

The Order 9391

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Then came a second, a third... hundreds of dragon roars merged together, forming a tangible torrent of sound waves, carrying a primordial, ancient, and domineering aura, sweeping across the entire world!

The sky suddenly darkened.

Not by dark clouds, but by countless enormous and ferocious dragon bodies that obscured the light!

The leader, clad in a green robe, stood tall and imposing, his face cold and stern, his eyes calm yet containing a chilling glint—it was Chen Ping!

He strode through the void, his steps unhurried yet seemingly grounded in the very pulse of heaven and earth, each step causing the hearts of those clashing below to clench.

Behind him, to his left stood Old Black, a colossal figure as massive as a mountain range, his scales gleaming with a chilling light, his dragon eyes glaring like two blood moons;

to his right, Cen Biqing, agile and graceful, her jade-green scales swirling with the aura of a cold, azure dragon.

Further behind were hundreds of true dragons, each unique in form, yet all radiating terrifying dragon might!

Fire dragons, thunder dragons, wind dragons, water dragons... their massive bodies filled the sky, casting shadows like a curtain of death, enveloping the entire Heavenly Evil Sect camp.

The overwhelming dragon might, like a vast, unfathomable ocean, or an ancient divine mountain, weighed heavily on the hearts of every cultivator of the Heavenly Evil Sect, causing their spiritual energy to stagnate and their breathing to become incredibly difficult!

“Mr. Chen! Mr. Chen has returned!”

“And the dragons! So many dragons!”

“Great! We’re saved! The Yama Heavenly Sect is saved!”

The Yama Heavenly Sect disciples, who had been in despair, erupted in ecstatic joy and excitement upon seeing the figure in the sky and the terrifying dragon army.

Guan Jun, tears streaming down his face, leaned on his spear, nearly collapsing from exhaustion, but he mustered his last strength to shout, “Mr. Chen! You’ve finally returned!”

Chen Ping’s gaze swept across the horrific battlefield below, landing on the Yama Heavenly Sect disciples lying on the ground, unable to rise again.

Seeing the wounds and blood on Guan Jun and the other survivors, the coldness in his eyes deepened, and the surrounding temperature seemed to drop several degrees.

He didn’t attack immediately, but slowly descended, landing in front of Guan Jun. A stream of pure life energy flowed through him, stabilizing his injuries.

“Thank you for your hard work. Leave the rest to me.”

His voice was calm, yet carried an undeniable power, giving all the Yanluo Heavenly Sect disciples an unprecedented sense of security.

After all, Chen Ping had been intimate with Guan Jun. How could Chen Ping not be furious that his woman had been treated this way?

The Ghost Bone Daoist and his Heavenly Evil Sect cultivators were already terrified.

The overwhelming dragon’s might, those hundreds of cold and cruel dragon eyes, all told them that this was a power capable of crushing everything!

“You...you’re Chen Ping?”

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The Ghost Bone Daoist suppressed his fear, his voice trembling with rage, “You...what do you want? I am Ghost Bone, an elder of the Heavenly Evil Sect! If you dare touch us, the Heavenly Evil Sect will never let you off!”

“The Heavenly Evil Sect?”

Chen Ping slowly turned around, his gaze like two sharp swords piercing the Ghost Bone Daoist. “Who gave you the audacity to attack the Yama Heavenly Sect?”

Locked by Chen Ping’s gaze, the Ghost Bone Daoist felt as if he were being stared at by a prehistoric beast; cold sweat instantly soaked his back.

He swallowed hard, forcing a smile, and said, “Hmph! Chen Ping, don’t be arrogant! You’ve offended the Soul Devouring Venerable; you’re in deep trouble yourself!”

My Heavenly Evil Sect is here on the orders of the Soul Devouring Venerable to take over the Yama Heavenly Sect!

The Venerable knows you’re severely injured; this is the perfect opportunity to annihilate you! If you know what’s good for you...”

“The Soul Devouring Venerable?”

Chen Ping’s lips curled into a cold smile, interrupting him, “As expected of that stray dog. He doesn’t dare show himself, but he sent you ants to your deaths.”

“You dare insult the Venerable!”

The Ghost Bone Daoist was furious, but even more so, he was terrified.

Guan Jun, standing nearby, quickly whispered, "Mr. Chen, the Heavenly Evil Sect has expanded its power rapidly in recent years, swallowing up many surrounding demonic sects. It's now practically the number one demonic sect in the Nine Heavens..."

"The number one sect?"

Chen Ping chuckled, a sound filled with disdain and contempt. "Them? They don't deserve it!"

He raised his eyes, looking at the massive, dark dragon army in the sky. His voice suddenly turned cold, clearly echoing in all directions: "Dragons, heed my command!"

"Roar!"

Hundreds of dragons roared in unison, their dragon might surging, the wind and clouds changing color!

"Except for the leader, the rest of these Heavenly Evil Sect scum..."

Chen Ping's voice was like ice, "...leaving no one alive!"

"Kill—!"

Old Black was the first to respond, his massive body crashing down like a meteor, directly charging into the densest part of the Heavenly Evil Sect's ranks.

With a swipe of its claws, a rain of blood filled the air; with a flick of its tail, dozens of black-robed cultivators were sent flying like rag dolls, their bones broken and tendons snapped!

"Kill!"

Cen Biqing roared, her azure dragon energy transforming into countless azure sword beams, raining down like a torrential downpour, precisely piercing the brows and hearts of each Heavenly Evil Sect cultivator!

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The other dragons roared and swooped down as well.

The fire dragon spewed forth raging flames that incinerated vast swathes of enemies;

The thunder dragon summoned towering bolts of lightning, like a torrent of thunder, scorching its enemies to a crisp;

The wind dragon whipped up a spatial storm that tore everything apart; the water dragon condensed profound ice that froze souls...

This was no battle, but a one-sided, crushing massacre!

Under the oppressive force of the vast dragon's might, the cultivators of the Heavenly Evil Sect couldn't even unleash seventy percent of their usual strength. Their spells and magical treasures seemed utterly powerless before the dragon's formidable physique and innate divine abilities.

Screams, pleas for mercy, and the sounds of bodies being torn apart echoed everywhere. The area in front of the Yama Heavenly Sect's mountain gate instantly transformed into a hellish scene!

The Ghost Bone Daoist watched with bloodshot eyes, but he himself was also targeted by several powerful dragons, locked in a fierce battle, struggling against overwhelming odds and facing imminent danger.

Chen Ping didn't participate in the slaughter below; he simply watched quietly, his eyes cold.

He raised his hand, and the Demon-Suppressing Tower floated in his palm, emitting a hazy halo, absorbing and suppressing all the soul fragments attempting to escape.

In the blink of an eye, the hundreds of arrogant and domineering cultivators of the Heavenly Evil Sect were completely annihilated, except for the Ghost Bone Daoist, who had been deliberately left behind, covered in blood and forced to kneel under the dragon's might.

Legs and severed limbs littered the ground, blood pooled into streams, and a thick, pungent stench of blood filled the air.

The disciples of the Yama Heavenly Sect, witnessing this scene, were filled with shock and a sense of vengeful satisfaction, but also with a deeper reverence for Chen Ping and his dragon army.

Chen Ping walked step by step to the Ghost Bone Daoist, who lay limp and ashen-faced on the ground.

"No...don't kill me...Senior Chen...spare me..." The Ghost Bone Daoist, his previous arrogance completely gone, begged for mercy, tears streaming down his face.

"Where is the Heavenly Evil Sect's headquarters?" Chen Ping's voice was devoid of any emotion.

Ghost Bone Daoist trembled, seemingly understanding Chen Ping's intentions, his eyes widening in terror: "You...you want to..."

"Answer my question." Chen Ping's gaze plunged him into an icy abyss.

Under the threat of death, Ghost Bone Daoist dared not conceal anything, trembling as he revealed the exact location of the Heavenly Evil Sect's headquarters and the sect's approximate defensive layout.

"Very good."

Chen Ping nodded, then gestured to Old Black.

Old Black understood, grinning maliciously, and struck down with his claw, shattering Ghost Bone Daoist's dantian, crippling his cultivation, but not killing him.

“I’ll spare your dog’s life. Go back and tell the Evil Bone Elder, and that cowardly Soul-Devouring Celestial Venerable hiding behind him...”

Chen Ping’s voice seemed to emanate from the depths of hell, carrying a chilling killing intent. “Wash your necks and wait. I, Chen Ping, will take their heads right now.”

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Having said that, he no longer looked at the Ghost Bone Daoist, who lay there like a lump of mud, and turned to Guan Jun, saying, “Miss Guan, I’m leaving the sect’s aftermath to you. Comfort the wounded and injured, and strengthen security.”

Guan Jun bowed excitedly, “Rest assured, Mr. Chen! I will do my utmost!” “!”

Chen Ping then looked at Cen Biqing: “Xiao Qing, you lead a group of dragons skilled in healing and defense to stay behind and assist the Yama Heavenly Sect in setting up defenses, in case any other villains take the opportunity to attack.”

Cen Biqing nodded solemnly: “Understood, Mr. Chen, please be careful.”

Chen Ping’s gaze swept over the dragon army, which was brimming with fighting spirit, finally settling on Lao Hei and the other warlike members. He announced loudly: “The rest of the dragons, follow me!”

“Target—Heavenly Evil Sect!”

“Roar!”

The dragon’s roar rose again, shaking the heavens!

Chen Ping’s figure transformed into a streak of light, soaring into the sky.

Lao Hei and hundreds of other ferocious dragons followed closely behind, like a steel torrent stretching across the heavens and earth, carrying an overwhelming momentum capable of crushing everything, tearing through the air towards the direction indicated by the Ghost Bone Daoist!

That overwhelming killing intent and dragon might swept across the sky; wherever it passed, the clouds collapsed, and all living beings lay dormant!

Above the horizon, a terrifying aura of malevolence surged northwestward like a raging tide.

Chen Ping stood calmly atop Old Black's broad, plain-like dragon head, his blue robes fluttering in the fierce winds of their high-speed flight.

His eyes were as cold as an ancient, icy pool. The blood shed by the Yama Heavenly Sect today must be repaid with the blood of his enemies!

This was not merely for revenge, but to establish his authority!

He wanted all forces in the Nine Heavens that coveted him and the Dragon Clan to understand: those who offend him, no matter how far away, will be punished!

Behind him stood hundreds of true dragons, each with a different form, yet all exuding the same ferocious aura.

They had just survived the bloody battle in the Void Rift, their malevolent energy still lingering, now further enraged by the Heavenly Evil Sect's despicable actions.

The dragons' might merged into one, causing the clouds to part and the creatures in the mountains and rivers below to tremble in fear, hiding in hiding.

This dragon army had become Chen Ping's sharpest butcher's knife!

Chen Ping now felt terrifyingly powerful!

"Old Black, faster!"

Chen Ping's voice wasn't loud, but it clearly entered Old Black's mind.

"Don't worry, Mr. Chen! We're almost there! I can already smell the stench on those bastards!"

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Old Black responded in a booming voice, his massive dragon body suddenly swaying, his speed soaring again, tearing through the sky with a piercing sonic boom.

The other dragons also exerted their strength, closely following, like a deathly torrent stretching across the heavens and earth.

...

Ten Thousand Bones Cliff, the headquarters of the Heavenly Evil Sect.

This place is shrouded in gray-black miasma year-round. The steep cliffs are made of countless pale animal and human bones, and the howling wind whips up bone dust from the crevices, emitting a wailing sound like the lamentations of ten thousand ghosts.

The sect's buildings were built against a grotesque, bone-crawling cliff, their style eerie and sinister, decorated primarily with skulls and skeletons. The dense aura of evil and death almost solidified, making the sky appear dark and oppressive.

As the newly crowned "Number One Demonic Sect" that had rapidly risen to prominence in recent years, swallowing up several surrounding demonic sects, the Heavenly Evil Sect was at its most arrogant and domineering.

Outside the sect's perimeter, patrolling disciples came in an endless stream. They wore uniform black robes with pale skull insignia embroidered on their cuffs, each with an arrogant expression and eyes filled with the cruelty and greed unique to demonic cultivators.

However, today, this arrogance built on bloodshed and plunder was utterly crushed by an indescribable, terrifying pressure rapidly spreading from the horizon!

“What...what is that?”

A Heavenly Evil Sect disciple on guard duty atop the Bone Cliff watchtower glanced up at the southeastern horizon, his pupils instantly shrinking to pinpoints, a scream escaping his throat, distorted by utter terror.

The distant sky appeared as if splashed with thick ink; an endless expanse of “dark clouds” was spreading at a speed beyond their comprehension!

But those were no ordinary dark clouds!

Within those clouds, countless enormous shadows, as colossal as mountains and as ferocious as ancient demons, writhed, their scales reflecting a chilling, menacing light.

Pairs of dragon eyes, burning with rage and ferocity, like the eyes of demons opened from hell, pierced through the barriers of space, locking firmly onto the Bone Cliff!

Even more terrifying was the dragon’s might, continuous and unfathomable like a vast ocean, yet as heavy as an ancient divine mountain!

Even before this oppressive force truly arrived, it had already solidified the air throughout the entire Ten Thousand Bones Cliff, causing the hearts of all the Heavenly Evil Sect disciples who sensed it to feel as if they were being gripped by an invisible giant hand, almost stopping their hearts!

The evil magic and demonic energy that had been flowing smoothly within their bodies now became obscure and stagnant, as if they had encountered their natural nemesis!

“Enemy attack! It’s an enemy attack! An unprecedentedly powerful enemy!!”

A shrill alarm, almost piercingly loud, instantly resounded throughout the entire Heavenly Evil Sect headquarters like a plague, shattering the previously eerie yet “orderly” atmosphere.

“Dong! Dong! Dong! Dong—!”

The heavy, urgent alarm bells rang out one after another, frantically striking the hearts of every cultivator in the Heavenly Evil Sect, bringing boundless panic.

Powerful pillars of light, imbued with an eerie aura, shot into the sky from the most magnificent and sinister bone palaces deep within the Bone Cliff. The Heavenly Evil Sect’s protective array, built up over many years, was instantly activated to its maximum!

“Buzz—!”

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A thick, grayish-black barrier of vengeful spirits, its surface covered with countless twisted, agonizing faces struggling and roaring, rose abruptly like a giant, inverted bowl, completely enveloping the entire Heavenly Evil Sect headquarters.

Above the barrier, resentment churned, evil power surged, emitting a nauseating stench and a chilling aura, clearly possessing immense defensive and corrosive power.

“What kind of demon dares to be so arrogant and ignorant, daring to invade the sacred ground of my Heavenly Evil Sect!”

A hoarse, dry voice, as sinister as the grinding of bones, echoed like the hooting of an owl, carrying anger and a hint of barely perceptible surprise.

The voice originated above the main hall.

An old man appeared out of thin air, wearing a dark purple robe embroidered with intricate skull patterns and wielding a white bone scepter crafted from the complete spine of an unknown creature.

His face was gaunt, his eyes sunken, skin covering bones—a walking skeleton. Only the ghostly green flames flickering in his eyes revealed his powerful life force.

He was none other than the Sect Master of the Heavenly Evil Sect, a peak third-grade Heavenly Immortal—the Evil Bone Elder!

His appearance seemed to inject a powerful boost of confidence into the panicked disciples.

Immediately afterward, the sound of air being torn apart rang out, and more than a dozen figures exuding powerful auras appeared behind the Evil Bone Elder.

These people, men and women, varied in appearance; some were bound in chains, some carried drums made of human skin, and some held banners for summoning souls.

Without exception, they were all elders and core experts of the Heavenly Evil Sect, with a minimum cultivation level of the first rank of the Heavenly Immortal Realm. Three of them had even reached the third rank of the Heavenly Immortal Realm, only a step away from the sect leader's strength!

This power, placed anywhere in the Nine Heavens, would be enough to draw attention, and it was the source of the Heavenly Evil Sect's confidence in claiming to be the strongest in the demonic path.

However, when their gazes pierced through the shroud of vengeful spirits and they truly saw the scene in the sky, their newly formed confidence vanished instantly, replaced by uncontrollable horror and disbelief!

Dragons!

Not one, not ten, but a vast, dark mass—hundreds of true dragons!

Their enormous bodies blocked out the sunlight, casting shadows that shrouded the entire Ten Thousand Bones Cliff in an atmosphere of death.

The condensed, almost tangible dragon's might, mixed with the soaring murderous aura of a recent bloody battle, created an oppressive aura akin to a domain!

Especially the leading dragons!

The largest of them all, the black coiled dragon with scales gleaming with a cold metallic sheen and eyes like two blood moons, exuded an aura that even made the Evil Bone Elder feel a chill run down his spine!

Several other dragons of different colors beside it, equally ancient and powerful, were also formidable!

But what terrified them even more was the figure standing atop that massive black coiled dragon!

Clad in a green robe, tall and upright, with a cold and stern face, his eyes were as calm as an ancient, unchanging pool, yet so deep they seemed capable of swallowing all light.

He stood there silently, as if he were the soul and core of the entire dragon army!

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“Chen...Chen Ping! It’s Chen Ping!”

An elder who had seen Chen Ping before cried out, his voice trembling, “How...how could he be here? Didn’t the Soul Devouring Venerable say he was critically injured and on the verge of death? This...this looks like he’s badly wounded?”

The Evil Bone Elder’s eyelids twitched wildly, his thin hands gripping the bone scepter tightly, his knuckles white from the force.

The turmoil in his heart was more turbulent than anyone else’s!

The Soul Devouring Venerable’s solemn assurances still echoed in his ears.

But before him stood a powerful, well-equipped dragon army, its murderous aura soaring to the heavens, and Chen Ping, whose aura was as deep as the sea and who showed no signs of injury whatsoever. It was like a resounding slap across his face, a slap across the fate of the Heavenly Evil Sect!

“What’s the panic!”

The Evil Bone Elder suppressed the fear and the urge to curse.

Then, he roared, his voice amplified by demonic energy, attempting to bolster morale, “Just a bunch of worms and an arrogant junior! With the Heavenly Evil Sect’s Myriad Souls Formation intact, even if he’s a Celestial Venerable, he won’t break through easily! Form the formation, prepare to meet the enemy!”

Before his words even finished, Chen Ping in the sky had already moved.

He didn’t even glance at the seemingly solid barrier of vengeful spirits, nor did he heed the Evil Bone Elder’s clamor. His gaze, like the most precise ruler, slowly swept across the eerie and sinister sect layout below, as if searching for something.

“Who is the Heavenly Evil Sect Master? Quickly kneel down and accept your death!”

Chen Ping finally spoke, his voice not loud, yet strangely penetrating the array’s barrier and the distance of space, clearly reaching the ears of every Heavenly Evil Sect cultivator who stood ready for battle, carrying a chilling quality.

“And what about the Soul-Devouring Celestial Venerable, hiding in the shadows, too ashamed to show himself? Sending ants to their deaths while you cower like turtles—is this your method?”

Chen Ping’s voice was filled with disdain.

He hadn’t felt this exhilarated in a long time. Before, he was always being hunted down and beaten.

He’d be beaten half to death before someone would rescue him.

But now, he didn’t need that anymore. He had this Dragon Clan army, invincible in the Nine Heavens.

What Heavenly Evil Sect, what Soul-Devouring Venerable—in Chen Ping’s eyes, they were all trash.

He was going to lead the Dragon Clan army straight to the Thirty-Sixth Heaven.

Being directly called out by Chen Ping, and with such undisguised contempt and disdain in his tone, the Evil Bone Elder was instantly enraged. He had never suffered such humiliation before!

Especially in his own sect, in front of so many disciples!

“Chen Ping, you brat! Cease your arrogance!”

The Evil Bone Elder’s white bone scepter slammed into the air, sending ripples of gray-black light through the air. “You trespassed into my sect’s sacred ground, spouting wild words. Do you really think my Heavenly Evil Sect is made of clay?”

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“Retreat immediately, and I, the sect master, may pretend this never happened. Otherwise, today I will ensure you and your horde of worms are annihilated, your souls destroyed, becoming new nourishment for my Ten Thousand Bones Barren Cliff!”

“Enter and leave?”

A faint, yet chilling, smile curved Chen Ping’s lips, as if he had heard something laughable. “With your fragile tortoise shell and the deformed creatures inside?”

He wasted no more words, simply raising his right hand and gently waving it downwards.

“Old Black, break the formation!”

“Roar! Leave it to me! I’ve been wanting to get rid of this lousy shield for ages!”

Old Black let out a deafening roar of extreme excitement, the sound waves impacting the vengeful spirit shield with tremendous force, causing violent ripples.

Its massive, mountain-like body arched sharply, its body flashing with dark light, destructive power coalescing within its form, hundreds of dragon might converging on it.

Then, like an arrow released from a bow, or a falling ancient demonic mountain, carrying an overwhelming momentum capable of crushing everything, Old Black slammed into the thickest part of the gray-black vengeful spirit shield!

“Ten Thousand Souls Protection! Soul Devouring Rebound!”

The Evil Bone Elder’s expression changed drastically. He dared not be negligent in the slightest, frantically activating the white bone staff in his hand, guiding the power of the entire formation to converge at a single point.

At the same time, the dozen or so Celestial Immortal elders behind him also acted simultaneously, injecting their pure demonic energy into the formation!

“Waaaaah—!”

On the protective barrier of vengeful spirits, countless distorted faces seemed to come alive, emitting even more shrill and painful howls.

Dense resentment almost transformed into a black liquid flowing across the barrier’s surface. A corrosive force targeting the soul and a powerful counterforce coalesced, meeting Old Black’s impact head-on!

At this moment, the hearts of all the Heavenly Evil Sect cultivators were in their throats!

“Boom—!!!!!”

The world lost its color, the sun and moon lost their light!

Old Black's dragon head collided solidly with the protective barrier of vengeful spirits, which contained the combined power of the entire Heavenly Evil Sect!

An indescribable roar erupted!

The terrifying sound waves spread out in a ring in all directions, shaking the surrounding mountains of the Ten Thousand Bones Cliff, causing countless fragments of rock and bone dust to flake off the cliff walls.

At the epicenter of the impact, a blinding burst of energy erupted, followed by a raging energy storm that violently battered the protective barrier and the surrounding space!

“Crack...crack...”

A teeth-grinding sound, like shattering glass, clearly reached the ears of every Tianxie Sect cultivator staring intently at the point of impact.

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In the despairing gazes of the Evil Bone Elder and all the elders and disciples, their pride and joy—the Myriad Souls Formation, which they believed could withstand the full force of a fifth-grade Heavenly Immortal—saw spiderweb-like cracks instantly spread across the thick protective barrier, centered on the point of impact, covering almost the entire visible area!

The light from the barrier dimmed rapidly, and the wailing faces of the vengeful spirits on it melted away like snow under the sun!

Just one impact! This protective formation was already on the verge of collapse!

“No! This is impossible!”

The Evil Bone Elder cried out in shock, his eyes filled with horror and incomprehension.

Just how terrifying was the physical strength of this black dragon?

“Attack together! Tear off this veil of pretense!”

Chen Ping’s icy voice rang out again, like a final judgment.

With his command, the hundreds of dragons behind him, who had been unable to contain themselves any longer, simultaneously let out earth-shattering roars!

“Roar!”

“Awooo!”

“Roar—!”

Hundreds of dragon roars merged into one, like a battle song from the ancient primordial era!

The next moment, the dragons’ innate divine abilities, multicolored yet containing ultimate destructive power, poured down from the sky like a cascading galaxy, like a final judgment!

A pillar of scorching dragon breath!

A raging torrent of lightning!

An invisible wind blade that tore through space!

An icy waterfall that froze souls!

A venomous tidal wave that corroded everything!

A torrent of earth and rocks as heavy as mountains!

Dragon magic of various attributes intertwined, forming a destructive web of death, relentlessly bombarding the already cracked protective barrier of vengeful spirits!

This was no longer an attack; it was divine punishment!

“Boom—!!!!!”

Without any suspense, under the combined attack of hundreds of true dragons, the Heavenly Evil Sect’s protective formation couldn’t even withstand a second breath before exploding like a bubble stretched to its limit!

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Countless fragments of vengeful spirit energy and formation runes scattered and flew, only to vanish into nothingness amidst the pure, righteous dragon breath and lightning!

“Pfft—!”

The formation was forcibly broken. The Evil Bone Elder, who had been instigating it, and the dozen or so elders who had infused it with demonic energy all suffered a backlash, spitting out blood mixed with fragments of internal organs, their auras instantly weakening considerably!

The formation is broken!

The door opens!

“Kill!”

Almost instantly as the light barrier shattered, Chen Ping’s figure vanished from above Old Hei’s head.

The next moment, he appeared like a ghost inside the Heavenly Evil Sect, before a Heavenly Immortal elder who was still in shock and agonizing from the backlash.

The Dragon-Slaying Sword appeared silently in his hand, its blade gleaming with a chilling light.

“Five Elements Sword Domain, open!”

Buzz—!

Within a hundred feet of Chen Ping, five-colored sword light suddenly blazed, forming an independent domain of death!

Sword energy crisscrossed and slashed, the flow of time slowed and thickened, and the spatial structure slightly distorted!

The Heavenly Immortal elder felt a tightness around him, his movements became incredibly slow, and he watched helplessly as the longsword, radiating a deadly aura, pointed towards his brow with a speed and angle he could neither comprehend nor dodge.

“No...”

He only managed to utter a short syllable.

“Pfft!”

The sword tip effortlessly pierced his protective demonic aura, shattering his skull and annihilating his soul.

The corpse, its expression frozen in terror, plummeted straight down from the sky.

Chen Ping didn't even glance at it. His figure flashed again, appearing as if by teleportation beside another Heavenly Evil Sect elder who was attempting to organize a resistance.

"Spatial Imprisonment."

As the words fell softly, the space around the elder instantly solidified, imprisoning him firmly in place, unable even to blink.

"Die."

The Dragon-Slaying Sword traced a mysterious trajectory, and a head filled with astonishment shot into the air, blood gushing out like a fountain.