

The Order 9501

Chapter: 9501

He did not harm the Sword Sect disciples guarding the outpost. Instead, with speed far exceeding their reaction limits, he instantly subdued them with skillful force, rendering them temporarily unconscious.

Then, using the low-level demonic artifacts he had brought, he deliberately created traces of intense fighting and demonic erosion at the scene. Claw marks were left on the rocks, and a faint demonic aura lingered in the air.

Finally, he left one of the most representative demonic artifacts in a conspicuous location at the scene.

Having done all this, he retreated like the tide, leaving no trace of his own presence.

The next step was to ensure this secret order was discovered by the Xuan Tian Sword Sect's higher-ups at just the right moment, in a thrilling and dramatic way.

Chen Ping chose a more direct and impactful method.

Using his extraordinary stealth skills and spatial control, he effortlessly bypassed the Xuan Tian Sword Sect's numerous visible and hidden sentries and various security formations.

He moved as if in an empty field, directly arriving inside the Xuan Tian Sword Sect, outside the meditation room of an inner sect elder of considerable rank responsible for daily patrols.

He carefully placed the forged jade slip in a conspicuous yet easily overlooked spot at the meditation room's entrance.

Then, with a flick of his finger, a cold and subtle energy fluctuation, mimicking the characteristics of the Myriad Souls Demon Sect's soul power, gently activated the defensive barrier at the meditation room's entrance.

"Buzz—"

The barrier emitted a barely perceptible ripple.

Inside the meditation room, the elder who had been meditating suddenly opened his eyes, his gaze sharp and piercing: “Who dares to trespass?!”

He instantly appeared outside the door, his divine sense sweeping across the surroundings like mercury spilling across the ground, but found no one.

Just as his brow furrowed, filled with doubt, his gaze fell upon a jade slip lying on the floor near the doorway, radiating pure yet chilling demonic sect soul power...

The events unfolded exactly as Chen Ping had predicted, one link after another, rapidly spiraling towards an irreversible descent.

Xuantian Sword Sect, its core stronghold—Lingxiao Palace.

Sect Master Ling Yunzi held the forged jade slip, his face as grim as the sky before a storm.

His powerful divine sense scanned the jade slip again and again, meticulously examining every detail.

The familiar, yet abhorrent, fluctuations of soul-destroying power; the unquestionable tone of command; the vicious plan targeting the core of the sect’s protective formation... with each investigation, his rage intensified.

Below, the Sword Sect elders, having heard the contents of the jade slip and the news of the Demonic Sect’s attack on the outpost, were already filled with righteous indignation and uncontrollable rage.

“That old demon of Soul Fiends! How dare he bully my Sword Sect like this! He even plotted a coordinated attack from within and without to launch a surprise attack on our sect’s main formation! This is an unforgivable grudge, a betrayal of our very foundation!”

“No wonder! No wonder they’ve been making frequent unusual moves at the border lately, amassing a large force! They’re using a feint to secretly advance while feigning an attack!”

“The outpost was attacked; it must have been their vanguard spies scouting the route and clearing obstacles!”

Chapter: 9502

“Sect Master! The Demonic Sect’s desire to destroy us remains undiminished, and they’re already poised to strike! If we hesitate any longer, and they’re fully prepared, our sect will be in grave danger with their combined attack from within and without! We must strike first!”

Just as the crowd inside the Lingxiao Palace was in an uproar, with the voices advocating war gaining absolute dominance, another urgent military report arrived from outside!

“Report—!”

“Sect Master, Elders! Urgent report from the border!”

“The main force of the Myriad Souls Demon Sect has been assembled and is leaving the Crimson Blood Plains. The advance troops’ direction of movement... after multiple confirmations, is highly likely pointing towards our Myriad Swords Mountain Range!”

This final urgent report, like the last spark igniting a powder keg, completely shattered the last vestiges of hesitation and rationality within the Xuan Tian Sword Sect’s leadership.

Ling Yunzi abruptly rose from his sect master’s throne, his previously restrained sword aura erupting forth.

Like thousands of invisible swords being drawn simultaneously, the air in the hall hissed and slicing, the chilling sword intent causing a stinging pain on the skin of every elder present.

His eyes were devoid of any semblance of peace, filled only with overwhelming rage and resolute ferocity.

“The Demon Sect has gone too far! Do they really think my Xuan Tian Sword Sect is a soft persimmon to be toyed with?!”

Ling Yunzi’s voice, like the clang of metal, resolute and decisive, echoed throughout the entire Lingxiao Palace.

“Pass on my order! The entire Xuantian Sword Sect, immediately enter a state of highest combat readiness!”

“Assemble all elite disciples and elders of the sect. Except for those essential for guarding the mountain, all will accompany me on this expedition! Target—the Crimson Blood Plains, the headquarters of the Myriad Souls Demon Sect!”

“We must take down their stronghold before their main force leaves their lair to launch a surprise attack on our sect! Attack where they must defend, leaving them unable to attend to both ends, and completely shatter their conspiracy!”

“We obey the Sect Master’s decree!”

The elders responded with a thunderous roar, their voices shaking the rooftops. Their surging battle intent mingled with the soaring sword energy, threatening to shatter the dome of the main hall!

The Xuantian Sword Sect’s long-dormant yet ever-sharp sword was finally unsheathed, its blade aimed directly at the heart of the Myriad Souls Demon Sect—the Crimson Blood Plains!

...

At this moment, on the edge of the Crimson Blood Plains, the Myriad Souls Demon Sect’s army had already assembled, a dark, imposing mass, their demonic energy gathering like clouds, blotting out the sun. Hun Sha stood proudly at the front of the battle formation, about to deliver his pre-battle mobilization speech before leading his army straight to the Ten Thousand Beasts Mountain Range to avenge their previous defeat.

However, just as he was brimming with confidence and preparing to embark on his path of conquest, a panicked demonic light streaked from behind.

A demonic sect elder who had remained behind didn't even have time to salute before his voice trembled as he screamed, "Sect Master! Something terrible has happened! The Xuan Tian Sword Sect... Xuan Tian Sword Sect Master Ling Yunzi, personally leading a large number of elite sword cultivators, has launched an attack on the Crimson Blood Plains without warning!"

"The three outer strongholds have been breached, and the defending army has been completely annihilated! The Sword Sect's forces are at their peak, heading straight for our sect headquarters!"

"What?!?!"

The sinister smile on Hun Sha's face instantly froze, replaced by utter astonishment and disbelief. "Has Ling Yunzi gone mad?! How dare he launch a preemptive attack on my Ten Thousand Souls Demonic Sect?!"

He couldn't understand what had gotten into the Xuan Tian Sword Sect, causing trouble at this critical juncture. Little did he know, Chen Ping had already pinned the blame for a planned attack on the Sword Sect's mountain gate, a coordinated attack from within, on his head, with irrefutable evidence.

Chapter: 9503

With his home base attacked and his foundation shaken, Soul Fiend felt a surge of anger rising in his throat, almost spitting out blood.

All his plans, all his fury, were shattered by this sudden betrayal.

Attack the Myriad Beasts Sect?

Before he even reached their destination, his stronghold would be destroyed by the Profound Heaven Sword Sect!

Then, the Myriad Souls Demon Sect would be reduced to a stray dog, with nowhere to stand!

"Return to defense!"

“All troops, return to defense!”

“Immediately, right now!”

Soul Fiend practically roared the order, his face ashen, veins bulging on his forehead. “First, wipe out those reckless lunatics of the Xuantian Sword Sect! Then deal with those ants of the Ten Thousand Beasts Sect!”

The massive war machine of the Ten Thousand Souls Demon Sect, before it could even fully activate its attack on the Ten Thousand Beasts Mountain Range, was forced to turn back in utter frustration and haste.

The rear guard became the front, rushing back to their own stronghold.

The towering demonic clouds rolled and surged, carrying with them a sense of chaos and anxiety from a disrupted plan.

This great battle, orchestrated by Chen Ping, had reached a fever pitch from the very beginning.

On one side was the Xuantian Sword Sect, long-planned, furious, and unparalleled in its sword energy.

The battle formation of thousands of sword cultivators resembled a giant, constantly rotating sword wheel, showering down sword light like a torrential downpour wherever it passed.

The supremely yang and powerful Xuanmen sword energy cleaved through the air, rapidly melting and purifying the pervasive demonic energy like snow under the sun.

The sword cultivators, individually powerful and perfectly coordinated, unleashed their sword techniques, filling the air with sharp, piercing sounds.

On the other side were the Wanhun Demon Sect, hastily retreating to defend, their hearts burning with vengeful rage, their demonic arts treacherous and ruthless.

The Demon Sect disciples activated various corrupted magical artifacts, releasing countless ferocious, roaring vengeful spirits and ghostly shadows, forming a sky-covering, demonic cloud that attempted to devour and corrupt the sword light.

The collision of demonic energy and sword energy produced deafening explosions, energy storms sweeping in all directions, tearing deep, bottomless ravines into the dark red earth of the Crimson Blood Plain.

The battle was brutal from the very beginning.

Low-ranking disciples fell in droves like mowing grass, their blood instantly staining the ground red, limbs and severed parts flying everywhere.

The elders and deacons of the Celestial Realm quickly found their opponents and engaged in fierce battles.

Sword energy ripped through the sky, demonic flames surged, and the light from clashing magical treasures illuminated the dim sky. Roars, screams, explosions, and the clang of metal mingled together, composing a bloody and brutal symphony of war.

Chapter: 9504

The entire Crimson Blood Plain seemed to have transformed into a giant meat grinder, with lives being extinguished every moment.

Meanwhile, behind this brutal battle, Chen Ping, the mastermind, was concealed in an extremely hidden void at the edge of the battlefield.

The space around him slightly distorted, forming a perfect visual and sensory barrier, completely isolating him from all aura, energy fluctuations, and even his presence.

He was like a transcendent god, or the most detached spectator, silently observing the battlefield below, a scene of flying flesh and surging energy.

At first, when Chen Ping saw the two armies collide like two raging torrents, unleashing a deafening energy shock, a barely perceptible hint of amazement flashed in his eyes.

“The scale is considerable. The collision of sword energy and demonic energy has already reached a level approaching that of an Upper Immortal.”

“Tenth-level cultivators certainly have unique skills in the application of power and the coordination of battle formations.”

As the battle continued, seeing disciples from both sides fall like mowing grass, their blood staining the earth, Chen Ping’s gaze gradually returned to its usual calm, even tinged with indifference.

“War, wherever it may be, is inherently cruel and ugly.” “The struggle for resources, the clash of ideologies, the drive for profit... ultimately, it’s all paid for with lives.”

“These cultivators may have their own stances and beliefs, but in the face of death, they appear so equal and insignificant.”

When he saw a Celestial Immortal elder from the Xuantian Sword Sect, with a single, exquisitely executed “Splitting Light and Shadow Sword,” consecutively kill three demonic sect deacons of the same rank, only to be severely injured and cough up blood by the backlash of his own demonic power, Chen Ping’s gaze lingered for a moment.

“The swordsmanship is good, but unfortunately, it’s too focused on ferocity, resulting in slightly insufficient defense, and the circulation of mana seems to indicate an old injury that hasn’t healed?”

“It seems this Xuantian Sword Sect isn’t a monolithic entity; there might be some internal problems.”

Chen Ping is now like a chess player observing pieces, analyzing the strengths and weaknesses of both sides, preparing for possible future variables.

Meanwhile, on the side of the Myriad Souls Demon Sect, an elder summoned a Myriad Souls Banner, conjuring tens of thousands of ferocious souls to form a ghostly domain, temporarily trapping a group of sword cultivators and subjecting them to a brutal soul-devouring process. Chen Ping's brow furrowed almost imperceptibly.

“Soul-refining and spirit-seizing are against the natural order. Such methods certainly deserve to be punished. However, judging from the laws and moral standards of this realm, perhaps this is just the norm for the demonic path?”

Chen Ping's expression remained largely unchanged, mostly displaying the demeanor of an extremely calm observer.

He silently calculated the attrition of both sides, assessed the limits of the strength of those Heavenly Immortal Realm experts, and deduced the possible development of the battle.

“Let them fight. The more intense the fight, the better; the more exhausted they are, the better. Only when both sides are severely weakened, or one side achieves a Pyrrhic victory, can the Myriad Beasts Sect gain a real chance to breathe, or even... reap the benefits.” Chen Ping revealed a cold smile.

The battle raged for several days, with both sides suffering extremely heavy losses. The number of Celestial Immortal Realm elders who had fallen exceeded ten, and their disciples were also killed or wounded in droves.

Ultimately, the flames of war inevitably spread to the core area of the Crimson Blood Plains, the outskirts of the Myriad Souls Demon Sect headquarters.

Here, the two sect leaders—Soul Fiend and Ling Yunzi—faced a deafening clash under the watchful eyes of countless warriors!

Seventh-Rank Celestial Immortal versus Seventh-Rank Celestial Immortal!

This was a decisive showdown, capable of determining the ultimate outcome of the great battle!

Chapter: 9505

Soul Fiend's demonic energy surged, transforming into a colossal, nine-headed, pitch-black demonic python.

The python roared to the heavens, its sonic waves shattering the void, devouring the spiritual energy of the surrounding dozens of miles, even seemingly sucking in light—its power was earth-shattering.

Ling Yunzi, his expression grave, raised his sword intent to its peak, transforming himself into a divine sword capable of splitting the heavens and earth.

A dazzling, ten-thousand-foot-long sword aura, seemingly capable of severing all obstacles, soared into the sky, its incomparably sharp sword intent locking onto the nine-headed demonic python, standing in stark contrast to the overwhelming demonic energy.

The battle between the two instantly intensified.

The nine heads of the demonic python moved in unison, spewing corrosive demonic flames, biting and coiling, and emitting soul-shaking roars;

The ten-thousand-foot-long sword aura poured down like a reversed Milky Way, sometimes splitting into countless sword energies like rain, sometimes concentrating into a single point to strike vital points, sometimes sweeping across armies to cleanse the demonic atmosphere.

“Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!”

Each collision was like a clash of stars, unleashing earth-shattering energy shockwaves.

The duel between Hun Sha and Ling Yunzi had transcended the realm of ordinary cultivators' battles, approaching a clash between Dao and Dharma.

Each roar of the nine-headed demonic python stirred up the Yin energy of heaven and earth; where the demonic flames passed, space distorted, and the earth turned into boiling pools of lava.

The demonic python was not merely a pure energy body; it also contained the ferocious will forged by Hun Sha from countless living souls.

Each scale seemed to be composed of solidified resentment; an ordinary Celestial Immortal cultivator, even slightly approaching, could have their mind corrupted by the overwhelming resentment, leading to a qi deviation.

Ling Yunzi's ten-thousand-foot sword aura represented ultimate sharpness and the power to ward off evil.

The sword light shone brightly, like the sun in the sky; the supreme yang and powerful sword energy seemed capable of purifying all the filth in the world.

He was single-minded, man and sword as one; every slash, thrust, and parry contained the essence of the Xuan Tian Sword Sect's supreme sword manual, the *Tai Xuan Sword Scripture*.

His sword techniques were ancient and grand, yet infinitely varied, always able to find the weak points in the demonic python's attacks at the last possible moment, breaking through the surface with a single point.

"Soul Fiend! You old demon, acting against the natural order, today is your death day!"

Ling Yunzi's voice, like the cry of a sword, resounded through the heavens. The ten-thousand-foot sword aura suddenly contracted, condensing into a single beam only a hundred feet long, yet even more solid.

The azure sword light, its radiance restrained, suddenly increased in speed, piercing towards the largest head of the demonic python as if teleporting!

"Ling Yunzi! Don't be so arrogant! You dare to judge me?!"

The Soul Fiend roared, and the demonic python's central head suddenly opened its massive maw, unleashing a pillar of demonic energy, condensed to its extreme and almost pure black, directly colliding with the azure sword light!

“Boom...!!!”

This collision far surpassed any previous one!

Chapter: 9506

The blinding light instantly engulfed everything, and a terrifying shockwave spread out in a ring, sending the disciples of the two sects engaged in battle below flying.

Those closer were directly reduced to dust in the energy storm!

Even Chen Ping, far away in the void, felt the surrounding spatial barrier tremble violently.

When the light dissipated, the nine-headed demonic python's phantom had dimmed considerably, and two of its smaller heads had even completely disintegrated.

The Soul Fiend's true form was deathly pale, black demonic blood trickling from the corner of his mouth. His aura was chaotic, and the demonic energy around him flickered like a candle in the wind.

On the other side, the azure sword rainbow that Ling Yunzi had transformed into had completely dissipated, revealing his figure. His hand holding the sword trembled slightly.

Several fine cracks appeared on the seemingly ancient longsword. His robes were shattered, revealing a dimly lit inner armor.

A trickle of golden blood also spilled from the corner of his mouth, and his breathing was rapid, clearly indicating that he too had suffered serious internal injuries.

The two faced each other across the void, their eyes filled with solemnity, exhaustion, and a hint of barely concealed fear.

They both knew that the previous attack had almost exhausted most of their immortal power and used their most powerful techniques.

At this moment, both were at their limit. Whoever revealed a weakness first might face utter destruction.

The entire battlefield seemed to slow down due to the brief pause between these two top experts, all eyes focused on them, awaiting the final outcome.

Now!

In the void, Chen Ping's eyes flashed with a sharp light!

He had been waiting for this perfect moment: both sides were exhausted, locked in a stalemate, and their vigilance was at its lowest due to fatigue!

He took a step forward, the distorted spatial fluctuations around him dissipating like ripples on water, and the figure in green robes appeared without warning, clearly, at the very center of the fierce battlefield.

He appeared between the two exhausted sect leaders, in the brief vacuum created by the energy collision!

"Who is it?!"

Hun Sha and Ling Yunzi were simultaneously startled, abruptly looking up.

With their divine sense strength, they hadn't detected any aura at all before!

When their gazes fell on Chen Ping, and they sensed the fluctuations of only a seventh-grade Human Immortal, disbelief and utter astonishment appeared on both their faces.

A... a junior at the seventh rank of the Human Immortal Realm?

How did he break through the energy turbulence on the outer edge of the battlefield and appear here silently?

Who is he?

Chapter: 9507

The disciples of the two sects fiercely fighting below were also drawn to this sudden turn of events.

Countless gazes, filled with surprise and confusion, were cast upon the young man in blue robes, suspended in mid-air, seemingly out of place with his surroundings.

Chen Ping's gaze first calmly swept over the pale-faced, weak-looking Ling Yunzi, giving a slight nod as a greeting.

His eyes held neither flattery nor hostility, a calmness that sent chills down one's spine.

Then, his gaze completely locked onto Hun Sha, whose face was pale and filled with uncertainty, his eyes blazing with the fury of someone being watched like an ant.

A faint, yet undeniably mocking smile curved his lips. His voice wasn't loud, but it seemed to possess a strange, magical power.

The words echoed clearly throughout the suddenly silent battlefield, reaching the ears of every cultivator:

"The Myriad Souls Demon Sect, Soul Fiend? I heard... you're looking for me?"

These seemingly casual words exploded in Soul Fiend's mind like a thunderclap!

He was initially stunned, his brain seemingly sluggish from exhaustion.

But then, a name, a name he hated to the core, a name he gritted his teeth for, instantly overlapped with the blurry figure he had seen through a secret technique in his memory!

“You... you...”

Soul Fiend’s eyes widened abruptly, his pupils shrinking to pinpoints, filled with utter shock, absurdity, and a raging fury erupting like a volcano!

“You’re Chen Ping? That little beast who plundered my Black Flame Valley, destroyed my Yin Soul Herb Garden, and repeatedly opposed my Demon Sect?!”

The immense anger and humiliation instantly overwhelmed Soul Fiend’s fragile reason, weakened by exhaustion.

He never expected that this culprit, who had caused such chaos within his Myriad Souls Demon Sect, forcing him to halt his attack on the Myriad Beasts Sect, and even indirectly leading to this brutal battle, would dare to appear before him at this moment, in this way!

Moreover, the opponent’s cultivation level... was merely a mere seventh-grade Human Immortal?!

This was simply the greatest humiliation for him, for the Myriad Souls Demon Sect!

“It is indeed I,” Chen Ping readily admitted, his tone tinged with mockery, as if discussing a trivial matter unrelated to himself. “It seems the Soul Fiend Sect Master has a good memory, and hasn’t been blinded by anger. However...”

His tone shifted, his gaze sweeping over the battlefield strewn with corpses below, and the disheveled Soul Fiend and Ling Yunzi, the sarcasm in his voice growing even stronger.

“You brought the entire Demonic Sect, instead of visiting the Myriad Beasts Sect, why are you fighting so fiercely and evenly with Sect Master Ling here?”

“Could it be that you think the Myriad Beasts Sect is too small to accommodate someone as great as you, or do you find... sparring with the Profound Heaven Sword Sect more interesting than seeking revenge against me?”

Chapter: 9508

The sarcasm and provocation in these words pierced Hun Sha’s heart like the sharpest needles!

Now he understood perfectly well that from the moment the Profound Heaven Sword Sect inexplicably launched its attack, everything was orchestrated by this seemingly harmless young man in blue robes!

He was the one who had put him in such a predicament, so humiliated and unable to advance or retreat!

The thought that he, the dignified leader of the Demonic Sect, a seventh-grade Celestial Immortal, had been manipulated by a mere junior in the Human Immortal Realm...

Soul Fiend felt a metallic taste rise to his throat, and unable to suppress it any longer, he spat out another mouthful of demonic blood, his aura weakening further.

“You brat! You’re courting death! I will tear you to pieces and refine your soul for a thousand years!!”

Enraged, Soul Fiend completely lost his reason, disregarding his nearly depleted demonic energy and severe injuries, forcibly squeezing out his remaining strength.

His demonic energy surged once more, and a pitch-black demonic claw, though far less refined than in its prime, still radiating terrifying power, lunged at Chen Ping with a piercing, mournful wail!

This strike contained his boundless resentment and killing intent, determined to crush Chen Ping instantly!

Ling Yunzi, standing to the side, his eyes flickered, neither intervening nor aiding either side.

He too had expended a great deal of energy, using this opportunity to catch his breath and recover a sliver of strength.

At the same time, his heart was filled with both curiosity and apprehension towards Chen Ping.

This young man, only at the seventh rank of the Human Immortal Realm, gave him an unfathomable aura. He wanted to see what the other party was relying on to dare to face the enraged Soul Fiend so directly.

Facing the demonic claws that roared towards him carrying overwhelming resentment and killing intent, Chen Ping's eyes suddenly turned cold.

His previous playfulness and calmness vanished instantly, replaced by an awe-inspiring, domineering majesty.

"Hmph, at your last gasp, like a lamp running out of oil, you dare to act so arrogantly before me?"

He didn't use the longsword on his back, but simply raised his right hand seemingly casually, clenching his fist.

In an instant, a primordial, ancient, and incomparably domineering aura, like a slumbering dragon awakening, erupted from his body!

Chaotic immortal power surged out like a river bursting its banks, and a high-pitched, majestic dragon roar echoed from the depths of his bloodline, reverberating in all directions!

That fist shone without any flashy light, only a pure, condensed power, seemingly capable of shattering stars and shattering eternity with a single punch!

"Holy Light Fist..."

“Boom—!”

Chapter: 9509

The simple, unadorned fist met the enormous, demonically aura-filled claw head-on!

Under the horrified gazes of countless people below, the demonic claw, seemingly capable of easily crushing an ordinary Celestial Immortal cultivator, shattered the moment it made contact with Chen Ping’s seemingly insignificant fist.

It was as if ice and snow had encountered the blazing sun, or fragile glass had struck divine iron; without even a moment’s resistance, it collapsed with a deafening roar!

The chaotic, wailing black mist that exploded was quickly purified and dissipated by the residual yang sword energy in the air!

“What?!”

“This is impossible!!”

Hun Sha and Ling Yunzi exclaimed almost simultaneously!

The anger and killing intent on Hun Sha’s face instantly froze, transforming into utter disbelief and horror!

His attack, though far from his peak, still contained all the demonic energy and resentment he could muster at that moment, enough to severely injure or even kill a fourth-grade Celestial Immortal!

But...but it was so easily shattered by a seventh-grade Human Immortal with a single punch?!

This completely overturned his understanding!

Ling Yunzi's pupils also shrank sharply, he gasped, and his gaze towards Chen Ping was filled with unprecedented shock and solemnity.

"This boy...he's hiding his strength so well! This is definitely not the power a Human Immortal could possess!"

"Is it some kind of secret technique? Or...is he simply disguising his cultivation level? His true combat power is probably...no less than mine!"

A chill involuntarily rose from the depths of his heart.

Having shattered the demonic claw with a single punch, Chen Ping's figure didn't pause for a moment, moving like a ghost, the space rippled slightly.

The next instant, he appeared directly in front of Hun Sha, who was briefly stunned by extreme shock.

Before Hun Sha could recover from the shock of his attack being so easily thwarted, and before his pupils had even reflected Chen Ping's cold face, Chen Ping retaliated with a slap!

This slap was incredibly fast, exceeding the limits of divine sense!

On his palm, chaotic immortal power and true dragon blood intertwined. Although it lacked a grand display, it contained a tremendous force capable of shattering mountains, and carried a trace of the pressure of a true dragon originating from the pinnacle of life!

"Slap—!!!"

A crisp, extremely loud slap resounded like thunder, exploding in the silent battlefield!

The sound was so clear, so piercing, as if it had struck the very souls of every cultivator who witnessed this scene!

Chapter: 9510

Hun Sha, like a rag doll flung away by immense force, was sent flying without any resistance!

Half of his face swelled visibly, turning a deep purplish-blue, revealing a clear, brand-like five-finger mark!

Several teeth stained with black demonic blood, mixed with saliva, gushed from his mouth!

He tumbled several times in the air before crashing heavily onto the scorched, broken earth below, creating a shallow crater and kicking up dust.

Soul Fiend struggled to his feet, but due to his injuries, exhaustion, and the sudden, unprecedented humiliation, a surge of blood rushed to his head, and he spat out another mouthful of blood.

He raised his head, his swollen, deformed face filled with utter bewilderment, humiliation, horror, and a blank stare as if his worldview had been utterly shattered.

He was Soul Fiend, the Sect Master of the Myriad Souls Demon Sect, a giant of the seventh rank of the Heavenly Immortal Realm, who had dominated the Ten Heavens for millennia, his fearsome name striking terror into the hearts of countless cultivators.

To think... to be slapped so hard in public by a mere seventh-grade Immortal Realm junior, in front of hundreds of thousands of disciples from both sides, and in front of his mortal enemy, Ling Yunzi...?!

A humiliation beyond compare!

Unprecedented!

An unprecedented humiliation!

At this moment, all sect interests, all deep-seated hatreds, seemed to be temporarily overwhelmed by this immense shame. Hun Sha's mind went blank, leaving only the burning pain on his cheek and the still-echoing sound of the slap.

The entire battlefield fell into an absolute, deathly silence.

You could hear a pin drop.

Whether they were disciples of the Myriad Souls Demon Sect or cultivators of the Profound Heaven Sword Sect, everyone seemed frozen in place.

Standing motionless, eyes wide, mouths agape, like clay sculptures, they stared blankly at the Demon Sect Master struggling in the shallow pit, looking like a defeated dog. Then he looked at the young man hovering in mid-air, his blue robes fluttering, his expression indifferent, as if he had only done something insignificant.

This scene was deeply imprinted on the souls of every witness, indelible for eternity.

Ling Yunzi's throat bobbed, feeling a strange numbness in his cheek.

His gaze towards Chen Ping was no longer one of apprehension, but rather tinged with...fear?

This young man was too terrifying!

Not only was his strength unfathomable, but his actions were also utterly unrestrained, domineering and ruthless!

Chen Ping stood with his hands behind his back, his robes fluttering, looking down at the Soul Fiend below, struggling to his feet, filled with shame and indignation, his eyes filled with confusion, and spoke coldly.

Chen Ping's voice, like ice from millennia past, reached the ears of the Soul Fiend and everyone else: "This slap is for the disciples of the Myriad Beasts Sect who died in Rock Valley, for the countless innocent lives harmed and refined by your Myriad Souls Demon Sect."