

The Order 9361

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Disciples of lower cultivation collapsed to the ground, tiles raining down from the buildings.

“Who dares to offend my Xuan Yin Sha Sect!”

Several powerful auras surged from the depths of the sect, belonging to the sect master and several elders, all at the early stage of the Heavenly Immortal Realm.

The leading middle-aged man, pale-faced and with a sinister gaze, was none other than the sect master, Ancestor Xuan Sha.

When they saw only one person in the air, who appeared to be merely at the fifth rank of the Human Immortal Realm, they first breathed a sigh of relief, then a surge of anger rose within them at being slighted.

“Boy, who are you? How dare you cause trouble in my Xuan Yin Sha Sect!”

Ancestor Xuan Sha roared, simultaneously signaling the elders to disperse and form an encirclement.

Chen Ping’s gaze remained calm, as if looking at a group of ants. He was too lazy to exchange words with them, and simply took out the token he had obtained from the female cultivator and tossed it down.

The token landed with a clang at Ancestor Xuan Sha’s feet.

Ancestor Xuansha glanced down, his expression shifting slightly: “This is... Xiao Zi’s token! What did you do to her?”

Xiao Zi was the female cultivator’s name, a highly regarded inner disciple within the sect.

“Killed her.”

Chen Ping's tone was indifferent, as if discussing a trivial matter.

"What?! You dared to kill my beloved disciple!"

An old woman standing behind Ancestor Xuansha shrieked. She was Xiao Zi's master. "Sect Master, kill her! Avenge Zi'er!"

"Why did you kill our sect's disciple?" Ancestor Xuansha demanded.

"That disciple of yours had a terrible tongue. I saved her, and she mocked me, being incredibly sarcastic and mean, so I killed her," Chen Ping said calmly.

It was as if killing the female cultivator was as insignificant as killing an ant.

Ancestor Xuansha's eyes flashed with murderous intent: "Very well! A mere fifth-grade Human Immortal, you killed my disciple and dare to provoke me! Today I will extract your soul and refine your spirit, ensuring you are never reincarnated! Form the array!"

Instantly, the elders took their positions, their Yin energy surging and condensing into a massive ghost-face array that devoured Chen Ping.

Ancestor Xuansha himself took action, wielding a bone staff wreathed in countless vengeful spirits, which transformed into a ghastly green beam of evil light, aimed directly at Chen Ping's face.

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Faced with an attack powerful enough to kill even a mid-stage Celestial Immortal, Chen Ping merely raised his Dragon-Slaying Sword.

"A mayfly trying to shake a tree."

He uttered these four words softly, and the Five Elements Origin Power within him, now mostly restored, erupted and merged into the sword. Simultaneously, a ripple of the laws of time spread out.

“Slash!”

A simple yet powerful five-colored sword aura, seemingly containing the might to cleave the heavens and earth, easily tore apart the massive ghost-face formation as if slicing through cloth.

The sword aura continued its momentum, sweeping past the screaming old woman.

The old woman’s狰狞 (zhengning, meaning ferocious or hideous) expression instantly froze, and she and her magical weapon were silently cleaved in two!

“What?”

Ancestor Xuan Sha and the other elders were horrified. They hadn’t expected Chen Ping’s strength to be so terrifying!

“Quick! Activate the sect’s protective formation!” Ancestor Xuan Sha shouted in terror.

However, it was too late.

Chen Ping’s figure moved like a ghost, his speed, amplified by the acceleration of time, far exceeding their divine senses.

With each flash of sword light, an elder perished.

“No! Senior, spare us! It was that bitch Xiao Zi who offended you, it has nothing to do with us!”

An elder pleaded desperately.

Chen Ping’s eyes were cold and unwavering. The sword light swept past, and the pleas ceased abruptly.

In the blink of an eye, only the Xuan Sha Ancestor remained in the arena.

He trembled, staring at Chen Ping, who was like a god of death, his heart filled with endless regret and fear.

He never dreamed that his sect, with its thousand-year history, would suffer such annihilation because of the callous words of an inner disciple!

“Why...why...”

He asked hoarsely, still finding it unbelievable.

Chen Ping looked at him and said calmly, “To raise a child without teaching him is the father’s fault. To teach without strictness is the teacher’s laziness. Your Xuan Yin Sha Sect, with its crooked upper beam, has a crooked lower beam; you deserve this retribution.”

Before his words finished, the Dragon-Slaying Sword had already transformed into a streak of light, piercing through the Xuan Sha Ancestor’s brow.

The Xuan Sha Ancestor’s eyes widened, his body slowly falling. The last thing he saw was Chen Ping’s indifferent figure sheathing his sword, and those words echoing in his mind.

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Only in death did he understand that the root cause of the sect’s destruction was his and his elders’ daily indulgence of their disciples’ conduct and their own improper actions.

Chen Ping didn’t even glance at the corpses scattered on the ground. His divine sense swept across the entire Xuan Yin Sha Sect, plundering its centuries-old treasure trove of resources.

Having done all this, he turned and left without hesitation, his figure disappearing into the vast sky.

Behind him, only a Xuan Yin Sha Sect, soaked in blood and utterly silent, remained.

The ancestors of the Xuan Yin Sha Sect, even in heaven, would never have imagined that the sect's destruction would begin with a few sarcastic remarks from an inner disciple they considered their pride, directed at a "meddlesome" passerby.

"Boy, where to next?" asked the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord.

"Back to the Yama Heavenly Sect, of course, to absorb and refine these resources..."

Chen Ping finished speaking and headed towards the Yama Heavenly Sect.

But after flying for only a short while, Chen Ping suddenly felt a pang of fear, and then the dragon crystal within Cen Biqing's body began to glow.

Chen Ping was stunned, then his eyes blazed with excitement.

"The Demon Suppression Tower, the Demon Suppression Tower has appeared in the Ninth Heaven..."

With that, Chen Ping followed the aura emanating from the dragon crystal and headed straight for the Demon Suppression Tower.

Following the increasingly intense light and clear senses emanating from the dragon crystal on his chest, Chen Ping once again locked onto the tower that haunted his dreams and filled him with dread deep within a treacherous region known as the "Void Rift" in the Nine Heavens—the Demon-Suppressing Tower!

The tower remained majestic, soaring into the clouds, seemingly connecting heaven and earth.

At the four corners of the tower's base, the four stone lions, engraved with intricate celestial runes, seemed to possess a greater aura of liveliness and ferocity than when he last saw them.

Their eyes gleamed with a ghostly light, guarding the tower like living beings, their emanating pressure causing the surrounding space to slightly distort.

“They’ve appeared again!” Chen Ping’s gaze sharpened like an eagle’s, his golden dragon bloodline subtly boiling, resonating strongly with the dragon crystal. He could sense that Cen Biqing and Lao Hei were inside the tower; their auras, transmitted through the dragon crystal, conveyed anxiety and anticipation.

This time, Chen Ping did not rush forward. He concealed his aura, observing from afar.

Ripples appeared constantly in the void surrounding the Demon-Suppressing Tower, as if countless spatial rifts were interwoven, making it even more dangerous and unpredictable than before.

The appearance of the Demon-Suppressing Tower was like a boulder thrown into a calm lake; the ancient and powerful spatial fluctuations it emitted quickly attracted the attention of various forces across the Nine Heavens.

Within just half a day, hundreds of cultivators had gathered around the once desolate and lifeless outer perimeter of the “Void Rift Valley.”

These people wore different clothes, possessed varying levels of aura, and belonged to different sects and families, ranging from Human Immortals to Celestial Immortals.

They surrounded the Demon-Suppressing Tower, their eyes burning with desire as they stared at the majestic ancient tower and the faint, shimmering light emanating from it, whispering amongst themselves, eager to make their move.

“No mistake! This is the Demon-Suppressing Tower recorded in ancient texts! It contains endless space, hiding the treasures and legacies of ancient great demons!”

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“I’ve heard this tower traverses countless realms, its whereabouts unpredictable. I never expected it to appear in the Ninth Heaven! What an incredible opportunity!”

“Look at those four stone lions at the tower’s base! They’re the core of the protective formation. Without breaking this formation, don’t even think about entering the tower!”

Soon, some couldn’t contain themselves and attempted to force their way into the tower.

A rogue cultivator at the early stage of the Celestial Immortal Realm, confident in his cultivation, transformed into a streak of light and shot straight towards the tower’s entrance.

“Buzz—!”

Just as he approached within a hundred feet of the tower, the eyes of the four stone lions suddenly gleamed with a ghostly light, and an invisible spatial barrier instantly appeared.

The rogue cultivator felt as if he had crashed into an incredibly solid wall. He was sent flying backward at an even greater speed, spitting out blood, countless bones broken throughout his body. He landed on the verge of death.

This scene immediately calmed many of the impulsive individuals down.

“Such a powerful protective formation! It seems brute force won’t work.”

“This formation contains spatial laws, incredibly profound; we must join forces to break it!”

An elder from the “Blazing Sun Sect” loudly proposed, “Everyone! Such an opportunity is for everyone! Why don’t we join forces to break this protective formation first? As for the treasures inside the tower, we’ll each rely on our own abilities, shall we?”

His suggestion received considerable support.

However, the seemingly agreed-upon alliance proved fragile.

In attempting to attack the formation and find its weak points, disagreements inevitably arose regarding positioning, the amount of effort contributed, and some old grudges.

“You scum from the Blackwater Cave, that gust of cold wind you just unleashed was aimed at me, wasn’t it?”

A burly man with a thick beard roared at a group of people shrouded in black mist not far away.

“Hmph, breaking the formation inevitably involves some damage. If you’re not skilled enough to avoid it, who can you blame?”

The leader of the Blackwater Cave responded sinisterly.

“Bullshit! I think you’re doing this on purpose! Let’s settle all our old and new scores today!”

Before the words were even finished, the burly, bearded man had already swung his giant axe.

This was like igniting a powder keg.

The various factions, already wary of each other and with many disagreements, instantly found an excuse to vent their anger.

“You bastards from the Blazing Sun Sect, you stole our disciples’ treasures in the secret realm last time, you’ll pay with your lives!”

“You old scoundrel from the Profound Gold Sect, prepare to die!”

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“Kill! Clear the area first, then break the formation!”

Chaos spread like wildfire.

The light of spells, the clanging of magical weapons, roars, and screams instantly filled the entire rift valley.

The attacks originally intended for the Demon-Suppressing Tower mostly landed on “our own people.”

Blood stained the ground, limbs and severed bodies flew everywhere, the scene was extremely gruesome.

Meanwhile, Chen Ping silently crept to the shadow of a relatively secluded boulder, coldly observing the chaotic battle.

Chen Ping deliberately revealed his aura as a fifth-grade Human Immortal, making him inconspicuous in this battlefield where even Celestial Immortals were frequently involved.

Several bloodthirsty cultivators caught sight of him, sensing his fifth-grade Human Immortal realm, but merely curled their lip in disdain, completely ignoring this lucky weakling hiding in a corner, and turning instead to find more worthy targets.

“Let them fight, the fiercer the better,” Chen Ping thought coldly.

He was happy to have some peace and quiet, circulating his cultivation technique to stabilize his slightly improved cultivation level, which had just been restored after consuming the Nine-Turn Pill, while carefully observing the operation of the four stone lions and the entire protective formation.

Some sharp-eyed cultivators spotted Chen Ping and, seeing him cowering so cowardly, couldn't help but mock him:

“Hey! That hiding brat, a fifth-grade Human Immortal dares to wade into this mess? He's courting death!”

“Go home and nurse! This isn't a place for you!”

“A piece of trash, just an eyesore here!”

Faced with these taunts, Chen Ping didn't even bother to lift his eyelids, completely ignoring them.

His mind was mostly focused on the subtle connection between the dragon crystal on his chest and the Demon-Suppressing Tower.

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord sneered in his mind: “A bunch of fools, not even realizing they're about to die. Kid, you're quite composed.”

Chen Ping replied: “Arguing with them is a waste of breath. When the snipe and the clam fight, the fisherman benefits. Let them both be weakened, or... find a way in.”

He felt the dragon crystal on his chest growing increasingly hot, as if an invisible passage had been established between it and the Demon-Suppressing Tower.

The four stone lions seemed to react to the aura of the dragon crystal. The spatial pressure they emitted exerted a strange “affinity” on him, no longer as resolutely blocking him as it had on others.

The chaotic battle lasted for nearly an hour.

All sides suffered heavy casualties, and most of those still standing were wounded and their auras weakened.

Even the few Celestial Immortal cultivators were greatly exhausted from the mutual restraint and clash.

The protective formation remained stable, but under the continuous impact of energy, it began to ripple violently.

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Just as everyone was exhausted from the battle and temporarily stopped, warily confronting each other and considering how to break the formation—

Chen Ping moved!

Like a cheetah that had been lying in wait, his figure transformed into a faint shadow that almost blended into space. He didn't rush straight towards the tower gate, but instead, with a mysterious trajectory, quickly circled the four stone lions.

As he swept past, the eerie light in the eyes of the four stone lions flickered slightly, and the invisible spatial barrier parted like ripples in water, creating a gap for him!

"Huh? What's that kid doing?"

"He...how did he get close to the formation?"

"Oh no! He's going in!"

Someone reacted, shouting in shock and anger.

But it was too late!

Chen Ping's figure flashed before the tower gate and disappeared in an instant, like a drop of water merging into the ocean.

The spatial barrier that had parted immediately returned to its original state after he entered, firmly blocking several hastily launched magical attacks.

The entire chaotic battlefield suddenly fell silent.

Everyone stared in disbelief at the tightly closed gate of the Demon-Suppressing Tower and the four stone lions that still exuded a chilling aura.

That kid they had mocked, ignored, and thought was just there to make up the numbers, a mere fifth-grade Human Immortal...he had actually entered so easily?

“How...how did he do that?”

“Did he find a loophole in the formation?”

“Damn it! We fought tooth and nail, and some ant got away with it!”

“Bastard! When he comes out, we’ll tear him to pieces!”

Roars of anger, regret, and jealousy echoed through the rift, but at this moment, besides their impotent rage, they could only watch helplessly as the Demon-Suppressing Tower collapsed.

Meanwhile, Chen Ping had already stepped into the bizarre, layered inner world of the Demon-Suppressing Tower.

He sensed the increasingly clear auras of Cen Biqing and Lao Hei, his gaze fixed firmly on the depths of the tower.

“Xiao Qing, Lao Hei, I’m here...”

“Kid, I sense something’s wrong.” In his mind’s eye, the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord’s voice was grave. “The tower’s aura is very violent, the spatial fluctuations are extremely unstable, as if it’s been provoked by something, or rather...it’s on guard against something.”

Chen Ping nodded; he sensed it too.

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This time, the Demon-Suppressing Tower resembled an ancient, ferocious beast, its fangs bared in terror.

“No matter what, I must go in!”

Chen Ping’s voice was resolute.

He had promised to rescue them!

Chen Ping adjusted his breathing, bringing himself to peak condition, and then transformed into a streak of light, rushing straight towards the tower’s entrance!

However, just as he approached within a hundred feet of the tower, a sudden change occurred!

“Roar—!!!”

The four stone lions seemed to awaken completely, simultaneously unleashing a deafening roar!

The Celestial Venerable runes on their bodies suddenly lit up, shooting out four thick beams of white light that intertwined in the air, instantly forming a net of light covering the entire tower area!

On the net of light, runes flowed, radiating an aura of confinement and destruction!

At the same time, the space in front of Chen Ping shattered like glass, forming countless incredibly sharp spatial fragments, accompanied by violent spatial turbulence, sweeping towards him!

This was no longer a simple barrier, but a deadly array combining spatial tearing!

“Well done!”

Chen Ping was prepared. His Heavenly Eye activated instantly, revealing the incredibly complex array structure and spatial nodes before him.

“Slash!”

The Dragon-Slaying Sword was drawn with a clang, emitting a high-pitched dragon’s roar!

Chen Ping unleashed his newly comprehended sword intent to its fullest extent, unleashing a condensed, five-colored sword aura imbued with the power to cleave space!

Sizzle—!

The sword aura collided with the net of light, producing a piercing tearing sound.

The net of light, capable of easily annihilating a Celestial Immortal cultivator, was forcibly torn open by the Dragon-Slaying Sword, which fused with sword intent and spatial power!

But spatial turbulence and fragments had already reached him!

Chen Ping’s figure flickered like a ghost, dodging several fatal spatial rifts in the nick of time, while simultaneously wielding the Dragon-Slaying Sword, shattering the incoming spatial fragments one by one!

Each collision erupted with dazzling sparks and violent spatial tremors.

Chen Ping’s arm went numb from the impact, his blood surging.

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The power of this spatial killing array far exceeded his expectations!

“Don’t try to withstand it head-on, find the array’s core!” the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord warned.

Chen Ping's Heavenly Eye rapidly scanned, instantly locking onto the core runes continuously emitting energy between the brows of the four stone lions!

“Break!”

He roared, the power of the five elements within his body surging wildly, converging at the tip of his sword.

He and his sword became one, transforming into a rapidly spinning drill, defying the raging spatial turbulence, and thrusting four swords at the brows of the four stone lions!

Clang!

Clang!

Clang!

Four crisp sounds, like the striking of jade chimes, rang out almost simultaneously!

The movements of the four stone lions abruptly halted, the light from the runes between their brows instantly dimming.

The massive net of light also began to fluctuate and weaken.

Seizing this fleeting opportunity, Chen Ping moved with lightning speed, darting through the weakest point in the net of light, and simultaneously swung his sword backhand, striking the newly formed yellow talisman on the tower gate!

Boom!

The talisman exploded, and the tower gate swung open! Without hesitation, Chen Ping stepped into the familiar, decaying space inside the tower!

Upon entering the tower, Chen Ping's expression instantly changed!

The scene on the first floor was vastly different from when he last left!

The scattered corpses and bones had mostly vanished!

In their place stood a massive, complex, and eerie array in the center of the ground, emanating a dense black aura.

At the center of the array, a small number of the freshest remaining corpses were melting at a visible rate, transforming into pure black corpse energy, which was being absorbed by the array.

The deathly aura on the entire first floor was so dense it was almost tangible, suffocating everyone.

"What's going on? Where are the corpses?"

Alarm bells rang in Chen Ping's mind.

"Not good!"

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The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord's voice was urgent, "It seems your intrusion last time alerted something within the tower. It accelerated its absorption of deathly aura, probably to recover its power, or... to prepare something!"

Just then, the central array blazed with black light, and a grotesque figure, three zhang tall and entirely formed from dense deathly aura, slowly rose!

It had no facial features, only two scarlet dots serving as eyes, radiating endless violence and deathly stillness!

“Intruder... Die!”

The Corpse King emitted a hoarse, twisted mental wave, wielding a massive claw formed from deathly aura, and lunged at Chen Ping with a stench!

Even the air itself was corroded in its wake!

“A mere corpse demon dares to block my way!”

Chen Ping, though startled, remained calm. His Dragon-Slaying Sword erupted with a dazzling golden light; the golden dragon’s aura possessed a natural restraint against such sinister creatures!

“Golden Dragon Breaks Evil!”

A golden dragon-shaped sword aura roared forth, instantly piercing the Corpse King’s chest!

The dense corpse aura melted away rapidly, like ice and snow meeting the sun.

However, the Corpse King only paused briefly. More corpse aura surged from the surrounding array to replenish its power, and the hole in its chest instantly healed!

It roared and pounced again, faster and stronger than ever!

“If this array isn’t broken, it’s practically immortal!”

Chen Ping frowned. He tried attacking the ground array, but it was exceptionally sturdy and connected to the entire tower, making it difficult to destroy in a short time.

“I can’t linger!”

Chen Ping made a decisive move, his figure blurring as he dodged the Corpse King’s attack and charged directly towards the stairs leading to the second floor.

The Corpse King roared and chased after him, but was blocked by an invisible force at the top of the stairs, forced to roar angrily from where it stood.

Upon reaching the second floor, the scene before Chen Ping shifted once more.

The hundreds of naked corpses and demonic beasts still stood, but now their eyes were all open, gleaming with an eerie light!

The entire second floor was permeated with a thick, almost impenetrable pink mist, the air thick with a sweet, intoxicating fragrance.

As soon as Chen Ping stepped inside, the “corpses” began to move, performing various extremely seductive and obscene actions, emitting lewd sounds.

The pink mist was all-pervasive, attempting to penetrate Chen Ping’s seven orifices and erode his consciousness.

“These despicable methods again!”

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Chen Ping coldly snorted, maintaining a clear mind.

His powerful soul and unwavering will made it difficult for these alluring forces to truly affect him.

But the illusion before him did not disappear; instead, it became even more real.

He even saw Lin Keting, Bai Qian, Gu Ling'er, and even Cen Biqing walking towards him with extremely alluring poses...

“Illusory things, yet you dare to disturb my Dao heart!”

A fierce glint flashed in Chen Ping's eyes, and he held nothing back.

He took a deep breath, and the boundless sword intent within him erupted!

Buzz—!

A boundless sword intent domain spread out from him!

Within the domain, sword energy crisscrossed, annihilating all illusions!

Those writhing “corpses,” the pink mist, and the alluring illusions, under the impact of the supremely powerful and pure sword intent, shattered and dissipated like bubbles in the sunlight!

The entire second floor instantly returned to clarity, leaving only the truly lifeless corpses, frozen in place, devoid of any abnormality.

“Sword intent actually has the effect of dispelling illusions!” Chen Ping was overjoyed, his understanding of this new power deepening.

He didn't linger and quickly ascended to the third floor. The third floor remained brightly lit, carrying Cen Biqing's distinctive, faint fragrance.

But Chen Ping could immediately tell that Cen Biqing's condition was dire.

Her face was pale, her breath weak, and her once vibrant blue dress was now stained with wisps of glaring black energy. This black energy, like a living thing, was relentlessly eroding her dragon essence and soul.

She sat cross-legged on the ground, desperately resisting. Seeing Chen Ping arrive, her beautiful eyes first flashed with surprise, then turned to anxiety.

"Mr. Chen! Quickly! Inside the tower... the core of the tower's seal has been triggered! It's repelling and attacking all the dragons!"

Cen Biqing cried weakly.

"What happened? Where's Old Hei?"

Chen Ping swiftly stepped forward, his palm imbued with pure golden dragon energy, and pressed it against Cen Biqing's back, helping her dispel the black energy.

"Old Hei is on the fourth floor; the situation is probably worse."

With Chen Ping's help, Cen Biqing's pressure eased slightly. She said urgently, "Shortly after you left last time, an ancient and angry will resounded within the tower.

It accused us of attracting outsiders and disturbing our slumber.