

The Order 9911

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“Then... attack together! Annihilate this fiend!” Xue Youming hissed.

The two no longer cared about their status or held back their strength, joining forces to attack the critically wounded Chen Ping!

This was a truly deadly situation.

“Protect Chen Ping!!!”

Jin Buhuan roared fiercely, his voice distorted with anxiety.

The five elders of the Five Elements Sect rushed out almost simultaneously, disregarding their own safety, standing between Chen Ping and the two powerful figures.

“Golden lineage disciples, heed my command! Gengjin Sword Formation – Ten Thousand Swords Return to the Origin!”

The Golden Lineage elder’s hair and beard bristled as he summoned his natal magic weapon, the “Gengjin Sword.”

The golden flying sword split in two in mid-air, then four, then eight... In the blink of an eye, it transformed into thousands of sword shadows, forming an impenetrable sword formation that swept towards Xue Youming.

Within the sword formation, each sword shadow contained extreme sharpness, enough to slice through the void.

This was the Golden Vein’s trump card, a move that would cost at least a century of cultivation to unleash, but the Golden Vein elder couldn’t afford to worry about that now.

“Wood Vein disciple, Azure Wood Cage – Endless Life!” The Wood Vein elder’s hands moved with lightning speed, his body radiating a surge of azure light.

Countless ancient green vines, as thick as buckets, burst from the earth, their tendrils covered in barbs, the tips gleaming with a ghostly green poisonous light, coiling towards Zhan E like living creatures.

These vines were not only incredibly resilient but also possessed immense vitality, capable of rapidly regenerating even when severed. The Wood Vein elder was using his own life force to fuel the vines, each vine consuming a wisp of his life essence.

The Water, Fire, and Earth Vein elders also unleashed their respective ultimate techniques.

The Water Vein Elder summoned nine water dragons, each lifelike, their roars shaking the heavens;

The Fire Vein Elder transformed into a humanoid ball of flame, igniting the air wherever it passed;

The Earth Vein Elder merged directly with the earth, manipulating rocks and soil to condense into a hundred-zhang-tall rock giant.

These five elders, at the peak of the ninth rank of the Celestial Immortal Realm, joined forces to unleash their life’s most powerful techniques, their combined might enough to make ordinary Upper Immortal Realm experts retreat.

But... they faced Xue Youming and Zhan E.

The two most powerful demons of the Twelfth Heaven!

“Get out of the way!”

Xue Youming didn’t even glance at the myriad sword shadows, merely waving his hand casually.

The pitch-black Nine Netherworld Demonic Qi transformed into a hundred-zhang-wide tidal wave of demonic energy, sweeping out like a tsunami.

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Wherever the demonic energy passed, the Golden Vein Elder's myriad sword shadows shattered like paper, his natal Gengjin Sword further corrupted by the demonic energy, its blade rapidly dimming before finally snapping in two with a "crack!"

"Pfft!"

The Golden Vein Elder was struck as if by a devastating blow. The backlash from the destruction of his natal magic weapon caused him to cough up blood, flying backward and crashing heavily into the mountainside, his fate unknown.

Zhan E's actions were even more ruthless.

Faced with the entangling green vines, he didn't even raise a hand, merely letting out a cold snort.

The reincarnation energy around him automatically condensed into countless tiny gray-white energy blades. These blades spun and shredded, like the sharpest meat grinder, instantly cutting the incredibly tough green vines to shreds.

The Wood Vein Elder's face paled. The backlash from the destruction of the green vines caused his life force to rapidly ebb away. His once jet-black hair turned gray at a visible speed, and his face became covered in wrinkles, making him appear a hundred years older in an instant.

The attacks of the elders of the Water, Fire, and Earth meridians were equally futile.

Nine water dragons were crushed by Xue Youming's claw, turning into a cloud of mist;

The humanoid flame was extinguished by Zhan E's Reincarnation Qi, and the Fire meridian elder screamed as he fell;

The rock giant was blasted into rubble by the combined attack of the two, and the Earth meridian elder was shattered by the recoil, his internal organs broken, and he was on the verge of death.

Five peak ninth-grade Celestial Immortals couldn't even withstand a single breath against two powerful Upper Immortals!

This was the absolute difference in cultivation levels.

"An ant dares to block your path?"

Blood Youming's eyes flashed with killing intent, and Nine Nether Demonic Qi condensed in his palm into a pitch-black demonic claw that blotted out the sky.

The claw's five fingers were like hooks, the tips burning with eerie green flames, and with a destructive force, it slammed down towards the heavily injured Chen Ping!

If that palm strike landed, even if Chen Ping were at his peak, let alone his current critically injured state, he might not be able to withstand it.

Death... was imminent.

But just as the demonic claw descended...

"Buzz!"

A wall of crimson-gold fire appeared out of thin air, blocking Chen Ping from the demonic claw.

The fire wall was only three feet thick, yet it was as solid as a tangible crystal.

Countless ancient flame runes flowed across the wall, radiating a heat so intense it could distort space itself.

The demonic claw struck the fire wall, unleashing a deafening clang like metal clashing, sparks flying, but... it failed to penetrate!

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The figure of the Earth Fire Ancestor slowly emerged from the fire wall.

This usually taciturn ancestor now had his hair and beard standing on end, his body engulfed in raging flames, resembling a god of fire.

His eyes held no fear, no hesitation, only a calm that had seen through life and death, and... a resolute determination.

“Want to kill him... you’ll have to get past me first.”

The Earthfire Ancestor’s voice wasn’t loud, but it struck everyone’s hearts like a hammer blow.

“Earthfire Ancestor, you’re courting death!”

Zhan E sneered, the Qi of Reincarnation condensing in his palm into a three-zhang-long gray-white spear. Countless tormented soul shadows coiled around the spear, its tip flashing with a chilling light that pierced everything, aimed straight at the Earthfire Ancestor’s brow!

This spear thrust contained Zhan E’s understanding of the Dao of Reincarnation. The spear moved like a dragon, silent and stealthy, yet it locked onto the Earthfire Ancestor’s soul, leaving him no way to evade.

“Then... let’s die together.”

The Earthfire Ancestor suddenly smiled.

The smile was faint, carrying a hint of relief, a hint of acceptance, and a hint of... expectation for the young man behind him.

He formed an ancient, almost lost fire seal with his hands in front of his chest.

As the hand seals took shape, the crimson-gold flames surrounding him surged wildly, their color gradually changing from crimson to pure gold, and then from pure gold to blazing white.

The temperature was skyrocketing!

The air within a hundred feet radius was completely ignited, transforming into a sea of fire. The ground began to melt, flowing with scalding lava.

Even space itself distorted and deformed under the intense heat, emitting a cracking sound as it succumbed to the pressure.

“Earthfire True Scripture – Ultimate Forbidden Technique, True Flame Burns the Heavens – Body Transforms into the Great Sun!”

The voice of the Earthfire Ancestor resounded throughout heaven and earth, each word burning like flames.

“Ancestor, no!!!” Chen Ping screamed hoarsely, tears mingling with blood streaming down his face.

He knew what this move meant. It was the ultimate forbidden technique recorded in the Earthfire True Scripture, costing the caster all life force, soul, and cultivation to gain power beyond their limits for a short time.

Once used, the caster would... be utterly annihilated, body and soul, never to be reborn!

But it was too late.

The body of the Earthfire Ancestor began to melt away in the blazing white flames.

First, his clothes turned to ash, then his skin, flesh, bones... inch by inch, piece by piece, melting like a candle, transforming into the purest Earthfire True Flame.

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That True Flame didn't attack his enemy, but instead... it all surged towards the heavily wounded Chen Ping!

Like a hundred rivers flowing into the sea, the endless Earthfire True Flame surged into Chen Ping's body, frantically merging, colliding, and sublimating with his remaining Chaotic Immortal Power, Five Elements Power, and Golden Dragon Bloodline.

"Boy... live on."

The Earthfire Ancestor's last voice echoed in Chen Ping's mind, soft and calm, yet as heavy as Mount Tai.

"Live well, carrying my share..."

"The future of the Earthfire Pavilion... is entrusted to you."

The voice dissipated.

The Earthfire Ancestor's figure completely vanished into the blazing white flames, leaving not even a speck of ash.

An ancestor had fallen.

His body and soul were annihilated.

Chen Ping felt an unimaginably vast power surging within him.

It wasn't a simple infusion of power, but... a fundamental sublimation.

The Earth Fire Ancestor's lifelong cultivation, transformed into the Earth Fire True Essence, surged like the most violent torrent, shattering his broken meridians.

It reshaped his damaged organs and repaired his shattered bones. More importantly, this power resonated miraculously with his original Chaos Immortal Power, the Five Elements Power, and the Golden Dragon Bloodline.

Within his dantian, the primordial star on the verge of shattering rapidly stabilized under the nourishment of the Earth Fire True Essence.

The cracks on its surface healed at a visible speed, and the star's light transformed from dim to bright, and then from bright to dazzling.

Gold, cyan, blue, red, and yellow—the colors of the Five Elements—flowed across the star's surface.

A hazy, chaotic current swirled within the star.

Crimson-gold true flames of earth fire burned around the star.

A faint, almost imperceptible dragon's roar emanated from the deepest recesses of the star—the awakening of the Golden Dragon bloodline.

The four forces, originally unrelated, now began a slow but resolute fusion under the mediation of the Earth Fire Ancestor, who sacrificed his life.

“Ugh!!!”

Chen Ping roared in agony, looking up at the sky.

It wasn't the pain of injury, but the pain of a surge of power, of his body being forcibly transformed.

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He could feel every cell in his body being torn apart and reorganized, every meridian being widened and strengthened, even his divine soul becoming more solid and resilient under this impact.

His aura...soared!

The bottleneck of the peak fourth rank of the Celestial Immortal Realm was easily pierced as if made of paper.

Fifth rank of the Celestial Immortal Realm!

But this wasn't the end.

The Earth Fire Ancestor possessed the cultivation of a third-grade Upper Immortal. Although, due to his advanced age and declining vitality, the actual power he could transmit was less than thirty percent of his peak strength, it was still vast and boundless to Chen Ping, a Heavenly Immortal.

Heavenly Immortal, fifth grade, mid-stage, late-stage, peak...

"Boom!!!"

Another barrier was broken through.

Finally, his cultivation stabilized at the peak of the fifth grade of the Heavenly Immortal, only a hair's breadth away from the sixth grade.

But this was merely the surface.

The true transformation lay in his control over power, in the entirely new and unprecedented essence of power generated by the fusion of the four forces.

Chen Ping slowly stood up.

His wounds had long since healed, leaving no scars.

Beneath his tattered clothes, skin as smooth as jade was revealed, its surface faintly shimmering with alternating streams of four colors.

He raised his right hand; beside the five-colored pattern on the back of his hand, a new crimson-gold flame pattern appeared.

Two lines intertwined, forming a profound pattern.

The Dragon-Slaying Sword seemed to sense its master's change, humming excitedly and automatically flying back into Chen Ping's hand.

On the sword's blade, a hazy, chaotic aura, the five-colored flowing power of the Five Elements, the crimson-gold true flames of the Earth Fire, and a faint golden dragon-shaped phantom—the four forces perfectly merged, transforming into a magnificent sword aura, a hundred feet long and interwoven with four colors.

The sword aura remained still, yet it emanated a terrifying pressure that could change the very fabric of the world. Around the sword aura, space continuously collapsed and repaired, cycling endlessly, as if even heaven and earth could not withstand the existence of this power.

“Blood Netherworld... Zhan E...”

Chen Ping's voice was calm, eerily calm.

He raised his eyes, looking at the two culprits responsible for the fall of the Earth Fire Ancestor. His eyes held no anger, no hatred, only... a detached indifference, as if looking down upon ants.

“This sword... is a farewell to the Ancestor.”

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As his words fell, the sword aura was unleashed. The instant the sword aura was unleashed, time seemed to freeze for a moment across the entire battlefield.

That wasn't an illusion; the chaotic power contained within the sword aura genuinely affected the flow of time in that area.

To everyone's eyes, the four-colored sword aura, though not particularly fast, arrived before Xue Youming and Zhan E in an instant.

Xue Youming and Zhan E's expressions changed drastically.

As powerful cultivators at the Upper Immortal Realm, their combat instincts far surpassed those of ordinary people.

The moment they saw this sword aura, an unprecedented sense of crisis arose in both of them—an attack capable of threatening their lives!

“Join forces to block it!!!” Xue Youming roared hoarsely, no longer daring to hold back in the slightest.

Pitch-black Nine Nether Demonic Qi surged wildly from his body, condensing into a three-zhang-thick black shield before him.

Countless contorted faces struggled and wailed on the shield's surface—the remnants of souls he had devoured and refined, forcibly extracted to reinforce his defense.

Zhan E was also fighting desperately.

He spat out three mouthfuls of his life essence, which transformed into three crimson runes in the air, merging into the Qi of Reincarnation.

The greyish-white Qi of Reincarnation instantly became stained crimson, thickening and becoming more eerie, forming nine layers of crimson barriers before him.

Each barrier was powerful enough to withstand a full-force attack from a second-grade Upper Immortal; the nine layers combined meant even a third-grade Upper Immortal might not be able to break through them in a single blow.

This was their ultimate life-saving technique.

“Boom!!!”

The sword energy struck the shield and the barriers.

There was no earth-shattering explosion, no world-destroying impact.

There was only... a teeth-grinding “sizzle,” like a hot knife cutting through butter.

To everyone’s disbelief, the four-colored sword aura sliced through Xue Youming’s black shield and severed Zhan E’s nine layers of crimson barrier as if encountering no resistance.

The shield shattered, the barrier crumbled.

Xue Youming and Zhan E simultaneously coughed up blood, their bodies flying hundreds of feet backward, each bearing a deep, bone-revealing sword wound.

Xue Youming’s left arm was severed at the shoulder, and Zhan E’s right chest was pierced through; the four forces intertwined and corroded at the wounds, making it impossible for them to even stop the bleeding.

But... the sword aura was also completely exhausted.

Chen Ping groaned, spitting out another mouthful of blood.

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He could feel the power injected by the Earth Fire Ancestor rapidly fading; this burst of power beyond its limits could not be sustained.

This sword strike was the last one he could unleash in a short time.

While Xue Youming and Zhan E were severely injured, they had not lost their fighting ability.

“He’s exhausted! Truly exhausted!”

Zhan E clutched the bloody hole in his chest, a maniacal gleam in his eyes. “Kill him! Now! Immediately!”

The two men, enduring excruciating pain, lunged again.

This time, they didn’t even use any supernatural powers, but instead relied on their raw physical strength to obliterate Chen Ping as quickly and directly as possible.

But just then...

“The God-King Bow!!!”

With a roar from Chen Ping, the God-King Bow appeared from his storage ring.

Chen Ping didn't want to reveal too much, as it would attract trouble, but in this situation, he had no choice but to take out the God-King Bow.

The bow didn't exude any pressure, yet it gave off an ancient feeling, as if it had always belonged there, existing as long as heaven and earth.

"That's... the God-King Bow?!"

Xue Youming's pupils shrank to pinpoints, his voice distorted with extreme shock.

"Forget about the bow, kill them first!"

Zhan E was also shocked, but his killing intent intensified.

"Fire!!!"

Chen Ping pulled back the bowstring with all his might.

Countless streams of malevolent energy converged on the Divine King Bow.

In this great battle, countless cultivators had died, and the malevolent energy of these fallen cultivators had gathered.

Now, it was all absorbed by the Divine King Bow, condensing into an arrow!

"Buzz!!!"

The sound of the bowstring vibrating was like the roar of a god, or like ancient thunder.

Time froze completely at this moment.

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Space was frozen completely at this moment.

Everyone felt their thoughts, actions, and even heartbeats being forcibly suppressed by an invisible force.

They could only watch helplessly as the golden arrow left the bowstring, as it shot towards Xue Youming and Zhan E with a speed that seemed slow but actually surpassed all physical rules.

Where the arrow passed, the void shattered inch by inch, revealing the pitch-black nothingness behind. These spatial rifts weren't chaotic; rather, they were as if cleaved by the most precise instrument, neat and smooth, radiating a chilling aura of destruction.

Xue Youming and Zhan E were deathly pale.

They could clearly feel that this arrow... had locked onto their very soul essence.

No matter where they fled, no matter what supernatural power they used, this arrow would inevitably hit.

This was the rule of the God-King Bow: the arrow would always hit, and whoever was hit would be injured!

There was no escape, no avoidance.

The only option was... to withstand it!

"Join forces to resist!!!" the two roared hoarsely, their voices distorted with fear.

Xue Youming poured all the remaining Nine Nether Demonic Energy into the severed arm, forcibly regenerating a pitch-black demonic arm.

The arm formed a seal in front of his chest, condensing into a demonic shield engraved with the face of the Nine Nether Demon.

Zhan E was even more ruthless, directly biting down and shattering his three natal soul teeth. These were the foundational elements he had condensed within his soul during his cultivation of the Reincarnation Technique, each containing immense soul power.

The soul teeth exploded, the pure soul power merging with the Reincarnation Qi, forming a ten-zhang-thick gray-black soul wall before him.

The demonic shield and the soul wall overlapped, emitting a suffocating defensive aura.

But... it was useless.

The golden arrow arrived.

“Swoosh...”

A light, fleeting sound.

Like a hot knife through butter, or a drop of water falling into a lake.

The golden arrow encountered no resistance, easily piercing the demonic shield, penetrating the soul wall, and then... passing right through the center of Xue Youming and Zhan E’s bodies.

“Pfft!”

“Pfft!”

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Both men simultaneously spat out a mouthful of black blood mixed with fragments of internal organs.

A bowl-sized hole appeared in each of their chests.

The edges of the wound were neat and smooth, as if cut by the most precise instrument. Even more terrifying, no blood gushed from the wound; instead, it presented a bizarre state of “nothingness,” where flesh, bone, and even space itself had been completely obliterated by the force carried by the arrow.

Xue Youming looked down at the bloody hole in his chest, his dark pupils filled with disbelief.

He could feel that the foundation of his Nine Nether Demonic Arts... had been severely damaged by this arrow by at least fifty percent!

Without hundreds of years of arduous cultivation, there was absolutely no possibility of recovery. Even more terrifying was that the divine power remaining in the wound was constantly eroding his life force, preventing the wound from healing.

Zhan E was in a similarly miserable state.

The Qi of Reincarnation inherently possessed immortality; ordinary injuries could heal in the blink of an eye.

But at this moment, the bloody hole in his chest showed no signs of healing; instead, it was constantly widening. That was the law-breaking rule contained within the God-King’s arrow, forcibly dismantling his foundation of reincarnation.

Although they weren’t dead, that arrow... had completely incapacitated them.

For a short time, let alone continue fighting, even maintaining consciousness was difficult.

The arrow's momentum didn't wane; it continued shooting towards the distant horizon, finally disappearing into the void, leaving only a spatial rift that lingered for a long time.

The battlefield... fell into dead silence.

Absolute dead silence.

Everyone looked at Chen Ping, at the Divine King Bow in his hand, its golden light gradually dimming until it returned to its ancient appearance.

They looked at the two Upper Immortal Realm experts, their chests pierced, their auras utterly depleted.

They looked at this... earth-shattering arrow that had reversed the battle.

After a brief silence, the Evil Path Hall side was the first to react.

"The Hall Master is seriously injured! Retreat! Retreat!!!"

A black-robed elder screamed hoarsely, his voice distorted with fear.

"Ancestor! Protect the Ancestor and evacuate!!!"

The disciples of the Nine Nether Palace panicked, rushing towards the spot where Blood Netherworld had fallen.

The allied forces completely collapsed.

Having witnessed their two leaders being severely wounded by an arrow, these already demoralized cultivators had lost all will to fight.

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Like stray dogs, they frantically fled towards the edge of the battlefield.

Many even turned on each other, fighting for escape routes, creating utter chaos.

The alliance wanted to pursue, but Chen Ping used his last strength to shout hoarsely, “Don’t chase...we...retreat too!”

He knew the situation all too well.

The Divine King Bow was powerful, but forcing it to activate now would have a backlash far exceeding his expectations.

At this moment, he felt his right hand was completely numb, his fingers unable to bend—damage to his meridians caused by the recoil from the Divine King Bow.

The primordial star in his dantian dimmed again, and new cracks even appeared on its surface. Even more serious was the depletion of his soul.

Activating the Divine King Bow required an immense amount of Daoist energy, leaving his soul utterly weakened, as if hollowed out, struggling even to maintain basic consciousness.

His vision blurred, his ears rang incessantly, and he was on the verge of fainting.

Meanwhile, the Alliance’s losses were devastating.

The Earthfire Ancestor had fallen, True Person Xuanwei had died in battle, three elders of the Five Elements Sect were seriously injured, and two were slightly injured, the Heavenly Sword Pavilion had lost two sword elders and dozens of elite disciples, the Ten Thousand Beast Valley had suffered over half its beasts killed or wounded, and thirty percent of its beast tamers had perished...

If they continued fighting, even if they managed to annihilate the remaining enemy, they would have very few men left.

At that point, let alone counterattacking the Evil Path Palace, even self-preservation would be a problem.

“Listen to Fellow Daoist Chen Ping... retreat!”

Jin Buhuan gritted his teeth and gave the order, the Five Elements Sect Master’s eyes bloodshot, his voice hoarse like a broken bellows.

He desperately wanted to pursue and wipe out the remaining enemies, avenging his fallen comrades.

But as sect leader, he had to be responsible for his surviving disciples.

Although Li Baichuan and Dugu Ao were unwilling, they knew this was the only option.

Li Baichuan’s Three-Headed Flaming Lion King was on its last legs; he himself had lost an arm and was bleeding profusely; continuing the fight would surely kill him.

Dugu Ao’s iron sword was riddled with cracks, on the verge of shattering, and his own sword intent was becoming unstable due to overexertion.

“Retreat!” the two shouted almost simultaneously.

The remaining disciples of the three major sects began an orderly retreat.

The seriously wounded were taken away first, the lightly wounded helped each other, and the dead... could only be hastily buried, without even time to erect tombstones.

Supported by the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord, Chen Ping took one last look at the battlefield.