

The Order 9321

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Yan Nantian stood in the center of the hall, and seated on his throne was a middle-aged man.

This man was none other than the recovered Soul Devouring Lord, whose physical body had also been restored.

The Yama Heavenly Sect held a pivotal position in the Nine Heavens, so the Soul Devouring Lord wanted them to set an example and submit to him first.

Faced with the Soul Devouring Lord, the Yama Heavenly Sect dared not make any significant moves.

Yan Nantian, along with his disciples, all wore solemn expressions.

He hadn't expected the Soul Devouring Lord to target him.

"How have you considered it?" the Soul Devouring Lord slowly asked. "Submission, or death?"

Yan Nantian frowned. He knew Chen Ping was at odds with the Soul Devouring Lord. If he submitted now, wouldn't that be tantamount to opposing Chen Ping?

He had experienced firsthand the power of the strong figures behind Chen Ping; a single thought could wipe out his sect.

However, if he didn't agree to the Soul Devouring Lord's demands, they feared they too would face his slaughter.

Yan Nantian was caught in a dilemma.

“Soul Devourer, could you grant us a day to consider? After all, the Yama Heavenly Sect isn’t entirely under my control.”

“We have several patriarchs currently in seclusion. If we don’t obtain their consent, they’ll be furious when they emerge.”

Yan Nantian invoked the Yama Heavenly Sect’s patriarchs.

In reality, the Yama Heavenly Sect didn’t have any patriarchs in seclusion. Yan Nantian was currently the most powerful person in the sect.

He was merely saying this to intimidate the Soul Devourer and prevent him from attacking the Yama Heavenly Sect.

The Soul Devourer frowned slightly upon hearing Yan Nantian’s words, then finally nodded and said, “Alright, I’ll give you one day. If you don’t make a decision after one day, the Yama Heavenly Sect will cease to exist within the Nine Heavens.”

With that, the Soul Devourer’s body vanished instantly.

Seeing the Soul Devourer leave, Yan Nantian finally breathed a long sigh of relief.

Many of the other members of the Yama Heavenly Sect were already trembling with fear.

The Soul Devourer was a great demon who had become famous in the Nine Heavens ten thousand years ago. The Yama Heavenly Sect had suffered heavy losses at the hands of the Soul Devourer in the past, but fortunately, both sides were demonic cultivators, and the Soul Devourer hadn’t gone for the kill.

Just as everyone breathed a sigh of relief, an invisible pressure suddenly enveloped the entire hall, and instantly, everyone knelt on the ground.

Yan Nantian gritted his teeth, barely managing to withstand this pressure.

As the sect leader of the Yama Heavenly Sect, if he knelt, it would be a disaster.

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This was the Soul Devourer's way of intimidating the Yama Heavenly Sect.

All the disciples of the Yama Heavenly Sect were utterly shocked.

Yan Nantian, his face filled with shock, gazed out of the hall and muttered to himself, "Mr. Chen, when are you coming back? Otherwise, we can't hold on any longer..."

Now, Yan Nantian could only place all his hopes on Chen Ping.

Although Chen Ping was no match for the Soul Devourer, he had powerful backers.

If a powerful figure intervened behind Chen Ping, even the Soul Devourer would be no match for him.

Choosing between Chen Ping and the Soul Devourer, Yan Nantian would still choose Chen Ping.

After all, no matter how powerful the Soul Devourer was, he was just a nobody compared to the powerful figure behind Chen Ping.

Yan Nantian would naturally choose the stronger one.

Just then, Chen Ping arrived at the Yama Heavenly Sect with Liu Xue.

Seeing Chen Ping arrive, Yan Nantian was so excited he almost cried.

“Mr. Chen, you’ve finally arrived...”

Yan Nantian stepped forward to greet Chen Ping.

“The Soul Devourer came?” The moment Chen Ping landed in the main hall, he felt the lingering power of the Soul Devourer.

“That’s right. The Soul Devourer came to demand that our Yama Heavenly Sect submit to him.”

Yan Nantian nodded.

“And what did you say?” Chen Ping asked.

“Of course I wouldn’t agree! Our Yama Heavenly Sect is willing to follow Mr. Chen, how could we possibly follow that Soul Devourer?”

“I cursed that Soul Devourer, risking the lives of the entire sect.”

“That Soul Devourer told me to think it over, and then he left.”

Yan Nantian said.

“Sect Master Yan, you still dare to curse the Soul Devourer?” Liu Xue asked incredulously.

“Of course! Your Earthly Fiend Alliance might not dare, but that doesn’t mean my Yama Heavenly Sect wouldn’t dare. After all, our Yama Heavenly Sect is one of the oldest sects in the Nine Heavens.”

Yan Nantian's face was resolute, completely devoid of his previous fear.

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"Don't mention the Earthly Fiend Alliance anymore. There won't be another Earthly Fiend Alliance." Liu Xue shook her head.

"What happened?" Yan Nantian was taken aback.

"The Earthly Fiend Alliance has disbanded. They were all afraid of that Soul Devourer. From now on, Alliance Master Liu will no longer be the Alliance Master of the Earthly Fiend Alliance, but the Sect Master of the Heavenly Gate."

Chen Ping said.

"The Heavenly Gate Master?" Yan Nantian was shocked. "You entered the ruins? You obtained the Heavenly Gate's inheritance?"

Chen Ping nodded. "That's right. We met the last Heavenly Gate Master. He passed the inheritance to Miss Liu."

"The Heavenly Gate disappeared overnight because of that Soul Devourer. This guy was originally a disciple of the Heavenly Gate, but in the end, he destroyed the entire Heavenly Gate..."

Chen Ping recounted everything he knew to Yan Nantian.

"That beast, so that's how it is. What do we do next?"

Yan Nantian asked.

“Since that Soul Devourer wants to rule the Nine Heavens, we have no choice but to fight him,” Chen Ping said.

“But our strength...”

Yan Nantian frowned slightly. “Even if we all joined forces, I’m afraid we couldn’t defeat that Soul Devourer.”

“Sect Master Yan, are you afraid? If you are, then don’t worry about it. I’ll deal with that Soul Devourer. I feel incredibly strong right now!”

Chen Ping’s aura began to rise.

“Fifth-grade Human Immortal Realm, too strong!”

Yan Nantian looked at Chen Ping, somewhat speechless...

Although Chen Ping could fight beyond his level, could a fifth-grade Human Immortal Realm expert defeat the Soul Devouring Venerable?

If the Soul Devouring Venerable were so easily defeated, he wouldn’t have been a great demon of the Ninth Heaven ten thousand years ago.

“Mr. Chen, since I’ve chosen to stand with you, how could I be afraid?”

Yan Nantian quickly shook his head.

With the strength of the expert behind Chen Ping, Yan Nantian couldn’t possibly be afraid. He just wanted Chen Ping to summon the expert beforehand.

“Alright, we’ll wait here for the Soul Devouring Venerable...”

Chen Ping's fighting spirit reached its peak at this moment.

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"Mr. Chen, do you need to invite the expert behind you first?" Yan Nantian asked.

"No need, I'll kill the mere Soul Devouring Venerable myself!" Chen Ping waved his hand!

Hearing Chen Ping's boastful words, Yan Nantian couldn't say anything.

The next day, the Soul Devourer descended upon the Yama Heavenly Sect once more, this time not alone.

Behind him followed a dense mass of dozens of demonic cultivators, each with a chilling aura and varied forms. These were his former subordinates and new slaves, whom he had either regrouped or forcibly subdued after his escape.

Rolling demonic energy, like dark clouds pressing down, dyed the once clear sky above the Yama Heavenly Sect a deep black. The chilling pressure made it difficult for many low-ranking disciples within the sect to breathe, their faces turning deathly pale.

He remained seated high on the sect leader's throne that once belonged to Yan Nantian, his fingers lightly tapping the armrest, producing a dull "thud," as if striking the hearts of everyone present.

His gaze swept over the Yama Heavenly Sect members below, who stood ready for battle, a cruel smile curving his lips.

"Yan Nantian, a day has passed. My patience is finite. Tell me, will the Yama Heavenly Sect choose submission, or... destruction?"

His voice wasn't loud, yet it carried a chilling coldness that pierced the soul, echoing in every corner of the hall.

Yan Nantian took a deep breath, enduring the terrifying pressure that almost forced him to kneel. He stepped forward, head held high, and said, "Soul Devourer, my Yama Heavenly Sect has existed for tens of thousands of years, possessing its own integrity! How could we bow down to a treacherous demon like you, who slaughters his own sect? If you want war, then let's fight! Why waste words!"

"Good! Very good!"

The Soul Devourer laughed instead of being angry, his laughter filled with mockery and killing intent. "Since you are so stubborn, then don't blame me for being ruthless. Ghost Fiend, go and show Sect Master Yan what true difference is."

"Yes, Your Excellency!"

A hoarse, unpleasant reply rang out, and a figure flashed out from behind the Soul Devourer.

This person was thin and small, like a dried corpse, surrounded by a gray-black evil aura, and his eyes had no pupils, only two leaping green ghost flames.

He was "Ghost Fiend," one of the "Five Fiends" under the Soul Devourer, specializing in soul-devouring and bone-corroding techniques, and his cultivation had reached the third rank of the Celestial Immortal Realm.

Ghost Fiend's figure blurred, leaving a trail of afterimages, and he instantly appeared in the center of the hall.

He extended a withered, skeletal finger, pointing at Yan Nantian: "Sect Master Yan, please enlighten me!"

Before his words finished, his ghostly aura surged, transforming into countless shrill, howling phantoms of vengeful spirits, swarming towards Yan Nantian.

The temperature in the entire hall plummeted, filling the air with a bone-chilling cold and a putrid stench.

The members of the Yama Heavenly Sect all paled. Ghost Fiend's attack was so vicious from the start; the sight of ten thousand souls devouring the heart was enough to shatter the will of those with weak resolve.

However, before Yan Nantian could make a move, a clear, cold shout rang out:

"You demons and monsters, how dare you be so insolent! Let me deal with you!"

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Before the words finished, a dazzling ice-blue sword light, like a celestial river cascading down, instantly slashed into the countless vengeful spirits.

Where the sword light passed, the vengeful spirits melted like ice and snow meeting the sun, emitting a sizzling sound as they vanished with shrill cries.

Liu Xue, wielding a chilling longsword, moved with the grace of a startled swan, already standing before Yan Nantian.

Having obtained the Heavenly Gate's inheritance, her cultivation had surged to the peak of the second rank of the Heavenly Immortal Realm. She had also cultivated the Heavenly Gate's orthodox superior techniques, her spiritual power pure and abundant, possessing an innate restraint against such evil and heretical forces.

"Hmm? Second Rank Celestial Immortal? Interesting, little girl."

Ghost Fiend's ghostly eyes flickered, seemingly surprised. "However, with your cultivation level, you're not enough!"

He formed hand seals, his ghostly energy condensing once more into a gigantic claw composed of countless skulls, lashing down at Liu Xue with a piercing shriek that tore through space.

This claw was incredibly powerful; even before it touched her, the sharp claw wind had already torn the ground beneath Liu Xue's feet.

“Snow Dance Ice Seal!”

Liu Xue showed no fear, her longsword dancing, her body moving with the sword. In an instant, the entire hall seemed to transform into a world of ice and snow.

Countless ice crystals and snowflakes appeared out of thin air, swirling and dancing with her sword’s momentum, forming a massive blizzard that met the gigantic ghostly claw head-on.

“Boom—!”

Ice and darkness, good and evil, two powerful forces collided violently.

A deafening roar erupted. A violent shockwave spread outwards, causing the pillars of the main hall to hum and the stone slabs on the ground to shatter. Some disciples of the Yama Heavenly Sect who were nearby were even thrown back by the shockwave.

The icy storm and the ghostly claw were locked in a stalemate for a moment, but ultimately, the Ghost Fiend’s cultivation prevailed.

The ghostly claw clenched suddenly, forcefully crushing the icy storm.

Liu Xue groaned, a trickle of blood spilling from the corner of her mouth. She staggered back several steps, the icy blue light on her longsword dimming slightly.

“Sect Leader Liu!” Yan Nantian exclaimed, about to rush forward.

“I’m alright!”

Liu Xue steadied herself, wiping the blood from her mouth, her eyes still resolute.

Although she was at a disadvantage, she had not lost her fighting ability. The Heavenly Gate's inherited techniques allowed her spiritual energy to recover extremely quickly, and her resilience far surpassed that of ordinary people.

The Ghost Fiend, pressing its advantage, let out a grotesque laugh and pounced again like a ghost, its withered claws aimed straight for Liu Xue's throat and heart, moving so fast that it left only a blur.

"Your opponent is me!"

Just at this critical moment, a thunderous roar erupted.

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Yan Nantian had finally made his move!

As the sect master of the Yama Heavenly Sect, his cultivation had already reached the third rank of the Heavenly Immortal Realm. Although not as powerful as the Soul Devouring Venerable at his peak, dealing with a Ghost Fiend was no problem.

In a flash, he was already in front of Liu Xue.

Facing the Ghost Fiend's cunning and vicious claws, he neither dodged nor evaded, but threw a punch.

This punch, devoid of any fancy moves, contained his incomparably pure Yama Demonic Essence. The fist wind surged, faintly accompanied by the sound of wind and thunder.

"Yama Overlord Fist!"

Fist and claws clashed, producing a muffled explosion.

"Crack!"

A clear sound of bone breaking rang out.

Ghost Fiend let out a shrill scream. His once invincible ghost claws, under Yan Nantian's unparalleled punch, snapped inch by inch like withered branches.

His entire body flew backward like a kite with a broken string, black blood spurting from his mouth arcing through the air before crashing heavily against the wall of the hall, sliding softly to the ground, his life hanging in the balance.

The power of a single punch was truly astounding!

Seeing this, the disciples of the Yama Heavenly Sect erupted in a deafening cheer, their previously low morale instantly lifted. Their sect leader's strength gave them hope.

"Useless!"

The Soul Devourer's face darkened, clearly extremely displeased with Ghost Fiend's defeat.

His icy gaze swept over the other four beside him, "Blood Fiend, Bone Fiend, you two attack together and take down Yan Nantian!"

"Yes! Your Excellency!"

Two demonic cultivators of different forms responded. The man on the left, clad in a blood-red robe, had a ferocious face and his body churned with blood energy, as if he had just crawled out of a pool of blood; this was the "Blood Fiend."

The man on the right was tall and burly, his skin a strange grayish-white, as if covered in a layer of bone armor, with bone spurs protruding from his joints; this was the "Bone Fiend."

Both were at the peak of the second rank of the Celestial Immortal Realm. Although individually their strength was inferior to the Ghost Fiend, they were skilled in combined attacks, and their combined power far surpassed that of the previous Ghost Fiend.

The Blood Fiend and the Bone Fiend exchanged a glance and launched their attacks simultaneously.

The Blood Fiend swung his hands, and countless blood-red blades transformed into a storm of crimson light, raining down on Yan Nantian. Each blade carried a vicious effect, corroding spiritual energy and corrupting magical artifacts.

The Bone Fiend, however, let out a low roar, his body suddenly expanding, swinging his bone fist like a giant hammer, with an aura of crushing everything, as he slammed it towards Yan Nantian from the side.

The two, one at a distance, one close, one skillful, one clumsy, coordinated flawlessly, instantly sealing off all of Yan Nantian's escape routes.

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Yan Nantian's expression was grave, daring not to be careless in the slightest. He let out a low shout, unleashing the full power of his Yama Demonic Essence, his body radiating a dense black demonic light.

"Yama True Form!"

His body seemed to grow taller, his muscles bulging, complex demonic patterns appearing on his skin, emanating a terrifyingly violent aura.

He unleashed both fists simultaneously, his left hand transforming into a palm strike against the rain of blood-red blades, while his right fist clenched to meet the heavy fist of the Bone Fiend.

"Boom! Boom! Boom!"

The sounds of fierce collisions were incessant. Yan Nantian, fighting two against one, displayed the ultimate techniques of the Yama Heavenly Sect to their fullest extent.

Palm winds and fist shadows clashed repeatedly with blood-red blades and bone fists, erupting with dazzling yet dangerous energy.

The entire hall shook violently under this level of combat, as if it might collapse at any moment.

Cracks and craters covered the surrounding walls and pillars, with rubble falling in a flurry.

The three were locked in combat, their movements as swift as lightning, each collision causing the energy of heaven and earth to tremble.

The Blood Fiend's blood-red blades were unpredictable and cunning, relentlessly attempting to erode Yan Nantian's protective demonic energy;

The Bone Fiend's power was fierce and domineering, each punch carrying immense force, causing Yan Nantian's blood to churn.

Although Yan Nantian was strong, under the coordinated attack of the two, he gradually fell into a disadvantageous position, only able to rely on his profound cultivation and powerful physique to barely hold on, and small wounds began to appear on his body.

Liu Xue watched anxiously from the sidelines, wanting to rush forward to help, but the internal injuries she had sustained in her fight with the Ghost Fiend had not yet healed, and in this level of battle, her rash intervention might only become a burden to Yan Nantian.

Just as Yan Nantian was grazed on the shoulder by a cunning arrow of blood from Xue Sha, his body faltering, and he was about to be struck in the back by Gu Sha's long-prepared, powerful punch—

“Enough!”

A calm yet undeniably authoritative voice rang out.

Chen Ping, who had been observing coldly, finally moved.

He didn't unleash a tremendous aura; he simply took a step.

However, this step seemed to shrink the distance, instantly traversing dozens of feet, appearing before Gu Sha's battering ram-like fist.

He extended a finger.

A slender, pale finger that appeared powerless.

Then, he gently touched the bone fist, powerful enough to shatter mountains.

This scene caused everyone who witnessed it, including the Soul Devouring Venerable high above, to their pupils shrink sharply.

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"You're courting death!"

A cruel smile spread across Bone Fiend's face. His fist lashed out even harder, intending to pulverize this arrogant Immortal Realm brat, along with his finger, into dust!

"Pfft—"

There was no earth-shattering roar as expected, only a soft sound, like a bubble bursting.

Chen Ping's fingertip landed precisely on Bone Fiend's fist.

Time seemed to freeze at that moment.

The next instant, Bone Fiend's ferocious smile froze on his face.

He felt an indescribable, extremely sharp and domineering force surge through his entire body from his fist.

“Crack...!”

The sickening sound of bones shattering echoed continuously from within him, like popping beans.

“Ah—!”

A shrill, inhuman scream erupted from Bone Fiend’s mouth.

His massive body was sent flying backward as if struck by an invisible hammer, even faster than he had come.

In mid-air, his bones shattered joint by joint. He collapsed like a broken rag doll into the distant crowd, kicking up a cloud of dust before falling silent.

One finger!

With just one finger, he had instantly killed Bone Fiend, a second-grade Celestial Immortal renowned for his defense and power!

The entire hall fell into a deathly silence.

Everyone stared in stunned disbelief at the young man in blue robes who slowly withdrew his finger, as if looking at a monster.

Blood Fiend’s attack abruptly stopped. He froze in mid-air, staring at Chen Ping, his eyes filled with disbelief and fear.

Yan Nantian was also stunned. He knew Chen Ping's strength had greatly increased, but he hadn't expected him to be this inconceivably powerful!

Liu Xue's beautiful eyes gleamed with surprise. Although she knew Chen Ping was strong after receiving the inheritance, this performance still exceeded her expectations.

The Soul Devourer, seated high above, straightened up for the first time. A serious expression finally appeared on his usually mocking and indifferent face.

"A fifth-grade Human Immortal... such combat power?"

The Soul Devourer's gaze was like lightning, fixed on Chen Ping. "There's definitely something strange about you!"

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Chen Ping flicked his fingers, as if he had merely swatted away a fly.

He looked up, calmly meeting the Soul Devourer's scrutinizing gaze, and said indifferently, "Soul Devourer, your subordinates seem rather weak. Why don't you come down and have a go yourself?"

Arrogant! Utterly arrogant!

A fifth-grade Human Immortal was actually challenging the Soul Devourer, who had been infamous for ten thousand years!

The disciples of the Yama Heavenly Sect felt their blood boil, their gazes towards Chen Ping filled with fervor and admiration.

The Soul Devourer laughed in fury, "Hahaha... Good! Very good! I'll see what makes you, an ant, so arrogant!"

He didn't personally intervene, but instead ordered the last two demonic cultivators behind him who had remained silent: "Shadow Fiend, Poison Fiend, hold back! Tear him apart!"

The last two “Five Fiend Demons” responded and stepped forward.

The Shadow Fiend’s figure was blurry, seemingly blending into the shadows, his aura elusive, and he was most skilled in assassination and sneak attacks.

The Poison Fiend was a short figure shrouded in green poisonous mist; wherever he passed, even the air hissed and corroded.

These two, one mysterious and the other vicious, were both at the peak of the second rank of the Heavenly Immortal Realm, and even more troublesome than the Blood Fiend and Bone Fiend.

The Shadow Fiend’s figure flickered and vanished from the spot, as if he had never existed.

The Poisonous Fiend opened its mouth, spewing out a thick, dark green poisonous mist. This mist, seemingly alive, transformed into a gigantic venomous python, its gaping maw lunging at Chen Ping.

Even before the mist touched him, its stench was enough to make one dizzy, clearly containing an extremely potent poison.

Faced with this bizarre attack, Chen Ping neither dodged nor evaded.

He didn’t even use the Dragon-Slaying Sword on his back.

“A mere trick.”

He sneered, his vast spiritual power surging like a river.

Having been cleansed by the Heavenly Spirit Liquid of the Heavenly Gate, his spiritual power, in both quality and quantity, far surpassed that of cultivators of the same level, even exceeding most early-stage Heavenly Immortals.

He pointed his fingers like a sword and slashed through the air.

“Swoosh—!”

An incredibly condensed sword aura, shimmering with a pale golden light, appeared out of thin air, effortlessly cleaving the gigantic poisonous mist python in two like a hot knife through butter! The cleaved poisonous mist seemed to lose its spirit, quickly dissipating into the air.

At the same time, Chen Ping, without turning his head, threw a backhand punch towards the empty space to his left.

“Holy Light Fist!”

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A dazzling golden fist imprint roared out, Sanskrit characters seemingly flowing within it, radiating a vast, solemn, and demon-slaying aura!

“Bang!”

A muffled sound rang out, and a blurry figure was forcibly pulled from the void—it was Shadow Fiend, who had attempted a sneak attack.

His face was filled with horror, clearly not expecting Chen Ping’s perception to be so sharp, his palm strike so powerful, and this was clearly a Buddhist supernatural power, a strong counter to his Shadow Escape technique!

Shadow Fiend hastily swung a pair of black daggers to block, but was still shaken by the golden palm print, his blood churning, and he was sent flying backward.

“Buddhist techniques? Who exactly are you?”

The Soul Devourer abruptly stood up, his face showing surprise for the first time.

Demonic cultivators feared nothing more than the supremely yang and powerful Buddhist supernatural abilities.

Chen Ping didn't answer. He moved, launching his attack!

Using profound footwork, his figure moved like a dragon, instantly closing in on Shadow Fiend, who had just regained his footing, and Poison Fiend, who was brewing an even stronger poison technique.

“Five Elements Sword Qi!”

He pointed his fingers in quick succession. In an instant, five sword energies of different colors—gold, cyan, blue, red, and yellow—whooshed out, carrying incomparably sharp auras, each attacking the two.

These five elements of sword energy interacted and countered each other, cycling endlessly, their power layered upon layer, completely sealing off all their escape routes.

Shadow Fiend's figure blurred again, attempting to merge into the shadows, but the five elements of sword energy seemed to lock onto his aura, no matter how he shifted, he couldn't escape.

The Poisonous Fiend screamed, spewing out even thicker poisonous mist, forming layers of poisonous barriers. But before the indestructible sword energy, these barriers were easily torn apart like paper.

“Pfft! Pfft!”

After two soft sounds of blades piercing flesh, the Shadow Fiend and the Poisonous Fiend froze simultaneously.

A small bloody hole appeared between their brows, the light in their eyes quickly dimmed, and they collapsed to the ground with two thuds, dead.

In the blink of an eye, the “Five Fiends,” the most feared under the Soul Devourer’s command, had been swiftly defeated by Chen Ping, who had killed three and severely injured one!

Only the Blood Fiend remained, standing pale-faced, staring at the war god-like Chen Ping, too afraid to take another step forward.

The inheritance Chen Ping obtained in the Tianmen Mountain ruins was no joke.

The main hall fell into a deathly silence once more.

Everyone in the Yanluo Heavenly Sect, including Yan Nantian and Liu Xue, stared at Chen Ping as if witnessing a miracle.

They knew Chen Ping was strong, but to this extent, he had utterly overturned their understanding! A fifth-grade Human Immortal, killing a second-grade Heavenly Immortal as easily as slaughtering a dog?