

## **The Order 9051**

Chapter: 9051

He emanated a powerful aura, as if ready to attack at any moment.

Chen Ping said disdainfully, "You're welcome? With your eighth-rank Loose Immortal Realm strength, you dare to act so presumptuously in front of me?"

Chen Ping's voice was calm yet brimming with confidence, as if his eighth-rank Loose Immortal Realm strength was nothing to him.

Hearing Chen Ping's words, Immortal Yun Miao's face suddenly turned pale.

He hadn't expected the young man before him to be able to see through his strength!

A wave of fear surged in his heart, and he began to doubt whether he could truly defeat this opponent.

"Who... who are you?"

Immortal Yun Miao trembled, his voice tinged with fear, his body trembling slightly.

Chen Ping said calmly, "My name is Chen Ping."

When Immortal Yun Miao heard the words "Chen Ping," his face suddenly paled even further.

It was as if he had heard a terrifying name, and fear filled his heart.

He turned and ran, wanting to escape, as if Chen Ping were an invincible demon.

“What?”

“Why did Immortal Yun Miao run away?”

“Shouldn’t he be teaching that brat a lesson?”

The demon cultivators were stunned upon seeing this.

They hadn’t expected the always-omnipotent Immortal Yun Miao to be so afraid of a young man!

Despair filled their eyes, as if they had seen their own end.

Chen Ping snorted coldly: “Want to run? Not so easy!”

His figure flashed, and he instantly caught up.

His speed was so swift, like a flash of lightning, that he caught up with Immortal Yun Miao in an instant.

Chen Ping used his Fire Control Step, catching up with Immortal Yun Miao in just two steps.

The Fire Control Step could instantly increase his speed, so how could Immortal Yun Miao possibly escape?

Then, he lifted Immortal Yun Miao back like a chicken.

His movements were effortless and casual, as if Immortal Yun Miao had no power to resist him.

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“Ah!”

“How...how is this possible?”

The demon cultivators’ faces paled at the sight.

They knew that even Immortal Yun Miao was no match for this young man; they would surely perish today!

Despair filled their hearts, as if they had already seen death approach.

Chen Ping threw Immortal Yun Miao to the ground and said coldly, “Tell me! Why are you running?”

His eyes held a stern gaze, as if he were judging a criminal.

Immortal Yun Miao trembled as he said, “I...I know you.”

There was a hint of fear in his voice, and his body involuntarily curled up.

Chen Ping asked in confusion, “You know me?”

A hint of curiosity lingered in his eyes, wanting to know why Immortal Yun Miao knew him.

Immortal Yun Miao nodded. “Yes. When I was in the Divine Temple, the Sixth Palace Master mentioned you. He said you were a very dangerous person and told us to be extremely careful.”

There was a hint of awe in his voice, as if Chen Ping was someone he feared.

Chen Ping suddenly realized, "So you're from the Divine Temple!"

His eyes shone with a sharpness, as if he had seen through the forces behind Immortal Yun Miao.

Immortal Yun Miao quickly said, "Yes! I'm a subordinate of the Sixth Palace Master of the Divine Temple! I've been ordered here to refine spirit stones into immortal stones and hand them over to the Sixth Palace Master!"

There was a hint of resignation in his voice, as if he was being forced to do all this.

Chen Ping said coldly, "How could the Sixth Palace Master know how to refine spirit stones into immortal stones?"

His eyes revealed suspicion, wondering what secrets the Divine Temple was hiding.

Just as Immortal Yun Miao was about to speak, the distant sky suddenly became overcast, and a stronger, more sinister aura filled him.

The evil aura surged like an ancient beast, carrying devastating might, enveloping the entire Yuande Realm in the blink of an eye.

The stagnant air seemed to be gripped tightly by an invisible hand, making breathing incredibly difficult.

The demon cultivators, who had been struggling in the abyss of despair, suddenly saw a bright dawn in the darkness. They raised their heads and cast their gazes skyward.

The ecstatic light in their eyes blazed like flames, instantly dispelling their previous fear and despair.

“It’s... it’s a higher-level Immortal Venerable!” A demon cultivator’s voice trembled with uncontrollable excitement, as if they had seen a savior arrive.

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“We’re saved now! This lord’s aura is far stronger than Immortal Venerable Yunmiao’s!” Another demon cultivator echoed, his face brimming with joy at having survived a catastrophe.

“It must be the powerful being behind Immortal Yunmiao! Only such a formidable being could possess such a terrifying aura!” another demon cultivator declared confidently, his eyes filled with awe and anticipation.

Elsewhere, the faces of Li Qingshan and the others instantly turned as pale as paper, as if covered by a thick layer of frost.

They clenched their fists tightly, their knuckles turning white from the exertion, and their bodies trembled involuntarily, like leaves in a gust of wind.

They could clearly sense the immense malevolence and chilling pressure within the aura bearing down on them.

Compared to Immortal Yunmiao’s aura before, this one was more than a degree stronger. It was a terrifying force that seemed capable of easily crushing mountains and rivers, and tearing apart the very sky.

This power engendered a deep sense of powerlessness in them, as if they were ants facing a towering mountain.

“My benefactor... this aura... I’m afraid it belongs to a powerhouse of a higher realm!” Li Qingshan’s voice trembled, each word coming out through gritted teeth.

He stared intently at the sky, his eyes filled with worry and fear. “The Earth Immortal Realm is a legendary entity in the Yuande Realm. You... you must be careful!”

The other rescued cultivators also expressed worry. Their eyes revealed awe for the unknown powerhouse and concern for Chen Ping's safety.

Some even subconsciously took a half step back, a small movement that revealed their deepest fear.

In their eyes, Immortal Venerable Yun Miao was an insurmountable chasm, an insurmountable chasm.

Now, a powerhouse even stronger than Immortal Venerable Yun Miao had arrived.

Before, Chen Ping's ability to crush Immortal Venerable Yun Miao was a miracle among miracles in their eyes. But now, facing an Earth Immortal Realm powerhouse, they were filled with despair, believing that Chen Ping no longer had a chance of victory.

The clouds, whipped by the fierce wind, surged violently like surging waves.

A black-robed figure slowly descended from the clouds, his presence seeming to darken the entire world.

He was towering, like a towering mountain, shrouded in a black mist that twisted and swirled as if alive, emitting a sickening, evil aura.

With every step, the ground beneath his feet cracked into fine lines, as if cut by an invisible blade.

The spiritual energy in the air seemed to be contaminated by his evil aura, becoming turbid and muddy. The once refreshing and pleasant air was now filled with a pungent, rancid odor.

He swept the room condescendingly, his cold gaze like two razor-sharp daggers, making anyone afraid to look directly at him.

Finally, his gaze fell on Yun Miao Xianzun, held in Chen Ping's arms. His gaze was as cold as a knife, as if it could freeze anyone in an instant.

“Yun Miao, who told you to talk so much?” The black-robed figure’s voice was hoarse and raspy, like two pieces of rusted metal rubbing violently together. Every word carried an unquestionable authority, as if he were the master of this world, and no one could defy his will.

At the sound of this voice, Immortal Yun Miao’s body instantly trembled violently, as if struck by lightning.

His mouth, which had been about to speak, clamped shut, and his head lowered even lower, as if burying himself completely into the ground.

He dared not even breathe, beads of sweat streaming down his forehead, soaking his clothes. The fear on his face was even more intense than when he faced Chen Ping, as if the black-robed figure before him were a demon who could crush him to ashes at any moment, a god of death from hell.

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Chen Ping raised an eyebrow, a flicker of disdain in his once calm eyes.

With a gentle flick, he threw Immortal Yun Miao to the ground, where he landed like a torn sack with a dull thud.

Chen Ping stared directly at the black-robed man, his eyes revealing a fearless courage. “Who are you? You dare to stop me? Aren’t you afraid of death?”

The black-robed man, as if he had heard a terrible joke, threw back his head and burst into laughter. His laughter was like the cry of a night owl, sharp and piercing.

Black mist swirled with his laughter, like the roar of a group of angry demons.

“Death? In this Yuande Realm, no one dares to say that word to me! Boy, do you think you’re so great just by eliminating a useless piece of shit from the Loose Immortal Realm?”

The black-robed man’s face was filled with disdain, his eyes filled with contempt for Chen Ping.

He took a step forward, and that step seemed to strike at everyone's heart.

The aura around him suddenly surged, like a raging tsunami, sweeping towards Chen Ping.

The pressure of a second-level Earth Immortal Realm cultivator was like a thousand-pound burden, weighing down the man's breath.

The surrounding demon cultivators fell to their knees, their bodies trembling uncontrollably. They couldn't even lift their heads, as if pinned to the ground by an invisible force.

Li Qingshan and the others were even paler, as pale as a sheet of paper. The overwhelming pressure choked them, and they could only barely hold themselves together, their legs feeling heavy as if they were filled with lead.

"Listen up!"

A fierce glint flashed in the black-robed man's eyes, a venomous gaze that sent shivers down his spine. "I am the law enforcement officer of the Evil Dao Palace, tasked with overseeing the refining of immortal stones in the Yuande Realm! You've sabotaged our plans and even dared to attack Yun Miao. You're simply courting death!"

He paused, his tone thick with disdain, as if Chen Ping were nothing more than an ant to be crushed to death. "If you know what's good for you, get out of the Yuande Realm and leave behind all the immortal stones you've taken! Otherwise, I will reduce you to ashes today, leaving you no chance for reincarnation!"

The demon cultivators trembled with excitement at the mere mention of "Evil Dao Palace." Their eyes were filled with fervor, as if they saw a hope for revenge.

"It's the Evil Path Hall! The Evil Path Hall, the legendary ruler of the lower realms!"

"Mighty Lord! Kill this brat and avenge us!"

“He’s no match for the Lord of the Evil Path Hall! We’re saved now!”

They all shouted, their voices filled with admiration for the black-robed figure and hatred for Chen Ping.

Chen Ping was slightly taken aback. He hadn’t expected the Evil Path Hall to be involved, and judging by the reactions of these demonic cultivators, it seemed they were no strangers to the Evil Path Hall.

The cultivators from the Divine Temple followed those from the Evil Path Hall and simultaneously controlled the Yuande Realm. This was intriguing.

Li Qingshan and the others’ hearts sank. They had long heard of the Evil Path Hall’s reputation. It was a force feared by countless people, a presence even the immortals in the celestial realm held in awe.

The Enforcer before them was only a second-rank Earth Immortal. In their view, no matter how strong Chen Ping was, how could he possibly defeat such a formidable foe?

Despair filled their eyes, as if they had already foreseen Chen Ping’s defeat.

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“Evil Dao Hall?”

Chen Ping suddenly laughed, a smile light and natural, as if he had heard something amusing, as if the black-robed man before him was nothing more than a clown.

“I thought you were some powerful figure, but you’re just a pawn of the Evil Dao Hall.”

The black-robed man’s face instantly darkened, like the sky before a storm, thick with dark clouds.

Murderous intent shone in his eyes, a look that seemed to cut Chen Ping into pieces: “Boy, you dare insult the Evil Dao Hall? I’ll teach you a lesson, you won’t know your place!”

He suddenly raised his hand, and black mist instantly condensed into a massive demonic claw. The claw, as big as a small mountain, whistled and ripped through the air as it clawed towards Chen Ping.

This claw contained the full power of a second-level Earth Immortal Realm cultivator, making it virtually unstoppable in the Yuande Realm.

The surrounding space was twisted and distorted, like a crumpled piece of cloth.

Wherever the demonic claws passed, the air ignited, crackling with a clattering sound, as if a terrifying storm was brewing.

The demonic cultivators all flashed with excitement, their eyes wide as if they were about to witness Chen Ping being torn apart.

Cruel grins filled their faces, as if they had already witnessed the scene of Chen Ping's blood and flesh flying everywhere.

Li Qingshan and the others closed their eyes, not daring to watch what was about to happen. Their hearts were filled with worry and fear, as if Chen Ping was about to face an inescapable disaster.

However, just as the demonic claws were about to capture Chen Ping, Chen Ping moved.

His movements seemed casual, yet they were filled with endless mystery.

He simply raised his right hand, palm facing the massive demonic claws. There was no flashy movement, not even a trace of agitation in his aura, as if he were facing a mere insignificant flying insect.

“Bang!”

A dull thud, like thunder, exploded in his ears.

The black demonic claws instantly shattered, dispersing into a vast black mist. Like smoke blown away by the wind, the mist vanished without a trace.

Then, an invisible force surged back through the black-robed figure's arm, spreading rapidly along it like a ferocious venomous snake.

The smug smile on the black-robed figure's face froze, replaced by a look of disbelieving horror.

His eyes widened, as if he had witnessed the most terrifying thing in the world.

He felt an irresistible force surge into his body, instantly destroying his meridians and dantian.

The force surged like a surging tide, wreaking havoc within him, leaving devastation wherever it passed.

He didn't even have time to scream as his body, like a ball struck by a heavy object, fell heavily to the ground, blood gushing from all seven orifices, his breath instantly extinguished.

The Evil Dao Hall's second-rank Earthly Immortal Realm law enforcer, unable to even withstand Chen Ping's attack, was slapped to death.

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His once towering figure now lay on the ground like a dead dog, devoid of its former majesty.

The entire audience fell silent. The demon cultivators, who had been cheering, froze their smiles, their mouths wide open enough to fit a fist, their eyes filled with fear and bewilderment, as if everything that had just happened was an illusion.

Their bodies trembled uncontrollably, as if they were trapped in a horrific nightmare.

Li Qingshan and the others suddenly opened their eyes, seeing the black-robed figure's corpse on the ground, then looking at Chen Ping's calm face, they were completely stunned.

Their minds went blank, as if struck by lightning.

The terrifying pressure they had just felt, the Earth Immortal Realm powerhouse they had considered invincible, had actually been killed by Chen Ping with a single slap?

This was beyond their imagination, leaving them unable to believe what they were seeing.

“Is this... is this real?”

Someone murmured, their voice trembling, filled with doubt and fear. They couldn't believe their eyes, couldn't believe what was happening before their eyes.

Chen Ping clapped his hands, as if simply brushing off dust, his movements effortless and natural.

Then he looked at the still-trembling Yun Miao Immortal Venerable, his tone as flat as if he were asking a trivial question: “Now, you may continue. How exactly did the Sixth Palace Master know the method for refining immortal stones?”

Yun Miao Immortal Venerable looked at the black-robed corpse on the ground, then at Chen Ping, terrified.

His body trembled uncontrollably, like a leaf drifting in the wind.

He dared no longer hide anything. He quickly climbed to his knees and said in a trembling voice, “I'll tell you! Everything! Sixth Palace Master... The Sixth Palace Master learned this from the Third Palace Master. How exactly did the Third Palace Master know this? I don't know!”

His face was filled with fear and despair, as if Chen Ping were the master who could decide his life or death.

“Is the Third Palace Master of the Divine Temple colluding with the Evil Dao Hall?”

Chen Ping frowned. After all, the Third Palace Master was a high-ranking official in the Divine Temple, and the Divine Temple was a divine organization. Now someone in the God Clan is colluding with the Demon Clan. This is a serious matter.

Furthermore, the Fourth Palace Master has always been at odds with the Third Palace Master. If the Third Palace Master colluded with the Evil Dao Palace and attacked the Fourth Palace Master, wouldn't the Fourth Palace Master be in danger?

After all, the Fourth Palace Master had always helped him, so Chen Ping didn't want to see anything happen to him.

The Immortal Venerable Yun Miao observed Chen Ping's expression with a look of horror and said, "I've told you everything I know. As for the Third Palace Master's affairs, there's no way a mere Sixth Palace deacon like me could know that."

"Yes!" Chen Ping nodded!

He also knew that the Immortal Venerable Yun Miao couldn't possibly know about the Third Palace Master's affairs. Such a secret matter couldn't possibly be revealed to a mere minion.

Chen Ping raised his hand, and a beam of supreme fire appeared. Before the Immortal Venerable Yun Miao could react, he was already engulfed in the flames.

A scream rang out, and Li Qingshan and the others watched with immense excitement.

With Immortal Yun Miao dead, they were truly liberated.

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After killing Immortal Yun Miao, Chen Ping looked at Li Qingshan and said, "Fellow Daoist, take your men and gather all the immortal stones refined in the Yuande Realm. I will use them for my cultivation."

"As for the remaining spirit stones, please do not mine or refine them carelessly. After all, you will need them for your cultivation."

Li Qingshan and the others weren't immortals, so they couldn't absorb the immortal energy within the immortal stones for cultivation; they could only absorb spiritual energy.

Once they broke through the celestial realm and reached the Scattered Immortal Realm, they would be able to absorb immortal energy.

"I will follow the Immortal Venerable's orders..."

Li Qingshan nodded hurriedly.

Soon, Li Qingshan and the others began collecting the refined immortal stones for Chen Ping.

As for the demon cultivators, Chen Ping didn't exterminate them all. He knew that if the demons were annihilated, only humans and beastmen would remain in the Yuande Realm, and war between these two races would inevitably ensue.

What the Yuande Realm needed now was a balance among the three races; if that balance was disrupted, war would ensue.

While Chen Ping waited in the Yuande Realm for the collection to be displayed, Hu Mazi had already been inquiring throughout the Seventh Heaven about news of the Evil Dao Palace.

At this moment, on the edge of the Seventh Heaven, there stood a mysterious city perpetually shrouded in gray fog—Black Wind City.

This place seemed forgotten by the world. The streets were filled with an oppressive atmosphere, and the pedestrians were as sparse as the scattered stars in the night sky.

Even the vendors hawking their wares were wrapped in thick black robes, as if this could insulate them from the dangers of the outside world.

They spoke in low voices, fearing to disturb the danger lurking in the shadows.

Hu Mazi, crouching in the corner of a dilapidated teahouse, clutched the few immortal stones he had brought from the Sixth Heaven.

Although Hu Mazi had recovered his strength, upon reaching the Seventh Heaven, he realized that his strength was at the lowest level.

Hu Mazi dared not be careless. His eyes betrayed vigilance and anxiety, and his ears were perked, listening to every sound in the teahouse.

He had been lurking here for three full days, with a single purpose: to inquire about the Seventh Heaven's Evil Dao Palace.

Hu Mazi didn't dare ask anyone casually, fearing he'd be targeted, so he could only resort to this method to gather information.

He clutched the "Concealment Talisman" tightly in his hand. This talisman was his only protection at the moment, temporarily shielding his cultivation aura, giving him a little more hope of survival in this dangerous environment.

"Bang!"

A loud bang shattered the silence within the teahouse.

The door was violently kicked open, and a burly man with a hideous scar on his face walked in, followed by two black-robed monks, each exuding a sinister aura.

Hu Mazi immediately lowered his head, feigning indifference, but his fingers secretly clasped the talisman in his arms, ready to respond to any potential danger.

"Boss, give me a jug of the strongest liquor!"

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Scarface roared, slamming a bulging purse on the table.

The crisp sound of immortal stones colliding within the purse was particularly piercing in the quiet teahouse.

Hu Mazi glimpsed a black token hanging from Scarface's waist. The word "evil" was engraved on it, identical to the token from the Evil Dao Temple he had seen before.

His heartbeat quickened involuntarily, knowing his wait had finally paid off.

Just then, the conversation between two monks at the neighboring table drifted into Hu Mazi's ears.

"Have you heard? The temple people have been holding lectures lately, and many monks have been attending. But those who have finished listening seem to have lost their souls."

One monk lowered his voice.

"Hush! Keep your voice down! Do we think we can discuss the temple's affairs? Last time, a wandering monk got slapped by the temple people!"

Another monk warned in horror.

"What are you afraid of? I heard the people from the Divine Temple have been very close to the Evil Path Temple lately."

The monk finished speaking, then leaned in and whispered in the other's ear, "It seems the Evil Path Temple is looking for a 'Soul Urn', claiming it can hold millions of souls. It seems the Divine Temple has it."

Hu Mazi listened carefully, his heart sinking.

The words “Soul Urn,” “Millions of Souls” struck him like a hammer.

Could this be related to the disappearance of the souls of the Hu clan members he had come to investigate?

He was about to listen more closely when Scarface glanced at the next table. The two monks immediately shut up, hurriedly paid the bill, and left the teahouse.

Scarface finished his drink and left with his two men.

Hu Mazi had a thought, realizing this was a good opportunity to follow them and uncover the truth.

He quietly followed, activating his cloaking charm to conceal his presence.

Following them, Hu Mazi passed through several narrow alleys filled with a foul stench, their walls covered in black vines like tentacles of darkness.

Finally, they stopped before an abandoned altar.

The altar was covered in black runes, which shimmered with an eerie light, as if hiding endless secrets.

In the center of the altar stood a half-man-high clay pot. From within, a shrill, soul-sounding wail emanated faintly, a sound like a wail from hell that sent a chill down Hu Mazi’s spine.

“Is everything ready?”

A monk in a white robe slowly emerged from behind the altar. The golden character “神” (God) was embroidered on the corner of his robe. He was indeed a member of the temple!

Scarface nodded and pulled a storage bag from his bosom. "Here are 500,000 immortal stones. I expect a large quantity of them will arrive from the lower realms soon. When will the 'Soul Urn' be given to us?"

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The white-robed monk sneered, his laughter filled with disdain and mockery. "What's the rush? Once our Palace Master has filled the Soul Urn for you, we'll naturally give it to your Evil Path Palace. You'll cultivate with your spirits, and we'll cultivate with the immortal stones. We'll have nothing to do with each other."

"Your Temple is faster at collecting souls than we are. We need to collect them in places where there's fighting, but you can just trick those monks into holding a ritual and then take their souls."

Hu Mazi's fists clenched white at these words.

How could the people of the Temple do such a despicable thing? You know, without souls, monks won't be able to continue cultivating and improving. They're practically dead.

Just as Hu Mazi was about to get closer to take a look at the clay pot on the altar, he was suddenly discovered.

The cloaking charm had lost its effect, instantly revealing his presence.

"Who?"

The white-robed monk turned sharply, his eyes as sharp as a sword. He unsheathed his longsword, and a flash of golden light slashed towards Hu Mazi!

Hu Mazi quickly activated the cloaking charm again and dodged the sword's light.

But even so, the sword's force still sliced through the corner of his robe.

The sword's force seemed to carry a scorching power, causing his skin to sting.

“There’s a spy!”

Scarface roared, unsheathing a black chain and swung it fiercely in the direction of Hu Mazi’s hiding place.

The chain was barbed and shrouded in a black mist. If entangled, their soul would be sucked away, a fate more terrifying than death.

Hu Mazi didn’t dare to fight and turned and ran.

But the white-robed monk was incredibly fast. His longsword swung repeatedly, flashes of light shooting towards Hu Mazi like golden meteors, forcing him to dodge repeatedly.

Each dodge put him in peril, and his clothes were ripped several times by the sword’s energy.

“Catch him! Don’t let him escape!”

Scarface and his men gave chase, black chains weaving in the air like a vast net, enveloping Hu Mazi. The chains exuded a sickening aura, like shackles from hell.

Hu Mazi pulled out a talisman and tossed it to the ground without hesitation. Golden flames instantly exploded, their scorching heat distorting the surrounding air.

Like an enraged beast, the flames drove back his pursuers.

Hu Mazi took the opportunity to dive into an even narrower alley, where the walls almost touched, forcing him to scurry sideways.

But after only a few steps, he bumped into someone.

“Brother, what are you so flustered about?”

The man, dressed in a coarse robe and with a gentle smile on his face, looked like an ordinary passerby.

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But Hu Mazi sensed a familiar aura from him, an aura unique to the temple!

Startled, Hu Mazi turned and tried to run.

But the man raised a hand and pressed his shoulder, his smile suddenly turning cold. “Since you’re here, stay. I’ll ask you what you heard.”

Hu Mazi felt his shoulder go numb, and a strange force penetrated his body, suppressing his cultivation.

His body felt as if pressed down by a mountain, unable to move. Scarface and the white-robed monk caught up and surrounded him.

“So you’re just a casual cultivator? How dare you spy on our temple?”

The white-robed monk pointed his sword at Hu Mazi’s throat, the tip flashing with a cold light, as if it would pierce him at any moment. “Tell me! Who are you? Why are you secretly spying on our temple?”

Hu Mazi gritted his teeth and refused to speak.

He knew that if he told the truth, not only would he die, but his death would be even more horrible.

Scarface, seeing this, pulled out a black dagger, entwined with dark red lines that seemed alive, constantly wriggling.

“You won’t tell me? Then don’t blame us for using the ‘Soul-Devouring Dagger’ to show you how it feels to have your soul ripped away bit by bit!”

Scarface spoke viciously, waving the dagger before Hu Mazi's eyes. The cold blade made his scalp tingle.

The Soul-Devouring Dagger's cold light was only three inches from Hu Mazi's brow, its icy edge seemingly piercing his very soul.

He could even clearly sense the soul-devouring, chilling aura emanating from the dagger, like a ferocious beast lurking in the darkness, poised to devour him at any moment.

Every hair on his body stood on end, each one a signal of terror.

His heart pounded wildly in his chest, threatening to burst through, each beat tinged with the fear of death.

At this critical moment, a streak of golden light suddenly shot from the alley entrance, exploding like thunder in the silent air, striking Scarface's wrist with pinpoint accuracy.

"Crack!"

A crisp, piercing sound of bone cracking echoed, a sharp, piercing sound like the knell of death.

The soul-devouring dagger in Scarface's hand fell to the ground with a resounding clang, a resounding sound that stood out in the tense atmosphere.

He clutched his twisted wrist and screamed, "Who?!" The sound was filled with fear and rage, like the roar of a wounded beast. Hu Mazi looked up suddenly and saw a familiar figure standing at the alley entrance. His white shirt fluttered gently in the breeze, like an unyielding banner.

A faint black and white flame lingered around him, like a mysterious rune, exuding an ancient and powerful aura. It was Chen Ping, who had arrived from the Yuande Realm!

"Chen Ping? Why are you here?"

Hu Mazi was surprised and delighted, his eyes instantly red.

He had originally believed he was doomed. In this desperate situation, he seemed to see the grim face of the Grim Reaper, and every cell in his body trembled with despair.