

The Order 9521

Chapter: 9521

Lie Tian practically gritted his teeth as he issued this humiliating order.

“Sect Master!” the elders cried out in anguish.

“Execute the order!”

Lie Tian roared, transforming into a majestic silver giant wolf. He howled to the sky, his voice filled with boundless sorrow and determination. “All clansmen, break through with me!”

He personally covered the rear, his wolf claws unleashing a shower of silver blades, temporarily repelling the attack of Zheng Gu and several Demon Sect experts, buying time for the retreating group.

Shi Yan and Ying Wu had tears in their eyes, but knew this was not the time to act rashly.

Shi Yan shouldered a storage bag containing important sect texts and resources, while Ying Wu protected a group of panicked cubs, leading a group of core disciples along a pre-planned secret route, forcibly breaking through the encirclement.

The battle was exceptionally fierce.

The rebel army and Demon Sect spies pursued relentlessly.

Elder Xiong Tuo, to cover Lie Tian’s retreat, burned his life essence, unleashing earth-shattering power, desperately blocking Zheng Gu and the others’ path.

Finally, with a roar of defiance, it was surrounded and attacked by several experts, dying from exhaustion as its massive bear body crashed to the ground.

“Elder Xiong!”

Shi Yan and Ying Wu felt the familiar aura fading behind them, their hearts aching, but they dared not turn back, only accelerating their escape with endless grief and anger.

Lie Tian fought and retreated, his body covered in countless wounds, his silver fur stained crimson with blood.

Relying on his familiarity with the terrain and the formidable strength of a late-stage Celestial Immortal, he finally shook off his pursuers and disappeared into the vast, perilous depths of the Ten Thousand Beasts Mountain Range's primeval jungle.

After several days of escape and regrouping, Lie Tian, Shi Yan, Ying Wu, and some surviving elders and disciples gradually converged at several pre-arranged hidden locations.

A headcount revealed that the once-thriving Ten Thousand Beasts Sect now possessed less than 30% of its core strength, most of them wounded, their morale low.

They hid in an extremely secluded valley, surrounded by concealment formations. Lie Tian reverted to human form, his face pale, his injuries severe, his eyes filled with exhaustion and pain.

The destruction of his sect's foundation, the tragic deaths of countless disciples and elders—this blow was incredibly heavy for him.

"Sect Master, take care of yourself," Shi Yan said solemnly, handing him a healing herb.

Ying Wu silently tended to Lie Tian's wounds, her eyes reddening.

"Have you found out? Why did the Fusion Beast Clan suddenly rebel? And those who helped them..." Lie Tian asked hoarsely.

An elder skilled in tracking and intelligence replied, "It's almost certain that the Myriad Souls Demon Sect is behind it all!"

“They offered huge rewards, providing demonic pills and magical artifacts to bewitch Zheng Gu. Those mysterious figures are the Demon Sect’s moles!”

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“The Myriad Souls Demon Sect! Soul Fiend!!”

Lie Tian clenched his fists, his nails digging deep into his flesh, his eyes burning with a deep-seated hatred: “If I don’t avenge this, I, Lie Tian, swear I’m not human!”

“Sect Master, what should we do now?” an elder asked blankly.

Having lost their sect’s foundation, they were like rootless duckweed.

Lie Tian took a deep breath, forcing himself to calm down.

“The Ten Thousand Beasts Sect is not extinct! As long as we are alive, there is hope for reconstruction! The most urgent task is to find Senior Chen Ping!”

“Yes! Find Senior!”

Shi Yan and Ying Wu’s eyes lit up, as if they had found their pillar of support. “Senior’s wisdom and strength far surpass ours; he must have a way to help us reclaim our sect and avenge our grievances!”

Lie Tian nodded: “That’s right. Senior Chen Ping went to the Xuan Tian Sword Sect, and we don’t know his current situation. We must contact him as soon as possible.”

He looked at Shi Yan and Ying Wu: “Shi Yan, Ying Wu, you are my most trusted disciples, and you are closest to Senior.”

“I order each of you to lead a team of clever and reliable disciples to gather information near the former sites of the Xuan Tian Sword Sect and the Ten Thousand Beasts Sect, respectively, to search for Senior’s whereabouts.”

“Remember, safety first. Once you discover Senior’s whereabouts, or encounter danger you cannot handle, retreat immediately. Do not linger!”

“Yes! Sect Master!” Shi Yan and Ying Wu answered in unison, their eyes resolute.

“The rest of you, follow me to establish a temporary camp here, to heal your wounds, cultivate, and gather the scattered disciples.”

“At the same time, closely monitor the movements of the Fusion Beast Clan and the Myriad Souls Demon Sect.”

Lie Tian instructed, “The Myriad Beast Mountains are our beast race’s home ground. As long as we remain in these mountains, we still have a chance!”

...

Meanwhile, at the former site of the Myriad Beasts Sect.

The once sacred ground of the sect has now changed hands.

Zheng Gu sat on the sect leader’s throne that had once belonged to Lie Tian. Although the throne seemed somewhat cramped for his massive frame, his face was filled with a smug and ferocious smile.

Below the main hall stood the leaders of the Fusion Beast Clan, some of the opportunists who had switched sides, and several representatives of the Myriad Souls Demon Sect’s hidden agents who had not yet left.

“Congratulations to Leader Zheng Gu—no, now we should call him Sect Master Zheng Gu! You’ve finally taken control of the Myriad Beasts Sect!”

A Demon Sect agent flattered with a forced smile.

Zheng Gu laughed heartily, his voice reverberating throughout the hall: “Thanks to your sect’s generous assistance! From this day forward, the Ten Thousand Beasts Sect is renamed the ‘Merging Beasts Holy Sect’! I, Zheng Gu, am its first sect master!”

He looked down: “Pass on my orders: clean up the battlefield! Hang the corpses of all resisters outside the mountain gate as a warning! Those who surrender will be spared! Those who resist, kill them without mercy!”

“Yes, Sect Master!”

The leaders of the Merging Beasts responded excitedly. They had finally gained control, and although the methods were bloody, the long-term oppression left them with only the thrill of revenge.

“Furthermore, intensify the search for the whereabouts of Lie Tian and the other remnants! We must not allow them to rise again!” Zheng Gu ordered, fully aware of the threat posed by Lie Tian and his group.

“Sect Master Zheng Gu, rest assured, our sect will also send additional manpower to assist in the search.”

The Demon Sect’s spy chuckled, “However, regarding the matter you promised our sect...”

Zheng Gu waved his hand: “Rest assured! I always keep my word! From this day forward, the Fusion Beast Sacred Sect and the Myriad Souls Demon Sect will form an alliance, advancing and retreating together!”

“The three spirit stone veins on the western side of the Myriad Beasts Mountain Range will be mined by your sect! If needed in the future, disciples of my Sacred Sect will also be at your disposal!”

“Excellent! Sect Master Zheng Gu is indeed a man of his word!”

The Demon Sect's spy nodded in satisfaction. The Soul Fiend Sect Master's plan had succeeded. Although he hadn't personally destroyed the Myriad Beasts Sect, causing internal divisions and establishing a compliant puppet regime had been even more effective.

Not only had it greatly weakened its opponent, but it had also gained tangible benefits.

The news of the Myriad Beasts Sect's change of ownership spread like wildfire throughout the Ten Heavens, causing a tremendous uproar.

No one expected that the Myriad Beasts Sect, a powerful force comprised of multiple beast hordes and among the strongest in the Tenth Heaven, would collapse so suddenly, replaced by the Fusion Beast Clan, which had always been considered marginalized within its ranks.

Meanwhile, far away at the Profound Heaven Sword Sect, Chen Ping was enjoying various spiritual liquid baths arranged by Ling Yuanzi, along with massages from several female disciples, completely unaware of the change of leadership within the Myriad Beasts Sect.

Chapter: 9523

Deep within the Myriad Swords Mountain Range, at the Xuan Tian Sword Sect.

On a mist-shrouded peak, in an elegant and refined guest courtyard, Chen Ping reclined in a warm jade pool, eyes closed in respite.

The spiritual liquid in the pool, imbued with a pale blue aura, seeped into his skin, easing the fatigue of his recent travels.

This was a "Cleansing Feast" specially arranged for him by Ling Yunzi—a medicinal bath made primarily with thousand-year-old spiritual milk, supplemented with dozens of rare spiritual herbs, highly beneficial for repairing hidden injuries and strengthening his foundation.

"Senior Chen, is this pressure alright?"

Beside the pool, two beautiful female disciples of the Sword Sect were carefully massaging his shoulders.

Their technique was quite professional; their fingertips carried a faint sword aura, effectively clearing his meridians without causing discomfort.

“Hmm, acceptable.”

Chen Ping responded lazily, inwardly feeling somewhat amused and exasperated.

He had come as a guest, but Ling Yunzi treated him like an honored one, providing him with impeccable hospitality, even arranging for maids to serve him.

This made him, a man accustomed to being alone, quite uncomfortable, but out of politeness, he couldn't refuse.

“That old fellow Ling Yunzi, he's quite the smooth talker,” Chen Ping thought to himself.

“However, the more attentive he is, the bigger his ambitions are probably. He's likely racking his brains to find out about the Soul Devourer's whereabouts, and the true strength of the expert behind me.”

Just as Chen Ping was pondering how to deal with Ling Yunzi's subsequent probing, a clear but clearly displeased shout suddenly came from outside the courtyard gate:

“Who's inside? Such airs! Daring to occupy the Sword Washing Pool and have inner disciples serve you?”

The voice grew closer, accompanied by light footsteps.

Then, the courtyard gate creaked open, and a fiery red figure rushed in.

The newcomer was a woman around twenty years old, dressed in a fiery red dress. Tall and slender, with skin as white as snow and features as delicate as a porcelain doll's, her almond-shaped eyes, in particular, were bright and spirited, yet now burned with obvious anger.

A long sword with a crimson scabbard hung at her waist, the tassel swaying gently with her movements. She was like a burning flame, intense and dazzling.

As soon as she entered, her gaze locked onto Chen Ping in the pool and the two female disciples serving by the poolside. Her pretty face instantly turned icy.

“Senior Sister Ling Shuang!”

The two female disciples hurriedly rose and bowed upon seeing the newcomer, their expressions tense.

The woman in the red dress, called Ling Shuang, ignored them completely, walking straight to the poolside and looking down at Chen Ping with disdain and contempt.

“Seventh Rank Human Immortal? Hmph, I thought you were some important figure! Who gave you the audacity to use the Sword Cleansing Pool of my Xuan Tian Sword Sect? And even dare to order inner disciples to serve you?”

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Ling Shuang questioned Chen Ping.

Chen Ping slowly opened his eyes, his gaze calmly sweeping over this uninvited guest.

Judging from her attire, demeanor, and the reactions of the two female disciples, this woman’s status within the Xuan Tian Sword Sect was certainly not low.

However, when had Chen Ping ever needed to defer to a mere girl?

“And you are, young lady?”

Chen Ping’s tone was indifferent, even tinged with languor, as if the furious woman before him was merely an insignificant scene.

“I am Ling Shuang!”

The woman in the red dress raised her eyebrows, even more dissatisfied with Chen Ping’s attitude. “The Sect Master of the Xuan Tian Sword Sect, Ling Yunzi, is my father! This Sword Cleansing Pool is usually only used by core disciples who have performed great deeds. What right do you, an outsider, have?”

So she was Ling Yunzi’s daughter.

Chen Ping understood immediately; no wonder she was so arrogant.

He smiled faintly, “So you’re the daughter of Sect Master Ling. My use of this pool was personally arranged by Sect Master Ling. If you have any objections, you may go and discuss it with your father.”

“You!”

Ling Shuang was momentarily speechless at Chen Ping’s calm attitude, then became even more furious. “Don’t try to intimidate me with my father! You must be the one who used your smooth talk to deceive him! A mere seventh-grade Immortal Realm cultivator, worthy of such treatment from my Xuan Tian Sword Sect? What a joke!”

She grew angrier as she spoke, reaching for the hilt of her sword at her waist, a sharp sword aura faintly emanating from it: “Get out here right now! Otherwise, don’t blame me for being impolite!”

The two female disciples were terrified, their faces pale, and they retreated hastily.

They knew this young lady’s temper well; she was extremely talented, but also hot-tempered and impulsive. Having studied away from home for many years, her sudden return likely left them unaware of the formidable nature of this Senior Chen.

A hint of impatience flashed in Chen Ping’s eyes. He hadn’t intended to stoop to the level of a young girl, but her aggressive manner, even drawing a weapon, ignited a fire within him.

Just as the atmosphere reached a tense standoff, a commanding shout rang out from outside the courtyard:

“Shuang’er! Stop!”

Before the words had even finished, Ling Yunzi had already appeared in the courtyard.

His face was stern. His gaze first swept displeasely over Ling Shuang’s hand on the sword hilt, then turned to Chen Ping, offering an apologetic smile: “Fellow Daoist Chen, my daughter is unruly. She has been cultivating away from home for many years and has only recently returned to the sect. She is unfamiliar with the rules and has offended you. I hope you will forgive her.”

Upon seeing her father arrive, Ling Shuang not only did not restrain herself, but instead stamped her foot in grievance, saying, “Father! Why are you so polite to this good-for-nothing...this person? He’s only a seventh-grade Human Immortal, why...”

“Shut up!”

Ling Yunzi rarely reprimanded his daughter so sternly. “Fellow Daoist Chen is a distinguished guest invited by your father, and moreover, a benefactor of my Xuan Tian Sword Sect! You must not be rude! Apologize to Fellow Daoist Chen immediately!”

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“Benefactor?”

Ling Shuang was taken aback, looking at Chen Ping with confusion, then at her father, clearly unable to connect a benefactor with a seventh-grade Human Immortal.

Chen Ping waved his hand, stood up from the pool, casually grabbed a neatly folded blue robe from the side, and put it on. His movements were unhurried: “Sect Master Ling, you flatter me. Your daughter is outspoken, it’s alright. However, I am curious, as you mentioned earlier, you’ve been cultivating away from home for many years. Why have you suddenly returned?”

He vaguely felt that Ling Shuang's sudden return might not be accidental.

Ling Yunzi sighed, gesturing for Ling Shuang to come to his side, then said to Chen Ping, "To be honest, Fellow Daoist Chen, Shuang'er is a disciple of the Heavenly Fire Sword Venerable, and has been cultivating in the Li Huo Secret Realm for ten years. Her sudden return has indeed surprised me."

He looked at Ling Shuang, his tone softening, but still questioning: "Shuang'er, why did you suddenly return to the sect? Did something happen in the secret realm?"

Seeing her father's serious attitude, Ling Shuang also suppressed her childishness.

Then, with a serious expression, she said, "Father, while in the secret realm, I heard that the Myriad Souls Demon Sect and my Profound Heaven Sword Sect had engaged in a great battle on the Crimson Blood Plains. Worried, I asked Master for leave and rushed back."

"Fortunately, I learned on the way that the battle had ended and that you, Father, are safe and sound. That puts my mind at ease."

"You're very thoughtful."

Ling Yunzi's gaze softened for a moment, then he asked, "Just because of that? Did you hear any other news on the way?"

Ling Shuang nodded, a serious look on her face: "Father, on my way back, I did hear some shocking news, which I was just about to report to you."

She paused, her gaze involuntarily glancing at Chen Ping again, before continuing, "I heard that the Myriad Beasts Sect... has encountered a major incident!"

Chen Ping's previously nonchalant expression suddenly hardened, his gaze sharpening as he looked at Ling Shuang: "The Myriad Beasts Sect? What happened?"

Ling Shuang was startled by Chen Ping's sudden change in demeanor. The concern and sharpness that instantly flashed in his calm eyes sent a shiver down her spine.

She steadied herself and said, "The specific details are unclear, but rumors say that the Myriad Souls Demon Sect secretly sowed discord, and a group within the Myriad Beasts Sect called the 'Merging Beast Clan' suddenly betrayed them, launching a rebellion from within."

"It's said the battle was extremely fierce. The Myriad Beasts Sect Master, Lie Tian, led some of his trusted followers to break through the encirclement and escape, their whereabouts unknown. Now, the Myriad Beasts Sect... has been taken over by that Merging Beast Clan."

"What?!"

Chen Ping's pupils shrank sharply, and his aura fluctuated uncontrollably for a moment. Although he immediately restrained himself, the coldness and anger that leaked out in that instant made Ling Yunzi and Ling Shuang, who were standing close by, feel a chill.

The spiritual liquid at the edge of the pool even rippled.

"The Merging Beast Clan? What's that?"

Chen Ping forced himself to calm down, but his voice was already icy.

He had never heard Lie Tian or Shi Yan mention this group in detail.

Seeing this, Ling Yunzi knew this matter had greatly impacted Chen Ping and quickly explained, "Fellow Daoist Chen, please calm down. This Fusion Beast Clan is a special group within the Myriad Beasts Sect."

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"The laws of the Tenth Heaven are unique. When humans, demons, and beastmen combine, their offspring have a certain probability of mutation. Although they can inherit some of the talents of both sides and possess formidable physiques, their intelligence is often underdeveloped, making them easily swayed by emotions and prone to extreme actions."

“They are numerous within the Myriad Beasts Sect, but due to their impure bloodlines and unpredictable nature, they have always been ostracized by pure-blooded beastmen, holding a low status and often performing hard labor.”

“I never expected... the Myriad Souls Demon Sect to be so vicious, attacking from this angle!”

After listening, Chen Ping understood.

This was clearly that old demon, Soul Fiend, using his own methods against him!

He instigated the Profound Heaven Sword Sect to attack the Demon Sect, and in return, he instigated a rebellion within the Myriad Beasts Sect!

What happened to Lie Tian, Shi Yan, and Ying Wu? Where is Elder Xiong Tuo?

Where are the familiar disciples of the Ten Thousand Beasts Sect?

A strong sense of worry and anger rose in Chen Ping’s chest.

“Sect Master Ling, I must go to the Ten Thousand Beasts Sect immediately!”

Chen Ping said resolutely, without a trace of his previous languor. “I absolutely cannot stand idly by regarding the Ten Thousand Beasts Sect!”

Ling Yunzi had anticipated this. After a moment’s thought, he solemnly said, “Fellow Daoist Chen, you are loyal and righteous, I admire you. The Ten Thousand Beasts Sect has undergone a sudden change; the Fusion Beast Clan has colluded with the Ten Thousand Souls Demon Sect, and this is now a fact.”

“If they are allowed to gain a firm foothold, the sect bordering my Xuantian Sword Sect will no longer be the Ten Thousand Beasts Sect, an ally we can win over, but rather the Fusion Beast Holy Sect, a lackey of the Demon Sect!”

“At that time, my sect will be attacked from both sides, and the situation will be perilous!”

He looked at Chen Ping, his gaze sincere: “For both public and private reasons, my Xuantian Sword Sect should help you.”

“Therefore, I will send a team of elite disciples, led by Shuang’er, to accompany Fellow Daoist Chen to the Ten Thousand Beasts Mountain Range, firstly to assist you...” “Firstly, we need to find the whereabouts of the Rift Heaven Sect Master, and secondly, we can probe his strength and see if we can seize an opportunity to act.”

“Father! You want me to go with him?”

Ling Shuang immediately objected, pointing at Chen Ping, “He’s only at the seventh rank of Immortal Realm, what use would he be? And you want me to protect him? I’m not going!”

“Nonsense!”

Ling Yunzi scolded, “How can you presume to know Fellow Daoist Chen’s strength?”

“On the Crimson Blood Plain, Soul Fiend was frightened back by Fellow Daoist Chen with a single palm strike! Many disciples witnessed this; how could it be false?”

“Letting you follow is for your learning and experience, and also to represent our Xuan Tian Sword Sect in forging a good relationship with Fellow Daoist Chen and the remnants of the Ten Thousand Beasts Sect! This matter concerns the overall situation of the sect; you cannot act willfully!”

Ling Shuang was scolded by her father, especially when she heard that Soul Fiend had been frightened back by his single palm strike; her pretty face was filled with disbelief.

She scrutinized Chen Ping from head to toe, utterly unable to reconcile this seemingly ordinary young man in blue robes with the one who had repelled the infamous Demon Sect Master.

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But her father's words were so certain that she had no choice but to believe him.

She bit her lip, still resentful, but daring not to openly disobey her father's orders, she could only sullenly reply, "Yes, daughter obeys."

Chen Ping, his mind focused on the Myriad Beasts Sect, paid no attention to Ling Shuang's attitude. He cupped his hands to Ling Yunzi and said, "In that case, thank you for your assistance, Sect Master Ling. Without further ado, let's depart immediately."

"Good! Shuang'er, immediately select twenty alert and capable disciples skilled in concealment and tracking to accompany Fellow Daoist Chen. All actions will be subject to Fellow Daoist Chen's arrangements!" Ling Yunzi decisively ordered.

"Yes." Ling Shuang reluctantly accepted the order and left, giving Chen Ping a fierce glare before departing.

A moment later, outside the Xuan Tian Sword Sect's mountain gate.

Ling Shuang stood solemnly with twenty Sword Sect disciples, all dressed in tight-fitting attire, carrying longswords, and exuding a powerful aura.

These disciples were all between the third and fifth ranks of the Celestial Immortal Realm, their eyes sharp, their movements silent—clearly elite.

Chen Ping, now dressed in a neat blue robe, stood at the front of the group. Ling Shuang stood half a step behind him, her pretty face tense, clearly still resentful about what had just happened. To her, being ordered around by a seventh-rank Celestial Immortal was an utter disgrace.

"Fellow Daoist Chen, take care on your journey. If needed, please send a message."

Ling Yunzi personally saw him off, handing him a sword-shaped jade talisman.

Chen Ping accepted the jade talisman and nodded: "Sect Master Ling, farewell."

With that, he said no more, his figure transforming into a streak of azure light, and he sped off towards the Ten Thousand Beasts Mountain Range. Seeing this, Ling Shuang, though displeased, could only wave her hand: "Follow!"

Twenty-one sword lights followed closely behind, slicing through the sky.

...

Leaving the Ten Thousand Swords Mountain Range, they entered a vast wilderness and forested area.

Chen Ping maintained a speed that Ling Shuang and the others could keep up with, but his brow remained furrowed, his divine sense fully deployed, vigilantly monitoring the surroundings, while also constantly sensing for any lingering familiar auras of the Ten Thousand Beasts Sect.

Ling Shuang followed behind, watching Chen Ping's leisurely pace and his aura, which consistently fluctuated only at the seventh rank of the Human Immortal Realm, her suspicion and disdain growing stronger.

Father said he repelled the Soul Fiend?

How could that be!

The Soul Fiend must have been exhausted after its battle with Father, allowing Chen Ping to take advantage, or perhaps he used some underhanded means!

Perhaps that rumor was deliberately spread by Father for some purpose.

Ling Shuang simply didn't believe Chen Ping was that powerful.

"Hey!"

After flying for about half a day, Ling Shuang finally couldn't help herself. She sped up to Chen Ping's side and asked curtly, "Where are we going? The Ten Thousand Beasts Mountain Range is so vast, are we just going to search aimlessly like headless flies?"

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Chen Ping glanced at her and said calmly, "Let's go to the vicinity of the former site of the Ten Thousand Beasts Sect first. With the rebellion recently quelled, the Fusion Beast Clan and the Ten Thousand Souls Demon Sect will undoubtedly be very active. Perhaps we can capture some prisoners and find out the whereabouts of the Rift Heaven Sect Master and the others. Even if we can't, we can still observe the situation."

This line of thinking was clear and reasonable, but Ling Shuang curled her lip: "Easy for you to say. What if we encounter a large force? With just the few of us?"

"We'll play it by ear."

Chen Ping was too lazy to explain further.

If it weren't for Ling Yunzi's sake, he would have already acted alone.

Ling Shuang, having been rebuffed, huffed and puffed, falling half a step behind. She complained telepathically to a familiar disciple behind her, "I really don't know what Father was thinking, making us listen to this pretentious guy."

The disciple smiled wryly, not daring to reply.

After flying for about an hour, they came to a desolate valley filled with jagged rocks.

Chen Ping suddenly changed his expression and gestured for the group to stop.

"What's wrong?"

Ling Shuang asked, puzzled. Her divine sense hadn't detected anything unusual.

Chen Ping didn't answer, his cold gaze fixed on a shadowy area deep within the valley.

Just as Ling Shuang and the others followed his gaze, the shadow suddenly writhed, and then dozens of figures shot out, blocking their path!

These figures were divided into several groups. Some wore the black robes of the Myriad Souls Demon Sect, exuding a chilling demonic aura;

the rest were of various forms, some half-human, half-beast, others with distinctly animalistic features, but all possessed fierce eyes and a wild, untamed aura—warriors of the Fusion Beast Clan!

They were clearly lying in ambush or patrolling this area.

Leading them was a fifth-rank Celestial Immortal elder of the Myriad Souls Demon Sect, and a burly Fusion Beast leader with boar-like tusks and bristles.

“Hahaha! What a pleasant surprise!”

The elder of the Demon Sect grinned maliciously upon seeing Chen Ping and his group, especially the insignia of the Profound Heaven Sword Sect on their bodies. “We just received orders to search this area for any remnants of the Myriad Beasts Sect or spies of the Sword Sect, and here they are, delivered right to our doorstep!”

“And there's another delicate little wench, perfect for capturing and offering to the Sect Master of the Ferocious Bone Sect for his amusement!”

His lewd gaze swept over Ling Shuang.

Ling Shuang had never suffered such humiliation. Her pretty face flushed crimson instantly, and her eyes blazed with murderous intent: “You demonic sect wretch, you're courting death!”

With a clang, her crimson longsword was drawn, its blazing sword energy aimed directly at the demonic sect elder.

“Senior Sister Shuang, be careful!”

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The Sword Sect disciples behind her also drew their swords, forming a makeshift sword formation, as if facing a formidable enemy.

The enemy’s numbers were roughly equal, but the demonic sect elder was a fifth-grade Heavenly Immortal, and the Fusion Beast leader’s aura was also close to that of a fifth-grade Heavenly Immortal. Coupled with a group of fearless Fusion Beast warriors, their strength was not to be underestimated.

“Kill them! Leave no one alive!”

The demonic sect elder roared, and he and the Fusion Beast leader charged forward simultaneously, their target Ling Shuang.

The remaining demonic sect disciples and Fusion Beast warriors roared as they charged towards the Sword Sect disciples.

A great battle was about to erupt!

Ling Shuang let out a sharp cry, unleashing her swordsmanship like a fiery phoenix soaring through the air. The crimson sword light, carrying scorching heat, met the Demon Sect elder head-on.

Her swordsmanship was indeed masterful, exquisite and fierce, and for a moment she was evenly matched with the Demon Sect elder, a mere early-stage Celestial Realm cultivator.

But on the other side, the Fusion Beast leader was exceptionally ferocious. He wielded a pair of enormous, fang-like bone hammers, possessing immense strength. His moves were chaotic yet incredibly ruthless.

He charged towards the sword formation formed by the Sword Sect disciples, smashing down several times, causing the formation to shake violently. Two third-grade Celestial Realm disciples were shaken to the point of vomiting blood.

“Form the Little Big Dipper Sword Formation! Trapped him!”

A fourth-grade Celestial Realm Sword Sect disciple captain hurriedly changed formation.

However, the Fusion Beast warriors’ frenzied attacks put immense pressure on the sword formation.

These fused beasts fought recklessly, trading blows for blows, even self-destructing to attack. This threw the Sword Sect disciples, accustomed to precise swordplay and teamwork, into disarray, quickly resulting in casualties.

Ling Shuang, noticing her side was at a disadvantage, grew anxious, and her swordsmanship became somewhat hasty.

The experienced Demon Sect elder immediately seized the opening, unleashing a vicious Soul-Eating Demon Finger aimed at Ling Shuang’s vulnerable ribs!

“Senior Sister Shuang!” the disciples cried out in alarm.

Ling Shuang couldn’t parry in time, only managing a weak sidestep, about to be struck by the demonic finger!

Just at this critical moment—

A green shadow, like a ghost, appeared without warning between Ling Shuang and the Demon Sect elder.

It was Chen Ping!

He had vanished from everyone's sight sometime earlier, and now reappeared.

Facing the Soul-Eating Demonic Finger, powerful enough to corrode even the soul, Chen Ping casually extended his right index finger. A flicker of chaotic light flashed at the tip, and he lightly touched the incoming wisp of dark demonic energy.

"Pfft."

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A soft sound, like a bubble bursting.

The insidious and deadly Soul-Eating Demonic Finger energy, upon contact with the chaotic light, vanished silently, like snowflakes meeting the blazing sun.

There was no earth-shattering explosion, no booming energy clash; it simply disappeared.

The demonic elder's sinister smile froze instantly, his eyes filled with utter astonishment and bewilderment.

His long-prepared killing move, which even cultivators of the same level wouldn't dare to directly confront, had been so easily...disappeared?

Ling Shuang was also stunned, remaining turned to the side, staring blankly at the blue-robed figure blocking her path.

Chen Ping, however, didn't pause for a moment.

After extinguishing the demonic finger, his index finger moved forward with seemingly slow, yet incredibly fast, lightly touching the demonic elder's brow before he could react.

"Uh..."

The demonic elder's body stiffened abruptly, his eyes quickly losing their luster, and the demonic energy around him dissipated like a punctured balloon.

His expression froze in shock and disbelief, then he slumped limply to the ground, lifeless.

One strike, dead!

A dignified fifth-grade Celestial Immortal demonic elder didn't even have time to react or scream!

This scene not only left Ling Shuang and the Sword Sect disciples dumbfounded, but even the frenzied beast leader and its warriors, who were attacking wildly, paused in their actions.

Chen Ping, however, seemed to have done something utterly insignificant.

He turned around, his gaze calmly meeting the still-stunned beast leader.

The beast leader, swept by Chen Ping's gaze, felt a chill and fear creep into its very soul!

That gaze was too calm, a calmness that sent shivers down one's spine, as if looking at an ant that could be crushed with a flick of the wrist!

"Roar!!"

Driven by instinct, the beast leader roared, dispelling its fear, and swung its bone hammer with the force to shatter mountains, bringing it crashing down on Chen Ping's head!

He intended to smash this bizarre human into a pulp!

Chen Ping still didn't draw his sword, nor did he use any complex techniques.

He simply raised his left hand, fingers spread, and gently gripped the massive bone hammer that hurtled towards him.

"Crack!"