

## **The Order 10131**

Chapter: 10131

The death breath struck the chaotic shield, producing a piercing corrosive sound.

But the breath, powerful enough to corrode even metal, couldn't penetrate the chaotic power's defense. Instead, it was rapidly decomposed and devoured by the chaotic power.

A flicker of confusion crossed the Corpse Fiend Dragon Lizard's crimson eyes, seemingly bewildered as to why its breath attack had failed.

But it didn't stop. Its massive body lunged again, claws, bone spikes, and massive tail all attacking Chen Ping simultaneously!

"Ming Li, go retrieve the treasure. I'll deal with it," Chen Ping said calmly, his figure blurring as he faced the Corpse Fiend Dragon Lizard.

Ming Li, knowing Chen Ping's strength, didn't waste any words. He transformed into a wisp of black smoke and stealthily approached the base of the statue.

Seeing Ming Li about to touch its treasure, the Corpse Fiend Dragon Lizard grew even more enraged. It tried to turn and block him, but Chen Ping was already upon it.

"Your opponent is me," Chen Ping said calmly. His right hand formed a sword-like gesture, condensing chaotic power, and he pointed a finger at the Corpse Fiend Dragon Lizard's forehead.

This seemingly simple gesture contained the annihilating properties of chaotic power, and its speed was as fast as lightning.

The Corpse Fiend Dragon Lizard instinctively sensed danger, its head snapping to the side as it raised its forepaw to strike Chen Ping.

\*Thud!\*

The chaotic finger force grazed the Corpse Fiend Dragon Lizard's scalp, leaving a deep groove in its hard scales. The gray chaotic power, like a persistent leech, seeped into its body along the wound.

"Roar!"

The Corpse Fiend Dragon Lizard roared in pain, its slashing claw even faster and with greater force.

Chen Ping neither dodged nor evaded. He clenched his left fist, enveloping it in chaotic power, and threw a punch!

Fist and claw collided!

\*Boom!\*

A terrifying shockwave erupted from the point of impact, cracking the surrounding ground and tearing away large sections of the murals on the walls.

Chen Ping staggered, taking three steps back.

The Corpse Fiend Dragon Lizard let out a painful roar. Its slashing claws shattered, blood gushing forth, and even its bones cracked!

Chen Ping frowned slightly. He hadn't expected this beast, only at the sixth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm, to unleash such power!

If it were a sixth-rank Upper Immortal Realm cultivator, Chen Ping's punch would have already obliterated them!

Fear finally appeared in the Corpse Fiend Dragon Lizard's eyes.

This seemingly insignificant human before it possessed terrifying power!

Chapter: 10132

And that gray energy could easily pierce its proud defenses!

In that moment of hesitation, Chen Ping moved again.

This time, he held nothing back.

“Chaos, Suppress Prison!”

Chen Ping uttered a low shout, his hands forming seals. The chaotic power around him surged forth, transforming into countless gray chains that coiled around the Corpse Fiend Dragon Lizard like serpents!

The Corpse Fiend Dragon Lizard struggled, but the gray chains tightened instantly upon contact with its body, relentlessly devouring the death energy and life force within it.

The more it struggled, the tighter the chains bound, and the faster they devoured it.

In just a few breaths, the Corpse Fiend Dragon Lizard’s struggles weakened, its aura rapidly diminished, and the ferocity in its eyes dimmed.

Chen Ping walked up to it, looking at the enormous creature without a trace of pity.

“It’s understandable that you cultivated here by devouring remnant souls and the aura of death. But you shouldn’t have attacked us.”

Chen Ping said calmly, placing his hand on the Corpse Fiend Dragon Lizard’s forehead. “Your power is mine now.”

Chaotic power surged in, and the Corpse Fiend Dragon Lizard let out a final, unwilling roar.

Its massive body rapidly withered and weathered, eventually turning to ashes, leaving only a fist-sized, dark red demon core and a section of its strongest spine.

Chen Ping put away the demon core and spine; these were excellent materials for refining weapons and pills.

At this moment, Ming Li had also retrieved the eerie treasure emanating from under the statue's base.

It was a palm-sized, jet-black metal piece resembling a token.

The token's surface was inscribed with densely packed ghostly characters and runes; the edges were somewhat damaged, but it still emitted a rich aura of the netherworld.

"This is... a fragment of the Ghost King's Token!"

Ming Li's hands trembled with excitement. "The Ghost King's Token is one of the supreme tokens of the Ghost Clan. Holding it allows one to command parts of the Ghost Clan and even open certain Ghost Clan secret realms! Even though it's just a fragment, it's priceless!"

Chen Ping took the token fragment and examined it. It was icy cold to the touch, and the Netherworld energy it contained was extremely pure, even faintly resonating with the chaotic power within his body.

"It seems this trip to the Burial God Mountain Range wasn't in vain."

Chen Ping returned the token to Ming Li. "Since it belongs to the Ghost Clan, keep it safe. It might help you find your own kind."

Ming Li gave Chen Ping a grateful look and solemnly put away the token fragment.

The two searched the stone hall again, finding several broken Ghost Clan magical artifacts and some ancient materials, a considerable haul.

Chapter: 10133

Leaving the stone hall, they continued westward.

The rest of the journey was relatively peaceful. Although there were still dangers, they were all within their capabilities.

Twenty days later, they finally crossed the Burial God Mountains and arrived in the Western Regions.

The scene before them caused both of them to frown deeply.

Unlike the icy plains and snowy rivers of the Northern Region, or the verdant mountains and clear waters of the Central Region, the Western Regions were an endless expanse of barren desert.

Yellow sand filled the sky, and the land stretched for miles.

The scorching wind swept across the land like knives, whipping up clouds of dust.

The air was thick with a dry and desolate atmosphere, the spiritual energy thin and turbulent.

Occasionally, they could see some withered poplars and cacti, as well as animal bones scattered among the dunes.

“The Western Regions... truly a harsh environment,” Ming Li sighed.

“No wonder it’s called a land of exile. Surviving and cultivating here is ten times harder than in other great regions.”

Chen Ping, however, seemed thoughtful: "The harsher the environment, the more it tempers a person. Those demons who can survive here must be extraordinary."

The two adjusted their direction and flew towards the Ten Thousand Demon Mountains, as mentioned by True Person Han Yuan.

The deeper they ventured into the Western Regions, the harsher the environment became.

Sandstorms, quicksand, venomous scorpions, sand snakes... dangers lurked everywhere.

The temperature fluctuated drastically between day and night; an egg could be cooked by day, while stone could crack by night.

However, their cultivation levels were high enough that these natural dangers posed no threat to them.

What truly alarmed them was the increasing presence of human activity, or rather, the traces of divine activity.

Three days later, beside a dried-up riverbed, they spotted their first divine stronghold.

It was a simple yet heavily fortified fortress, constructed of thick stone. Divine guards patrolled the walls, and several small flying boats hovered above, their detection arrays gleaming.

Scattered around the fortress were the corpses of demons, some weathered, others still fresh, clearly recently deceased.

"A stronghold of the gods to suppress demons."

Chen Ping's eyes were icy. "It seems Master Han Yuan was right; the gods are bloodily suppressing the demon rebellion."

The two bypassed the stronghold and continued deeper.

Chapter: 10134

The further they went into the Ten Thousand Demon Mountains, the denser the god strongholds became, and the more demon corpses appeared.

A faint smell of blood permeated the air, refusing to dissipate even in the sandstorm.

Occasionally, traces of small-scale battles could be seen: collapsed hills, scorched earth, fragments of broken magical artifacts...

“Mr. Chen, the situation is worse than we imagined.”

Ming Li’s expression was grave. “The gods’ influence here is deeply entrenched; the demon resistance is likely in dire straits.”

Chen Ping nodded: “Find the demon resistance first, and understand the specific situation. Blindly acting will only expose ourselves.”

According to Master Han Yuan’s map, the Ten Thousand Demon Mountains are located in the central Western Regions, a vast mountain range stretching hundreds of thousands of miles. Once a sacred land for the demons, it is now a key area of suppression by the gods.

After flying for another five days, the two finally saw the outline of the Ten Thousand Demon Mountains.

It was an endless, crimson mountain range, like a giant dragon crawling across the earth.

Within the mountains, strange peaks rose abruptly, jagged rocks juttied out, and some dilapidated buildings and ancient demon totems could be vaguely seen.

But now, many peaks had been leveled, many valleys filled in, and everywhere was the scars of battle.

Above the mountains, reconnaissance airships of the divine race circled, beams of probe light sweeping across the ground.

“We can’t fly any further, we’ll be discovered,” Chen Ping whispered.

The two landed on the ground, concealing their presence, and using the terrain as cover, stealthily made their way deeper into the mountains.

Entering the Ten Thousand Demon Mountains, the atmosphere became even more oppressive.

This place, once vibrant with life, was now deathly still.

Occasionally, a few surviving demons could be seen, all wounded and terrified, hiding in caves or burrows, afraid to show themselves.

Chen Ping and Ming Li captured several lone demons and used soul-searching techniques to gather information, finally piecing together the current situation in the Ten Thousand Demon Mountains:

The Demon-Suppressing Hall, stationed in the Western Regions by the Divine Race, is led by a Demon-Suppressing Venerable at the peak of the seventh rank of the Upper Immortal Realm. Under its command are five Demon Kings, all traitors who defected to the Divine Race, three thousand Divine Race guards, and tens of thousands of demon servants.

The demon resistance is led by the “Golden-Winged Roc King,” the “Nine-Tailed Celestial Fox,” and the “Mountain-Moving Giant Ape.”

At its peak, it had one hundred thousand demon soldiers, but after years of bloody battles, only less than thirty thousand remain, scattered and surrounded in several dangerous locations, barely clinging to life.

The Golden-Winged Roc King escaped severely wounded, his whereabouts unknown.

The Nine-Tailed Celestial Fox is trapped in the Illusionary Heavenly Array, its fate unknown.

The Giant Ape, suppressed beneath the demon-sealing array of the gods, suffered the torment of soul refinement day and night.

Chapter: 10135

Now, the remnants of the resistance, led by a few demon generals, are putting up a desperate resistance in the Tianyao Valley, the deepest part of the Ten Thousand Demon Mountains, but their situation is precarious, and they could be annihilated by the gods at any moment.

“Tianyao Valley...”

Chen Ping memorized the name. “That might be our only breakthrough.”

The two avoided the god patrols and stealthily made their way towards Tianyao Valley.

What they saw along the way was horrifying.

Burn-down demon villages, mountains of demon corpses, demon heads displayed on flagpoles... The gods were using the bloodiest methods to demonstrate their dominance, attempting to completely destroy the demons’ will to resist.

“These beasts...”

Ming Li gritted his teeth. Although he wasn’t a demon, he was a fellow race oppressed by the gods and felt their pain deeply.

Chen Ping’s eyes were icy cold. He remained silent, but the killing intent in his heart grew stronger.

Three days later, they finally approached the Heavenly Demon Valley area.

The terrain here was treacherous, surrounded by mountains, easy to defend and difficult to attack.

But at this moment, the outer perimeter of the Heavenly Demon Valley was already completely surrounded by the divine army, impenetrable.

In the sky, dozens of divine flying ships circled, forming a sealing array.

On the ground, temporary fortresses rose from the ground, with divine guards and demon servants patrolling back and forth.

Further outwards, there were numerous detection arrays, which would sound an alarm at the slightest disturbance.

“The defenses are too tight; a direct assault is impossible,” Ming Li frowned.

Chen Ping observed for a moment, then pointed to an inconspicuous mountain peak on the left side of Heavenly Demon Valley: “There, the formation has a weak point. And there’s a three-breath interval between patrols. We can infiltrate within those three breaths.”

Ming Li looked closely and indeed found that the formation’s light near that mountain peak was dimmer than elsewhere, and the patrols were passing by at slightly longer intervals.

“Mr. Chen has excellent eyesight,” Ming Li said admiringly.

The two waited patiently until night fell.

The dark and windy night was the perfect opportunity to infiltrate.

The moment the patrol passed the mountain peak again and turned to leave, Chen Ping moved.

“Go!”

He shouted, his figure transforming into an almost invisible gray shadow, shooting towards the weak point of the formation! Ming Li followed closely behind.

Chapter: 10136

Three breaths passed in the blink of an eye.

Like ghosts, the two successfully passed through the sealing line and entered the Heavenly Demon Valley before the formation's light reappeared.

Upon entering the Heavenly Demon Valley, the atmosphere changed abruptly.

The grim silence and stillness outside were shattered, replaced by a tragic and tense atmosphere.

The valley was filled with makeshift tents and fortifications, wounded demons were everywhere, and groans, cries, and curses filled the air.

The air was thick with the stench of medicine and blood.

Many demon soldiers leaned wearily against rocks, their eyes filled with despair and numbness.

Occasionally, a demon general would walk by, loudly rallying morale, but to little avail.

The sudden appearance of Chen Ping and Ming Li immediately caused a commotion.

"Who goes there?!"

"Enemy attack!"

“Protect the general!”

Dozens of demon soldiers quickly surrounded them, all wounded, but their eyes were fierce, their weapons pointed at the two men.

“Don’t be nervous, we are not gods.”

Chen Ping said calmly, releasing a wisp of chaotic aura. The ancient and vast aura startled the surrounding demon soldiers.

“Who are you? How did you get in?”

A one-eyed wolf demon general stepped forward, warily eyeing Chen Ping.

“We’re here to help you.”

Chen Ping said directly, “Take us to your leader.”

The wolf demon general sneered: “Help? Just the two of you? Who knows if you’re spies sent by the gods! Seize them!”

The demon soldiers were about to attack.

Just then, an aged and weary voice rang out: “Stop.”

The crowd parted, and an old man with white hair and beard, leaning on a cane, slowly walked in.

He was not fully transformed; he still retained a pair of antlers on his head. His body was wrapped in bandages, and his aura was weak, but his eyes were unusually clear.

Chapter: 10137

“Elder Deer!” The wolf demon general bowed quickly.

The old man, known as Elder Deer, scrutinized Chen Ping and Ming Li, lingering particularly on Chen Ping for a few seconds. A hint of surprise flashed in his eyes: “The aura emanating from this fellow Daoist... is truly peculiar. In my eight thousand years of life, I have never seen such primal, ancient power.”

Chen Ping’s heart stirred; this old deer demon possessed remarkable insight.

“I am Chen Ping, and this is my companion, Ming Li. We have traversed the Burial God Mountains to find the demon race’s resistance army and join forces against the gods,” Chen Ping said calmly.

“Traversed the Burial God Mountains?” Elder Deer’s eyes gleamed. “That is a death trap; even a fifth-grade Upper Immortal has no chance of survival. The fact that you two could traverse it speaks volumes about your strength.”

He paused, then added, “However, how can the two of you alone contend with tens of thousands of gods’ troops? Especially with the Demon-Suppressing Venerable in command.”

Chen Ping smiled slightly: “Numbers don’t necessarily make a difference. I alone have slain five Venerables of the Divine Punishment Hall.”

A hush fell over the entire hall.

All the demons stared wide-eyed at Chen Ping in disbelief.

The five Venerables of the Divine Punishment Hall!

Those were the highest rulers of the Divine Race in the Eastern Region, each a top-tier expert at the seventh rank of the Upper Immortal Realm!

Killed by one person?

“You...what did you say?” Elder Lu’s voice trembled.

“I said, the five Venerables of the Divine Punishment Hall in the Eastern Region—Xuanbing, Chiyuan, Qingmu, Houtu, and Gengjin—are all dead at my hands.”

Chen Ping’s tone was calm, yet carried an undeniable confidence. “Now, the entire Thirteen Heavens are after me.”

He raised his hand, and a gray sword light appeared in his palm. The annihilating aura contained within that sword light made all the demons tremble in their souls.

Elder Lu stared intently at the sword light for a long time, then took a deep breath and slowly knelt down: “This old man, Lu Ming, pays respects to my benefactor!”

Although the other demons were confused, seeing Elder Lu kneel, they also knelt down.

Chen Ping was taken aback: “Elder Lu, what do you mean by this?”

Elder Lu, tears streaming down his face, exclaimed: “My benefactor, you are unaware! The five Venerables of the Divine Punishment Hall have their hands stained with the blood of our demon race!”

“For hundreds of years, countless demon brethren have had their souls extracted and refined by them, leaving no trace of their bodies! My benefactor, by slaying them, you have avenged the blood feud that binds our demon race! Please accept my deepest bow!”

With that, he kowtowed heavily.

The other demons, realizing what was happening, were immediately filled with excitement:

“So it’s our benefactor!”

Chapter: 10138

“He killed the five Venerables, avenging us!”

“Our benefactor is above us, please accept our bow!”

Chen Ping quickly helped Elder Lu up: “Please rise, everyone. I had an old grudge against the gods, and killing them was my duty.”

“Now, the most urgent matter is to discuss how to break the current predicament and rescue our trapped demon brethren.”

Elder Lu rose, wiped away his tears, and solemnly said: “Our benefactor, please come with me. I will take you to see our current temporary leader, the Iron-Backed Bear King.”

Led by Elder Lu, Chen Ping and Ming Li arrived at the largest tent deep within the Heavenly Demon Valley.

Inside the tent, a towering black bear, over ten feet tall and as robust as a mountain, paced anxiously.

His transformation was not yet complete; he still retained thick black fur on his back, his arms were as thick as pillars, and his aura had clearly reached the peak of the sixth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm.

He had multiple wounds, the deepest of which ran diagonally from his left shoulder to his right abdomen, almost tearing him open. Although bandaged, blood still seeped from it.

This was the Iron-Backed Bear King, the current temporary leader of the demon race’s resistance army.

“Elder Lu, you’ve arrived. And these two are...”

The Iron-Backed Bear King frowned upon seeing Chen Ping and Ming Li.

Elder Lu quickly recounted Chen Ping’s identity and deeds.

After listening, the Iron-Backed Bear King's bear eyes widened, staring intently at Chen Ping: "You...you really killed the five Venerables of the Divine Punishment Hall?"

Chen Ping nodded.

The Iron-Backed Bear King suddenly threw his head back and laughed, his laughter filled with grief, indignation, and triumph: "Good! Good! Well done! Those five old bastards attacked my father back then, mortally wounding him!"

"This hatred is irreconcilable! Brother Chen, from this day forward, you are my brother, the Iron-Backed Bear King's brother! Whenever you need me, I will go through fire and water for you!"

The demon race is straightforward and clear about their grudges.

Chen Ping, having slain their enemy, immediately won the Iron-Backed Bear King's trust and friendship.

Chen Ping didn't mince words: "Bear King, what's the situation now? Is there any way to break this deadlock?"

The Iron-Backed Bear King's smile vanished, his expression grave: "It's terrible. We've been besieged here for three months. Our food and medicine are almost exhausted, the wounded aren't receiving effective treatment, and morale is low."

"The Divine Race has set up the Nine Heavens and Ten Earths Demon-Sealing Array on the outer perimeter. We can't break through, and they can't attack us for the time being, but they're constantly wearing down our strength. Once we're weak enough, they'll launch a full-scale attack."

"Moreover..."

The Iron-Backed Bear King gritted his teeth, "Every day they torture and slaughter their captured demon brethren on the battlefield, using the most cruel methods to try..." "They intend to destroy our will."

Chapter: 10139

Chen Ping's eyes were icy: "Where are the Demon Suppressor and the Five Demon Kings now?"

"The Demon Suppressor is stationed at the Demon Suppressor Palace headquarters, three thousand miles from here."

"The Five Demon Kings each lead a large army, surrounding the Heavenly Demon Valley. Among them, the 'Crimson Scorpion King' and the 'Black Bat King' are the strongest, both at the seventh rank of the Upper Immortal Realm. The other three kings are at the peak of the sixth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm."

The Iron-Backed Bear King pointed to the sand table: "The Crimson Scorpion King is in the east, the Black Bat King is in the west, and the other three kings are in the south, north, and southeast directions."

Chen Ping looked at the sand table, pondered for a moment, and a cold glint flashed in his eyes: "Since they have divided their forces to surround us, then we will defeat them one by one."

"Pick them off one by one?"

The Iron-Backed Bear King smiled bitterly. "Brother Chen, we currently have less than 20,000 soldiers capable of fighting, and most of them are wounded."

"Each of the five Demon Kings has an army of over 30,000, well-equipped, and waiting in ambush. We'll struggle to even break out, how can we pick them off one by one?"

Chen Ping smiled slightly: "No need for a large army. I alone am enough."

Silence fell over the tent.

Old Deer and the Iron-Backed Bear King stared at Chen Ping in disbelief.

"Brother Chen, you're not joking, are you?"

The Iron-Backed Bear King frowned. "Although you killed the five Venerables, that was a sneak attack or a strategy of picking them off one by one, wasn't it? Now the five Demon Kings have large armies protecting them, how could you possibly..."

"Bear King, just tell me, of the five Demon Kings, who deserves to die the most, who is the most cruel to their fellow demons?"

Chen Ping interrupted him, his tone calm yet carrying an undeniable confidence.

A glint of hatred flashed in the Iron-Backed Bear King's eyes: "The Crimson Scorpion King! That traitor! He was originally the chieftain of the Crimson Scorpion Demon Clan. To curry favor with the gods, he personally slaughtered three demon tribes that refused to submit, sparing neither the old, weak, women, nor children!"

"He even invented the cruel torture of 'Ten Thousand Scorpions Devouring the Heart,' specifically used to torment captured demon warriors! I wish I could devour his flesh alive!"

"Alright, let's start with him then." Chen Ping nodded, looking at Ming Li, "Ming Li, you stay here and assist the Bear King in defense. I'll be right back."

"Mr. Chen, I'll go with you!" Ming Li hurriedly said.

"No need."

Chen Ping waved his hand, "Too many people will only increase the risk of being exposed. Don't worry, I know what I'm doing."

After saying that, he nodded to the Iron-Backed Bear King and Elder Deer, his figure flickered, transforming into a gray streak of light, silently leaving the tent and disappearing into the night.

The Iron-Backed Bear King and Elder Deer exchanged bewildered glances.

“Elder Lu, this Brother Chen... can he really do it?”

Chapter: 10140

The Iron-Backed Bear King still couldn't quite believe it.

Elder Lu remained silent for a long time before slowly saying, “Bear King, did you sense his aura? That power... I've never seen anything like it before, but it instinctively filled me with awe and fear. Perhaps... he really can create a miracle.”

The Iron-Backed Bear King gazed in the direction Chen Ping had disappeared, a glimmer of hope in his bear eyes: “I hope so... Our demon race can't afford any more failures.”

...

Chen Ping left the Heavenly Demon Valley and stealthily made his way towards the Crimson Scorpion King's army camp in the east.

He concealed all his aura; the power of chaos made him seem to blend into the night, so even as he passed over the heads of the divine race patrol, they remained completely unaware.

Three thousand miles were covered in an instant.

The Crimson Scorpion King's army camp was located in a sheltered canyon, brightly lit and heavily guarded.

The camp stretched as far as the eye could see, housing at least 40,000 troops. A third were divine guards, and two-thirds were demon servants who had pledged allegiance to the gods.

In the center of the camp, a particularly magnificent and enormous tent stood out. Dozens of fierce-looking Crimson Scorpion guards stood watch outside. From within the tent, the faint sounds of a woman's weeping and a man's maniacal laughter could be heard.

Chen Ping scanned the area with his divine sense, locking onto the tent.

Inside the tent, a middle-aged man clad in crimson armor, with a sinister face and a scarlet scorpion tail trailing behind him, was drinking and making merry, his arms around two women.

He held two disheveled fox-girls in his arms, their faces still wet with tears, their eyes filled with terror.

This was the Crimson Scorpion King, a seventh-grade Upper Immortal.

“Your Majesty, have another drink...”

One of the fox-girls forced a smile and offered a wine cup.

The Crimson Scorpion King leered as he accepted the drink, downing it in one gulp. Then, he pinched the girl’s chin: “Little beauty, once I’ve wiped out those ungrateful bastards from the Heavenly Demon Valley, I’ll take you as my concubine and guarantee you a life of luxury and wealth.”

A flicker of disgust flashed in the girl’s eyes, but she dared not show it, only nodding obediently.

Just then, a calm voice suddenly rang out from inside the tent:

“You probably won’t have that chance.”

The Crimson Scorpion King’s expression changed drastically. He abruptly pushed the girl away, stood up, his scorpion tail held high, its venomous stinger gleaming coldly: “Who?!”

At the tent entrance, a gray figure appeared out of nowhere—it was Chen Ping.

He stood with his hands behind his back, his eyes indifferent as he looked at the Crimson Scorpion King, as if he were looking at a dead man.

“Guards! Guards!” the Crimson Scorpion King roared.