

## **The Order 10121**

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But as the lord of the entire Jade Immortal Prefecture, he had to be responsible for the millions of lives within its walls.

“Ranran, I understand your feelings,” Yu Wuji said in a low voice.

“However, the Divine Race has issued a warrant for Chen Ping’s arrest. If the Jade Immortal Prefecture openly harbors Chen Ping, it will face annihilation. At that time, not only you and I, but the entire Jade Immortal City will be reduced to ashes.”

Yu Ranran’s face turned deathly pale, her lips trembled, but she couldn’t speak.

She knew her father was telling the truth.

Ming Li suddenly spoke up: “Prefect, perhaps... you could secretly assist him. Mr. Chen possesses a shocking secret and immense potential; he might truly be the key to breaking the Divine Race’s rule.”

“Cooperating with him is extremely risky, but if successful, the rewards will be unparalleled.”

Yu Wuji’s eyes flickered, and he didn’t answer immediately.

He did indeed want to cooperate with Chen Ping to fight against the Divine Race. But the issuance of the Divine Race’s warrant had increased the difficulty and risk of this cooperation exponentially.

Just then, the space within the secret chamber rippled slightly.

A grey figure appeared silently in the center of the secret chamber.

It was Chen Ping!

“Chen Ping!”

Yu Ranran, overjoyed, rushed forward and hugged him tightly. “You’re alright! That’s great! You scared me to death!”

Chen Ping gently patted her back and said softly, “I’m fine.”

He looked at Yu Wuji and Ming Li and nodded: “Lord Yu.”

Yu Wuji and Ming Li looked at Chen Ping with complex expressions.

They could sense that although Chen Ping’s aura was somewhat weak, his overall presence was even more restrained and profound, like a volcano about to erupt.

“Young friend Chen, you...” Yu Wuji was momentarily at a loss for words.

Chen Ping released Yu Ranran, his expression calm: “The five Venerables of the Divine Punishment Hall have all been executed. I am also aware of the wanted notice for the Grand Venerable of the Central Region.”

His tone was indifferent, as if he were discussing a trivial matter.

Yu Wuji took a deep breath: “Young friend Chen, do you know the enormity of your actions?”

“The Divine Race has ruled the Thirteen Heavens for countless years, and no one has ever dared to openly challenge their authority, let alone kill five Venerables in succession!”

“The ‘Divine Punishment Wanted Poster’ issued by the Great Venerable has not appeared for a thousand years! Now, there’s probably nowhere for you to hide in the entire Thirteen Heavens!”

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Chen Ping smiled faintly: "Nowhere for me? Then I'll fight my way out."

His voice wasn't loud, but it carried a resolute determination and confidence.

Yu Ranran gripped his arm tightly, tears welling in her eyes: "Chen Ping, don't be impulsive! The Great Venerable is at least a peak eighth-grade Upper Immortal, and he probably has many more experts by his side! You... you can't defeat him now!"

Chen Ping looked at her, his eyes gentle: "I know. So, I won't go to him now."

"Then where are you going?" Yu Wuji pressed.

"Let's take it one step at a time. The Thirteen Heavens are so vast, there must be a place for me!" Chen Ping said with a slight smile.

"Mr. Chen, why don't we go to the Ten Thousand Demon Mountains in the Western Regions?" Ming Li suggested.

"Go to the Western Regions?" Chen Ping was puzzled.

They were currently in the Eastern Regions, separated from the Western Regions by a Central Region. If they went around to either side, they would have to cross the Southern or Northern Regions, a distance of tens of thousands of miles.

He didn't know why Ming Li suddenly wanted to go to the Western Regions.

"Mr. Chen, I sensed the aura of our Ghost Clan in the Ten Thousand Demon Mountains of the Western Regions during my cultivation recently. This proves that there are still members of our clan alive in the Thirteen Heavens."

"I want to try my luck in the Western Regions. Besides, the environment of the Ten Thousand Demon Mountains is complex, making it easier to escape the pursuit of the God Clan."

Upon hearing this, Chen Ping's eyes flashed with a sharp light: "Alright. Then let's go to the Ten Thousand Demon Mountains of the Western Regions."

"What?!" Yu Wuji and Yu Ranran exclaimed simultaneously.

"Chen Ping, are you crazy?"

Yu Ranran exclaimed anxiously, "The Ten Thousand Demon Mountains in the Western Regions are currently in turmoil. The Divine Race is brutally suppressing the Demon Race; it's a battlefield! Going there now is like walking into a trap!"

Yu Wuji also said in a deep voice, "Young friend Chen, the Western Regions are indeed unsafe. The Ten Thousand Demon Mountains are currently a key area of suppression by the Divine Race, heavily guarded."

"You are wanted; once you step into the Western Regions, you will easily be exposed."

Chen Ping shook his head, "Precisely because it's in turmoil there, the Divine Race's attention is focused on suppressing the Demon Race, and they might overlook other things."

"Moreover, Ming Li sensed the aura of the Ghost Race; perhaps we can really find Ming Li's clan there."  
"People."

He paused, then looked at Yu Wuji: "Lord Yu, after I leave, the Divine Race will likely come to the Jade Immortal Mansion to investigate. You must be prepared."

"If things don't work out... then shift all the blame onto me and sever all ties with me."

Yu Wuji's expression shifted, finally letting out a long sigh: "Young friend Chen, while I, Yu Wuji, am not a hero, I am not one to fear death or betray allies."

“Since you have reached an agreement with me, I will do my best to mediate. However... the Divine Race is powerful, and there is only so much the Jade Immortal Mansion can do.”

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Chen Ping cupped his hands: “That’s enough.”

“Chen Ping, I’ll go with you!” Yu Ranran suddenly said, her eyes resolute.

“No.” Chen Ping refused without hesitation, “The Western Regions are too dangerous; you can’t go.”

“I’m not afraid of danger! I want to be with you!” Yu Ranran said stubbornly.

Chen Ping looked at her, his eyes gentle yet firm: “Ranran, be good. Stay at Jade Immortal Abode and cultivate diligently. Wait for me to return.”

“But...”

“No buts.” Chen Ping gently patted her head. “Trust me, I will return safely.”

Yu Ranran looked at his resolute eyes, knowing she couldn’t change his decision. She could only bite her lip, tears welling in her eyes.

Chen Ping then looked at Ming Li: “Ming Li, when do we depart?”

Ming Li said, “Time is of the essence; we should set off immediately. We can first go to Hanyuan City in the Northern Region, and then speak with True Person Hanyuan about the situation.”

“That’s right, we really need to go to Hanyuan City?”

Chen Ping nodded.

They had originally come to Jade Immortal Abode to investigate, and now that they had finished their investigation, Jade Immortal Abode had no intention of annexing Hanyuan City!

Therefore, they needed to go back and tell True Person Hanyuan to stop targeting the people of the Eastern Region!

Chen Ping nodded, looked at Yu Wuji and Yu Ranran, and clasped his hands in a fist salute, saying, "Lord Yu, Ranran, take care. Until we meet again."

Yu Wuji solemnly returned the salute, "Young friend Chen, please be careful on your journey. If things become unbearable, you may return to Yu Xian Mansion at any time. I, Yu Wuji... will protect you with my life!"

Yu Ranran was already in tears, throwing herself into Chen Ping's arms, choking back sobs, "You...you must come back safely! I...I'll wait for you!"

Chen Ping hugged her tightly, gently kissing her forehead, "Wait for me."

After saying that, he resolutely turned around, exchanging a glance with Ming Li.

The two figures blurred, transforming into two streaks of light, silently leaving the secret chamber, leaving Yu Xian Mansion, and speeding northward.

Yu Ranran chased after them out of the secret chamber, watching the streaks of light disappear into the horizon, her vision blurred by tears.

Yu Wuji walked to his daughter's side, gently patted her shoulder, and sighed, "Ranran, this child is no ordinary person. His path is destined to be filled with bloodshed. All we can do is believe in him and... do what we should do."

Yu Ranran wiped away her tears, her eyes gradually hardening: "Father, I want to become stronger! I want to become strong enough to help him, instead of forever hiding behind him!"

Yu Wuji looked at the light in his daughter's eyes and nodded with satisfaction.

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After leaving the Jade Immortal Mansion, Chen Ping and Ming Li concealed their presence and sped towards the Northern Region's Cold Abyss City.

The two moved with incredible speed, returning to this snow-covered megacity in just a few days.

Cold Abyss City remained unchanged; the dark blue-green ice walls gleamed coldly in the sunlight, and the city gates were heavily guarded.

But this time, Chen Ping and Ming Li were not questioned again; the Cold Abyss Master had clearly given them instructions beforehand.

The two flew directly into the city, landing towards the City Lord's Mansion.

The guards of the City Lord's Mansion, upon seeing them, not only did not stop them but also bowed respectfully, clearly indicating that Master Han Yuan had given prior instructions.

Led by attendants, Chen Ping and Ming Li arrived at a quiet chamber deep within the City Lord's Mansion.

The quiet chamber was carved from a single piece of ten-thousand-year-old cold jade. The room was chillingly cold, but for cultivators, it actually helped to calm their minds and concentrate.

Master Han Yuan was already waiting there. He was still dressed in his ice-blue Daoist robe, his face gaunt, but a hint of worry seemed to have crept into his brows.

Upon seeing Chen Ping and Ming Li, he rose to greet them, his expression complex.

“Fellow Daoist Chen, Fellow Daoist Ming Li, you... have indeed returned.”

Master Han Yuan’s voice carried a trace of weariness. “Sit.”

The three took their seats, host and guest respectively. A maidservant served spiritual tea and quietly withdrew, leaving only the three of them in the quiet chamber.

Master Hanyuan set up several soundproof barriers before looking at Chen Ping, his gaze grave: “Fellow Daoist Chen, what you did at the Eastern Region’s Divine Punishment Hall... has already spread throughout the Thirteen Heavens.”

Chen Ping remained calm, picking up his teacup and taking a sip: “It seems the Great Venerable’s wanted notice has already reached the Northern Region.”

“More than that.”

Master Hanyuan smiled bitterly, “On the day the wanted notice was issued, an envoy from the Divine Race came to Hanyuan City, ordering me to fully cooperate in apprehending the criminal and to thoroughly investigate all cultivators connected to the Eastern Region.”

He paused, then looked at Chen Ping: “The envoy specifically mentioned that the criminal may possess a strange, gray power, unlike any known cultivation system. Fellow Daoist Chen, this time... you’ve gone too far.”

Ming Li said in a deep voice from the side, “City Lord Hanyuan, the Divine Race has acted perversely, oppressing all races since ruling the Thirteen Heavens, extracting souls and essences to refine soul crystals—their crimes are heinous. Mr. Chen’s actions are to rid the people of this scourge.”

“I know, I know.”

True Master Hanyuan sighed, “I’ve also heard about the actions of the Divine Race. But... they are powerful.”

“The Grand Venerable of the Central Region is a peak eighth-grade Upper Immortal, with countless powerful subordinates. There are even rumors that he has connections to higher worlds. To oppose them is like throwing an egg against a rock.”

Chen Ping put down his teacup, his gaze fixed on True Master Hanyuan: “City Lord, I haven’t come here to drag Hanyuan City into this mess. On the contrary, I’ve come to inform you of something to prevent unnecessary misunderstandings between Hanyuan City and the Jade Immortal Palace.”

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“Oh? What is it?” True Master Hanyuan’s expression turned serious.

“Yu Wuji, the Lord of the Jade Immortal Palace, is actually dissatisfied with the rule of the Divine Race.”

Chen Ping said slowly, “I reached an agreement with him that the Jade Immortal Palace would secretly support any actions against the Divine Race. Although Yu Wuji didn’t directly participate in the Divine Punishment Hall incident, he did provide me with convenience.”

A hint of surprise flashed in Han Yuan Zhenren’s eyes: “That old fox Yu Wuji... he actually has such audacity? Isn’t he afraid the Divine Race will raze the Jade Immortal Palace to the ground?”

“He is afraid, but he doesn’t want to be the Divine Race’s dog forever.”

Chen Ping said calmly, “Yu Wuji is an ambitious man; he is unwilling to be subservient forever. The greater the oppression of the Divine Race, the deeper the seeds of rebellion are sown.”

Han Yuan Zhenren was silent for a moment, then slowly nodded: “I see... no wonder the Jade Immortal Palace’s attitude towards other forces in the Eastern Region has softened recently. I thought they were brewing some kind of conspiracy.”

“If, as Fellow Daoist Chen says, the Jade Immortal Palace is also secretly resisting the Divine Race, then I truly don’t need to deal with them anymore.” “Too cautious.”

Chen Ping continued, "Not only that. Yu Wuji's daughter, Yu Ranran, is now my Daoist partner. For both public and private reasons, I hope that Hanyuan City and Yuxian Mansion can coexist peacefully, and even... support each other when necessary."

"Daoist partner?!"

Hanyuan Zhenren was genuinely surprised this time. He looked Chen Ping up and down. "Fellow Daoist Chen, you... you even know Yu Wuji's beloved daughter..."

Ming Li added from the side, "Mr. Chen and Miss Yu are deeply in love; this is absolutely true. Now, Mr. Chen is practically half the master of Yuxian Mansion."

Hanyuan Zhenren's expression shifted. After a long while, he sighed, "Fellow Daoist Chen, you truly... every time we meet, you bring me surprise, or rather, shock."

He stood up and paced in the quiet room. "If Yuxian Mansion truly intends to resist the Divine Race, then the alliance of the Northern and Eastern Regions is indeed a force to be reckoned with."

"However... the Divine Race is powerful; we must be extremely cautious." He stopped and looked at Chen Ping: "Fellow Daoist Chen, what are your plans now? The warrant has been issued, and even though the Thirteen Heavens are vast, I'm afraid there won't be a safe haven for you."

Chen Ping said, "We're preparing to go to the Ten Thousand Demon Mountains in the Western Regions."

"The Ten Thousand Demon Mountains in the Western Regions?!"

Master Han Yuan's expression changed. "That place is now a den of dragons and tigers! The Divine Race is suppressing the Demon Race's resistance with bloody methods, and the entire Western Regions is engulfed in war!"

Ming Li explained, "Lord Han Yuan, I sensed the aura of the Ghost Race in the Ten Thousand Demon Mountains of the Western Regions. There might even be some of my clansmen active there. We must go."

"The Ghost Race..."

Master Han Yuan frowned. "The situation in the Western Regions is complex now, with the Divine Race, the Demon Race, and various other races mixed together. There might indeed be traces of Ghost Race activity. But..."

He looked at Chen Ping, his tone serious: "Fellow Daoist Chen, do you know how dangerous the situation in the Western Regions is right now?"

"The Divine Race has stationed troops in the Western Regions..." "The Demon-Suppressing Hall is led by a Demon-Suppressing Venerable, a peak seventh-grade Immortal, with five demon kings under his command. Tens of thousands of troops are currently suppressing the demon rebellion."

"The demon race, led by the 'Golden-Winged Roc King,' the 'Nine-Tailed Celestial Fox,' and the 'Mountain-Moving Giant Ape,' once rallied 100,000 to resist, but now they are suffering heavy losses and retreats."

"The Golden-Winged Roc King has fled severely wounded, the Nine-Tailed Celestial Fox is trapped, and the Mountain-Moving Giant Ape has been suppressed. The remnants of the demon rebellion are besieged in the Heavenly Demon Valley, barely clinging to life." "..."

Master Hanyuan walked to the wall, his finger tracing the surface of the jade wall, where icy energy condensed into a simplified map: "This is the Ten Thousand Demon Mountains, and this is the Heavenly Demon Valley. The Divine Clan army has surrounded it from five directions, setting up the Nine Heavens and Ten Earths Demon-Sealing Array. The remnants of the demon race have no chance of escape."

He turned to Chen Ping: "Going now would be like walking into a trap. The Divine Clan's defenses in the Western Regions are even more stringent than in the Eastern Regions. Moreover, you are wanted; once discovered, you will surely die."

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Chen Ping laughed upon hearing this. The Eastern Region at least had five Venerables guarding the Divine Punishment Hall, but in the Western Region, there was only one Demon-Suppressing Venerable. Although he was a peak seventh-grade Upper Immortal, he was no match for the combined might of the five Venerables.

It seemed the demon race in the Western Region had no powerful figures, easily controlled by a single Divine Race Venerable, and even the five Demon Kings had submitted to him—they were practically traitors.

“Senior, that’s precisely why we must go,” Chen Ping said.

“Why?” Han Yuan Zhenren asked, puzzled.

“First, Ming Li needs to find his people; this matter is crucial to him.”

Chen Ping said slowly, “Second, the God Clan’s bloody suppression of the Demon Clan in the Western Regions precisely demonstrates the intensity of the Demon Clan’s resistance. The enemy of my enemy is my friend. If we can unite with the Demon Clan’s resistance army, it will greatly benefit our fight against the God Clan.”

“Third...” A cold glint flashed in Chen Ping’s eyes, “With the God Clan’s attention focused on the Western Regions, their monitoring of other areas will be relatively relaxed. Our disturbances in the Western Regions might actually buy time and space for the resistance forces in the Eastern and Northern Regions.”

Han Yuan Zhenren fell into deep thought upon hearing this.

After a long silence, he slowly said, “Fellow Daoist Chen, your considerations are thorough, I admire them. However... the journey to the Western Regions is extremely dangerous. The Demon Suppressor is a peak seventh-grade Upper Immortal, his strength far surpassing that of the five Venerables of the Eastern Region.”

“The five Demon Kings are also sixth and seventh-grade Upper Immortals, and their armies are strong and well-equipped. For you two to go is like lambs to the slaughter.”

Chen Ping smiled slightly: "City Lord, there's no need to worry. Since I dare to go, I have my own confidence."

His smile was calm and confident, a special aura originating from the power of chaos faintly emanating from him, causing Han Yuan Zhenren's heart to tremble.

Han Yuan Zhenren recalled how Chen Ping, with his Heavenly Immortal cultivation, had reached the Thirteenth Heaven, and how he had slain the five Venerables of the Divine Punishment Hall.

He recalled the mysterious and unpredictable gray power emanating from him... Perhaps, this young man truly could create a miracle.

"Very well."

Master Hanyuan finally made up his mind. "Since Fellow Daoist Chen has made up his mind, I will no longer try to dissuade him. However, the journey to the Western Regions is long and fraught with danger; you need to be fully prepared."

He took out an ice-blue storage ring from his robes and handed it to Chen Ping: "Inside are some Ice Soul Pills and Cold Jade Marrow, specialties of the Northern Regions, which are remarkably effective for healing injuries and restoring spiritual power. The environment in the Western Regions is harsh; these things might come in handy."

Chen Ping took the ring and scanned it with his divine sense. Inside were not only a large number of pills and materials, but also tens of thousands of high-grade Yuan Crystals, and several ice-attribute magic treasures of good quality.

"Thank you, City Lord," Chen Ping said solemnly.

Master Hanyuan then produced a palm-sized, jet-black bone fragment: "This is a map I drew when I traveled the Western Regions in my youth. Although the terrain may have changed somewhat, the general area should be correct."

“It marks some dangerous areas and potential resource points; you can use it as a reference.”

Chen Ping took the bone fragment and probed it with his divine sense. Sure enough, he saw a detailed map, including not only the Ten Thousand Demon Mountains but also most of the Western Regions, even marking the locations of several divine strongholds.

“Your kindness, City Lord, is immeasurable,” Chen Ping said, bowing again.

Master Hanyuan waved his hand: “No need for formalities. Fellow Daoist Chen, please be careful on your journey to the Western Regions.”

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“If things become unfavorable, you can always retreat to the Northern Regions. I... will always leave you a way out.”

He paused, then added: “As for the Jade Immortal Mansion, I will send a message to a few old friends, instructing them to cease targeting the people of the Eastern Regions. If Yu Wuji truly harbors rebellious intentions against the Divine Race, the Northern Regions are willing to secretly support him.”

Chen Ping felt reassured, knowing that his purpose for this trip to Hanyuan City had been achieved.

“City Lord, we will not disturb you any longer.”

Chen Ping stood up. “The journey to the Western Regions should be undertaken sooner rather than later.”

Master Hanyuan also stood up: “I will see you off.”

The three walked out of the meditation room and into the courtyard outside the City Lord’s Mansion.

Fine snowflakes drifted down from the sky, and a biting wind blew.

“Fellow Daoist Chen, Fellow Daoist Mingli, take care on your journey,” Master Hanyuan said solemnly.

Chen Ping and Ming Li exchanged a glance, then simultaneously cupped their hands in greeting: “City Lord, take care. Farewell.”

With that, the two figures blurred, transforming into two streaks of light that soared into the sky, hurtling westward and quickly disappearing into the vast snowfield where the horizon met the sky.

Master Han Yuan stood in the courtyard, gazing in the direction the two had vanished, silent for a long time.

Snowflakes fell on his shoulders, gradually accumulating into a thin layer.

“Chen Ping... the Ten Thousand Demon Mountains of the Western Regions... the Divine Race...”

He murmured to himself, a complex light flashing in his eyes, “Is the heavens of the Thirteen Heavens truly about to change?”

Behind him, a trusted elder quietly appeared, whispering, “City Lord, the Divine Race envoy has sent someone again to inquire whether the wanted criminal has been found.”

Master Han Yuan turned around, his face regaining its usual coldness: “Tell them that Han Yuan City has searched with all its might, but has not yet found any trace of the villain. If there is any news, I will report it.”

“Yes.” The elder bowed and withdrew. Han Yuan Zhenren gazed westward again, a flicker of expectation mixed with worry in his eyes.

“Chen Ping, Chen Ping, I hope you really can... return alive.”

Chen Ping and Ming Li left Han Yuan City, speeding towards the Western Regions.

From the Northern Regions to the Western Regions, one must traverse the entire northern edge of the Central Regions, a journey of hundreds of thousands of miles.

To avoid potential spies and checkpoints set up by the gods, the two chose the most desolate route, heading west along the Burial God Mountains, which border the Northern and Central Regions.

The Burial God Mountains are rumored to be one of the battlefields of the ancient war between gods and demons. The mountains stretch endlessly, towering into the clouds, perpetually shrouded in a gray-black mist of death.

The spiritual energy here is thin, the laws are chaotic, the environment is harsh, teeming with poisonous insects and ferocious beasts, and filled with many ancient, incomplete restrictions and dangerous spatial rifts. Ordinary cultivators dare not venture deep into it.

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But precisely because of this, it has become an excellent route to evade pursuit.

“Mr. Chen, traversing the Burial God Mountains will take at least twenty days, and you may encounter many dangers along the way,”

Ming Li warned, his body shrouded in black mist, isolating him from the death fog.

Chen Ping nodded, a faint gray light shield forming around him from the chaotic energy. The death fog, powerful enough to corrode the protective aura of even a Celestial Realm cultivator, was instantly assimilated and absorbed upon contact with the chaotic light shield, becoming nourishment for the chaotic energy.

“It’s alright, I can use this opportunity to consolidate my cultivation,” Chen Ping said calmly.

He had just broken through to the ninth rank of the Celestial Immortal Realm. Although his foundation was solid, he did need time to adapt to the power of his new realm.

The harsh environment of the Burial God Mountains, ironically, became the perfect training ground.

The two transformed into two streaks of light and plunged into the vast Burial God Mountains.

The mountains were indeed fraught with danger.

Ancient beast remnants lurking in the mist suddenly erupted in attack;

The seemingly calm ground was actually a spatial rift that devoured everything; remnants of ancient killing formations, once triggered, would unleash a barrage of arrows;

Even more bizarre illusions of inner demons could evoke the deepest, most terrifying memories within a cultivator.

But all of this paled in comparison to Chen Ping's chaotic power.

Beast remnants? A sweep of chaotic power, and they were directly devoured and refined, becoming nourishment for strengthening the divine soul.

Spatial rifts? Chaotic power could stabilize space, forcibly mending the rifts.

Ancient killing formations? Chaotic power eroded the formation's foundation, rendering it ineffective in moments.

Illusions of inner demons? Chen Ping's Dao heart was as firm as a rock, having survived countless life-and-death experiences, and with the chaotic power protecting his divine soul, the illusions could not shake him in the slightest.

Moreover, Chen Ping himself possessed the Origin of Illusions; the illusions were utterly vulnerable before him!

On the contrary, Ming Li was repeatedly saved by Chen Ping from danger.

“Mr. Chen, your Chaos Power... is far too domineering.”

Ming Li couldn't help but sigh as he watched Chen Ping easily defuse a spatial storm powerful enough to annihilate a fifth-grade Upper Immortal.

Chen Ping smiled slightly, saying nothing more.

He was also constantly exploring new uses for Chaos Power.

After breaking through to the ninth grade of the Heavenly Immortal Realm, his understanding of the Chaos Dao deepened. Chaos Power was no longer merely about annihilation and devouring; it had taken on the rudiments of creation and evolution.

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For example, now he could simulate attacks of various attributes with Chaos Power. Although its power was inferior to that of cultivators specializing in a particular attribute, its versatility made it difficult to defend against.

The two traveled westward, hiding by day and moving by night, trying to avoid causing too much disturbance.

Ten days later, they had penetrated deep into the heart of the Burial God Mountains.

The death fog here was so dense it was almost tangible, reducing visibility to no more than ten feet.

A pervasive aura of decay and decay filled the air, even time seemed to slow down.

“Mr. Chen, there's an unusual energy fluctuation ahead.”

Ming Li suddenly stopped, looking warily into the depths of the thick fog ahead.

Chen Ping sensed it too. It was a cold, eerie energy fluctuation, carrying a dense aura of death, completely out of place with the overall atmosphere of the Burial God Mountains, yet seemingly sharing the same origin.

“Let’s go take a look.” Skilled and daring, Chen Ping took the lead and flew towards the source of the fluctuation.

Passing through a hill made of piled bones, the view suddenly opened up.

The thick fog had dispersed here, revealing an open space about a hundred feet in diameter.

In the center of the open space stood a dilapidated black stone palace.

The stone palace was ancient and grotesque in style, its walls carved with countless images of ghosts and demons. Many parts had collapsed, but from the remaining outlines, it was clear that this stone palace had once been extremely magnificent.

The cold, deathly energy fluctuation was emanating from the depths of the stone palace.

“This is... an ancient Ghost Clan sacrificial temple?”

A flicker of excitement crossed Ming Li’s eyes. “I’ve seen similar records in our clan’s ancient texts! In ancient times, the Ghost Clan was scattered throughout the heavens, building countless sacrificial temples to worship the Lord of the Underworld.

I never expected to see ruins here!”

Chen Ping surveyed the stone hall, his brow furrowing slightly. “Be careful, there’s something inside.”

He sensed a powerful aura deep within the stone hall, at least equivalent to a fourth-grade Upper Immortal, filled with violence and chaos.

The two concealed their auras and quietly entered the stone hall.

The interior space was much larger than it appeared from the outside, clearly due to the use of spatial expansion techniques.

The floor was covered with a thick layer of dust and bone fragments. Most of the murals on the walls were peeling and faded, but scenes depicting Ghost Clan sacrifices, battles, and cultivation could still be vaguely discerned.

Deep within the hall, a ferocious statue ten zhang tall stood.

The statue, with three heads and six arms, a blue face and fangs, held a sword, a halberd, a shield, a rope, and a seal in its six hands—the very image of the “Lord of the Underworld” worshipped by the Ghost Clan.

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However, the statue was now broken; two of its three heads were missing, and four of its six arms were severed.

At the foot of the statue, a monster coiled.

The monster resembled a giant lizard, over five zhang long, covered in dark red scales, with three rows of sharp bone spikes growing from its back, and a massive bone hammer at the end of its tail.

Its head was neither dragon nor human, dripping corrosive saliva that eroded the ground, creating numerous pits.

Most eerie of all, this monster was surrounded by a dense aura of death and resentment, originating from the same source as the aura of the Burial God Mountains, yet far more refined and ferocious.

“This is... a Corpse Fiend Dragon Lizard born from the Burial God Mountains!”

Ming Li whispered, "It has mutated due to years of absorbing the death energy and ancient remnants of souls here. Its strength is comparable to a sixth-grade Upper Immortal, and its thick hide makes it extremely difficult to deal with."

Seemingly sensing the presence of living beings, the Corpse Fiend Dragon Lizard slowly raised its head, its scarlet eyes locking onto Chen Ping and Ming Li, letting out a low growl, its saliva dripping even faster.

"It's guarding something."

Chen Ping's gaze fell on the base of the statue, where a faint, eerie light flickered.

Ming Li also saw it and exclaimed excitedly, "It might be a treasure left behind by the Ghost Clan! Mr. Chen, we..."

Before he could finish speaking, the Corpse Fiend Dragon Lizard launched its attack!

Although it was enormous, it was incredibly fast, like a dark red lightning bolt, instantly traversing dozens of feet.

Its massive tail, covered in bone spurs, swept across like a battering ram, accompanied by a piercing whistling sound!

"Retreat!"

Chen Ping shouted, pulling Ming Li back hastily.

Boom!

The giant tail swept across the spot where they had just stood, blasting a large crater in the ground and sending debris flying.

The violent shockwave shook the entire stone hall, sending dust plumes down.

Missing its initial attack, the Corpse Fiend Dragon Lizard became even more ferocious, unleashing a dark red death breath!

Where the breath passed, even space itself was corroded, developing fine black cracks!

Chen Ping's eyes narrowed. This time, he didn't dodge, but instead raised his hand and pushed forward.

Chaotic power surged forth, transforming into a gray shield that blocked his path.

Sizzle! Sizzle! Sizzle!