

The Order 9191

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“What did you say? You’re courting death!”

Having said that, the Giant Demon Sect Master gripped the Heaven-Opening Axe tightly, and instantly a terrifying aura emanated from his body.

Then, as if exploding, wisps of black mist solidified around him, forming a suit of armor.

That terrifying aura caused the heavens and earth to change color instantly.

Even Ling Xi and the others, sensing the Giant Demon Sect Master’s terrifying aura, couldn’t help but frown.

“That’s it? Not even as good as a child!”

Even with the Giant Demon Sect Master unleashing his full power, in Wan Jianxing’s eyes, he was less than a child!

Wan Jianxing’s words immediately drew ridicule from the crowd.

The Third Palace Master even laughed until tears streamed down his face.

“Are you blind? The Giant Demon Sect Master’s strength is among the top in the entire Eighth Heaven, and you dare say he’s less than a child?”

The Third Palace Master roared with laughter.

Wan Jianxing glanced at the Third Palace Master and said coldly, "You're from the Temple?"

"That's right, I am the Third Palace Master of the Temple. Are you scared?" the Third Palace Master asked.

"Sigh, when did the Temple's strength decline to such a level?"

"Even trash like this can be the Third Palace Master. How pathetic, how pathetic..."

Wan Jianxing's eyes were filled with helplessness and disappointment.

The Third Palace Master was stunned, then roared angrily, "Damn it, who are you? How dare you speak to me like that, to our Temple?"

"You'll find out who I am in a moment."

After saying this, Wan Jianxing looked at the Giant Demon Sect Master and said, "You only have one chance. Perform well."

"What do you mean?" the Giant Demon Sect Master was taken aback.

"The literal meaning!" Wan Jianxing said!

Chen Ping watched Wan Jianxing showing off from behind, his heart filled with envy. He resolved to increase his strength as quickly as possible; only with increased strength would he have more opportunities to show off.

"Hmph, I'll give you three moves, and let me tell you, you only have three chances."

The Troll Sect Master sneered, lowering the axe he had just raised.

“Idiot...” Chen Ping muttered under his breath.

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“Sigh, in that case, you won’t even have one chance.”

Wan Jianxing sighed softly, then drew his sword!

Swish!

No one saw how Wan Jianxing drew his sword, and at that moment, the burly Troll Sect Master’s massive body crashed to the ground.

As he fell, his entire body shattered into countless pieces.

That casual sword strike from Wan Jianxing wasn’t just one strike, but countless strikes, directly dismembering the Troll Sect Master.

Everyone stared at the shattered Troll Sect Master, completely dumbfounded!

The scene fell silent; you could hear a pin drop!

The Third Hall Master, in particular, broke out in a cold sweat.

Wan Jianxing shook his head slightly, utterly helpless.

He had been given a chance, but the man refused.

The Grand Elder, witnessing the Giant Demon Sect Master's instantaneous annihilation, froze, his expression turning grave.

However, the Grand Elder wasn't afraid; after all, he had the entire Evil Path Hall behind him.

"Chen Ping, no wonder you, with your strength, dare to oppose our Evil Path Hall. So you have someone backing you. But do you think just this one person can stand against the entire Evil Path Hall?"

The Grand Elder sneered.

Chen Ping merely glanced at the Grand Elder, ignoring him. This idiot didn't even know who he was dealing with.

Wan Jianxing glanced at the Grand Elder and smiled faintly, "The Evil Path Hall? What a joke..."

Although the current Temple's strength was inferior to the Evil Path Hall, Wan Jianxing was the Temple's progenitor. Back then, the Temple was incredibly powerful; it was just that after so many years of changes, its strength had declined.

The Grand Elder frowned slightly. He hadn't expected the other party to dare humiliate the Evil Path Hall like this.

"What are you, daring to humiliate our Evil Path Hall?" Prince Wu roared.

Swish!

The Prince Wu's words had barely left his lips when his head snapped off, blood gushing from his neck!

This scene utterly horrified everyone.

Because they hadn't seen Wan Jianxing make a move; the other party hadn't even touched him, yet Prince Wu's head had been severed.

"Prince..."

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The Grand Elder was utterly shocked!

The others were also dumbfounded, completely bewildered as to how Prince Wu's head had been severed!

"You dare kill the heir of our Evil Path Hall?"

The Grand Elder glared angrily at Wan Jianxing, but now he was extremely cautious.

"I'm not just going to kill your Evil Path Hall's heir."

"Not a single one of you present will survive!"

Wan Jianxing finished speaking and suddenly drew his sword!

Whoosh!

In an instant, the heads of tens of thousands of demonic cultivators summoned by the Grand Elder all flew into the sky.

Countless pillars of blood shot into the air.

The Third Hall Master and his men were dumbfounded.

Everyone's heads were gone, leaving only the cultivators of their three halls.

Chen Ping was also utterly shocked. The power and awe of killing tens of thousands of cultivators with a single sword strike were something Chen Ping had never experienced before.

But the feeling must be incredibly exhilarating.

At this moment, Chen Ping could already understand the exhilaration Wan Jianxing felt—the exhilaration of showing off.

The Grand Elder stared at the vast, dark mass of corpses behind him, and his entire body began to tremble slightly.

Clearly, the opponent was incredibly powerful, extremely powerful.

Even with such power, the Grand Elder wasn't overly afraid; it was the opponent's bloodthirsty killing intent that chilled him to the bone.

Slaughtering tens of thousands of cultivators with a single sword strike—this was utterly outrageous!

Moreover, this single strike was a complete annihilation; not a single soul escaped. These tens of thousands of cultivators could never be resurrected!

These people, capable of operating in the Eighth Heaven, were no ordinary individuals. Clearly, the person before him was not from the Eighth Heaven, but a cultivator from a higher realm.

"Fellow Daoist, which Heaven are you from? Our Evil Path Palace isn't just in the Eighth Heaven; we also have people in the Twelfth Heaven."

The Grand Elder could only resort to invoking the Evil Path Palace to intimidate Wan Jianxing.

“So what if I’m in the Twelfth Heaven?” Wan Jianxing said expressionlessly.

The Grand Elder was taken aback, his brow furrowing. “You look down on even cultivators at the twelfth level of the Heavenly Realm?”

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“Trash...” Wan Jianxing uttered only two words.

“Fine, since you say so, then I have no choice but to fight you to the death.”

With that, the Grand Elder pulled out a black token, activated it, and it transformed into a beam of black light that shot into the sky.

“Stop him! He’s definitely calling for reinforcements...”

Ling Xi knew that the Grand Elder was calling for help. If he really summoned cultivators at the twelfth level of the Heavenly Realm, none of them would survive.

Facing cultivators at the twelfth level of the Heavenly Realm, they probably wouldn’t even have the ability to glance at them; a single breath from them could take their lives.

Upon hearing this, Chen Ping couldn’t help but look at Wan Jianxing.

Wan Jianxing remained motionless and expressionless. Chen Ping knew it was all right; even if the Grand Elder summoned people from the twelfth level of the Heavenly Realm, there was nothing to fear.

Since Wan Jianxing wasn’t afraid of even cultivators at the twelfth level of the Heavenly Realm, Chen Ping could now roam freely below the twelfth level.

After all, Wan Jianxing was one of Chen Ping's hall masters and had to obey his orders.

At this moment, the token activated by the Grand Elder began to burn, the flames transforming into fire runes that formed a massive teleportation array in mid-air.

The instant the teleportation array formed, a terrifying aura surged forth from it!

Just as the black token completely burned out, the teleportation array formed by the fire runes in mid-air suddenly expanded, like a black sun devouring all light!

The spatial laws of the entire Eighth Heaven groaned under the unbearable pressure, shattering inch by inch.

A terrifying pressure far exceeding the limits of this realm poured out from the array like a tangible tsunami.

The sky instantly darkened, the sun and moon lost their light, only the teleportation array emitted its destructive glow.

"Boom—!"

A deafening roar, seemingly from the primordial era, echoed as a foot stepped out from the teleportation array. The boot, tanned from the hide of some ancient beast, bore naturally flowing Dao patterns.

With this single step, the earth below collapsed several feet. If not for the protection of the Myriad Swords Star's aura, Chen Ping and the others would have been reduced to ashes.

A giant clad in black dragon-patterned armor slowly descended.

His form wasn't exceptionally tall, yet he seemed to be the center of the entire universe, surrounded by phenomena composed of countless images of shattered stars.

He didn't deliberately exude power, but his very existence caused all things to wither and all paths to submit.

"Welcome, Guardian Heavenly Venerable!"

Led by the Grand Elder, all the surviving cultivators trembled with excitement, kneeling in unison as if paying homage to a deity.

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The Guardian Heavenly Venerable's gaze was indifferent, sweeping over those below as if looking at a swarm of ants.

His voice, deep and resonant, echoed deep within the souls of every living being:

"Who dares to defy the might of my Evil Path Palace?"

His voice was devoid of emotion, yet it sent shivers down the spines of Ling Xi, Chen Ping, and the others, causing them to spit out mouthfuls of blood. The mere sound of his voice had already severely wounded them!

The Grand Elder, suppressing both fear and excitement, pointed at Wan Jianxing and shouted sternly, "Heavenly Venerable! This is the man who slaughtered my disciples, defied the Upper Realm, and deserves to die a thousand deaths!"

The Guardian Heavenly Venerable's gaze fell upon Wan Jianxing, a gaze powerful enough to plunge an entire world into chaos.

However, Wan Jianxing remained expressionless. He didn't even look at the Heavenly Venerable, simply uttering a single sentence:

"Noisy."

Before his words even finished, his sword was drawn again.

This sword strike lacked earth-shattering light, lacked the power to tear through the void, and was so fast that its very existence was imperceptible.

Time and space seemed to be erased at that moment.

A blur flashed before their eyes, and their minds went blank for a moment.

When they regained their senses, they saw the Guardian Celestial Venerable, who had just descended from the sky with an aura that seemed to encompass the universe, frozen in place.

For the first time, emotion flickered in his usually indifferent eyes—an utter bewilderment and disbelief.

The next moment, under the gazes of countless horrified eyes, the Guardian Celestial Venerable's seemingly immortal body, along with the shattering starlight surrounding him, dissipated like a sandcastle scattered by the wind.

Starting from his head, inch by inch, it turned into the finest dust, vanishing without a trace.

Even the massive teleportation array behind him vanished silently, like a candle flickering in the wind.

Silence.

Deathly silence.

The wind stopped, the clouds dispersed, and even the lingering stench of blood seemed to have been completely purified.

The Grand Elder's wild joy froze completely, replaced by boundless fear and absurdity.

His trusted Guardian Celestial, a supreme being from the Evil Path Palace... was instantly defeated?

Wan Jianxing slowly sheathed his sword, his gaze finally settling on the Grand Elder for the first time.

“Is there more?”

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The Grand Elder opened his mouth, but couldn't utter a single word.

The Third Palace Master's pants were already soaked; he'd wet himself in fear.

He'd initially thought the Grand Elder could find a powerful figure from a higher world, but now, he'd still been instantly defeated.

The person before him was simply too strong, far too strong...

“Spare me, senior, spare me! I was forced by the Evil Path Palace; I had no choice but to attack Chen Ping.”

The Third Palace Master knelt down, crawling before Wan Jianxing!

Although the Third Palace Master didn't know Wan Jianxing's true identity, he knew Wan Jianxing was with Chen Ping's group.

Wan Jianxing looked at the Third Palace Master with disgust, giving a bitter smile: “You shouldn't call me ‘Senior,’ you should call me ‘Ancestor’...”

“Ancestor?” The Third Palace Master was stunned, his face full of confusion.

The Fourth Palace Master, Ling Xi, was also puzzled, not understanding why Wan Jianxing said that.

“This is the creator of your temple, the first Palace Master!”

Chen Ping introduced.

The words “first Palace Master” shocked everyone!

Especially the Third Palace Master, who couldn’t believe that their temple’s ancestor, the first Palace Master, was actually this middle-aged man before him.

The Grand Elder of the Evil Path Palace also stared wide-eyed, his face filled with disbelief.

He never expected that the one dealing with him would be the first Palace Master of the temple.

The temple had existed for tens of thousands of years, meaning the first Palace Master had also lived for tens of thousands of years.

The Grand Elder swallowed hard, his body trembling instinctively as he retreated. Facing an ancient monster tens of thousands of years old, he had completely lost all will to fight; his only thought was to escape as quickly as possible.

Whoosh...

Instantly, the Grand Elder turned and ran, his speed astonishing, like a bolt of lightning.

“He’s gone...”

Ling Xi shouted loudly upon seeing this.

Chen Ping was also startled and instinctively wanted to give chase!

But Wan Jianxing remained motionless, not even glancing at the Grand Elder.

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“Ah...”

Soon, a scream echoed from the void; it was the Grand Elder’s voice.

No one knew what had happened to the Grand Elder; perhaps only Wan Jianxing himself knew.

Hearing the Grand Elder’s scream, the Third Palace Master was so terrified he wet himself.

“Ancestor, spare me! Ancestor, spare me...”

The Third Palace Master kowtowed desperately, but Wan Jianxing no longer looked at him.

Wan Jianxing’s face turned visibly deathly pale, and his body began to slowly become transparent.

“Ancestor?” Lingxi exclaimed in shock upon seeing this.

“What’s wrong with you?”

Chen Ping, seeing Wan Jianxing’s body becoming increasingly ethereal, hurriedly asked.

“Mr. Chen, this is the price I paid for forcibly leaving that void passage. I knew you were in danger, how could I not save you...”

Wan Jianxing smiled slightly, his body beginning to dissipate.

“Leaving that void passage, does that mean your soul will be scattered?”

Chen Ping tried desperately to grab Wan Jianxing, but his grasp fell on empty air!

“No, I left behind a remnant soul in that void passage. One day, when the God Clan Chief releases me, perhaps I can reconstruct my physical body.”

Wan Jianxing’s voice echoed, but his body had already completely vanished.

“Chen Ping, what exactly happened? Where is Ancestor?”

Lingxi asked, puzzled.

“Your ancestor offended the patriarch of the Divine Race by committing a mistake years ago, and was thus imprisoned in the Void Passage.”

“If I hadn’t come to the Eighth Heaven this time, and the Void Passage hadn’t been tampered with, we wouldn’t have been able to see him.”

“Now he has forcibly left the Void Passage, and his body has completely dissipated.”

Chen Ping’s eyes flashed with intense resentment and anger.

Wan Jianxing was indeed a member of the Divine Race, but he was also a hall master of the Heavenly Dragon Palace, and Chen Ping’s subordinate.

No matter the cost, Chen Ping would find the patriarch of the Divine Race, have him release Wan Jianxing, and restore his physical body.

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“Old Wan, don’t worry, I will personally bring the patriarch of the Divine Race before you and have him release you.”

Chen Ping gritted his teeth, silently vowing.

At this moment, the Third Hall Master, watching the vanished Wan Jianxing, was filled with excitement.

When he saw that Chen Ping and Ling Xi were not paying attention to him, he suddenly leaped up, ready to escape.

“You still want to escape?”

Chen Ping was furious. Seeing the Third Palace Master trying to flee, he swung the Dragon-Slaying Sword with all his might.

Instantly, countless sword beams filled the heavens and earth, cleaving the entire void into segments.

The Third Palace Master, who had just escaped, hadn’t even had time to react before his body was reduced to blood and gore.

Countless sword beams had reduced him to ashes!

Seeing his gruesome death, all the members of the Third Palace knelt down in unison, begging for their lives.

Looking at them, Chen Ping knew they were merely following orders.

“Today, I spare your lives, but you must atone for your sins by properly protecting the Divine King Palace!” Chen Ping declared loudly!

The cultivators of the Third Palace all nodded in agreement.

The Divine King Palace’s guards had suffered heavy casualties, and the remaining ones were all injured, so someone had to guard the Divine King Palace.

Chen Ping glanced at the countless corpses on the ground, then slowly opened his palm, and countless storage bags flew towards him from the heavens and earth.

Tens of thousands of them—the storage bags from the bodies of the slain demonic cultivators.

Seeing the storage bags, Chen Ping’s lips curled into a slight smile. These resources were enough for him to cultivate for a while.

Immediately afterward, Chen Ping unleashed a burst of intense fire, instantly reducing tens of thousands of corpses to ashes, vanishing without a trace.

Chen Ping took out ten thousand storage bags and handed them to Ling Xi, saying, “Fourth Palace Master, the Divine King Palace has suffered heavy damage. You need to recover. Take these storage bags and seize the time to recover and improve your strength.”

Ling Xi didn’t stand on ceremony and accepted them directly, then looked at Chen Ping and asked, “So, what do you plan to do?”

“Improve my strength...”

Chen Ping gave a bitter smile.

After this incident, Chen Ping knew that although his improvement speed was rapid, the enemies he faced were also becoming increasingly powerful. If it weren't for Wan Jianxing risking his life to protect him, he would probably be dead by now.

Without strength, it's really hard to survive, let alone show off; you need real strength first.

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Originally, Chen Ping planned to try and reach the Ninth Heaven if he couldn't find out about the Hu clan's soul in the Eighth Heaven.

However, Chen Ping has changed his mind. He needs to improve his strength first.

Besides dealing with the Evil Path Palace, Chen Ping also needs enough strength to contend with the God Clan Chief to force him to release Wan Jianxing.

Wan Jianxing is already so powerful, yet he's imprisoned by the God Clan Chief. This shows just how terrifying the God Clan Chief's power must be.

The difference in strength between Chen Ping and the other is simply heaven and earth.

"If only Mr. Shi were here..." Chen Ping couldn't help but think of Mr. Shi.

If Mr. Shi were here, even the God Clan Chief would be forced to beg for mercy, right?

However, Mr. Shi hasn't appeared since arriving in the Heavenly Realm.

Chen Ping can't rely on Mr. Shi for protection forever.

“I’ll arrange a quiet place for you to cultivate in seclusion!”

Ling Xi said.

“No need, I plan to go back and check on things. Besides, Master Hu is still in the Seventh Heaven.”

Chen Ping shook his head.

He didn’t plan to cultivate in the Eighth Heaven; he intended to go back and cultivate properly.

Returning to the Fifth Heaven meant he wouldn’t be in any danger, and he also wanted to know how the Sword Sect was doing.

Incidentally, he wanted to go to the Sixth Heaven to find King Wu Hao of the Divine Kingdom and inquire about the Divine Clan Chief.

After all, Wu Hao was also a member of the Divine Clan and should know something about them.

“Alright, since you plan to go back, I won’t force you to stay. I also need to seal the Divine King’s Palace and recover properly.”

Ling Xi nodded and said.

Chen Ping gently waved his hand, and a void passage opened.

While opening a void passage to go to the Ninth Heaven wasn’t easy for Chen Ping now, going to the lower worlds was much simpler.

Chen Ping entered the void passage, and it quickly closed.

He needed to go to the Seventh Heaven to pick up Hu Mazi first, and also tell him that the matter of the Hu clan's soul needed to be temporarily put on hold.

They needed to improve their strength as soon as possible; otherwise, they wouldn't even be able to touch the edge of the Evil Path Palace, let alone save the Hu clan's soul.

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From the moment the Grand Elder mentioned the Twelfth Heaven and summoned the Guardian Heavenly Venerable, Chen Ping knew that he couldn't contend with the Evil Path Palace on his own, unless Mr. Shi appeared.

Chen Ping emerged from the void passage and arrived in Dongxiang County.

At this time, Dongxiang County was under the control of the Lin family.

Hu Mazi was treated as an honored guest by the Lin family. The Lin family head provided Hu Mazi with different women every day, making Hu Mazi happy and reluctant to leave.

Lin Yun'er, on the other hand, had been depressed for some time.

Chen Ping had gone to the Eighth Heaven; she didn't know how he was doing now, or if she would ever see him again.

When Chen Ping appeared at the Lin family, Lin Yun'er was immediately overjoyed!

They pestered Chen Ping for three whole days.

However, even while cultivating with Lin Yun'er, Chen Ping didn't forget to practice his skills.

As the saying goes, sharpening the axe doesn't delay the work...

They didn't stay long in Dongxiang County before Chen Ping took Hu Mazi to the Sixth Heaven!

Although Lin Yun'er was reluctant to part, she knew Chen Ping had important business and didn't stop them.

Chen Ping and Hu Mazi opened a void passage and went directly to the Sixth Heaven, then proceeded to the Divine Kingdom.

At this time, the Divine Kingdom hadn't fully recovered to its peak, but its strength was already among the top in the Sixth Heaven.

Chen Ping and Hu Mazi arrived at the Divine Kingdom's capital, weary from their journey.

This once glorious city, though not yet fully restored to its former prosperity, still displayed its important status as a place in the Sixth Heaven amidst the bustling crowds and towering buildings.

The two men had just reached the city gate when they were stopped by a general guarding the city.

This general was burly, with a face full of menacing features, and his small eyes darted around, revealing a greedy and cunning nature.

He sized up Chen Ping and Hu Mazi, and seeing their ordinary clothes, assumed they were easy targets.

"Halt! You two, you need to pay a toll to enter the city!"

The general stood with his hands on his hips and shouted loudly.

Chen Ping frowned, inwardly displeased.

He hadn't expected to encounter such obstruction at the gates of this divine kingdom.

Moreover, this general clearly didn't recognize him; otherwise, he wouldn't dare to be so presumptuous.