One day, they arrived at a valley that had once been the habitat of the Beast Tribe.

Now, the valley was in ruins, littered with the corpses of Beast Tribe cultivators, some disemboweled, others devoured to the bone.

After burying the bodies, they continued on their journey, searching for Taoist Wuji, Zi Yuan, and the others.

Following their previously agreed-upon route, they traversed every corner of the Sixth Heaven, engaged in countless battles, slew countless demonic cultivators, and witnessed countless tragic scenes.

One day, they arrived at the foot of a snowy mountain, perpetually covered in snow and cold.

The deeper they went, the colder the weather became, and the demonic energy in the air became much thinner.

After walking for about half an hour, they came upon a secluded cave.

Chen Ping signaled for everyone to stop, and he cautiously approached the cave.

At the cave entrance, he heard a familiar voice from within: "Master Hu, do you think Chen Ping is in trouble? It's been so long, and there's still no news."

It was Zi Yuan's voice. Knowing that Hu Mazi was familiar with Chen Ping, Zi Yuan asked him about this.

During this period, Zi Yuan missed and worried about Chen Ping day and night. After all, she had been licked by Chen Ping, and therefore she was his woman.

She had already made up her mind. If Chen Ping returned safely, she would give him her body, letting him do whatever he wanted with her.

“I don’t think so. Chen Ping is formidable, and he has dragon blood. He’ll be fine.”

Chen Ping was delighted when he heard the two voices. They were Zi Yuan and Hu Mazi’s!

He walked into the cave: “Hu Mazi, Zi Yuan, I’m back!”

The people inside the cave turned their heads at the sound, and when they saw Chen Ping, their eyes filled with surprise.

Hu Mazi rushed forward and hugged Chen Ping: “Chen Ping, you’re finally back! We thought something had happened to you!”

Zi Yuan also stepped forward, her eyes filled with excitement: “Great! I’m glad you’re okay?”

“I haven’t licked enough yet. How could I be?”

Chen Ping leaned close to Zi Yuan’s ear and smiled.

Zi Yuan blushed and said shyly: “As long as you’re alive, you can do whatever you want.”

At this time, Wu Hao, Ling Yue, and the others also entered the cave. “Lord, are you okay?”

Zi Yuan was surprised to see Wu Hao.

She had thought Wu Hao had already been killed by the Soul Devourer.

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Wu Hao looked at Zi Yuan with a smile on his face. “I’m fine. Thanks to Sect Master Lingyue and Fellow Daoist Chen, I’m still alive.”

Taoist Wuji, seeing Wu Hao, quickly stepped forward and bowed to him. "Lord, I'm sorry for your hardship."

Taoist Wuji knew that if Wu Hao hadn't led the Soul Devourer away, none of them would have escaped.

Afterwards, everyone sat down in the cave, and Taoist Wuji recounted their experiences.

It turned out that since their last separation, they had taken some surviving cultivators and hidden deep within the snowy mountains. The climate there was cold, the demonic energy was thin, and demonic cultivators rarely patrolled.

Even so, they had been attacked several times by demonic cultivators, and many cultivators had perished. Now, only a handful remained.

"Where's Ao Lie? Isn't he with you?" Wu Hao asked, his eyes filled with worry.

Zi Yuan sighed, a look of grief on her face. "Last time we were attacked by demonic cultivators, Commander Ao Lie led the Imperial Guards to cover our retreat, single-handedly fending off the demonic cultivators. In the end... he died."

Upon hearing this news, everyone fell silent, their eyes filled with grief.

Ao Lie, the commander of the Divine Kingdom's Imperial Guards, had dedicated his entire life to the Divine Kingdom. To have met such a fate was truly a pity.

"Ao Lie is a hero of the Divine Kingdom. I will definitely avenge him!"

Wu Hao said in a deep voice, his eyes filled with determination.

Everyone nodded, their anger growing even more intense.

Afterwards, they discussed their next plan in the cave.

Now, they had gathered all the surviving cultivators they could find, but their number was only a few hundred. Compared to the hundreds of thousands of demonic souls and demonic cultivators under the Soul Devourer, the difference was stark.

“Soul Devourer has obtained the Sacrificial Manual and the aid of a hundred thousand demon souls. His power is unfathomable. With our limited numbers, we are no match for him.”

A cultivator said worriedly.

“Are we all to watch helplessly as the Sixth Heaven is destroyed by the demonic cultivators?”

Another cultivator’s eyes were filled with despair.

Wu Hao looked at the crowd and said in a deep voice, “We cannot give up. The Sixth Heaven is our home, and we must protect it.

Now, our only hope is to seek reinforcements from other worlds.

The Divine Temple is also composed of Divine Clan cultivators, belonging to the same Divine Clan as the Divine Kingdom cultivators. They cannot stand by and watch the Divine Kingdom cultivators be slaughtered.

I have decided to take Fellow Daoist Chen to the Divine King Palace to find the Fourth Hall Master of the Divine Temple and ask her for help.”

A glimmer of hope flashed in everyone’s eyes upon hearing this.

The Divine Temple is powerful. If they can enlist their help, perhaps they can truly reverse the situation and defeat Soul Devourer.

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As Wu Hao finished speaking, Chen Ping stepped forward and said in a deep voice, "Lord, there's no need to bother you with this matter. The Sixth Heaven is now perilous. You must remain here to lead the surviving cultivators and safeguard this last hope. I can go to the Divine King Palace alone."

As soon as these words were spoken, the cave suddenly fell silent.

Zi Yuan was the first to panic. She stepped forward and grabbed Chen Ping's sleeve, her eyes filled with worry. "No! It's too dangerous for you to go alone. The Divine King Palace is in the Eighth Heaven, and you'll have to cross the Void Passage. With your strength, what if something unexpected happens?"

Ling Yue also frowned and agreed, "Fellow Daoist Chen, Zi Yuan is right. The Eighth Heaven, where the Divine King Palace is located, is two realms away from the Sixth Heaven. The Void Passage is already dangerous, and if you force your way through the realm barrier, the risk is too great. We can't let you take this risk alone."

Chen Ping gently patted Zi Yuan's hand, his tone firm, "I know this journey is dangerous, but precisely because of it, I can't let more people take this risk with me.

You stay here to protect the surviving cultivators and keep an eye on them. Soul Devourer's movements. If I can successfully summon reinforcements, we can then coordinate internal and external forces."

He paused, then looked at Wu Hao. "Lord, opening the passage to the Eighth Heaven will incur a backlash from the Heavenly Dao. What are the specific consequences?"

Wu Hao sighed and explained solemnly, "The barriers between realms are protected by the laws of the Heavenly Dao. Especially when moving from a lower realm to a higher one, the suppression of these laws is even stronger.

With your current cultivation level of the Second Stage of the Earthly Immortal Realm, to forcibly open the passage from the Sixth Heaven to the Eighth Heaven, you must first contend with the power of the laws of both realms.

Once the backlash from the Heavenly Dao is triggered, at best, your meridians will be severed and your cultivation will be completely destroyed. At worst, your soul will be completely annihilated, leaving you without even the chance of reincarnation.”

“Even so, I must go.”

Chen Ping didn't hesitate a moment, the Dragon Slaying Sword in his hand trembling slightly, as if echoing his resolve. “Time is running out in the Sixth Heaven. If we delay for even a day, more cultivators will die at the hands of the demonic cultivators. The vengeance of Commander Ao Lie and those fallen cultivators awaits our revenge. I can afford this risk.”

Wu Hao saw the determination in Chen Ping's eyes and knew he was determined. No more persuasion would do any good.

He was silent for a moment, then spoke slowly, “Since you're determined, I won't stop you. But forcing your way through the realm is far from something you can do alone. Sect Master Lingyue, Taoist Wuji, and I will work together to help you stabilize the passage and share some of the pressure from the laws. Perhaps we can mitigate the force of the Heavenly Dao's backlash.”

Lingyue and Taoist Wuji nodded immediately, “We'll help you too. Even if it takes everything, we'll ensure you safely reach the Eighth Heaven.”

Zi Yuan bit her lip, pulled out a small jade bottle from her bosom, and handed it to Chen Ping. “This contains the ‘Spirit Concentration Pill’ I refined. It will protect your soul in the event of Heavenly Dao's backlash. Take it with you; it might be useful in case of danger.”

Chen Ping took the jade bottle, gripped it tightly in his hands, and bowed deeply to the crowd, “Thank you very much, everyone. I, Chen Ping, will always remember this favor. When I return with reinforcements, we'll retake the Sixth Heaven together!”

Everyone said nothing more and immediately began to prepare.

Taoist Wuji took out a yellowed map of the boundary and spread it out on the cave floor. Pointing to a dark red line, he said, “Starting from here, head to ‘Meteor Cliff’ in the northern part of the Sixth

Heaven. That's where the boundary barrier is weakest. Opening a passage here will reduce some of the resistance of the laws."

Wu Hao nodded. "Okay, let's set off for Meteor Cliff now and try to be ready before dark."

The group packed up and headed for Meteor Cliff.

Along the way, the sight of demonic cultivators became increasingly rare. After all, Meteor Cliff is remote and subject to constant howling winds, making it a rare destination.

Even so, everyone remained cautious, fearing encountering demonic cultivator patrols.

In the evening, they finally arrived at Meteor Cliff.

The scene was utterly desolate. The ground was covered with bottomless cracks. Black winds howled out from the cracks, sweeping up gravel with a piercing sound.

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The sky was thick with dark clouds, occasionally streaked with purple lightning, creating a particularly eerie scene.

"This is it."

Daoist Wuji stood at the edge of the cliff, pointing to the void ahead. "The boundary barrier is within that void. It's invisible to the naked eye, but the fluctuations of the laws can be felt."

Wu Hao took a deep breath and said to Chen Ping, "Soon, Sect Master Lingyue and I will release our spiritual energy to create a temporary spiritual barrier within the void, weakening the power of the laws.

Daoist Wuji will use magic to stabilize the barrier. You will take this opportunity to channel your spiritual energy and concentrate your efforts to tear open the passage.

Remember, once the passage is opened, you must enter immediately. You cannot linger, otherwise the backlash from the Heavenly Dao will intensify.”

Chen Ping nodded, tightened his grip on the Dragon Slaying Sword, and began to channel his spiritual energy. Golden spiritual energy enveloped him, and the power of his dragon bloodline gradually awakened. A flicker of golden light flashed in his pupils.

“Are you ready?”

Wu Hao looked at everyone and, seeing everyone nod, shouted, “Attack!”

As soon as he finished speaking, Wu Hao and Ling Yue simultaneously released their spiritual energy.

White and purple spiritual energy intertwined, forming a massive barrier that enveloped the void ahead.

The moment the barrier made contact with the void, a sizzling sound emanated, as if resisting an invisible force.

Daoist Wuji quickly drew his wooden sword and muttered something. A string of runes erupted from his mouth, merging into the spiritual barrier.

The barrier’s light grew even brighter, and the surrounding fluctuations of the laws noticeably weakened.

“Chen Ping, now!”

Wu Hao shouted.

Chen Ping no longer hesitated, channeling all his spiritual energy into the Dragon Slaying Sword.

Golden sword energy soared into the sky. He gripped the hilt with both hands and slashed fiercely into the void.

“BOOM!”

With a resounding explosion, the void seemed to rip open, revealing a pitch-black passageway before everyone.

The passageway was surrounded by purple lightning, emanating a terrifying aura of laws.

“Hurry, get in!”

Ling Yue shouted. She, Wu Hao, and Taoist Wuji had turned pale. Maintaining the spiritual barrier had consumed a significant amount of their spiritual energy.

Chen Ping didn't hesitate, leaping into the pitch-black passageway.

The moment he entered the passageway, the spiritual barrier behind him suddenly shattered, and a terrifying force of laws swept through the passageway.

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“Oh no! The backlash of Heaven is coming!”

Wu Hao, horrified, tried to rush forward to help, but was stopped by Taoist Wuji.

“It's useless! This is Heaven's punishment for those who break boundaries. Outsiders can't intervene. He's on his own.”

Taoist Wuji sighed, his eyes filled with worry.

Inside the passageway, Chen Ping endured unprecedented pain.

The purple power of the Laws was like countless sharp blades, constantly slicing at his body and soul.

His skin was instantly lacerated with countless wounds, blood flowing down his body and dripping into the tunnel, instantly swallowed by the darkness.

“Ugh—!”

Chen Ping let out a painful roar, his meridians trembling violently, as if ready to break at any moment.

He could feel his cultivation rapidly draining away, his soul steadily being eroded by the power of the Laws.

“I can’t... I can’t give up just like that...”

Chen Ping gritted his teeth, remembering the tragic situation in the Sixth Heaven, the sacrifice of Commander Ao Lie, and the hopes of Zi Yuan, Wu Hao, and the others.

He pulled the “Spirit Concentration Pill” Zi Yuan had given him from his bosom and stuffed it into his mouth.

The pill melted in his mouth, and a cooling energy instantly flowed through his body, protecting his soul and clearing his consciousness.

He endured the pain, channeling the remaining spiritual energy within him while simultaneously energizing the power of his dragon bloodline.

The golden power of his bloodline formed a weak shield around him. While it couldn't completely block the attack of the Law, it did alleviate some of the pain.

The Law power within the tunnel grew stronger, and Chen Ping's body was reduced to a bloody mess. He barely even had the strength to hold his sword.

His vision began to darken, and his consciousness gradually blurred, as if he would faint at any moment.

"The Palace of the Divine King... I must reach the Palace of the Divine King..."

Chen Ping muttered to himself, using his last bit of strength to fly towards the end of the tunnel.

A faint glimmer of light appeared at the end of the tunnel, pointing towards the Eighth Heaven.

Just as he was about to reach the end of the tunnel, an even stronger Law power suddenly struck him, striking him hard in the chest.

"Puff!"

Chen Ping spat out a mouthful of blood, and his body flew towards the end of the tunnel like a kite with its string cut.

His consciousness completely blurred, and he fell heavily onto the grass. The Dragon Slaying Sword slipped from his hand and lodged in the dirt nearby. An unknown amount of time passed before Chen Ping slowly opened his eyes.

He found himself lying on an unfamiliar grassland. The sky was pale blue, and the air was filled with a rich spiritual energy, forming a stark contrast to the demonic energy of the Sixth Heaven.

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"Is this... the Eighth Heaven?"

Chen Ping tried to get up, but found himself in excruciating pain all over his body. The slightest movement strained his wounds, causing him to grimace in agony.

He looked down at his body. The wounds were still bleeding, but his meridians were severely damaged, and his spiritual energy was dwindling. He could barely maintain even the cultivation of a First-Rank Earth Immortal.

“Luckily... I made it to the Eighth Heaven alive...”

Chen Ping breathed a sigh of relief. He struggled to reach out and grab the Dragon Slaying Sword beside him, but found he didn’t even have the strength to lift his hand.

He could only lie on the grass, gasping for air and recovering his strength.

He knew it wasn’t time to relax yet.

Although he had reached the Eighth Heaven, he didn’t know where the Divine King Palace was. Moreover, in his current state, if he encountered an Eighth Heaven cultivator or danger, he would be powerless to resist.

“I must recover my strength quickly and find the Divine King Palace...”

Chen Ping closed his eyes and began to circulate the remaining spiritual energy within him, slowly repairing his damaged meridians.

The spiritual energy of the Eighth Heaven was extremely rich, greatly aiding his recovery.

But even so, returning to peak condition would take some time.

Just as Chen Ping was concentrating on his recovery, footsteps sounded in the distance.

His heart tightened, and he quickly opened his eyes, looking warily in the direction of the sound.

He saw several monks in golden armor approaching him. A sacred aura surrounded them, spears in hand, and sharp eyes in their gazes. They were clearly cultivators of the Eighth Heaven.

“Who are you? Why are you here?” The leading monk approached Chen Ping, looking down at him with a wary gaze.

Chen Ping knew that these were the first people he had encountered in the Eighth Heaven, and they were his only hope of finding the Divine King Palace.

He fought back the pain and spoke with difficulty, “I... I’m a cultivator from the Sixth Heaven... I’m looking for the Divine King Palace. I wonder if you fellow Taoists know its location?”

The leading golden-armored cultivator’s eyes suddenly narrowed at the mention of “Sixth Heaven” and “Divine King Palace.” He leaned his spear slightly forward, his tone growing even more alert. “Sixth Heaven? Now that the Sixth Heaven has been enveloped by demonic energy and turned into a demonic prison, how could you appear alone in the Eighth Heaven? You’re severely injured, your spiritual energy is distorted. Could you be a spy sent by the demonic cultivators?”

The other golden-armored guards immediately surrounded him, their spears pointed at Chen Ping’s vital points, their sacred spiritual energy locked onto his aura like sharp blades.

Chen Ping, enduring the excruciating pain, raised his hand with difficulty, revealing the golden veins of dragon blood on his palm. “I’m definitely not a spy... I’m Chen Ping, and I’ve risked crossing the boundary to seek reinforcements.

Millions of lives in the Sixth Heaven are being slaughtered by demonic cultivators, and the cultivators of the Divine Kingdom are nearly annihilated. Only the Divine King Palace can save the Sixth Heaven from disaster.”

The golden veins shone with a warm luster in the sunlight, faintly resonating with the divine aura of the Eighth Heaven.

The golden-armored guards, seeing this, relaxed their vigilance slightly. The dragon bloodline was pure and righteous, and could never be forged by demonic cultivators. Moreover, although the cultivator before them was seriously injured and near death, his eyes were clear and resolute, without any trace of evil.

The leading golden-armored guard paused for a moment, then instructed a person beside him, "Return to the palace immediately and report that a sixth-level cultivator with dragon blood has broken through the realm, severely injured, and is seeking an audience with the Fourth Palace Master. The rest of you, keep an eye on him. If he makes any unusual movements, immediately apprehend him!"