

The Order 9331

Chapter: 9331

This wasn't just fighting across levels; it was outright crushing!

Chen Ping stood with his hands behind his back, his blue robe fluttering slightly in the surging energy ripples. His gaze returned to the Soul Devouring Venerable on the high platform, calm and unwavering:

"Now, it's your turn."

His voice wasn't loud, yet it carried an invisible power that resonated throughout the entire Yama Heavenly Sect, striking heavily into the hearts of everyone present.

"How do you know the Five Elements Sword Qi of the Heavenly Gate?" Soul Devourer asked, frowning.

"Of course, it was taught to me by the Heavenly Gate Master. I didn't expect you, a traitor to the Heavenly Gate, to recognize this sword technique," Chen Ping sneered.

Soul Devourer's face turned incredibly ugly, because very few people knew he was a traitor to the Heavenly Gate.

Most people in the Nine Heavens only knew that the Heavenly Gate had suddenly vanished overnight; no one knew where it had gone.

"The Heavenly Gate Master kindly saved you, yet you repaid kindness with enmity, slaughtering the entire sect overnight."

"The reason I'm waiting for you here today is because I promised the Heavenly Gate Master I would kill you to avenge everyone in the Heavenly Gate."

Chen Ping's face was grim as he stared intently at Soul Devourer.

“Hahaha, not bad, I destroyed the entire Heavenly Gate, so what?”

“In this Heavenly Realm, who doesn’t rule by strength?”

“What ungrateful tales? Those are womanly views. I only know that by killing them and seizing their resources, I can increase my strength.”

The Soul Devourer laughed maniacally.

“Since that’s the case, then prepare to die!” Chen Ping’s anger surged.

The Dragon-Slaying Sword in his hand couldn’t contain itself any longer, emitting bursts of dragon roars.

The Soul Devourer’s maniacal laughter echoed in the hall, filled with boundless arrogance and disregard for life.

He looked at Chen Ping, his contempt undiminished, as if Chen Ping’s easy defeat of his Five Fiends was nothing more than child’s play, utterly insignificant.

“To avenge your Heavenly Gate?”

The Soul Devourer scoffed, shaking his head. “Boy, you think you can be so arrogant before me just because you’ve inherited a few pieces of the Heavenly Gate’s legacy? You think killing a few worthless trash gives you the right to challenge me?”

He slowly rose from his sect leader’s throne. With his movement, the light in the entire world seemed to dim, and an even denser demonic aura emanated from his body, like a tangible tide, making it difficult for everyone to breathe.

The morale of the Yama Heavenly Sect disciples, which had just been boosted by Chen Ping, crumbled again under this overwhelming demonic pressure.

Yan Nantian and Liu Xue's expressions were extremely solemn. They could sense that the Soul Devourer's aura was unfathomable, far more terrifying than they had imagined.

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Although Chen Ping was strong, the outcome against this ancient demon who had dominated the Nine Heavens ten thousand years ago was truly uncertain.

"Whether you're qualified or not, we'll find out soon enough!"

Chen Ping's eyes were sharp as swords. Sensing its master's fighting spirit, the Dragon-Slaying Sword in his hand roared even louder, its blade trembling, and countless sharp sword energies spontaneously swirled around it, shredding any approaching demonic energy.

"Hmph, ignorant of the immensity of heaven and earth."

The Soul-Devouring Lord seemed too lazy to act personally. He casually waved his hand, the movement light and effortless, as if shooing away a fly.

However, with that casual wave, the space before him suddenly emitted a tearing sound as if it could no longer bear the strain!

"Sizzle—!"

A pitch-black rift appeared out of thin air, its edges flickering with unstable spatial turbulence, radiating a destructive aura.

Immediately afterwards, a powerful aura, savage, ancient, and imbued with the vicissitudes of time, emanated from the rift.

Under the horrified gazes of everyone, an extremely burly and robust man, nearly ten feet tall, stepped out from the spatial rift!

The man wore tattered bronze armor, marked with countless chisel and axe marks, as if it had witnessed countless brutal battles.

His skin was bronze-colored, his muscles bulging, brimming with explosive power.

His face was as resolute as a stone carving, but his eyes were empty and indifferent, devoid of any emotion, like a soulless killing machine.

Most strikingly, an extremely profound fluctuation of laws flowed around him, causing the air and light around him to distort slightly, giving an unreal feeling.

The mere appearance of this burly man caused even the remaining Blood Fiends under the Soul Devourer's command to instinctively take a few steps back, their eyes filled with deep fear.

"This kid is yours now."

The Soul Devourer returned to his throne, lazily propping his chin up, as if what followed was just a boring drama. "Don't play around for too long; my patience is limited."

The burly man didn't respond, but slowly turned his head, his empty, indifferent eyes locking onto Chen Ping below.

The moment those eyes met, Chen Ping's heart skipped a beat!

An unprecedented sense of crisis suddenly descended, making the hairs on his body stand on end!

This feeling was clearer and more direct than when facing the Soul Devourer!

Chen Ping hadn't expected that after recovering, the Soul Devourer was much stronger than when he was in the Sixth Heaven, and could even summon such a powerful figure.

“Mr. Chen, be careful! This person... this person is extremely strange!”

Yan Nantian couldn't help but warn him, feeling an indescribable sense of oppression emanating from the burly man.

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Liu Xue also gripped her longsword tightly, her Heavenly Gate Technique activated to its limit, ready to intervene at any moment. Chen Ping took a deep breath, clearing his mind of all distractions, and focused all his attention on the burly man.

He could sense that this opponent was on a completely different level from the Five Fiends he had faced before!

“Kill!”

The burly man uttered a cold, stiff syllable, like metal clashing against metal.

The next instant, he moved!

There was no earth-shattering explosion of power, no overwhelming demonic energy; he simply took a single step.

But this step seemed to transcend the limitations of space. One moment he was dozens of feet away, the next, that enormous fist, wreathed in ancient aura, was already before Chen Ping!

Fast!

Indescribably fast!

Even exceeding the limits of Chen Ping's divine sense!

Before the fist even arrived, the extremely concentrated pressure of the punch already made Chen Ping's skin sting, and the surrounding air was completely shattered, producing a thunderous airburst.

"So fast!"

Chen Ping was shocked. Without time to think, almost instinctively, he channeled his immense spiritual power into the Dragon-Slaying Sword, parrying horizontally!

"Clang—!!!!!"

A deafening clang of metal clashing exploded, like two divine mountains colliding violently!

An unimaginable force surged through the Dragon-Slaying Sword. Chen Ping felt a sharp pain in his arm; his hand instantly split open, bleeding profusely.

He was thrown backward as if struck by a primordial beast, crashing through several massive stone pillars of the hall before finally slamming into the wall behind him with a deafening roar, kicking up clouds of dust.

"Chen Ping!"

"Mr. Chen!"

Liu Xue and Yan Nantian exclaimed simultaneously, their faces deathly pale.

The nascent hope of the Yanluo Heavenly Sect disciples was instantly extinguished, as if doused with a bucket of ice water.

The Soul Devourer's lips curled into a cruel sneer, seemingly unsurprised.

The smoke and dust slowly dissipated, and Chen Ping, somewhat disheveled, struggled to his feet from the dented wall, a trickle of blood escaping his lips.

His blood and qi churned violently, his internal organs reeling from the shock.

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“Such powerful strength... and that punch just now...”

Chen Ping’s eyes were incredibly grave. He sensed that the punch wasn’t just fast and fierce, but also carried a strange fluctuation of laws, causing his body’s reaction to be slightly slower in the instant he blocked it; otherwise, he wouldn’t be in such a sorry state.

“Time... was it interference from the laws of time?”

A thought flashed through Chen Ping’s mind like lightning.

Seeing that Chen Ping could still stand, the burly man’s empty eyes remained unchanged. He took another step forward, delivering another simple and direct punch.

This time, Chen Ping was prepared. He uttered a low shout: “Time Slowdown!”

He mobilized the power of time’s origin that he had comprehended. An invisible ripple spread out from him, attempting to slow down the flow of time around the burly man.

However, something astonishing happened!

The instant the time-slowed domain touched the burly man, the profound fluctuations of law surrounding him rippled slightly.

Chen Ping clearly felt that the time's origin power he released, like ice and snow meeting the sun, was easily... assimilated and absorbed by a higher, more fundamental power?!

No, it wasn't just absorption!

The burly man's already lightning-fast fist, within Chen Ping's time-slowed domain, not only didn't slow down, but suddenly accelerated!

A barely perceptible layer of strange light, as if time were flowing backward, even appeared on the fist's edge!

"What?"

Chen Ping's pupils shrank, his heart filled with shock and disbelief!

His time-slowing technique had no effect on his opponent?

Instead, it seemed... he'd been used?

In a flash, before he could even think, the accelerating fist was upon him!

"Five Elements Sword Qi, Protect!"

Chen Ping roared, his five-colored sword qi erupting instantly, weaving into a dazzling sword net to protect him.

His Indestructible Golden Body activated instantly, completely enveloping Chen Ping.

Simultaneously, he stomped his feet, pushing his speed to the limit, attempting to dodge the bizarre punch.

“Boom—!”

The sword net formed by the Five Elements Sword Qi shattered in less than a breath upon contact with the fist!

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Although Chen Ping tried his best to dodge, his shoulder was still grazed by the force of the punch.

“Crack!”

A clear sound of bone cracking rang out.

Chen Ping groaned, his left shoulder instantly caved in, excruciating pain shooting through him!

She was sent flying again, spitting out a mouthful of blood mid-air.

“Chen Ping!”

Liu Xue could no longer hold back. With a sharp cry, her icy blue longsword transformed into a dazzling rainbow, carrying a blizzard as it slashed towards the burly man, attempting to rescue Chen Ping.

“Get out of my way, you ant.”

The burly man didn’t even look, casually flicking his wrist.

A palm wind containing the power of time distortion howled forth.

As Liu Xue’s fierce sword strike approached the palm wind, it seemed to sink into quagmire, its speed drastically decreasing, and the sword light dimmed visibly, as if eroded by the passage of time, its power greatly diminished.

“Bang!”

The palm wind struck Liu Xue’s longsword. She was struck as if by a heavy blow; the sword flew from her hand, and she coughed up blood, flying backward. Yan Nantian hurriedly caught her, but her face was ashen, and her breath was weak.

“His power... can erode time...”

Liu Xue said with difficulty, her eyes filled with horror.

Yan Nantian’s face was ashen, his fists clenched so tightly his nails dug into his flesh.

He wanted to step forward, but he knew that even Chen Ping and Liu Xue were so easily defeated; if he went up, he would only be throwing his life away.

At this moment, he could only place his hopes on Chen Ping, and on the powerful figure who might be behind Chen Ping.

The Soul Devourer watched this scene, his smile growing increasingly pleased, as if he thoroughly enjoyed this cat-and-mouse game.

Chen Ping crashed heavily to the ground, then quickly sprang to his feet. He didn’t bother wiping the blood from his mouth; the excruciating pain in his right shoulder and Liu Xue’s serious injuries fueled a burning rage within him, but even more so, a cold rationality prevailed.

“Time... his control over the essence of time is far more profound than mine!”

Chen Ping stared intently at the burly man. “My time-slowing technique is ineffective against him, and might even be reversed, accelerating his attack... Liu Xue’s attack was also corrupted by the power of time... Could it be...”

A terrifying thought surfaced in Chen Ping's mind.

Just then, the burly man closed in again, delivering another straightforward punch aimed directly at Chen Ping's face.

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This punch seemed poised to shatter his skull!

Chen Ping gritted his teeth, fully activating his time-slowng domain while simultaneously unleashing his Holy Light Fist. A golden fist imprint, imbued with a solemn aura of purifying evil, blasted forth.

He wanted to experience firsthand what the opponent's laws of time truly were!

"Buzz—!"

Just as his Holy Light Fist was about to collide with the opponent's fist, that familiar, higher-level fluctuation of the laws of time reappeared.

This time, Chen Ping concentrated all his divine sense, intently sensing the change in that instant!

He "saw" it!

At the critical point of contact between their forces, on the burly man's fist, time... underwent an extremely subtle... reversal!

It wasn't acceleration, nor deceleration, but a true, localized, small-scale reversal of time!

Although the reversal lasted for an extremely brief moment, perhaps less than a hundredth of a breath, it was terrifying enough!

It was this extremely subtle time reversal that forcibly “pulled back” Chen Ping’s Holy Light Fist, at its peak power, just before its head-on collision with his opponent, to a state where its power had just begun, not yet reached its peak!

And the opponent’s fist, taking advantage of this brief time difference, solidly struck the weakened Holy Light Fist!

The result was without suspense!

“Pfft—!”

The golden fist imprint instantly dissipated, Chen Ping’s Holy Light Fist completely shattered!

The fist force containing the power of time reversal slammed into his chest again!

“Ugh!”

Chen Ping coughed up blood, his ribs shattered in countless places. His body flew backward like a tattered sack, carving a deep furrow in the ground before finally coming to a stop against the wall at the far end of the hall.

His aura instantly weakened drastically, and the Dragon-Slaying Sword fell from his hand, landing a short distance away with a mournful hum.

“It’s over...”

Yan Nantian’s heart sank, his face filled with despair.

Even Chen Ping had been defeated, defeated so utterly. Who could stop the Soul Devourer?

Would the Yama Heavenly Sect truly be destroyed here today?

The disciples of the Yama Heavenly Sect were even more pale, many already collapsed to the ground, trembling.

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The Soul Devourer nodded in satisfaction and ordered the burly man, "Alright, I've had my fun. Give him a quick death."

The burly man obeyed, taking heavy steps towards the fallen Chen Ping.

He raised his foot, a terrifying power and eerie temporal fluctuations gathering within it, preparing to crush Chen Ping's head with a single blow.

The shadow of death loomed over him.

Chen Ping lay in the cold ruins, his consciousness hazy, excruciating pain coursing through his body. But deep within his mind, every detail of their recent clashes was replaying frantically, especially the fleeting moment of time reversal!

"Reversal...not acceleration, not deceleration...it's going back...it's reversal..."

"My time slowing is about influencing, altering the flow...while his is direct interference, overwriting, resetting..."

"What is the essence of time...? Is it a flowing river? A string that can be plucked? Or...a membrane that can be folded, spliced, covered...?"

All his past insights into the origin of time, and the impact of this higher law of time he was experiencing firsthand...all of it collided, intertwined, and merged wildly in his desperate consciousness!

He seemed to see the surging river of time, the countless branches and convergences of timelines, the subtle yet inseparable connection between past, present, and future.

“Slowing down... only slows the flow of a certain section of the river... while flowing backward... forcibly makes a small section of the river flow upstream...”

“To achieve this, the power required, the understanding of the origin, far surpasses mine... but... all things share the same origin... their essence is the same...”

“He overridden my laws, reset a local point in time... So... if I could see through that ‘point’ he reset, and intervene before it was reset, or... make my laws unassailable as well...”

The burly man’s foot, powerful enough to shatter mountains, carrying the aura of death, was already raised, about to fall!

Yan Nantian closed his eyes, unable to bear watching any longer.

Liu Xue struggled to get up, but collapsed helplessly, her beautiful eyes filled with despair and tears.

At this critical moment!

Chen Ping’s previously somewhat unfocused eyes suddenly burst forth with a light as brilliant as stars!

It was a light that had perceived a certain truth, seen through illusion!

He saw it!

At the instant the burly man’s power gathered on his foot, the laws of time began to fluctuate, preparing to unleash that local time reversal again, he clearly “saw” the “time node” about to be reset!

“So that’s how it is!”

A sudden realization dawned on Chen Ping, a profound and mysterious understanding washing over him.

His understanding of the origin of time broke through its bottleneck at this moment, reaching a completely new level!

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Simultaneously, within the primordial space of Chen Ping's body, a star erupted with dazzling light.

Chen Ping no longer tried to "slow down" or "resist" the opponent's time reversal, but instead... merged, synchronized!

Just as the burly man's foot was about to strike, just a split second before the time reversal law was activated!

Chen Ping mobilized all the remaining spiritual power within his body, as well as the transformed power of the origin of time, not releasing it outwards, but contracting it inwards, tightly enveloping himself, especially the small space where his head was located.

He simulated, synchronized with the frequency of the opponent's time reversal law fluctuations!

He made his time, on a microscopic level, achieve a strange... resonance with the opponent's impending time reversal!

"Buzz—!"

The time-reversal law on the burly man's feet activated as expected!

However, this time, the situation was completely different!

The time power, capable of "resetting" any attack to its unexploded state, actually...failed when it touched the faint light surrounding Chen Ping!

No, not completely failed, but lost its “coverage” and “reset” effects!

Because Chen Ping’s own time was also “reversing” at the same frequency and in the same way!

The two reached a brief, fragile balance!

Time reversal could no longer “pull back” Chen Ping’s state!

This meant that the burly man’s seemingly inevitable kick had lost its most bizarre and powerful time enhancement, reverting to a pure power attack!

And a pure power attack, while still terrifying for Chen Ping, whose body had been tempered countless times by the Heavenly Spirit Liquid and whose strength far surpassed that of others of the same level, was no longer unstoppable!

“Now!”

Chen Ping’s eyes flashed with a sharp light. The instant the giant foot landed, he unleashed a powerful punch upwards!

This punch concentrated all his power and his newly comprehended application of the laws of time—not reversing time, but accelerating the flow of time around his fist to its absolute limit at the moment of impact!

Time acceleration! This was another application of the essence of time that he had just grasped!

“Bang—!!!!!”

Fist and foot collided, unleashing a deafening roar far more terrifying than any previous collision!

An energy storm raged outwards from the two of them, ripping away the ground for dozens of feet around them. Even the incredibly sturdy dome of the hall was shattered, sending debris raining down.

“Ugh!”

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The burly man uttered a sound for the first time—a muffled groan of shock and pain!

He felt a sharp, domineering force, carrying a power that seemed to tear apart the balance of time, instantly coursing through his body from the soles of his feet!

His massive body shuddered violently, staggered back several steps by Chen Ping’s punch!

Each step left deep footprints in the ground, cracks spreading.

Using the force of the impact, Chen Ping nimbly flipped over and landed steadily. Although blood still trickled from his mouth and his face was pale, his posture was as upright as a pine tree, his eyes sharp as knives, and although his aura was weak, it possessed an indescribable depth and mystery!

He stretched out his hand, and the Dragon-Slaying Sword in the distance let out a joyful dragon’s roar, automatically flying back into his hand.

Dead silence!

The entire Yama Heavenly Sect’s main hall fell into an almost frozen silence!

You could hear a pin drop!

Everyone was as if frozen in place, staring dumbfounded at Chen Ping, who stood proudly, sword pointed at the burly man.

He...he actually repelled that invincible monster? Even severely injured and on the verge of death?

Yan Nan blinked repeatedly, almost doubting his own imagination.

Liu Xue covered her mouth, her beautiful eyes still wet with tears, yet filled with an indescribable joy and excitement, as if she had seen a ray of dawn piercing through the clouds in the darkness.

The composure and mockery on the Soul Devourer's face vanished completely, replaced by an extremely cold and gloomy expression.

His fingers, resting on the armrest of his throne, unconsciously tightened, leaving subtle fingerprints on the hard black iron armrest.

Chen Ping's displayed comprehension and growth speed exceeded his expectations, making him feel for the first time that things seemed to be slipping out of his control.

But the most shocked and enraged was none other than the burly man himself!

He looked down at the soles of his feet, which were slightly numb and even tingling, then looked up at Chen Ping, whose aura was weak, but whose eyes were as deep and vast as the starry sky.

For the first time, a flame called "emotion" ignited in those previously empty and indifferent eyes—it was astonishment, bewilderment, but even more so, a raging fury like a volcanic eruption!

"Roar—!!!"

A roar, inhuman and like that of a primordial beast, burst forth from the depths of the burly man's throat!

The sound waves rolled, shaking the entire dilapidated hall. Many disciples of the Yama Heavenly Sect with lower cultivation levels were directly struck, their ears and noses bleeding, and they fainted.

The tattered bronze armor around him creaked and groaned, and beneath his bronze skin, veins bulged like writhing dragons.

A power even more violent, more chaotic, and imbued with the aura of time, erupted forth!

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“Ant! I...kill you!”

He roared, his voice hoarse and stiff, as if he hadn't spoken in a long time. But the killing intent contained within it was almost tangible! He was enraged!

To be repelled by a mere mortal cultivator he considered an ant, someone he could crush with a flick of his wrist—this was an unbearable humiliation!

“Boom!”

The burly man held back, slamming his feet into the ground, creating a massive crater as if it were tofu.

He transformed into a bronze streak of light, his speed more than twice as fast as before!

The profound fluctuations of the laws of time on his fist trembled violently. This time, it wasn't a simple localized time reversal, but rather formed visible, distorted, and blurred ripples of time, coiling around his fist!

He intended to utterly obliterate Chen Ping, along with the space around him, into the turbulent currents of time!

Faced with this terrifying, enraged attack, Chen Ping's eyes remained calmer than ever before.

In that life-or-death moment of enlightenment, he had glimpsed a sliver of the true essence of time.

Time is not a one-way flowing river, but more like a net that can be folded, cut, and covered... Slowing down, accelerating, or even reversing are merely different forms of manipulation of this net.

The burly man's time reversal was essentially forcibly covering a small node of the net with a state from a previous moment.

Chen Ping couldn't resist before because his net was of a different material than his opponent's, making him unable to withstand that covering.

But now, he understood.

Through synchronized vibration, he made his net vibrate at the same frequency as his opponent's net at that moment, avoiding being covered.

Furthermore, he grasped how to actively "accelerate" the flow of time within his own net!

"Well done!"

Chen Ping shouted, facing a punch powerful enough to distort spacetime and destroy mountains and rivers. He didn't dodge or evade; instead, he met it head-on!

But the way he met it made everyone's hearts stop!

He didn't unleash any powerful sword techniques, nor did he gather immense spiritual power. He simply raised his left hand, his index and middle fingers together, forming a sword-like finger.

The instant his sword-like finger was raised, the flow of time around him abruptly changed!

In the eyes of Yan Nantian, Liu Xue, and all the onlookers, Chen Ping's movements suddenly blurred, as if pressed on fast-forward, exceeding the limits of their divine sense!

They could only see a blur!

No, it wasn't that Chen Ping had become faster; rather, his own time had been accelerated!