

The Order 9541

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Ying Wu and her group seemed to have been exposed and were being pursued by a group of Beast Fusion Warriors.

Shi Yan immediately decided to provide backup. The two groups joined forces, fighting and retreating simultaneously.

Although they killed many pursuers, the enemy's numbers continued to grow, even attracting experts from the Demonic Sect.

In the fierce battle, the group was scattered. Shi Yan and Ying Wu, to cover the retreat of the other disciples, deliberately drew away most of the pursuers, ultimately being ambushed near this mountain stream and captured, exhausted.

The fate of the other disciples is unknown.

"Those bastards... after capturing us, they humiliated us in every way, and even wanted to do that to Ying Wu..." Shi Yan gritted his teeth, his eyes bloodshot.

"I understand."

Chen Ping interrupted him, his voice icy. "I will avenge you a hundredfold. But now, we must leave immediately."

"Although I tried my best to control the commotion, it might have attracted the attention of other enemies nearby."

Shi Yan and Ying Wu nodded hurriedly.

Chen Ping helped Ying Wu put on one of his spare robes, covering her torn clothes.

Then, supporting one of them with each arm, he flashed out of the cave, disappearing back into the shadows of the forest, speeding southwest.

About half an incense stick's time after they left, several powerful auras descended upon the cave. Seeing the horrific scene within, they all gasped in shock, followed by angry roars and piercing alarms...

But by this time, Chen Ping, along with Shi Yan and Ying Wu, were already dozens of miles away.

Following the route and method provided by Ling Shuang, he sped towards the entrance to the mysterious Blazing Flame Realm.

The Crimson Flame Canyon, located in the southwest of the Ten Thousand Beasts Mountain Range, is named for the strange, perpetually burning crimson flames deep within.

The canyon's steep walls are a dark red, scorched by intense heat, and the air is thick with a scorching, dry atmosphere.

Ordinary plants struggle to grow here; only a few fire-resistant, exotic ferns and lichens dot the landscape.

When Ling Shuang, leading Lie Tian and the other battered remnants of the Ten Thousand Beasts Sect, finally reached the deepest part of the canyon after a grueling ordeal, everyone was at their last gasp.

Days of fleeing, taut nerves, and untreated injuries had brought the team's morale and stamina to rock bottom.

Before them stood a towering, mirror-like, crimson rock wall, hundreds of feet high.

This wall was no ordinary rock, but a rare mineral called "Crimson Flame Crystal," upon which burned a seemingly faint yet eternally burning pale golden flame, the intense heat distorting the air itself.

This was the entrance to the Blazing Fire Secret Realm that Ling Shuang had spoken of.

“This is it.”

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Ling Shuang stopped, her pale face flushed an unnatural red from the heat, but a glimmer of hope shone in her eyes.

She turned to Lie Tian and the others, saying, “Please wait a moment while I open the entrance.”

Lie Tian and the others gazed at the burning rock wall, sensing the vast and pure fire energy it contained, and felt a slight sense of relief.

This entrance to the secret realm was so unique and well-hidden; perhaps they could truly escape the pursuit of the Demon Sect and the Fusion Beast Clan for the time being.

Ling Shuang took a deep breath, suppressing her exhaustion and the lingering pain from her injuries, and walked to a spot about three zhang (approximately 10 meters) in front of the rock wall.

She took out her crimson feather jade pendant—the same one she had given Chen Ping—the “Fire Pendant,” and with both hands forming hand seals, transformed her pure Xuan Tian Sword Qi into blazing fire-attribute spiritual power, infusing it into the pendant.

The “Fire Pendant” immediately shone brightly, emitting a clear phoenix cry, and a crimson beam of light shot out, striking the center of the burning rock wall.

At the same time, Ling Shuang focused her divine sense, beginning to inscribe the complex and profound activation seal.

However, just as the seal was about to be completed, and the flames on the rock wall began to fluctuate rhythmically, faintly revealing the phantom image of a portal—

“Hmph!”

A cold and authoritative snort exploded in everyone's ears like thunder!

The cold snort contained a powerful shock to the soul and a scorching sword intent. Ling Shuang was the first to be hit, feeling a sharp pain in her sea of consciousness, and the divine sense seal she was inscribing instantly collapsed!

She groaned, a trickle of blood spilling from the corner of her mouth, staggering back a few steps, the light of the Fire Pendant in her hand dimming.

The illusory portal that was about to take shape on the rock wall vanished, returning to its original burning state.

"Who goes there?!"

Lie Tian mustered his strength, standing in front of Ling Shuang, his silver pupils scanning the surroundings warily.

The other disciples of the Myriad Beasts Sect also braced themselves, assuming defensive stances.

"Shuang'er, how dare you!"

Accompanied by a majestic voice, the space in front of the burning rock wall rippled like water, and a figure slowly emerged.

The newcomer was a middle-aged man who appeared to be around forty or fifty years old. He wore a crimson robe embroidered with golden flame patterns, his face was ancient and simple, and his eyes shone with a sharp light, like two leaping flames.

He carried a strangely styled crimson longsword on his back. Although it was not drawn, it naturally exuded a scorching and sharp sword intent, seemingly capable of incinerating everything.

His aura was far stronger than that of Lie Tian at his peak; he was clearly a top-tier sword cultivator at the eighth rank of the Heavenly Immortal Realm, possibly even the ninth rank!

“Master!”

Upon seeing the newcomer, Ling Shuang’s face instantly turned deathly pale. Ignoring her injuries, she hurriedly bowed in respect, her voice trembling.

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This man was none other than Ling Shuang’s master, Ling Yan, a genius sword cultivator of the previous generation of the Xuan Tian Sword Sect who later left the sect to venture out on his own, and was later revered as the Heavenly Fire Sword Venerable!

Ling Yan’s gaze flashed like lightning, first sweeping over Ling Shuang. Seeing the bloodstains at the corner of her mouth and her weakened state, a barely perceptible pang of heartache flickered in his eyes, but it was quickly overshadowed by a surge of rage.

His gaze then swept over Lie Tian and the group of beastmen who were clearly not sword cultivators, each bearing injuries and exuding mixed auras. His face instantly darkened to a point where it seemed to drip water.

“Shuang’er, have you forgotten my rules?”

Ling Yan’s voice was icy, devoid of any emotion. “The Li Huo Secret Realm is my place of quiet cultivation; no outsider is permitted to set foot here!”

“You left the secret realm without permission to meddle in the conflict between our sect and the Demonic Sect, and I haven’t even pursued it. Now you dare to bring so many... a motley crew of strangers here, and you still want to open the secret realm?”

“Where do you place my rules? Where do you place the precepts of the Xuan Tian Sword Sect?”

“Master, please calm your anger!”

Ling Shuang knelt down with a thud, urgently saying, "Disciple knows her mistake! But..." "There's a reason! The Myriad Beasts Sect was ambushed by the Myriad Souls Demonic Sect and a traitor, resulting in the sect's annihilation."

"Sect Master Rift Sky and the others fought their way out, but now they are pursued from behind and have no way forward. This disciple... this disciple couldn't bear to see them slaughtered by the Demonic Sect, so I dared to bring them to the secret realm for temporary refuge."

"I implore Master to have mercy and allow them to enter the secret realm to hide for a while. They will leave when the storm passes! Father... Father also agreed to this disciple's assistance!"

"Ling Yunzi agreed?"

Ling Yan frowned, but his anger did not subside. "His agreement is his business! This is the Blazing Fire Secret Realm, where your master..." "This is my territory! The rules are set by your master!"

"Don't even mention Ling Yunzi, even if all the ancestors of the Xuan Tian Sword Sect were resurrected, it wouldn't change anything!"

He looked at Lie Tian and the others, his eyes cold, as if looking at a group of ants: "A bunch of stray dogs, do you dare to defile my place of quiet cultivation?"

"Get out of Crimson Flame Valley immediately! Otherwise, don't blame me for being merciless with my sword!"

"Senior!"

Lie Tian, enduring the humiliation, stepped forward and bowed deeply, "This junior, Lie Tian, is the sect master of the Ten Thousand Beasts Sect. The sect has suffered this calamity, which is truly unavoidable, and we have absolutely no intention of offending your quiet cultivation, senior."

"I only ask..." "Senior, you've extended a helping hand, allowing us temporary refuge. We, your juniors, are willing to offer you all the remaining resources and treasures of the Ten Thousand Beasts Sect as a

reward. In the future, whatever your command, the entire Ten Thousand Beasts Sect will go through fire and water without hesitation!”

“The Ten Thousand Beasts Sect? Hmph, a piece of trash that can’t even protect its own territory, what right does it have to negotiate with me?”

Ling Yan sneered mercilessly, “Your resources and treasures? I don’t care! Get out of here now! Don’t force me to personally send you on your way!”

“You!”

A wolf clan elder with a fiery temper was enraged upon hearing this and wanted to step forward to argue, but was firmly stopped by Lie Tian.

Seeing her master’s resolute attitude, Ling Shuang felt both anxious and ashamed.

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She looked at the Ten Thousand Beasts Sect disciples behind her, whose eyes had rekindled despair, and then at Lie Tian, who was still seriously injured and even paler.

Then, gritting her teeth, she kowtowed three times to Ling Yan, her forehead instantly swelling and turning red.

“Master! It’s all my fault! I acted on my own initiative and broke the rules!”

“I’m willing to accept any punishment, even losing my cultivation and being expelled from the sect, I will have no complaints! I only beg you, Master... I only beg you, Master, to have mercy and save them!”

“They are truly desperate! If they are caught by the Demonic Sect, they will surely die a gruesome death! Master! I beg you!”

Ling Shuang cried, tears streaming down her face. She knew that although her master was strict, he had always loved her. Perhaps... perhaps there was still a glimmer of hope.

Seeing his beloved disciple pleading so humbly, Ling Yan's anger intensified, but this time, his anger seemed to be directed more at Lie Tian and the others.

He felt that these outsiders had bewitched his disciple, causing her to disobey his master's orders and even resort to self-harm to plead for mercy.

"Stubborn to the end!"

Ling Yan shouted sharply, without making any move, he simply flicked his sleeve.

"Boom!"

A scorching, violent, invisible force erupted, like a volcanic eruption or a sweeping sword aura, directly slamming into the kneeling Ling Shuang!

"Pfft—!"

Ling Shuang was struck hard, flying backward and spitting out a mouthful of blood mid-air before crashing heavily to the ground several feet away.

She struggled a few times but couldn't get up for a moment; her aura instantly weakened to the extreme, clearly indicating severe injuries.

"Senior Sister Shuang!"

"Miss Ling!"

The Sword Sect disciples and Lie Tian and the others exclaimed, wanting to rush forward, but were instantly frozen in place by Ling Yan's icy gaze, as if plunged into an ice cave.

“This is punishment for disobeying your master’s orders, bringing outsiders without permission, and showing no respect for your elders!”

Ling Yan’s voice was icy. Looking at Ling Shuang on the ground, blood continuously trickling from the corner of her mouth, her eyes filled with pain and despair, his heart ached, but his face remained ashen.

“Now, take these worthless trash and disappear from my sight immediately! Any further lingering will result in more than just injuries!”

Despair, like the heaviest mountain, weighed heavily on the hearts of every remaining member of the Ten Thousand Beasts Sect.

Even the last glimmer of hope was extinguished by the powerful and ruthless Heavenly Fire Sword Master before them.

Many disciples, their eyes devoid of light, slumped to the ground, awaiting their final judgment.

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Lie Tian clenched his fists, his nails digging deep into his palms, blood dripping from between his fingers.

He looked at the heavily injured Ling Shuang, at his despairing clansmen, a wave of grief and helplessness almost consuming him.

Was fate truly determined to destroy the Ten Thousand Beasts Sect?

Just as all hope seemed lost—

From the direction of the canyon entrance, a strange fluctuation suddenly emanated from the air.

That fluctuation was not ordinary spiritual energy or spatial fluctuation, but rather a... blazing, vibrant rhythm, as if alive, with flames leaping and dancing within it!

Then, to everyone's astonishment, a figure in azure robes appeared in the arena, traversing hundreds of feet in an unbelievable manner!

The figure seemed to be treading on invisible staircases of fire; with each step, a crimson-gold lotus-shaped flame bloomed and extinguished out of thin air.

This propelled him forward at a speed far exceeding ordinary escape techniques, yet without creating a sound or a surge of spiritual energy, appearing incredibly elegant and mysterious.

It was Chen Ping, accompanied by Shi Yan and Ying Wu, who were barely keeping up thanks to his immortal power!

“Fire Control Steps?!”

Ling Yan, the Heavenly Fire Sword Master, who had been standing with his hands behind his back, his face cold and stern, suddenly narrowed his eyes upon seeing the profound footwork beneath Chen Ping's feet and the familiar crimson-gold lotus phantom.

For the first time, his face revealed undisguised shock and confusion, and he even cried out in disbelief!

Chen Ping stopped, and the lotus flames beneath his feet dissipated.

He first glanced at the scene—Ling Shuang, heavily injured and lying on the ground, her breath faint;

Lie Tian and the others, their faces ashen and filled with despair;

And the red-robed swordsman who, despite his imposing aura, was now staring at him with suspicion.

He instantly understood.

It seemed this was Ling Shuang's master, the Heavenly Fire Sword Master.

Moreover, it appeared some unpleasantness had occurred.

“Senior Chen!”

“Senior!”

Shi Yan, Ying Wu, Lie Tian, and the others who recognized Chen Ping cried out excitedly, as if seeing light in endless darkness.

Chen Ping nodded slightly to Lie Tian and the others, signaling them to calm down.

He first went to Ling Shuang’s side, knelt down, and examined her injuries.

Ling Yan’s attack was clearly not at full strength, but the intense sword intent it contained had penetrated Ling Shuang’s meridians, causing considerable internal injuries.

Chen Ping frowned slightly, channeling a wisp of pure, gentle chaotic immortal energy to protect her heart meridian and temporarily stabilize her injuries.

“Senior...”

Ling Shuang saw Chen Ping, tears welling up in her eyes again, a mixture of grievance and guilt. “I’m sorry... I... I couldn’t...”

“It’s alright, don’t speak, just focus on your breathing.”

Chen Ping comforted her, helping her to a slightly distant rock to lean against.

After doing this, Chen Ping slowly stood up, his gaze calmly meeting that of Ling Yan, the Heavenly Fire Sword Master, who had been staring intently at him.

The shock in Ling Yan's eyes gradually gave way to scrutiny and deep doubt.

He looked Chen Ping up and down. This young man in blue robes, whose cultivation was only at the seventh rank of the Human Immortal Realm, gave him an extremely strange feeling.

Despite his low cultivation level, his demeanor was as steady as a mountain. Facing the pressure of Chen Ping, a Heavenly Immortal Realm expert, he showed no fear whatsoever, and... he even knew the "Fire Control Step"!

"Boy, who are you?"

Ling Yan spoke in a deep voice, his tone like the clash of metal, "Why do you know the Fire Control Step? This technique is a secret kept by the Fire Spirit Star Lord; throughout the world, only a handful of people know it! Where did you steal it from?"

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Faced with Ling Yan's questioning, Chen Ping did not answer directly.

He first glanced at the injured Ling Shuang, then turned his gaze back to Ling Yan, his tone calm yet tinged with coldness: "You are the Heavenly Fire Sword Master? Ling Shuang's master?"

"Indeed, it is!"

Ling Yan said arrogantly, his eyes flashing, "Answer my question!"

Chen Ping countered, "Why should I answer you? It is you, as the master, who, without asking questions, inflicted such harm on your own disciple. What is the reason for this?"

"She brought people here to rescue someone in danger. What wrong has she done?"

“Insolence!”

Ling Yan’s face darkened. “How I discipline my disciples is none of your business, you junior!”

“The Blazing Fire Secret Realm is my place of seclusion. The rule is that no outsider may set foot here!”

“She brought people here without permission, thus breaking the rules.” “She deserves punishment! I haven’t crippled her cultivation out of consideration for our master-disciple relationship!”

“Now, answer me immediately: where did you get your Fire Control Step? Otherwise, don’t blame me for capturing you, searching your soul, and refining your spirit to get an answer!”

Faced with Ling Yan’s threat, Chen Ping’s expression remained unchanged. Instead, a slightly mocking smile curled at the corner of his lips: “Your secluded cultivation place? You set the rules? This Blazing Fire Secret Realm... is it truly your territory?”

He paused, his gaze seemingly piercing through the burning rock walls to see the essence of the secret realm’s depths, and slowly uttered a name: “I feel... this secret realm seems more like something left behind by that old fellow, the Blazing Fire Demon Lord.”

“What?!”

Upon hearing Chen Ping’s words, Ling Yan was struck dumb, her aura fluctuating violently and uncontrollably.

Her face revealed an even more shocked expression than when she first saw the Fire Control Step, even carrying a hint of horror and disbelief!

He stared intently at Chen Ping, his voice trembling with extreme surprise and doubt: “You...how do you know about the Blazing Fire Demon Lord?! Who exactly are you?!”

Seeing Ling Yan’s reaction, Chen Ping became even more certain of his guess.

When he first heard Ling Yunzi mention the Blazing Fire Secret Realm, the name sounded familiar, as if it were related to that Blazing Fire Demon Lord.

Now, considering Ling Yan's reaction, it seemed almost certain.

Chen Ping remained unfazed, meeting Ling Yan's bewildered gaze, and said calmly, "Who am I? Since you recognize the Fire Control Step and know about the Blazing Fire Demon Lord, telling you won't hurt."

"The Blazing Fire Demon Lord is a long-time friend of mine, with whom I share a deep personal bond. Since this secret realm was left behind by him, what's wrong with me, as a friend, taking a few people in for temporary refuge?"

"A friend?"

Ling Yan was first taken aback, then his shock turned into deep suspicion and mockery, as if he had heard a colossal joke. "Hahaha! You're just a brat, spouting nonsense! The Blazing Fire Demon Lord has lived for tens of thousands of years!"

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"You, a mere Human Immortal Realm junior with a bone age of no more than a hundred years, dare to claim to be his friend? Utterly absurd!"

His laughter abruptly stopped, his eyes sharp as swords, as if trying to see right through Chen Ping: "Fine, even if you've obtained some of the Demon Lord's inheritance by chance and know his name."

"Then how do you explain this Fire Control Step? It's the unique skill of the Fire Spirit Star Lord!"

"The Fire Spirit Star Lord and the Blazing Fire Demon Lord, one righteous and one demonic, though both are of the fire element, are natural enemies, having fought each other for countless years, their bond as strong as fire and water!"

“If you claim to be a friend of the Blazing Fire Demon Lord, how do you know the Fire Spirit Star Lord’s unique skill?”

“Are you simultaneously a friend of these two irreconcilable beings? That’s utter nonsense, utter rubbish!”

The more Ling Yan spoke, the more convinced Chen Ping was of fabrication. His initial doubts subsided, but his anger flared again: “Boy, I don’t have time to listen to your nonsense! Immediately confess, where did you steal your Fire Control Step from?”

“Furthermore, how do you know the Blazing Fire Demon Lord’s name? If there’s even a hint of falsehood, I’ll annihilate you, body and soul!”

Before he finished speaking, a terrifying sword intent erupted from Ling Yan’s body!

A crimson sword aura shot skyward, illuminating half the canyon in a fiery red glow. The scorching heat caused the air to crackle and pop, and the ground even began to melt!

The ancient sword on his back automatically drew half an inch from its sheath with a clang, revealing a section of its blade as red as blood, as if magma flowed within it, radiating a sharpness and heat that sent chills down one’s spine!

The pressure of a Celestial Realm expert was released without reservation, like the might of heaven descending!

Lie Tian and the others groaned and retreated in unison, their faces deathly pale. The disciples with lower cultivation levels even coughed up blood and collapsed, unable to withstand the pressure.

Even the heavily injured Ling Shuang felt difficulty breathing, her eyes filled with worry.

However, Chen Ping, at the very center of this pressure, remained calm, not even the hem of his robe fluttering.

He seemed to exist in another dimension; the scorching sword intent and terrifying pressure, capable of incinerating mountains and boiling seas, could not even get within three feet of him!

“You’re right, the Fire Demon Lord and the Fire Spirit Star Lord don’t get along.”

Chen Ping nodded, as if stating a simple fact. “However, that’s between them. My acquaintance with them was due to a chance encounter.”

“The Fire Demon Lord invited me for drinks and we discussed the Dao; the Fire Spirit Star Lord took a liking to me and taught me a few steps of the Fire Control Steps for fun. What’s wrong with that?”

“Fun?” Ling Yan laughed angrily. “Fine! Fine, ‘fun’! It seems you won’t tell the truth unless I teach you a lesson!”

He completely lost patience and stopped dwelling on the contradictions in Chen Ping’s words.

Since he couldn’t get an answer from him, he’d beat him into submission first!

Regardless of this kid’s background, secretly learning the Fire Control Steps, knowing about the Fire Demon Lord, and spouting nonsense here—he had already committed a grave offense!

“Crimson Flame, draw!”

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Ling Yan shouted coldly, and the ancient sword on his back was fully drawn!

The sword, entirely crimson, instantly caused the temperature within the canyon to soar again upon its appearance. The air around the sword was scorched and distorted, emitting a piercing hiss.

The longsword transformed into a crimson streak, carrying the power to scorch the heavens and boil the seas. It didn’t directly strike Chen Ping, but instead slashed through the air!

“Burning Heaven Sword Domain, rise!”

Rumble!

Embracing Ling Yan, the space within a hundred feet radius was instantly filled with endless crimson flames!

These were no ordinary flames, but rather the “Burning Heaven Sword Qi,” refined to its ultimate form and containing the essence of Ling Yan’s lifelong swordsmanship!

The flames took the shapes of swords, lotuses, and flowing clouds, weaving and dancing within the domain. Each wisp was enough to easily incinerate the body and soul of an early-stage Celestial Immortal!

Within the sword domain, space was completely sealed off. The intense heat distorted perception, and the sharp sword intent was omnipresent, frantically compressing and scorching everything within!

This was the signature technique of the Heavenly Fire Sword Master, his greatest reliance for dominating the Ten Heavens!

“Senior!”

“Senior Chen!”

Lie Tian, Ling Shuang, and the others exclaimed in shock upon seeing this.

Under such a terrifying sword domain, they could barely protect themselves, let alone help.

Faced with this Heaven-Burning Sword Domain, powerful enough to kill even an ordinary seventh-grade Heavenly Immortal, Chen Ping merely sighed softly.

“It seems reasoning won’t work.”

He reached out and grasped the hilt of the seemingly ancient longsword behind him.

“Buzz—!”

A clear, resonant sword cry, like a dragon’s roar across the heavens, or the first wisp of Dao sound at the dawn of creation, suddenly rang out!

This sword cry wasn’t particularly grand, yet it strangely pierced through the raging flames and sword intent of the Heaven-Burning Sword Domain, clearly reaching everyone’s ears, even causing the surging flames to momentarily pause!

Chen Ping drew his sword.

The Dragon-Slaying Sword was unsheathed!

There were no earth-shattering phenomena, no overwhelming aura.

The blade of the Dragon-Slaying Sword possessed a chaotic, dark hue, seemingly capable of devouring all light.

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But when Chen Ping grasped the sword and casually swung it forward—

An indescribable “intent” suddenly spread out!

It wasn’t scorching, nor icy, nor sharp, nor heavy.

It was an intent... seemingly transcending the Five Elements, rising above the rules—a realm interwoven with “destruction” and “rebirth”!

It was the grandeur and vastness of the primordial chaos, the initial separation of Yin and Yang!

Before this “sword intent,” the scorching heat and sharpness of the Burning Heaven Sword Domain, capable of incinerating all things, seemed... somewhat “small-minded,” somewhat “merely in form”!

“What?!”

Ling Yan’s expression changed drastically! He felt his prized Burning Heaven Sword Intent, the moment it came into contact with the opponent’s strange sword intent, feel like a subject encountering a king— involuntarily suppressed, even on the verge of collapse!

How could this be?!

His Burning Heaven Sword Intent was the supreme fire sword intent he had painstakingly comprehended after thousands of years of observing the “Undying Flame Seed” at the core of the Blazing Fire Secret Realm!

How could it be suppressed by the sword intent of a mere junior in the Immortal Realm?

“Break.”

Chen Ping uttered a simple word.

His Dragon-Slaying Sword, following an indescribably profound trajectory, gently thrust forward.

This thrust, seemingly slow, was actually incredibly fast, as if ignoring the barriers of space and flame.

This thrust lacked a vast sword aura, lacked dazzling light.

But wherever the sword tip passed, the surging, roaring fiery sword energy within the Blazing Heaven Sword Domain melted and dissipated silently, like ice and snow under the scorching sun!

The sword domain itself emitted cracking sounds, as if a massive piece of glass had been lightly struck, instantly becoming covered with countless fine cracks!

“Crack—!”

A clear sound of shattering echoed through the canyon.

Ling Yan’s Blazing Heaven Sword Domain, powerful enough to trap and kill opponents of the same level, shattered with a deafening roar under Chen Ping’s seemingly casual sword strike!

It transformed into countless sparks, quickly extinguishing in the air.

“Pfft!”

With his sword domain forcibly broken, Ling Yan’s mind was injured. He groaned, a trickle of blood spilling from the corner of his mouth, his eyes filled with utter horror and disbelief!

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His hand holding the sword trembled slightly.

It wasn’t a difference in strength, but rather... a crushing defeat in the level of swordsmanship!

The “intent” contained in his opponent’s sword strike far surpassed his understanding of “fire” and “sword”! It was a higher-dimensional realm of swordsmanship that he had longed for but could never reach...

Chen Ping sheathed his sword, the Dragon-Slaying Sword pointing diagonally at the ground, the chaotic light on its blade slowly receding.

He looked at Ling Yan, whose face was pale and eyes were confused, and said calmly, “Now, can we go in?”

Ling Yan stared intently at Chen Ping, then at the Dragon-Slaying Sword in his hand, his chest heaving violently.

That sword strike had completely overturned his understanding.

This young man at the seventh rank of the Immortal Realm was no ordinary person!

His strange sword intent, that peculiar sword, and the Fire Demon Lord and Fire Spirit Star Lord he mentioned... all of this pointed to one possibility—this person might truly have an unimaginable background and extraordinary opportunities!

Continue fighting?

Ling Yan wasn't confident.

The opponent's sword intent was too strange, completely countering his fire sword path. Moreover, he vaguely sensed that the opponent's previous sword strike... seemed not to have been delivered with full force?

After a full ten breaths of silence, Ling Yan's overwhelming aura slowly subsided, and the sword intent that had incinerated everything receded like a tide.

He took a deep breath, as if to exhale all the shock and pent-up emotions in his chest.

Finally, he stepped aside to make way for the burning rock wall, his voice dry as he said, “...Go in.”

He didn't ask any more questions.

Some answers are better left unknown.

Chen Ping secretly breathed a sigh of relief upon hearing the Heavenly Fire Sword Venerable's agreement.

If the Heavenly Fire Sword Venerable had attacked again, he wouldn't have been able to withstand it.

If it weren't for the inheritance of the Myriad Swords Star, and the incredibly pure sword intent he had refined using those fire meteors in the void passage, Chen Ping wouldn't have been able to withstand the Heavenly Fire Sword Venerable's attack.

Chen Ping dared not think further and said to Lie Tian, Shi Yan, Ying Wu, and the others behind him, "Let's go in."

He walked to the rock wall, took out the Fire Pendant given to him by Ling Shuang, and without needing to consciously transform it, he poured a wisp of chaotic immortal power into it with a thought, causing the Fire Pendant to light up again.

At the same time, with a slight movement of his divine sense, the hand seal taught by Ling Shuang instantly took shape and was imprinted into the rock wall.

This time, there was no obstacle.