

The Order 9341

Chapter: 9341

“Time Accelerated!”

Chen Ping silently murmured.

Just a split second before the burly man’s fist, wreathed in ripples of time and seemingly capable of reversing the universe, was about to strike—in that almost nonexistent time rift for ordinary people—Chen Ping’s sword-like finger arrived first!

Instead of directly confronting the terrifying fist force, he channeled his spiritual power, imbued with a newfound understanding of time, into an extremely fine and condensed “Needle of Time,” precisely aiming it at the core node surrounding the burly man’s fist—the area where the fluctuations of the laws of time were most intense, poised to unleash their “coverage” and “reversal”!

“Pfft!”

A sound so faint it was almost negligible.

Like a needle puncturing a bubble.

The time ripples coiling around the burly man’s fist, powerful enough to neutralize any attack, dissipated abruptly upon contact with Chen Ping’s “Needle of Time,” imbued with the power of time acceleration!

The profound fluctuations of the laws of time instantly became chaotic and out of control!

“What?”

The burly man’s anger was instantly replaced by incredulous horror!

He felt his control over time, under the seemingly insignificant flick of his finger, had actually... been forcibly interrupted?!

How could this be?!

Time reversal was interrupted. His punch, imbued with all his strength, lost its most powerful weapon. Though still incredibly powerful, it now revealed a huge opening!

And this was precisely the opening Chen Ping wanted!

In the accelerated time state, his thoughts and actions were at their absolute limit.

As he shattered the time reversal with a single finger, the Dragon-Slaying Sword in his right hand transformed into a streak of light tearing through the void!

“Slash!”

There was no dazzling sword light, no earth-shattering roar, only a dark sword mark, condensed to its extreme, seemingly capable of swallowing even light.

It flashed past in the subtle gap where the burly man’s power flow was most sluggish, where old power was exhausted and new power had not yet arisen!

Fast!

Indescribably fast!

This was speed beyond sight, even beyond divine sense! It was a deadly sword strike under accelerated time!

The burly man’s massive body froze abruptly, his forward momentum halted abruptly.

Chapter: 9342

He stood frozen in his punching stance, staring blankly at his chest.

There, a thin line of blood slowly appeared, stretching from his left shoulder to his right abdomen.

His bronze armor, weathered by millennia, silently cracked open, the cut smooth as a mirror.

The raging power within him dissipated rapidly, like a punctured balloon. His eyes, which had just ignited with fury, were now filled with boundless bewilderment and emptiness.

“Time...time...how could this be...”

He managed to utter a few indistinct syllables.

The next moment—

“Sizzle!”

The burly man’s robust body was cleanly severed in two along that line of blood!

Blood gushed out like a fountain, his internal organs spilling onto the ground!

The mangled body crashed to the ground with a dull thud, kicking up a cloud of dust.

A mysterious powerhouse under the Soul Devourer, possessing profound secrets of the essence of time, is dead!

Killed instantly by Chen Ping with a single sword strike!

The entire process happened in the blink of an eye.

From the burly man's furious attack to Chen Ping's seemingly effortless counterattack with a finger and a sword, it was so fast that no one could keep up with the pace.

The hall fell into absolute silence once again.

But this silence was completely different from the previous despairing stillness.

It was an extreme shock, a horrifying realization, a euphoric ascent from hell to heaven in an instant, a bewildering mix of joy and disbelief!

All eyes were focused on the young man in blue robes, standing proudly amidst the ruins and pools of blood, long sword in hand.

His clothes were stained with blood, his face pale, his breathing still unsteady, but in everyone's eyes, his figure seemed infinitely tall, like a divine mountain supporting the heavens and earth, radiating an unbearable light!

"We...we won?" a disciple of the Yama Heavenly Sect murmured, his voice trembling, on the verge of tears.

"Mr. Chen...killed that monster!" another disciple shouted excitedly.

"Roar! Mr. Chen is mighty!"

"The Yama Heavenly Sect is saved!"

After a brief silence, a roar of jubilation erupted like a tsunami!

The joy of surviving a calamity, coupled with awe and worship of Chen Ping's immense strength, drove all the Yama Heavenly Sect disciples into a frenzy!

Yan Nantian let out a long sigh of relief, his tense nerves finally relaxing, only then realizing that his back was completely soaked with cold sweat.

He looked at Chen Ping, his eyes filled with immense relief and complex emotions.

He had gambled correctly!

The powerful figure behind Chen Ping hadn't even appeared yet, and Chen Ping himself had already grown to such a terrifying level!

A blush rose on Liu Xue's pale face. Looking at Chen Ping's figure, her beautiful eyes shone with a strange light, and her heart pounded uncontrollably. The Soul Devourer, seated high above, had a face so dark it seemed to drip water.

He slowly rose from his throne, the abyss-like demonic energy around him churning violently.

A pressure far more terrifying and despair-inducing than before descended like an invisible mountain, instantly silencing all the cheers in the hall!

He stared intently at Chen Ping, his voice icy and chilling, as if from the deepest hell:

"Good! Very good! Boy, you've surprised me time and time again."

"It seems I have no choice but to... personally crush this annoying ant!"

The real crisis had only just begun!

The Soul Devourer was about to make his move!

Chapter: 9343

The cheers within the Yama Heavenly Sect's main hall abruptly ceased, as if choked by an invisible giant hand.

The Soul Devourer slowly rose. He made no exaggerated movements; simply standing there, the center of the entire world seemed to shift to him.

The oppressive aura emanating from the burly man before was already terrifying, but compared to the Soul Devourer now, it was like a firefly compared to the bright moon, a stream compared to the vast ocean!

“Rumble—”

Outside the hall, the sky, already gloomy with demonic energy, now plunged into complete darkness.

Thick, inky clouds gathered wildly, churning and swirling, not flashing with lightning, but revealing countless twisted, wailing faces of vengeful spirits, emitting piercing screams.

A biting, eerie wind howled into the dilapidated hall, whipping at one's clothes and freezing one's very bones.

The space around the Soul Devourer began to distort and blur, as if he were standing in another, independent demonic realm, overlapping with reality yet completely out of place.

The murderous aura and demonic power, accumulated over millennia and formed from the slaughter of countless lives, surged like a tangible tsunami, wave after wave crashing against everyone's mental defenses.

“Thump... Thump...”

Some of the weaker disciples of the Yama Heavenly Sect couldn't even utter a scream before their eyes rolled back, their minds collapsed, and they fainted under this indescribable, terrifying pressure. Some even bled from all seven orifices, their breath fading.

Even a powerful expert like Yan Nantian, a third-grade Celestial Immortal, felt as if a ten-thousand-foot mountain was pressing down on his shoulders. His bones creaked under the unbearable weight, and he had to exert all his demonic energy to barely stand, his face as pale as paper.

Liu Xue let out a muffled groan. Her face, which had just recovered slightly due to Chen Ping's victory, turned deathly pale again. Her delicate body trembled slightly, and she only managed to stay upright by leaning on her longsword for support.

She felt her very soul trembling—an instinctive fear born of the absolute difference in their life levels.

The entire hall, no, the entire gate of the Yama Heavenly Sect, trembled under this demonic power, as if it would completely collapse and turn to dust at any moment.

Only Chen Ping!

He bore the brunt of the Soul Devourer's will lock-on and oppressive force.

The ground beneath his feet cracked inch by inch, spreading spiderweb-like fissures, and the blood that had just stopped flowing from the corner of his mouth began to spill uncontrollably again.

But he still stood tall, like an unyielding spear, firmly rooted to the spot.

The Dragon-Slaying Sword in his hand emitted a high-pitched, yet tragic, dragon's roar. Its light flickered, as if waging an unyielding struggle against the most evil and malevolent forces in the world.

Chen Ping's eyes remained sharp, even more focused than before. He knew clearly that the true test of life and death had only just begun.

All the previous battles were merely appetizers. Facing this infamous demon, renowned for his ruthlessness even ten thousand years ago, capable of destroying the Heavenly Gate in a single night, he harbored no illusions.

“To die by my hand is the highest honor for an ant like you.”

The Soul-Devouring Venerable spoke, his voice calm, yet carrying a cold indifference that declared life and death. He slowly raised his right hand, fingers slightly spread, and gently pressed it against Chen Ping.

Chapter: 9344

There was no grand display, no dazzling light.

But the instant his palm touched the ground, the space within a ten-zhang radius around Chen Ping suddenly froze!

No, it wasn't just space; the light, sound, spiritual energy, and even...time itself—all seemed to be forcibly frozen by an invisible hand!

Chen Ping's expression changed drastically!

He felt as if he were trapped inside amber weighing billions of tons; every movement became incredibly difficult, and even his thoughts seemed to freeze!

This wasn't simple time slowing, but a more advanced combination...of spatial confinement and time stagnation!

It completely sealed him within this absolute cage!

At the same time, a gigantic hand, entirely formed from the purest and darkest demonic energy, appeared out of thin air above Chen Ping's head.

This hand blotted out the sky, its palm lines as clear as ravines, its nails as sharp as divine weapons, and within its palm, countless vengeful spirits seemed to struggle and roar, emanating an aura of destruction that devoured and corroded everything.

The palm slowly pressed down, and even before it truly landed, the terrifying pressure caused Chen Ping's bones to groan in agony. His protective spiritual energy flickered violently like a candle in the wind, on the verge of collapse.

"Chen Ping!"

"Mr. Chen!"

Liu Xue and Yan Nantian's eyes widened in horror! They could feel the terrifying power contained within that demonic palm—an absolute power capable of easily crushing a peak Celestial Immortal!

If Chen Ping were struck, there would be no chance of survival!

"Fight him!"

Yan Nantian roared, no longer caring about the insurmountable gap between himself and the Soul Devourer.

He forcibly burned his innate demonic energy, his aura erupting like a volcano, demonic patterns shimmering on his skin, and even beads of blood seeping out!

He formed hand seals and roared, "Yama's Annihilation Seal!"

A massive black seal, radiating an aura of endless death and destruction, coalesced above his head. Upon the seal, it seemed as if the gates of hell had opened, and countless ghosts wailed!

This was the Yama Heavenly Sect's most powerful and forbidden divine ability, requiring an immense price to unleash, but Yan Nantian was now going all out!

The black seal, with unstoppable momentum, crashed into the demonic palm pressing down on Chen Ping!

On the other side, Liu Xue, suppressing the tremors in her soul, pushed the Heavenly Gate's inherited techniques within her to their limit.

She gripped her sword with both hands, holding it between her brows, a resolute glint in her clear eyes.

A pure, vast, and righteous sword intent soared into the sky, attempting to dispel the surrounding demonic atmosphere.

Chapter: 9345

"Heavenly Gate Sword Technique—Judgment!"

She cried out, her ice-blue longsword transforming into a dazzling pillar of light piercing the heavens and earth.

Within this pillar of light, the faint silhouettes of celestial palaces and pavilions emerged, carrying an unparalleled will to judge evil and purify the world. Following closely behind Yan Nantian's Yama's World-Destroying Seal, it slashed towards the sky-covering demonic palm!

Faced with the two's all-out attacks, the Soul Devouring Venerable didn't even lift an eyelid; he merely increased the force of his pressing hand slightly.

"A mayfly trying to shake a tree, utterly overestimating its own strength."

"Boom—!!!!"

The first to collide was the Yama's World-Destroying Seal and the demonic palm.

The anticipated fierce confrontation did not occur.

The World-Destroying Seal, which embodied Yan Nantian's lifelong cultivation and burning demonic energy, was like ice and snow meeting the blazing sun the moment it touched the demonic palm. It didn't even cause a ripple, and with a chilling "hissing" sound, it was rapidly corroded, disintegrated, and devoured by the extremely pure demonic energy!

Even the death laws contained within the seal were forcibly crushed and assimilated by the demonic palm! “Pfft—!”

His divine power was forcibly shattered. Yan Nantian was struck dumb, coughing up a mouthful of blood. He was sent flying like a kite with a broken string, crashing heavily into a distant wall and embedding himself deeply, his fate unknown.

Immediately afterward, Liu Xue’s Judgment Sword Light, imbued with the righteous energy of the Heavenly Gate, struck the demonic palm.

“Sizzle—!”

This time, finally, some sound was heard.

The pure sword light clashed fiercely with the extremely evil demonic energy, erupting with blinding light and chaotic energy currents.

The Heavenly Gate technique did indeed have a certain restraining effect on demonic energy, causing the demonic palm’s downward momentum to pause slightly, and many of the wailing vengeful spirit phantoms in its palm dissipated under the sword light.

But that was all!

The Soul Devourer’s cultivation was far, far superior to Liu Xue’s!

That slight restraint seemed so pale and powerless in the face of an absolute difference in power.

The stalemate lasted less than a breath before the Judgment Sword Light shattered with a deafening roar!

The icy blue longsword in Liu Xue’s hand let out a mournful cry, breaking into pieces!

She herself was directly invaded by the terrifying demonic energy that had rebounded from her body. She screamed in agony, her meridians feeling as if pierced by thousands of poisonous needles. Blood seeped from every pore, turning her into a blood-soaked figure as she crashed heavily to the ground, her breath barely a whisper.

The desperate attack of two Celestial Immortal Realm experts couldn't even delay the demonic hand for a moment!

It couldn't even make the Soul Devouring Lord take it even slightly seriously!

Chapter: 9346

This was the Soul Devouring Lord's true strength! Terrifying beyond belief!

Meanwhile, within that frozen space and time cage, Chen Ping watched helplessly as Yan Nantian and Liu Xue were severely injured and their fates unknown while trying to save him. An indescribable rage and violence instantly overwhelmed his reason!

"Ah—!!!!"

He let out a beast-like roar, his eyes instantly turning bloodshot! His spiritual energy surged at an unprecedented speed, even at the cost of damaging his meridians!

The newly comprehended Law of Time Acceleration was pushed to its limit, attempting to break free from the spatial confinement!

"Open for me!!!"

"Buzz—!"

The flow of time around him suddenly became chaotic, and the solidified spacetime cage showed an extremely subtle fluctuation!

Seizing this one-in-a-billionth of an instant, Chen Ping gripped the Dragon-Slaying Sword tightly with both hands, pouring all his power, all his anger, and all his resentment into it!

“Original Power, Fusion! Time Acceleration, Slash!”

Golden, cyan, blue, crimson, and yellow light shone more brilliantly than ever before, no longer simple sword energy, but transformed into five chains of primordial laws condensed to their ultimate perfection, coiling around the Dragon-Slaying Sword!

At the same time, time around the sword was accelerated wildly, causing the speed of this strike to surpass the limits of thought!

A ray of light, as if born at the dawn of creation, burst forth from the confining cage! With an unwavering will to annihilate and shatter everything, he defied the heavens, fiercely slashing at the overwhelming, all-encompassing demonic palm that pressed down upon him!

This was Chen Ping’s strongest attack to date!

It combined his understanding of the origin with his latest insights into the laws of time!

“Eh?”

The Soul Devourer, who had remained expressionless until now, finally uttered a soft exclamation.

The power of the laws contained in Chen Ping’s sword strike, and that do-or-die will, surprised even him.

“Boom—!!!!”

This time, the collision was no longer a silent crushing defeat!

The multicolored sword light and the pitch-black demonic palm collided violently!

It was like two stars colliding! An indescribable, terrifying energy storm erupted instantly!

“Crack! Boom—!!!”

The already dilapidated main hall of the Yama Heavenly Sect finally succumbed to the devastating impact, letting out a mournful cry. The dome exploded completely, and the four walls collapsed like sandcastles!

Chapter: 9347

Countless fragments of rock and wood were swept high into the air by the energy storm, only to be instantly pulverized!

The blinding light temporarily blinded everyone, and the deafening roar robbed them of their hearing!

Only the all-consuming shockwave spread rapidly outwards like ripples of death!

The disciples of the Yama Heavenly Sect scattered in terror, but their speed was far slower than the spreading shockwave. Countless people were swept away by the aftershocks amidst screams, instantly turning to ashes!

The entire Yama Heavenly Sect’s mountain gate appeared as if it had been trampled by a giant foot. Pavilions and terraces collapsed in droves, mountains cracked, and the earth crumbled—a scene reminiscent of the apocalypse!

As the light and dust dissipated, and everyone could barely make out the scene at the center of the battlefield, they all gasped in horror, their hearts sinking into despair.

The colossal demonic hand that blotted out the sky was still there!

Although it had become somewhat ethereal, a deep crack had been cleaved in the palm by Chen Ping’s devastating sword strike, from which countless streams of demonic energy escaped, but it... had not completely vanished!

Chen Ping, meanwhile, knelt on one knee at the bottom of a massive, deep crater where he had once stood.

His clothes were tattered, his body riddled with crisscrossing wounds, some so deep they exposed bone. He resembled a shattered piece of porcelain, barely pieced back together, his body almost entirely soaked in blood.

The Dragon-Slaying Sword lay embedded in the ground beside him, its light dimmed, its dragon roar barely audible.

He coughed up mouthfuls of blood, each cough carrying fragments of his internal organs. His breath was utterly feeble; he was clearly on the verge of death.

He exerted all his strength, even unleashing his strongest attack beyond his normal limits, yet he only barely managed to shake the Soul Devourer's casual strike, failing to completely shatter him!

The difference in strength was too great! So great that it was despair-inducing!

The Soul Devourer looked at Chen Ping, who was barely holding on in the deep pit, a flicker of surprise in his eyes, but it was quickly replaced by a deeper, colder chill.

"To withstand one of my palms and survive, you are the first in the Human Immortal Realm. Unfortunately, it ends here."

As his words fell, the demonic palm, suspended in the air, though illusory, still radiating terrifying energy, slowly pressed down once more!

This time, the speed was not fast, but it carried a cat-and-mouse playfulness and a deadly intent, aiming to wipe Chen Ping, along with the pit he was in, from this world!

At the edge of the pit, Liu Xue struggled to lift her head, looking at the blood-soaked figure at the bottom, tears mingling with blood blurring her vision, letting out a silent lament.

Embedded in the wall, Yan Nantian's fingers twitched slightly, but he lacked even the strength to lift his arm. His eyes were filled with boundless rage and helplessness.

All the remaining disciples of the Yama Heavenly Sect stared palely at the slowly descending demonic hand.

Looking at the figure in the deep pit, seemingly destined for destruction, a chilling cold and an irresistible fear, like a cold, venomous snake, coiled around their hearts, choking their breath.

It's over... utterly over...

Even Mr. Chen... has lost...

Chapter: 9348

Who can... save them?

Despair, like the deepest darkness, swallowed all the glimmer of hope.

"Mr. Chen, quickly call out who's behind you, or we'll all die," the heavily wounded Yan Nantian said to Chen Ping.

Hearing Yan Nantian's words, everyone's gaze fell on Chen Ping, for they knew that their survival now depended on whether Chen Ping could find help.

"Hahaha, I'll give you a chance to find the person behind you."

The Soul Devourer said with utter contempt.

Chen Ping slowly rose, took out the jade pendant Shen Zhiyan had given him, and then crushed it with force.

The seemingly ordinary jade pendant turned to dust in Chen Ping's hand, tiny fragments slipping through his fingers, as if symbolizing the shattering of his last hope.

Time seemed to freeze for a moment, only the overwhelming demonic hand, still carrying an irresistible will of death, slowly pressed down on Chen Ping in the deep pit.

The Soul Devourer's mocking smile grew even more pronounced; he seemed to already see Chen Ping being crushed into a pulp.

However, just as the demonic hand was about to touch Chen Ping's hair at the critical moment—

“Buzz!!!!”

A strange buzzing sound, not from the battlefield, but originating from a deeper level of the void, as if the entire law of heaven and earth had been gently stirred.

Immediately afterward, an indescribable aura descended without warning!

This aura, at first glance, didn't seem particularly domineering or powerful; it even carried a hint of languor and nonchalance, completely different from the overwhelming, all-destroying demonic might of the Soul Devourer.

But its appearance was so abrupt, so natural, as if it had always been there, as if it had always existed in every corner of this world, only now being noticed.

In the sky, the churning clouds of vengeful spirits rippled like pebbles thrown into water.

The howling wind suddenly subsided, as if gently pressed down by an invisible hand.

A slightly aged figure silently appeared at the edge of the deep pit where Chen Ping was, standing directly in front of Liu Xue.

The newcomer was dressed in ordinary, even somewhat worn, clothes, his hair casually disheveled. Who else could it be but Shen Zhiyan?

His appearance didn't tear through space, nor did it produce any earth-shattering phenomena; it was as if a passerby had simply happened to be there.

But this seemingly ordinary appearance caused the overwhelmingly powerful demonic palm, capable of crushing a peak Celestial Immortal, to freeze in mid-air, unable to descend even an inch!

It was as if an invisible barrier had separated the demonic palm from the deep pit.

The mockery and languor on the Soul Devourer's face vanished completely for the first time, replaced by extreme solemnity and scrutiny.

Chapter: 9349

He narrowed his eyes, staring intently at the suddenly appearing Shen Zhiyan. From the other man, he sensed an aura of equal, or even... more profound and unfathomable depth!

"Finally, someone of some stature has arrived."

The Soul Devourer spoke slowly, his voice low and cold.

Shen Zhiyan ignored him immediately. He first glanced down at Chen Ping, who was covered in blood and barely breathing in the deep pit, yet still stubbornly holding on. A barely perceptible hint of approval flashed in his eyes.

Then, he knelt down to examine Liu Xue's injuries. His brow furrowed slightly, and he gently touched her brow with two fingers.

A warm, peaceful power, yet containing unimaginable vitality, surged into Liu Xue's body, quickly protecting her heart, stabilizing her collapsing breath, and even beginning to slowly repair her severely damaged meridians.

Liu Xue's previously deathly pale face finally regained some color. She opened her eyes with difficulty, and seeing Shen Zhiyan, her eyes revealed surprise and relief.

"Senior..." she called weakly.

Shen Zhiyan waved his hand, signaling her not to speak.

Then he slowly stood up, his gaze sweeping over the devastated, post-apocalyptic ruins of the Yanluo Heavenly Sect, finally settling on the Soul Devouring Venerable high in the sky, radiating demonic energy. "Tsk, quite a commotion."

Shen Zhiyan picked at his ear, his tone lazy. "I say, is bullying a child really that fun?"

The Soul Devourer's eyes were icy: "Who are you? Trying to interfere in my affairs?"

"Me?"

Shen Zhiyan pointed to his nose, grinning, revealing a set of white teeth. "Just a passerby. But, you've offended Mr. Chen, so this can't be left like this."

As he spoke, his gaze fell on Chen Ping again, his tone grave as he asked, "Mr. Chen, you've come out of the Tianmen Mountain ruins. How was it? Did you gain anything?"

In the deep pit, seeing Shen Zhiyan appear, the huge weight in Chen Ping's heart finally lifted, and he forced a bite... He coughed up another mouthful of blood as his breath eased, but he still struggled to say, "Senior...we saw the remnant soul of the last Heavenly Gate Master, and Miss Liu...she received the true inheritance of the Heavenly Gate..."

"Oh?"

Shen Zhiyan raised an eyebrow, a genuine surprise and reminiscence flashing in his eyes, then turning into relief, "The Heavenly Gate inheritance...it has finally found a successor, good, very good..."

Chen Ping, panting, continued, "Senior...the Heavenly Gate...the Heavenly Gate didn't disappear without a trace, but...it was slaughtered overnight by this Soul Devourer! He was originally a disciple of the Heavenly Gate, yet he repaid kindness with enmity, murdering his master and destroying his ancestors!"

"What?"

The languid look on Shen Zhiyan's face vanished the instant he heard these words!

An indescribable terrifying aura, like a primordial beast that had slumbered for millennia suddenly awakening, erupted from his body with a deafening roar!

This aura was no longer the previous peaceful and languid one; it was now filled with boundless killing intent, rage, and an overwhelming power that seemed capable of tearing the heavens apart and overturning the universe!

"Boom—!!!"

Chapter: 9350

The entire world changed color once more!

The previously gloomy sky, shrouded by the Soul Devouring Lord's demonic domain, now seemed to have been pierced by a sun. Blinding light emanated from Shen Zhiyan, rivaling the endless demonic energy and even showing a faint tendency to dispel it!

The earth trembled violently, the energy turbulence that had just subsided was stirred up again, and the howling winds were no longer the cold, demonic winds.

Instead, they carried a blazing, fierce, and righteous aura that cleansed all evil!

Shen Zhiyan abruptly turned his head, his eyes, which had previously held a hint of intoxication, now sharp as thunderbolts from the heavens, locking onto the Soul Devouring Lord in the sky.

The voice, as cold as ice, asked, word by word, "Is what he said true?"

The Soul Devourer's expression changed slightly the instant Shen Zhiyan's aura erupted, but then a ferocious smile appeared: "So what if it is? Those hypocrites of Tianmen, utterly corrupt and incompetent, deserved to be stepping stones for my ascent to the peak!

I devoured their souls, merged their cultivation, and only then did I reach my current level! What? You want revenge for them?"

Upon receiving confirmation, Shen Zhiyan's body swayed slightly, as if he had endured a tremendous impact.

He slowly closed his eyes, his face filled with indescribable pain, anger, and...deep guilt.

When he opened his eyes again, they were now bloodshot and filled with resolute killing intent!

He didn't look at the Soul Devourer again, but abruptly turned, facing the distant Tianmen Mountain, and with a thud, his knees fell heavily to the ground!

With that kneel, the heavens and earth fell silent!

Both the surviving disciples of the Yama Heavenly Sect and the Soul Devouring Venerable hovering in the air were stunned by his sudden action.

"Master! Fellow disciples! Junior brothers and sisters! This unworthy disciple, Shen Zhiyan... is too late!!!"

Shen Zhiyan's voice was hoarse, filled with endless sorrow and regret, echoing between heaven and earth.

He kowtowed three times heavily, his forehead striking the hard, broken ground with a dull thud, leaving mottled bloodstains.

“This disciple was once unruly and violated sect rules, expelled from the sect by Master, and ashamed to ever call myself a member of Tianmen again... But the blood of Tianmen will forever flow in my veins! I will never forget the sect’s nurturing grace and the teachings it imparted!”

“Today, this disciple learns that the sect has fallen victim to this traitor’s cruelty, its entire clan slaughtered! This hatred is irreconcilable! This disciple, Shen Zhiyan, hereby swears that I will personally slay this fiend, using his soul to atone for the countless wronged souls of the sect! If I break this oath, may I be struck down by heaven and earth, never to be reincarnated!”

Every word was filled with blood and hatred!

The soaring resentment and killing intent, mixed with his vast and overwhelming aura, made the entire world groan in mourning!

Chen Ping stared in shock at Shen Zhiyan’s kneeling figure, his heart churning with turmoil.

He never imagined that this seemingly unreliable senior was actually a disciple of Tianmen! And... the eldest senior brother?

“Senior...you...”