

## **The Order 10101**

Chapter: 10101

Moreover... why was Yun Ting being so forceful today?

Was it truly because he was in a terrible mood after the attack?

Or had his mission really encountered a serious problem, and he was in a hurry to report to the Venerable?

Various thoughts flashed through the minds of the two generals.

Finally, the general on the right gritted his teeth and took a step back, forcing out a sentence through clenched teeth: "Fine... Envoy Yun Ting, please come in! I will remember what happened today!"

Chen Ping snorted coldly, not even glancing at them, and turned away with a flick of his sleeve, striding into the deep and grand doorway of the Divine Punishment Hall.

Only after his figure disappeared into the shadows within the doorway did the two generals dare to fully unleash their anger.

"Damn it! That damned Yun Ting! Just because he's favored by Venerable Xuanbing, he dares to be so arrogant!"

The general on the left growled, the burning pain and humiliation on his face driving him almost mad.

"This isn't over!"

The general on the right's eyes were venomous. "There's definitely something fishy about his trip! Once Venerable Xuanbing deals with him, let's see how arrogant he is then!"

“Go, report to the enforcement team under Venerable Gengjin, say that Yun Ting’s behavior is abnormal, and request an investigation!”

The two left angrily, unaware that the Yun Ting they spoke of had already been replaced by a different person.

...

Entering the Hall of Divine Punishment, Chen Ping felt little turmoil.

Those two slaps weren’t just an attempt to establish his authority, but also a test—a test of the rules and boundaries within the Divine Race, and the intimidating power of his persona as Yun Ting.

The result satisfied him.

Within the Divine Race, the law of the strong being respected and a strict hierarchy also applied.

As long as he held onto the coattails of a Venerable’s confidant, many unnecessary troubles could be avoided.

Following his memory, he swiftly traversed the magnificent and solemn halls and corridors.

The Divine Race members passing by all hurried along, their expressions indifferent. Those who recognized Yun Ting merely nodded slightly and brushed past, no one approaching to speak—exactly what Chen Ping wanted.

After winding through several halls and array formations, he finally arrived at the Cold Silence Hall, located in the northern part of the Hall of Divine Punishment.

The hall doors were tightly shut, emanating a chilling aura.

There were still no guards at the entrance, but the faint yet chilling pressure emanating from within the hall was even clearer than before. Venerable Xuanbing was inside.

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Chen Ping straightened his clothes and expression, adjusting the slight discomfort from his injuries to his best state. He took a deep breath and gently knocked on the hall door.

“Come in.”

A cold, indifferent voice, devoid of any emotion, came from within the hall. It was Venerable Xuanbing.

Chen Ping pushed open the door and entered.

The scene inside the hall was exactly the same as before.

The light was dim, the temperature extremely low, and the walls and floor seemed to be made of millennia-old Xuanbing ice.

Deep within the hall, Venerable Xuanbing stood with his back to the entrance, hands clasped behind his back, gazing up at the intricate star map engraved on the wall.

He wore a black robe trimmed with blue, his hair as white as ice crystals. Even from behind, he exuded a suffocating chill and oppressive aura.

Chen Ping strode forward, stopping ten feet away from the Venerable One. He knelt on one knee, head bowed, his voice filled with respect and a hint of fear: “Your subordinate, Yun Ting, the patrol envoy, pays respects to Venerable Xuanbing! I have completed this round of missions in the Eastern Region and have come to report!”

Venerable Xuanbing slowly turned around.

His face remained as cold as an ice sculpture, his gaze sweeping over Chen Ping like a tangible icicle.

“Rise.”

His voice was flat. “Mission jade slip, offerings, soul crystals.”

“Yes!” Chen Ping rose, taking out a pre-prepared mission jade slip and a storage bag... noticeably smaller than expected.

He held the jade slip and storage bag in both hands, taking a few steps forward and respectfully placing them on the ice table beside Venerable Xuanbing.

Then he quickly retreated, standing with his hands at his sides, a nervous expression involuntarily appearing on his face.

Venerable Xuanbing first picked up the mission jade slip, scanning it with his divine sense to confirm the route was correct.

Then, he picked up the storage bag and probed it with his divine sense.

Instantly, the temperature inside the hall plummeted!

A terrifyingly cold and furious aura erupted from Venerable Xuanbing like a storm!

“Yun Ting!”

Venerable Xuanbing’s voice was no longer calm, but filled with bone-chilling coldness and rage. “Why is there less than 30% of the regular offering crystals in the storage bag?”

“Rare materials are even scarcer! And Soul Crystals...why are there only four? According to the list, seven Soul Crystals should have been collected this time! Where are the other three? What about the Jiaxu 73 Soul Crystal from Jade Immortal Mansion?”

Faced with the Venerable's violent pressure and questioning, Chen Ping seemed to tremble with fear, and knelt down again with a thud, his voice trembling with sobs and urgency: "Venerable, please calm your anger! Please calm your anger! This matter...this matter does have a reason! Allow me to report!"

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"Speak!"

Venerable Xuanbing's gaze was like an icy blade, fixed on Chen Ping.

Chen Ping quickly delivered his prepared explanation, his delivery embellished with emotion, shifting all blame onto the mysterious, powerful enemy, portraying himself as a loyal but incredibly unlucky messenger, a prime target for thieves.

However, after listening, the chill in Xuanbing Venerable's eyes didn't dissipate; instead, it intensified, filled with deep suspicion and mockery.

"Oh? A mysterious, powerful enemy? Repeatedly harassed you? And managed to steal the Soul Crystal from you?"

Xuanbing Venerable slowly descended the ice steps, standing before Chen Ping, looking down at him condescendingly. "Yun Ting, do you take me for a three-year-old?"

He pressed on, pointing out the flaws in Chen Ping's injuries, the vigor of his blood and qi, and finally, his icy blue eyes fixed on Chen Ping's eyes, uttering each word with deliberation:

"More importantly... your soul fluctuations, though you try your best to imitate, are subtly different from the real Yun Ting... Speak! Who are you?! Where is the real Yun Ting?"

He'd been exposed!

Chen Ping had anticipated this, and thus remained calm.

He slowly raised his head, his face devoid of fear, replaced by a chilling stillness.

He slowly stood up, the weak aura emanating from him vanishing instantly, replaced by a deep, restrained, yet boundlessly domineering chaotic aura!

His cultivation at the peak of the ninth rank of the Celestial Immortal Realm was unleashed without reservation!

“As expected of Venerable Xuanbing, your insight is indeed sharp.”

Chen Ping’s voice was calm and unwavering. “Since I’ve been seen through, then... there’s no need to continue the act.”

Venerable Xuanbing’s eyes flashed with a cold light: “How dare you! You dare impersonate an envoy of the Divine Race and trespass into the Hall of Divine Punishment! No matter who you are, today I will extract your soul, refine it into a Soul Crystal, and torment you for eternity!”

Before his words even finished, Venerable Xuanbing had already attacked!

He didn’t even use a weapon, simply striking out with a palm!

In an instant, the hall seemed to transform into a frigid hell of absolute zero!

A gigantic ice palm, entirely formed from the ultimate profound ice laws, carrying the terrifying power to freeze all things and annihilate souls, pressed down upon Chen Ping!

Even space itself was frozen, cracking fine lines appearing!

This single palm strike was enough to easily annihilate an ordinary sixth-grade Upper Immortal!

The Profound Ice Venerable clearly intended to subdue his enemy in one move, capturing him alive for interrogation!

Faced with this terrifying attack, a burning fighting spirit flashed in Chen Ping's eyes.

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"Well done!"

He shouted, advancing instead of retreating, his hands rapidly tracing profound paths in front of his chest.

The power of chaos surged forth, not to directly withstand the ice palm, but to rapidly condense and rotate before him!

"Chaos Returns to Origin, Space Opens!"

With Chen Ping's low shout, a point of extreme darkness suddenly appeared at the center of the swirling chaotic power.

It then expanded wildly, tearing open an unstable rift into the unknown void right in front of Chen Ping in the nick of time!

The enormous Xuanbing palm print slammed into this temporary spatial rift created by the chaos, its power weakened, dispersed, and devoured layer by layer by the chaotic spatial power!

Chen Ping's figure blurred, and he followed, rushing into the rift!

At the same time, he exerted all his strength to maintain the stability of this temporary spatial passage, using it as an anchor point to forcibly create a small, extremely unstable chaotic world, roughly a hundred feet in diameter, within the void's crevice!

"Trying to escape? Dream on!"

The Xuanbing Venerable was also surprised to see that his opponent had used such exquisite spatial techniques, but his killing intent intensified.

He would not allow this imposter to escape! His figure transformed into a streak of icy blue light, following closely behind, and plunged into the rapidly shrinking spatial rift!

Boom!

Within the Frosty Palace, the spatial rift vanished, leaving only lingering chill and chaotic spatial fluctuations. Both of them had disappeared from the palace simultaneously.

...

Within the Chaotic Small World.

A hazy, chaotic current surged, the spatial boundaries constantly twisting and trembling.

This was a temporary battlefield forcibly created by Chen Ping using the power of chaos. It both isolated him from external perception, preventing the other four Venerables from being alerted, and allowed him to take advantage of his home ground!

As soon as Venerable Xuanbing entered this place, he immediately felt his connection to the Xuanbing Laws of the outside world greatly weakened, while the omnipresent chaotic currents subtly repelled and eroded his divine power shield.

“A mere trick! You think you can trap me in a mere unstable little space?”

Venerable Xuanbing sneered, unleashing his terrifying cultivation of a seventh-grade Upper Immortal!

Endless icy divine power transformed into chains of icy blue law, binding his body and forcing away the chaotic energy. Simultaneously, he formed hand seals, and a crystal longsword, entirely condensed from the Xuanbing law, crystal clear and radiating an aura of frozen time, appeared in his hands.

“Impersonator, die! Extreme Ice Annihilation Slash!”

The Xuanbing Venerable swung the crystal longsword, unleashing an icy blue sword aura that seemed capable of cleaving the heavens and earth, carrying the power of the law to destroy all things, slashing towards Chen Ping!

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The power of this sword strike was more than ten times stronger than the casual palm strike he had delivered in the hall earlier!

Chen Ping's expression was solemn, but his eyes showed no fear.

He clenched his fists, and the hazy chaotic power frantically gathered, transforming into an ancient-looking gray longsword, seemingly containing the primordial principles of creation.

"Creation of Chaos!"

He also unleashed a sword strike!

There were no dazzling magical phenomena, only a pure, almost imperceptible, gray sword light, meeting the icy blue sword aura head-on!

\*Swoosh!\*

The two sword lights, completely different in nature yet both containing terrifying power, collided!

There was no earth-shattering explosion, but instead a sickeningly erosive sound!

The extreme cold and destructive laws contained within the icy blue sword aura, upon contact with the chaotic sword light, were like a nemesis, rapidly decomposed, assimilated, and annihilated by the gray light!

While the chaotic sword light was also consumed, it pierced through the icy blue sword aura's barrier at an even faster speed, heading straight for the Xuanbing Venerable's true form!

“What?!”

The Xuanbing Venerable’s expression finally changed drastically!

He stared in disbelief as his sword strike, imbued with eighty percent of its law power, was so easily shattered by the opponent’s strange gray energy!

He hastily parried with his sword, while icy blue chains danced wildly around him, forming layers of defense in front of him.

Bang!

The remaining power of the chaotic sword light struck the ice crystal longsword and the chains of law, producing a dull thud.

The Xuanbing Venerable trembled violently, a tingling numbness spreading through his sword-wielding arm. His protective divine light fluctuated wildly, and he was actually forced back several steps by this single strike!

“You... what kind of power is this?!”

The Xuanbing Venerable was filled with shock and horror.

His opponent was clearly only at the peak of the ninth rank of the Heavenly Immortal Realm, but the level of that gray energy was terrifyingly high, almost... almost like a natural enemy of all orderly laws!

Chen Ping didn’t answer, pressing his advantage relentlessly. His figure subtly merged with the chaotic miniature world, appearing beside the Xuanbing Venerable as if by teleportation. The chaotic longsword traced profound trajectories, enveloping the opponent’s vital points!

The Venerable Xuanbing was both shocked and enraged. He focused all his attention, pushing his Xuanbing Laws to their limit. His ice crystal sword conjured countless icy blue sword shadows as he clashed with Chen Ping.

Within this chaotic mini-world, Chen Ping was like a fish in water. The power of chaos seemed inexhaustible, each attack carrying the characteristics of annihilation and disintegration, constantly restricting the Venerable Xuanbing's Law power, preventing him from unleashing even seventy percent of its full potential.

Meanwhile, most of the Venerable Xuanbing's attacks were weakened and absorbed by the chaotic energy and the mini-world itself.

What alarmed the Venerable Xuanbing even more was that his opponent's combat skills, timing, and application of Laws were exquisitely refined, seemingly effortless, as if he had experienced countless battles—completely unlike a Celestial Immortal cultivator!

Chapter: 10106

The battle took a sharp turn for the worse!

After only a hundred or so rounds, Venerable Xuanbing was already struggling to survive, facing imminent danger.

His ice crystal longsword was being corroded by the power of chaos, its spiritual light dimming; the protective chains of his laws were constantly shattering; and several deep, bone-revealing, and difficult-to-heal gray wounds appeared on his body!

If Chen Ping hadn't had to spare energy to maintain this chaotic mini-world, Venerable Xuanbing would likely have already been defeated!

"Impossible! This is impossible!"

Venerable Xuanbing's Dao heart nearly collapsed.

He, a dignified seventh-rank Venerable of the Upper Immortal Realm, one of the five rulers of the Divine Punishment Hall, was actually being suppressed and beaten without any power to fight back by a mere Celestial Immortal Realm brat?

“Xuanbing, seal!”

He gritted his teeth, burning a portion of his essence and soul, and unleashed his most powerful forbidden technique!

His entire being transformed into a dazzling beam of icy blue light, carrying a resolute intent to seal, charging towards Chen Ping, intending to temporarily freeze him even at the cost of severe damage to his own strength!

However, Chen Ping merely smiled coldly: “A mere grain of rice, yet it shines?”

He sheathed his Chaos Longsword, clasped his hands together in front of his chest, and then slowly opened them.

As he separated his hands, a tiny yet seemingly all-consuming and all-ending chaotic rift appeared between his palms!

“Return to the Void!”

The tiny chaotic rift suddenly expanded, like a gigantic beast of nothingness opening its jaws, meeting the charging icy blue beam of light!

A fierce clash without sound or light.

The icy blue beam of light, containing the Xuanbing Venerable’s desperate attack, melted away like ice and snow the moment it touched the Return to the Void rift.

Silently devoured and decomposed, it transformed into the most primordial chaotic energy, replenishing this small world and actually enhancing Chen Ping's power! "Pfft!"

The forbidden technique was broken, and the backlash struck Xuanbing Venerable like a heavy blow. He coughed up a mouthful of pale golden divine blood, his aura instantly weakening. He staggered backward, his eyes filled with boundless fear and despair.

Chen Ping took a step forward, instantly appearing before the heavily injured Xuanbing Venerable. One hand gripped his neck like an iron clamp, lifting him up.

His other hand pressed against the top of Xuanbing's head, and an incomparably powerful chaotic force instantly surged into his body, sealing all his divine power and suppressing his soul!

"Ugh... Heh heh..."

Xuanbing Venerable struggled weakly, his eyes filled with terror as he looked at the demon-like youth before him.

Chen Ping's eyes were icy cold, like millennia-old ice: "Now, I ask, you answer. If a single lie is told, I'll make you taste a pain ten thousand times greater than soul refining."

Chapter: 10107

The Xuanbing Venerable trembled. He could feel the gray energy swirling around the edge of his soul, the annihilation and pain it brought causing his very soul to tremble.

"You...who exactly are you?"

"Who I am is unimportant."

Chen Ping's tone was chilling. "Tell me, why did the God Clan execute Mu Sha and Liu Qingyin, and refine them into soul crystals? Was it merely because they discovered some secrets and wanted to rebel?"

The Xuanbing Venerable's eyes flickered, but after Chen Ping intensified the pressure of the chaotic power, he finally collapsed, hissing, "Yes...and not entirely! They...they were indeed investigating the final destination of the soul crystals, touching a taboo!"

"But more importantly...they might have been tainted with the aura of 'Primordial Qi'! That...that's a trace that the Great Venerable explicitly forbade and that must be erased!"

"Primordial Qi?"

Chen Ping's gaze sharpened. "Continue! Soul Crystals, what are you collecting so many Soul Crystals for?!" Chen Ping pressed.

The Xuanbing Venerable's face showed extreme fear, as if mentioning this matter would bring disaster: "Soul Crystals... Soul Crystals are 'keys,' and also 'sacrifices'... They're for... for maintaining the Path to Heaven, offered to... to those above..."

"Above? What above? What is the Path to Heaven?" Chen Ping's heart trembled.

"I... I can't say... If I do, I'll be instantly annihilated, even my true spirit will be..."

The Xuanbing Venerable shook his head in fear, his divine soul fluctuating violently, as if triggering some deeper restriction.

Chen Ping knew that if he pressed further, the other party might truly trigger the restriction and perish.

He changed the subject: "Besides the five of you, what other divine race strongholds are there in the Eastern Region? What is the true purpose of the divine race in the Thirteen Heavens? Where is the Great Venerable you speak of?"

The Xuanbing Venerable, panting, stammered, "The strongholds are distributed across five major regions, with the core in the Central Region's Tianyuan Sacred Continent... The purpose... is to harvest... the Great Venerable..."

His words grew increasingly incoherent, his divine soul flickering erratically, clearly indicating he had touched upon core secrets, and the restrictions were beginning to backfire.

Chen Ping's eyes turned cold: "One last question, regarding the soul crystal (Jiaxu 73) of the Musa couple, besides being used as a key or sacrifice, is it possible to awaken or preserve their remnant souls?"

A strange glint flashed in the Xuanbing Venerable's unfocused eyes: "A soul crystal... once refined... becomes... a 'pure' resource... The remnant souls... have long... been obliterated... Unless... unless there is a 'primordial'... reversal... but that is... forbidden... impossible..."

Before he finished speaking, a dazzling golden rune suddenly shone deep within his divine soul, exploding with a deafening roar!

Chen Ping was prepared and instantly released his grip, forming a protective shield of chaotic power.

However, the explosive power of the golden runes was extremely strange; it wasn't a direct kill, but rather a complete purification and dissolution.

The Xuanbing Venerable's physical body and remaining soul melted away rapidly in the golden light, like ice and snow under the sun, leaving not a trace, only a small amount of the purest ice-elemental divine power and a few unclaimed treasures.

Chen Ping dispersed the golden light, his face grim.

The Xuanbing Venerable was dead; the restriction had been triggered, and he was annihilated, body and soul.

Chapter: 10108

The information he obtained was fragmented, but a few keywords shook him to his core.

Primordial Qi, the Path to Heaven, Above, Harvest, Great Venerable...

And the Musa couple might be targeted because they were tainted by Primordial Qi; the remnant souls within their soul crystals might have been obliterated unless Primordial Power reversed it...

“Primordial...”

Chen Ping murmured to himself, feeling the surging chaotic power within his body.

Was the power he cultivated from his \*Chaos Dao Scripture\* some kind of Primordial Power?

And “the Path to Heaven,” “above,” “harvest”—it sounded like the gods ruled the thirteen heavens, collecting soul crystals.

It seemed like a continuous, cruel sacrifice, to maintain some kind of passage, or to offer to a higher-level being?

“The Central Region, Tianyuan Sacred Continent... the Great Venerable...”

Chen Ping’s eyes sharpened.

It seemed the Eastern Region Divine Punishment Hall was just the tip of the iceberg.

The Xuanbing Venerable’s status wasn’t high enough; he knew only a limited number of core secrets.

He glanced at the crumbling chaotic miniature world and the pure divine power and treasures left behind by Venerable Xuanbing, quickly storing them away.

Then, he closed his eyes, light and shadow swirling around him, his bones crackling slightly, and his face, figure, and aura began to rapidly change.

A few breaths later, Venerable Xuanbing reappeared in the same spot.

A black robe trimmed with blue, icy white hair, a face as cold as an ice sculpture, the cultivation fluctuations of a seventh-grade Upper Immortal, even the icy coldness in his eyes that regarded all things as straw dogs—all were perfectly imitated!

Chen Ping stretched his neck, sensing this new, higher-level identity.

“Since Xuanbing doesn’t know much... I’ll go talk to the other Venerables.”

His gaze fell upon the other four Venerables of the Eastern Region Divine Punishment Hall in his memories: Venerable Chiyan, Venerable Qingmu, Venerable Gengjin, and Venerable Houtu.

These four Venerables, along with Venerable Xuanbing, jointly govern the Eastern Region’s Divine Punishment Hall, but it’s said they also compete with each other, not forming a united front.

This gave him the opportunity to defeat them one by one.

The plan was simple: using Venerable Xuanbing’s identity, under the pretext of discussing important matters, he would lure the other Venerables one by one to secluded places, or directly to their palaces, and then... repeat the process!

Chen Ping straightened his robes, his face regaining the characteristic cold indifference of Venerable Xuanbing, and took a step out, leaving this chaotic little world on the verge of collapse.

Outside, everything within the Cold Silence Hall remained as usual, as if the breathtaking battle that had just taken place had never occurred.

Chapter: 10109

Chen Ping didn’t delay, heading straight for the Crimson Flame Hall, which was closest to the Cold Silence Hall.

Venerable Crimson Flame, specializing in fire-based laws, had a volatile and easily angered personality. His relationship with Venerable Xuanbing, who cultivated ice-based laws, was the most strained, but precisely because of this, he was the least likely to suspect Xuanbing of any ill intent towards him.

Logically, even if Xuanbing were to take action, he would likely seek assistance from Qingmu or Houtu, who had relatively good relationships with him.

Soon, the crimson gates of the Crimson Flame Palace, seemingly imbued with flowing flames, came into view.

Two divine generals who cultivated fire-based techniques stood guard at the entrance. They were startled to see Venerable Xuanbing arrive, but still respectfully bowed, saying, "Greetings, Venerable Xuanbing!"

Chen Ping didn't even glance at them, coldly stating, "I have important matters to discuss with Crimson Flame. Tell him to come out and see me."

His tone was Xuanbing's usual icy and unquestionable.

The guards dared not delay and quickly went inside to report.

A moment later, a booming, impatient voice echoed from within the palace: "Xuanbing? What do you want, you old ice block? Spit it out! I'm busy refining the newly acquired Earth Core Flame Crystal!"

With the voice, a burly man, nine feet tall, with fiery red hair and dressed in a crimson robe, strode out—it was Venerable Crimson Flame. A scorching aura swirled around him, his eyes disdainful, his gaze towards Chen Ping filled with undisguised aloofness and impatience.

Chen Ping sneered inwardly, but his face remained as icy as ever, even his brow furrowing slightly in a hint of disgust—Xuan Bing's standard reaction to Chi Yan.

"This place is inconvenient, follow me."

Chen Ping spoke succinctly, turning to leave as if staying even a second longer would be contaminated by Chi Yan's heat.

Chi Yan Venerable was taken aback, then angrily shouted, "Xuan Bing! What are you up to? Can't you say this here?"

But he followed anyway.

He was also curious; what could this old ice block, who had always been at odds with him, suddenly want to see him about?

The two, one after the other, quickly arrived at a secluded stargazing platform deep within the Divine Punishment Hall.

This place was rarely visited, surrounded by isolation arrays, perfect for a private conversation.

"What is it? Speak quickly!"

The Crimson Flame Venerable urged impatiently.

Chen Ping slowly turned around, looking at Crimson Flame with a deep gaze: "Crimson Flame, do you know... the Primordial Qi?"

The Crimson Flame Venerable's pupils constricted sharply, his impatience instantly turning into shock and wariness: "You... how do you know this term? This is a taboo subject strictly forbidden by the Great Venerable!"

His reaction confirmed that Xuan Bing's words were true.

Chen Ping continued in Xuan Bing's icy tone: "Recently, I discovered some clues... possibly related to the leakage of Primordial Qi. This matter concerns the survival of my Eastern Region Divine Punishment Hall, and may even alarm the higher-ups."

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He deliberately spoke vaguely yet solemnly.

The Crimson Flame Venerable's expression changed, clearly frightened by the words "alarm the higher-ups."

He hurriedly pressed, "What clues? Where were they discovered? Have they been reported to the Great Venerable?"

Chen Ping felt reassured, knowing the fish had taken the bait. He slightly turned to the side, gesturing for Crimson Flame to come closer, and whispered, "The clue is right here..."

Just as Crimson Flame Venerable instinctively moved closer!

A sudden change occurred!

Chen Ping's right hand, which had been behind his back, unexpectedly formed a sword-like gesture, the gray, chaotic power at his fingertips condensing to its peak, and with speed beyond comprehension, it pierced straight for Crimson Flame Venerable's brow!

This attack, long prepared, was now at point-blank range!

Although Crimson Flame Venerable had been on guard, he never expected Chen Ping to suddenly launch a murderous attack!

Moreover, the attack method was completely different from the ice-based laws that Xuan Bing was skilled in; instead, it was that strange, annihilating gray energy!

"You!" Crimson Flame Venerable only had time to unleash his protective divine fire and retreat rapidly.

But it was too late!

The chaotic finger force, like a red-hot knife piercing through butter, easily penetrated the hastily raised protective divine fire, and precisely struck Crimson Flame Venerable's brow! \*Poof!\*

A soft sound.

The Crimson Flame Venerable's retreating figure abruptly froze!

His eyes widened, his face filled with disbelief and horror.

A tiny gray dot rapidly spread between his brows!

However, the Crimson Flame Venerable was, after all, a seventh-grade Upper Immortal, a master of fire-based laws, possessing extremely tenacious vitality.

Although this finger strike severely injured his soul, it failed to annihilate him instantly like it had annihilated Yun Ting!

"Roar!"

The Crimson Flame Venerable let out a painful and furious roar, and his body suddenly erupted with raging flames!

These were no ordinary flames, but the Heaven-Burning Divine Fire, a condensation of his life's cultivation and the essence of his laws!

The flames were dark golden, their temperature high enough to melt stars, distorting and collapsing even space itself!

He had chosen the most desperate fighting method despite his severe injuries, burning his very essence to perish with his enemy!