

The Order 9151

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“Alright!” Chen Ping nodded. He knew he could open the passage, and perhaps he could, but the cost would be enormous.

With the help of the hundred cultivators, Chen Ping opened the void passage to the Eighth Heaven.

After glancing at everyone, Chen Ping resolutely stepped into the void passage.

Boom! With a deafening roar, the void passage closed. Chen Ping felt his vision blurring, everything around him moving at breakneck speed, his body seemingly traversing countless spatial worlds.

Suddenly, Chen Ping felt a strange sensation within his body. His sword intent began to condense, a searing heat washing over him, followed by his body bursting into flames.

Chen Ping was terrified. He hadn't used any ultimate fire; how could his body suddenly be burning?

The excruciating pain caused sweat to pour down his forehead instantly.

Soon, Chen Ping's head became dizzy, his movement accelerating, and all he could see was a sea of fire; he could see nothing else.

Chen Ping gritted his teeth, refusing to faint, struggling to maintain his focus. He activated his Indestructible Golden Body, trying to protect his physical body.

He had traversed void passages many times before, but never like this. Even when encountering void turbulence, he had never felt such danger.

Even his indestructible golden body crumbled instantly under the flames, and Chen Ping fell into a deep coma!

At this moment, Chen Ping was like a fireball, moving rapidly through the endless darkness.

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Eighth Heaven, within the Third Palace.

The Third Palace Master's lips curled into a slight smile, his eyes filled with cruelty and coldness.

"Now, Chen Ping will never appear again."

The Third Palace Master said coldly!

"Third Palace Master, you used a forbidden technique of the Divine Race without permission. If the God King finds out, he will be displeased."

The Fifth Palace Master said with some worry.

"No, the God King is currently in seclusion, and the First and Second Palace Masters are in the Ninth Heaven. No one will know. As for the Fourth Palace Master, I will get rid of her sooner or later."

The Third Palace Master gritted his teeth, his eyes gleaming with lust.

"But what if the Fourth Palace Master finds out about this and tries to save Chen Ping?"

The Fifth Palace Master asked.

"Even if the Fourth Palace Master intervenes, it's impossible to rescue Chen Ping from that void passage. As long as Chen Ping doesn't die, he'll be trapped in that passage forever."

The Third Palace Master laughed smugly.

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Meanwhile, inside the Divine King's Palace, the Fourth Palace Master, Ling Xi, was recuperating with her eyes closed.

Since returning from the Sixth Heaven, Ling Xi had been slowly recovering her strength. The battle with the Soul Devouring Venerable had also taken a toll on her.

"Fourth Palace Master, the Third Palace Master used a forbidden divine technique, directly trapping Chen Ping in the void passage. He's probably in danger now."

The maid, Yun Xiu, said to Ling Xi in a panic.

Ling Xi frowned and abruptly stood up: "How dare the Third Palace Master be so bold as to use a forbidden divine technique? Doesn't he fear the Divine King's punishment, or the Divine Clan's envoys of reward and punishment?"

Ling Xi's breathing became rapid, her expression extremely anxious.

It's important to know that forbidden techniques of the Divine Race cannot be used casually. Even the God-King wouldn't dare. If the Divine Race Chieftain found out and sent a disciplinary envoy, their entire Divine Palace would suffer.

The Divine Palace is merely one force within the Divine Race; how could it dare defy the Divine Race's prohibitions? The Divine Race is vast, and Lingxi vaguely remembered that many powerful figures within it were already Great Luo Golden Immortals.

"No, I must go find the Third Palace Master and demand an explanation. His actions will implicate our entire Divine Palace."

Lingxi couldn't sit still any longer and quickly got up to go find the Third Palace Master to demand an explanation.

Forbidden techniques of the Divine Race are strictly forbidden; no Divine Race cultivator can use them casually.

This Third Palace Master actually used a forbidden technique of the Divine Race to trap Chen Ping in the void passage.

Lingxi stormed to the Third Palace, bursting into the council hall where the Third Palace Master was located.

At this moment, the Third Palace Master was sitting leisurely in the main seat. When he saw Ling Xi barge in, a hint of panic flashed across his face, but he quickly regained his arrogant and domineering demeanor.

“Third Palace Master, do you know your crime!”

Lingxi’s eyebrows furrowed, her beautiful eyes widened, and she shouted sharply.

The Third Palace Master, however, remained nonchalant, crossing his legs and leisurely saying, “Oh, Fourth Palace Master, what’s gotten into you? What crime have I committed?”

“You used a forbidden divine technique without permission to trap Chen Ping in the void passage. Isn’t that a crime?”

Lingxi said through gritted teeth.

The Third Palace Master laughed loudly, “Fourth Palace Master, don’t make baseless accusations here. When did I use a forbidden divine technique? Do you have any evidence?”

“Evidence? Yunxiu saw it with her own eyes. Are you still going to deny it?”

Lingxi trembled with rage.

The Third Palace Master, however, wore a shameless expression: "Yunxiu? Can you trust a maid's words? Maybe she's mistaken, or maybe you taught her to say that."

"You..."

Lingxi was speechless with anger. She hadn't expected the Third Palace Master to be so unreasonable.

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Seeing Lingxi speechless with anger, the Third Palace Master became even more smug and began hurling vulgarities: "Fourth Palace Master, I think you've taken a fancy to that Chen Ping brat, that's why you're so eager to stand up for him.

But don't waste your time, that brat is probably already ashes.

Instead of worrying about him here, you should think about yourself. Why not give in to me? Maybe I can make your life in the temple more comfortable."

Hearing the Third Palace Master's insults, Lingxi's face turned ashen with rage. Her hands clenched into fists, her nails digging into her flesh.

But she knew she was no match for the Third Palace Master now; forcing a fight would only bring her further humiliation.

"Third Palace Master, you will pay the price for your actions!"

Lingxi suppressed her anger and said coldly.

The Third Palace Master, however, remained unperturbed, continuing to mock, "Pay the price? You? Fourth Palace Master, you'd better save your breath.

If you're so capable, go and rescue Chen Ping from the void passage, but I don't think you have the ability."

Lingxi took a deep breath, trying to calm herself. She knew this wasn't the time to act impulsively; the most urgent matter was finding a way to save Chen Ping.

"Third Palace Master, you will regret this!"

After saying this, Lingxi turned and left the Third Palace.

Back in her residence, Lingxi began racking her brains for a way to save Chen Ping.

She knew the void passage was extremely dangerous, especially one affected by the forbidden techniques of the Divine Race, filled with unknown dangers.

But she couldn't just stand by and watch Chen Ping fall into a desperate situation without offering any help.

Lingxi first thought of the ancient texts of the Divine Race, hoping they might contain methods to break the effects of the Divine Race's forbidden techniques on the void passage.

She immediately went to the Divine King's Palace library and began searching for clues among the vast sea of ancient texts.

In the library, Lingxi flipped through the pages of the ancient books one by one, not daring to blink for fear of missing any useful information.

Time passed slowly, and beads of sweat covered Lingxi's forehead, but she still did not give up.

No matter what, she could not let Chen Ping be trapped in that void passage.

Although she was not related to Chen Ping, since returning from the Sixth Heaven, Lingxi would often think of his appearance.

Sometimes she would even dream of Chen Ping, his image lingering in her mind.

Lingxi had spent her entire life cultivating and had never experienced romantic love.

But now her mind was in turmoil, especially upon hearing that Chen Ping was in danger. Her mind was in complete disarray, making it impossible to cultivate properly. She didn't know if this could be considered affection.

However, even if it cost her her life, she absolutely couldn't let Chen Ping be trapped and die in that void passage.

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At this moment, Chen Ping was in the void. When he slowly opened his eyes, he found himself in an unknown starry sky. Countless meteors streaked across this sky, and all of them were burning with flames.

Chen Ping's own body was also burning, but he could no longer feel any pain, as if this body no longer belonged to him.

Boom!

Suddenly, a deafening roar erupted, and then, where Chen Ping saw, countless meteors instantly shattered, exploding like fireworks, dazzlingly brilliant.

Chen Ping was filled with confusion, not understanding what kind of power could shatter those countless meteors.

"Under this void of flames, you were still able to wake up..."

At this moment, a cold voice rang out. Chen Ping quickly looked in the direction of the voice and saw a man standing about a hundred feet away.

The man wore a long robe, his face was stern, and his hands were behind his back, exuding an imposing aura.

Seeing the man, Chen Ping felt a sudden tightness in his chest, a strange sense of oppression making him feel a chill.

“Senior, where is this place?”

Chen Ping quickly asked politely.

Without knowing the other party’s identity or strength, politeness was paramount; otherwise, showing off would only lead to disaster.

The man looked at Chen Ping and smiled slightly, saying, “This isn’t anywhere...”

The man’s words puzzled Chen Ping greatly, leaving him completely bewildered. He dared not press further, fearing he might anger the man.

“Senior, may I ask who you are? Could you please tell me?”

Since he didn’t know where he was, Chen Ping decided to probe the man’s identity.

If he was from an opposing faction, Chen Ping would need to find a way to escape; he couldn’t stay here and wait to die.

The man seemed to understand Chen Ping’s meaning and smiled, “Don’t be afraid, I won’t hurt you. I’m from the Temple.”

Upon hearing that he was from the Temple, Chen Ping's heart tightened. After all, he had a grudge against the Temple, though he had a good relationship with the Fourth Temple Master.

So Chen Ping tentatively asked, "Senior, I have a good relationship with your Temple's Fourth Temple Master, her name is Ling Xi..."

"Ling Xi?" The man seemed to think for a moment, then shook his head, "I don't know her..."

"Really? You don't even know your Temple's Fourth Temple Master?" Chen Ping looked surprised. "Are you a low-level cultivator from the Temple?"

Chen Ping sized up the man; his aura clearly didn't suggest a low-level cultivator.

But if he were a high-ranking member, how could he not know the Fourth Temple Master?

"Hahaha, do you think I look like a low-level cultivator from the Temple?" the man laughed loudly.

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"Doesn't seem like it!" Chen Ping shook his head. "Could it be that you're an ancestor of the temple, and therefore unfamiliar with the current temple personnel?"

Chen Ping could only come up with this answer. Since the other party was a member of the temple, not a low-ranking member, and didn't recognize the Fourth Temple Master,

then he was likely an elder of the temple from the past. With the passage of time and changes in temple personnel, it's normal for older members not to recognize newer ones.

"You're very clever." A hint of surprise flashed in the man's eyes; he hadn't expected Chen Ping to guess it.

"However, I'm not some kind of ancestor of the temple, because I founded this temple."

As soon as the man finished speaking, Chen Ping was immediately shocked. He hadn't expected that this seemingly cold and aloof man was actually the founder of the temple, the one who created the entire temple.

"Then aren't you the first God-King of the temple?"

Chen Ping asked, his breathing rapid.

"You could say that..." the man nodded, then asked, "How did you get here?"

"I don't know. I just opened a void passage from the Seventh Heaven to the Eighth Heaven. As soon as I entered, my whole body burst into flames. When I opened my eyes, I was here," Chen Ping explained.

Upon hearing this, the man's brows furrowed slightly, his eyes turning icy cold. This startled Chen Ping, who thought he had said something wrong.

"You bastard! How dare someone use a forbidden divine technique without permission? This is going to destroy the entire temple!"

The man's anger surged, and the surrounding void began to distort and deform in his fury.

Chen Ping didn't know anything about forbidden divine techniques, but it seemed he was being targeted, hence the reaction.

"Senior, this isn't my fault, is it?" Chen Ping asked cautiously.

"It's none of your business, but since you survived this forbidden technique, it proves to be a stroke of luck. I can send you away from here; generally, no one can leave alive from this forbidden technique."

The man said slowly.

“Thank you, senior...” Chen Ping was overjoyed.

“You should focus on restoring your physical body for now. Your body is destroyed; leaving like this will only leave you as a wisp of soul.”

After speaking, the man gently grasped his hand, and countless points of light began to converge on Chen Ping’s body.

His physical body, which had been completely burned away by the flames, was slowly recovering.

At this moment, the distant starry sky suddenly trembled, followed by countless fireballs that swept across the sky. The sight was terrifying, and Chen Ping’s expression changed.

The man merely glanced at it coldly and casually threw a punch!

Boom!

The countless fireballs instantly turned to dust under this punch, falling like blooming fireworks.

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Chen Ping gasped in shock, swallowed hard, and asked, “Senior, what was that just now?”

“Don’t worry about that. Focus on restoring your physical body.”

The man told Chen Ping not to meddle.

Chen Ping shut his mouth. He knew some things were beyond his knowledge and control.

He sat down cross-legged and slowly began to restore his physical body.

The man observed Chen Ping, and seeing his body recover, he remarked, "The sword intent within you is very pure. Are you a sword cultivator?"

"Not really. I just use the sword a lot, but I'm not only good with swords."

Chen Ping shook his head.

"Then you must primarily cultivate the sword, and your sword intent is quite mixed; it wasn't taught to you by one person."

The man said.

Seeing that the man also understood swordsmanship, Chen Ping said, "Senior, I hope you can give me some pointers..."

"Haha, I was just saying. I don't really understand swordsmanship..."

The man laughed.

Seeing the other party's response, Chen Ping stopped pressing the matter and said, "Senior, my physical body has recovered. Can you send me away from here?"

"Of course, but your physical body is still very weak. You need to strengthen it, otherwise it won't be able to withstand the strain and will eventually dissipate."

The man nodded.

Chen Ping frowned slightly: "Please instruct me, senior, on how to strengthen my physical body?"

After all, Chen Ping didn't know where he was in this void, and there were no resources whatsoever. There wasn't even a trace of immortal energy around him, so he had no way to strengthen his physical body.

The man casually pointed to the depths of the starry sky and said, "Do you know what that place is?"

Chen Ping looked into the depths of the starry sky. It was pitch black, even terrifyingly black, like an endless abyss, impenetrable even to divine sense.

"I don't know. My divine sense can't penetrate that place!"

Chen Ping shook his head.

"That is the Land of No Destruction, where there is neither birth nor death..."

The man slowly said.

"Neither birth nor death?" Chen Ping frowned slightly, not quite understanding the phrase, but still asked, "Senior, have you been to that place?"

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The man shook his head: "No, I haven't. My strength isn't enough to reach there..."

"Senior, if you can't go, then I certainly can't. How can I strengthen my physical body?"

Chen Ping didn't want to waste any more time arguing with the man.

A place even this man couldn't go to, Chen Ping's strength was even less capable of reaching, so whatever the man said was pointless.

"If you want to strengthen your physical body, you need endless battles. Only by constantly subjecting your body to attacks and then continuously repairing it can you become stronger."

As the man's voice fell, countless fireballs reappeared from the endless starry sky, falling densely like raindrops.

This time, the man's figure suddenly became ethereal, fireballs passing over him without any reaction.

"By annihilating these fiery meteors, your physical body will be strengthened..."

The man said to Chen Ping!

Chen Ping nodded, and in the next instant, he summoned the Dragon-Slaying Sword, transforming into a beam of sword light that shot into the sky.

Gripping the Dragon-Slaying Sword, Chen Ping flashed forward to meet the swarm of fiery meteors.

These meteors, burning with raging flames, rained down like a meteor shower, each one containing terrifying heat and impact force.

"Boom!"

The first fiery meteor struck Chen Ping directly in the chest. The immense impact sent him flying backward like a kite with a broken string, spitting out a mouthful of blood.

His clothes at his chest instantly turned to ash, his skin scorched red, emitting a pungent, burnt smell.

"Cough cough..."

Chen Ping struggled to his feet, feeling as if his internal organs were about to shift.

“Don’t dodge, withstand it with your bare hands!”

A man’s voice came from afar, “Only by letting the power of the fire meteors permeate every inch of your skin can you truly temper your body!”

Chen Ping gritted his teeth and charged towards the swarm of fire meteors again.

This time, he didn’t use his sword to block, but instead sheathed his Dragon-Slaying Sword, clenched his fists, and endured the impact of each fire meteor.

“Bang! Bang! Bang!”

The continuous impacts rang out as Chen Ping was engulfed by the fire meteors.

His body was repeatedly knocked away, only to rise again, covered in wounds and bleeding profusely. His skin was charred black, and in many places, bone was visible.

“Ah!”

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Chen Ping let out a painful roar, but his eyes grew increasingly resolute.

The man nodded in satisfaction and continued to instruct, “Circulate your inner energy, guide the energy of the fire meteors into your meridians, and temper your bones and muscles!”

Upon hearing this, Chen Ping immediately began to circulate his energy according to the man's instructions.

He mobilized his internal energy, forming vortexes that circulated rapidly through his meridians.

When the fire meteors struck again, he no longer resisted, but instead guided the violent energy into his body.

The scorching energy flowed through his meridians like magma, causing excruciating pain wherever it passed, as if the meridians were about to be burned through.

But Chen Ping gritted his teeth and persevered, guiding the energy throughout his body according to the cultivation method.

Time passed slowly, and Chen Ping's body grew stronger and stronger under the constant impact of the fire meteors.

Injuries that initially took a long time to heal now healed in just a few breaths.

His skin gradually returned to its normal color from charred black, becoming even more resilient and lustrous.

"Very good, your body is beginning to adapt."

The man's voice carried a hint of approval, "Now try to actively absorb the energy of the fire meteors, don't just passively endure it!"

Upon hearing this, a glint of light flashed in Chen Ping's eyes.

He took a deep breath, opened his arms, and actively faced the swarm of fire meteors. This time, he wasn't passively taking the hits; he was actively attacking.

“Devour!”

Chen Ping uttered a low shout, activating his Devouring Heaven and Earth technique.

His body seemed to transform into a giant black hole, actively absorbing the energy of the fire meteors.

As the fire meteors approached his body, they were directly devoured, transforming into pure energy to nourish his physique.

“Boom! Boom! Boom!”

Chen Ping’s body emitted muffled thuds. His muscles, nourished by the energy, became even more solid, and his bones cracked crisply, as if undergoing a transformative metamorphosis.

His height increased imperceptibly, and his physique became more balanced and robust.

“Not enough!”

The man’s voice rang out again, “Send more fireballs!”

As his words fell, countless fireballs surged forth in the distant starry sky, more than ten times the number before.

These fireballs were larger, brighter, and contained far more terrifying energy.

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But Chen Ping was no longer afraid. He roared to the sky, his voice shaking the heavens.

A faint golden light appeared on his body, a sign that his physical strength had reached a certain level.

“Well done!”

Chen Ping leaped forward, charging directly into the densest area of fireballs.

His fists swung like meteor hammers, each punch shattering several fireballs.

Simultaneously, his body was frantically absorbing this energy, his physical strength increasing at a visible rate.

“Crack! Crack!”

His bones cracked repeatedly, the sound of their increasing density.

His muscle fibers, tempered by the energy, became stronger and more resilient, every inch of his skin radiating a healthy glow.

The man stood at a distance, nodding in satisfaction. “Not bad, your physical body has reached the level of copper skin and iron bones. But that’s not enough, continue!”

Chen Ping didn’t stop. He felt his body was like a bottomless pit, never to be filled.

The energy of the fire meteor continuously flowed into his body, transforming into the power of his physical form.

After an unknown amount of time, when the last fire meteor was absorbed by Chen Ping, he slowly opened his eyes.

At this moment, his entire body radiated a faint golden light, his skin as translucent as glass, his muscles flowing and full of explosive power.

“Senior, I feel my physical body has reached an unprecedented level!”

Chen Ping said excitedly.

He could feel that he could shatter mountains with a single punch and flatten rivers with a single kick.

The man smiled slightly: "This is just the beginning. Although your physical body is already very strong, it hasn't reached its true limit yet."

"Then I'll continue..."

Chen Ping once again proactively faced the fire meteor.

The man gazed at Chen Ping amidst the fiery meteors, lost in thought...

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Eighth Heaven, Third Palace!

The Third Palace Master stood outside the main hall with a group of disciples from the Third Palace.

Beside the Third Palace Master stood the recovered Fifth Palace Master, four top-tier divine guards from the Third Palace, and a host of other powerful figures from the Third Palace.

The Third Palace Master kept looking around, seemingly waiting for someone.

Suddenly, the Third Palace Master turned his head and saw a middle-aged man slowly approaching from a distance.

This man was the heir of the Evil Path Palace, a level higher than Elder Xue Wuying.

No wonder the Third Palace Master had personally greeted him at the entrance.

Seeing the man arrive, the Third Palace Master hurriedly stepped forward and smiled, "It is truly an honor for my humble palace to have the Heir of the Witch Palace come in person..."

The Heir of the Witch Palace remained calm, seemingly unmoved by the Third Palace Master's flattery.

"You want to deal with the Four Palace Masters and seize the Divine King's Palace?"

The Prince of Wu asked the Third Palace Master.

"That's right. I've been cooperating with your Evil Path Palace for so long, so I'd like to ask for your help with this!"

The Third Palace Master nodded.

"I'll handle it for you!" The Prince of Wu nodded.

However, the Third Palace Master looked at the Prince of Wu, then asked with slight doubt, "Prince of Wu, are you alone? If you're alone, I'm afraid you won't be able to get close to the Divine King's Palace."

The Prince of Wu smiled coldly and said, "Don't worry, everything is under control..."

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Hearing Prince Wu's words, the Third Palace Master frowned.

Although Prince Wu held a high position in the Evil Path Palace, it didn't necessarily mean he was powerful.

Who could blame him when he had a powerful father?

Within the Evil Path Palace, Prince Wu could act with impunity, and no one dared to interfere.

But if he went to the Divine King Palace, the Fourth Palace Master wouldn't tolerate him.

Just as the Third Palace Master was about to advise Prince Wu not to act arrogantly in public, a patch of void above suddenly began to churn, followed by the slow descent of a dark avenue.

On that avenue, an old man dressed in a black robe, holding a skull cane, slowly descended.

The old man's face was covered in gruesome scars, and his robe was adorned with blood-red runes that emanated an eerie power.

Seeing this, the Third Palace Master's heart tightened, and the others also felt a sense of impending doom.

Because they could sense that this person possessed immense power.

"Third Palace Master, there's no need to be nervous..."

Seeing the Third Palace Master's tense expression, Prince Wu smiled and walked to the old man's side, saying, "Grand Elder..."

Upon hearing this, the Third Palace Master breathed a sigh of relief. It turned out this old man was actually the Grand Elder of the Evil Path Palace.

And he seemed quite powerful; even Prince Wu was so respectful, showing the Grand Elder's high status within the Evil Path Palace.

The Grand Elder approached the Third Palace Master, merely glancing him up and down before coldly saying, "You are the Third Palace Master of the Divine Palace?"

"Indeed!" the Third Palace Master replied.

“Nothing special...”

The Grand Elder said coldly.

This contemptuous manner startled the Third Palace Master, making him extremely displeased, but he dared not show his anger. After all, he still needed the Evil Path Palace’s help to seize the Divine King Palace and deal with the Fourth Palace Master.

“With the Grand Elder’s personal presence, he will surely help me seize the God King’s Palace. Once I become the God King of the Temple, I will definitely help your Evil Path Hall collect a large number of souls,”

the Third Hall Master assured him.

The Grand Elder coldly smiled: “Putting aside the fact that you still have the God King above you, which of the Second Hall Master and the First Hall Master do you think you can handle?”

The Third Hall Master laughed upon hearing this.

“Grand Elder, you are unaware that the First Hall Master and the Second Hall Master follow the God King in the Nine Heavens. As soon as I seize the God King’s Palace here, they will immediately attack the God King as well.”