

## **The Order 10141**

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But the tent remained silent, without any response.

“No need to shout, they’re all asleep,” Chen Ping said calmly, walking step by step towards the Crimson Scorpion King. The Crimson Scorpion King’s pupils contracted. He sensed that the auras of his guards outside the tent had vanished—not from death, but as if they had fallen into a deep sleep, impossible to awaken.

When did this person make his move?

How could he have been completely unaware?

“You...who are you?”

An ominous premonition rose in the Crimson Scorpion King’s heart. Crimson demonic power surged around him, and his scorpion tail, like a venomous dragon, lunged at Chen Ping!

This attack was as fast as lightning, the stinger containing a potent poison powerful enough to kill a sixth-grade Upper Immortal!

But Chen Ping merely raised his right hand, his index and middle fingers gently pinching the stinger.

Snap!

The scorpion tail stinger, powerful enough to pierce metal, was firmly held in place by Chen Ping’s two fingers, completely immobile!

“What?!”

The Crimson Scorpion King paled in horror, trying to pull back his scorpion tail, only to find it clamped like an iron clamp, utterly unable to move!

Chen Ping tightened his grip slightly.

\*Crack!\*

The Crimson Scorpion King's incredibly tough scorpion tail stinger was actually crushed!

"Ah!"

The Crimson Scorpion King let out a piercing scream. His scorpion tail was one of his natal magic weapons, connected to his soul. The shattering of the stinger injured his soul.

But he was a veteran of countless battles. The excruciating pain only fueled his ferocity. His other hand slammed towards a crimson gourd at his waist!

That was his other natal magic weapon, Crimson Scorpion Venom Sand. Once released, the venomous sand would blanket the sky, corroding everything in its path; anyone below the seventh rank of the Upper Immortal Realm would die upon contact!

However, Chen Ping's movements were faster.

The instant the Crimson Scorpion King struck the gourd, Chen Ping had already taken a step forward, appearing before him, his left hand forming a sword-like gesture, pointing towards his brow.

The Crimson Scorpion King tried to dodge, but the surrounding space seemed to freeze; he couldn't move!

"No!" Despair filled the Crimson Scorpion King's eyes.

\*Pfft!\*

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A chaotic finger strike pierced the man's brow.

The Crimson Scorpion King's body stiffened, his eyes quickly dimmed, his demonic power dissipated, and he collapsed limply to the ground, as if all his energy had been drained.

Chen Ping didn't even glance at his corpse. With a wave of his hand, he collected the crimson gourd and the Crimson Scorpion King's storage ring.

Then, he looked at the two terrified fox-girls and said gently, "Don't be afraid, I'm here to save you. Get dressed and come with me."

The two girls snapped out of their daze, quickly straightening their clothes and looking at Chen Ping gratefully.

Chen Ping led them out of the tent.

Outside the tent, dozens of Crimson Scorpion guards lay sprawled on the ground, snoring loudly, clearly under Chen Ping's chaotic bewitching spell.

Chen Ping hadn't killed them, not out of mercy, but because he didn't want to alert the enemy.

He, accompanied by two fox-clan girls, transformed into streaks of light and silently departed from the Crimson Scorpion King's camp, returning to the Heavenly Demon Valley.

The entire process took less than the time it takes for an incense stick to burn.

The Crimson Scorpion King had perished.

And the divine army remained completely unaware.

When Chen Ping returned to the Heavenly Demon Valley with the two fox-clan girls, the Iron-Backed Bear King and Elder Deer could hardly believe their eyes.

“The Crimson Scorpion King...is he really dead?”

The Iron-Backed Bear King’s eyes widened as he repeatedly examined the Crimson Scorpion King’s token that Chen Ping had brought back—the crimson scorpion-shaped token.

“Dead, his soul and spirit annihilated.”

Chen Ping’s tone was calm, as if he had merely done something insignificant.

He handed the two fox-girls over to Elder Lu for safekeeping, then looked at the sand table: “Next is the Black Bat King. He excels at nighttime operations and sonic attacks, and his bat demons are incredibly fast. We must eliminate him before dawn.”

The Iron-Backed Bear King trembled with excitement: “Brother Chen, your...your methods are simply unpredictable! If we can truly eliminate the five traitorous demon kings, our chances of breaking through will be greatly increased!”

Elder Lu, however, was somewhat worried: “Mr. Chen’s slaying of two demon kings will likely soon attract the attention of the Demon-Suppressing Venerable.” “Be alert. If he personally intervenes, coupled with the divine army’s encirclement, I’m afraid...”

Chen Ping’s eyes flashed coldly: “We need to lure him out. Hiding in the Demon Suppression Hall makes him harder to kill. If he dares to personally attack me, I have my own ways to deal with it.”

He glanced at the sky: “Time is of the essence. I’ll depart immediately. Bear King, organize an elite squad and await my signal.”

“Once Black Bat King is defeated, you will raid the enemy camp on the western front and seize supplies.”

“Understood!” Ironback Bear King nodded emphatically.

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Chen Ping transformed into a streak of light again and disappeared into the night.

Western Front, Black Bat King’s Camp.

Understood the extravagance of Red Scorpion King, Black Bat King’s camp was sinister and eerie.

All the tents were built in underground caves, countless bat demons hung upside down on the rock walls, the entire camp was silent, save for the occasional ultrasonic probe.

Black Bat King himself was cultivating in the deepest blood pool.

He had transformed into a tall, thin man dressed in black, with enormous black fleshy wings on his back, blood-red eyes, and sharp fangs protruding from his mouth.

He cultivated an evil art, requiring him to absorb the essence of demons to enhance his power.

Dozens of withered demon corpses floated in the blood pool, all prisoners of the resistance.

Suddenly, the Black Bat King opened his blood-red eyes, warily eyeing the cave entrance.

He sensed a strange aura, extremely faint, but its ancient and vast feel instinctively unsettled him.

“Who?”

The Black Bat King asked in a deep voice, his fleshy wings unfurling, ready for battle.

A gray figure slowly emerged from the shadows—it was Chen Ping.

“The one who came to kill you,” Chen Ping said calmly.

The Black Bat King’s pupils constricted; he recognized the aura emanating from Chen Ping.

It was the infamous villain who had recently been the subject of much gossip, the one who had killed the five Venerables of the Divine Punishment Hall!

“It’s you!”

The Black Bat King’s heart skipped a beat, but he immediately sneered, “How dare you trespass on my territory! Now that you’re here, you won’t be leaving!”

He suddenly opened his mouth, unleashing a silent sonic attack!

This sonic wave was formless and intangible, yet it directly attacked the soul. An ordinary seventh-grade Upper Immortal cultivator would have their soul instantly shattered if struck by this attack.

But Chen Ping merely frowned slightly, his chaotic power forming a gray barrier outside his consciousness.

The terrifying sonic wave struck the barrier, vanishing without a trace, like a mud ox sinking into the sea.

“What?!” The Black Bat King exclaimed in shock.

His Soul-Destroying Demonic Sound had severely injured a peak seventh-grade Upper Immortal opponent before, so how could it have no effect on this ninth-grade Celestial Immortal brat?

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Chen Ping gave him no more chances. He took a step forward, his figure appearing before the Black Bat King like a ghost, and unleashed a punch!

This punch, seemingly simple, contained the annihilating power of chaos; wherever the fist's force passed, even space itself cracked with fine black fissures.

The Black Bat King hastily raised his wings to defend, countless black runes appearing on his fleshy wings, forming a sturdy defensive barrier.

Boom!

Fist and wings collided!

The black rune barrier shattered like paper; Chen Ping's fist pierced directly through the Black Bat King's wings, striking his chest!

"Pfft!"

The Black Bat King spat out a mouthful of black blood, his chest caved in, ribs shattered.

He discovered in horror that the gray energy invading his body was frantically devouring his life force and demonic power, and no matter how he circulated his cultivation techniques, he couldn't expel it!

"No...impossible...I am a seventh-grade Upper Immortal, how could you..."

The Black Bat King roared, his eyes filled with resentment and fear.

Chen Ping didn't answer; his left hand, fingers joined like a sword, thrust straight at his brow.

Black Bat King tried to dodge, but his heavily injured body made him sluggish, and he could only watch helplessly as the gray sword light pierced his sea of consciousness.

The next moment, his consciousness plunged into eternal darkness.

Chen Ping put away Black Bat King's storage ring and natal magic weapon, a pair of black bat wings. These wings, if refined, could be used to forge a decent flying magic weapon.

He didn't linger and quickly left the underground cave.

Less than half an incense stick's time after Chen Ping left, the bat demons of the western camp discovered Black Bat King's corpse.

Panic spread like wildfire.

"The King is dead!"

"Enemy attack! Enemy attack!"

The entire western camp descended into chaos.

Meanwhile, Chen Ping had already arrived at the southern camp, his target being the Golden Toad King, one of the five great demon kings.

The Golden Toad King was slightly weaker, only at the peak of the sixth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm, but he was skilled in using poison and defense. His true form was a thousand-year-old poisonous toad with thick skin and flesh; his venom could corrode high-grade spiritual artifacts. Chen Ping didn't choose assassination; instead, he stormed directly into the Golden Toad King's central command tent.

"Who goes there?!"

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The Golden Toad King was discussing military affairs with several subordinates when he saw Chen Ping suddenly appear, both shocked and enraged.

“The one who will take your life.”

Chen Ping said calmly, his chaotic power condensing into a gray longsword in his hand.

The Golden Toad King sensed the chilling aura emanating from Chen Ping, his heart sinking, knowing the newcomer meant trouble.

He immediately roared, his body expanding, revealing his true form: a giant golden toad the size of a house!

The giant toad’s back was covered in poisonous tumors, and it spewed green poisonous mist from its mouth, instantly filling the entire tent.

The demon generals who touched the poisonous mist screamed and turned into pus and blood, even their souls were corroded.

Chen Ping remained unfazed. Chaotic power flowed around his body, and the poisonous mist was instantly decomposed and devoured upon contact with the gray light shield, unable to penetrate even a fraction. Seeing this, the Golden Toad King was horrified, knowing he had met his nemesis.

He leaped up, his massive body pressing down on Chen Ping, his tongue shooting out like lightning, the tip glistening with a golden essence of venom.

This was his natal poison, cultivated for a thousand years, capable of killing even a seventh-grade Immortal!

Chen Ping's eyes narrowed. Instead of retreating, he advanced, his gray longsword unleashing an arc of sword light.

\*Pfft!\*

The sword light severed the Golden Toad King's tongue, its momentum undiminished, splitting his head open!

The Golden Toad King's massive body crashed to the ground, his venomous blood staining the earth and corroding deep pits.

Three Kings fallen!

The news spread like wildfire throughout the Western Regions!

At the headquarters of the Demon Suppression Hall, the Demon Suppression Venerable could no longer remain silent.

"To slay the Crimson Scorpion, Black Bat, and Golden Toad demon kings in a single day?"

The Demon Suppressor's face was ashen. "This Chen Ping, as the wanted poster says, possesses bizarre power."

Below him, the remaining two demon kings, the Silver Serpent King and the Iron Eagle King, trembled, their faces pale.

"Venerable One, this man is too terrifying. Perhaps... perhaps we should avoid his advance for now?"

The Silver Serpent King said cautiously.

“Avoid his advance?”

The Demon Suppressor sneered. “I have guarded the Western Regions for hundreds of years. When have I ever retreated a single step? Issue the order to mobilize all the troops and lay a trap! I will personally confront this Chen Ping!”

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“Furthermore, send a message to the Grand Venerable of the Central Region, informing him that Chen Ping has appeared in the Western Regions and requesting reinforcements!”

“Yes!”

The Silver Serpent King and the Iron Eagle King immediately responded.

The Demon Suppressor’s eyes flashed with cold light: “Chen Ping... no matter your background, once you reach the Western Regions, it will be your burial ground!”

...

In the Heavenly Demon Valley, the Iron-Backed Bear King, following Chen Ping’s plan, successfully raided the western camp, seizing a large amount of grain and elixirs, greatly boosting morale.

“Brother Chen, you are truly our demon race’s savior!”

The Iron-Backed Bear King excitedly patted Chen Ping’s shoulder.

Chen Ping, however, remained grave: “Bear King, the Demon Suppressor is truly enraged and is mobilizing all his troops to encircle and annihilate us. The real battle is only just beginning.”

Old Deer nodded: “Mr. Chen is right. Although we have slain three kings, the foundation of the divine race remains intact.”

“The Demon Suppressor still has tens of thousands of elite troops under his command, plus reinforcements from other major regions. The situation remains dire.”

Just then, Ming Li hurriedly entered the tent, his face grave. "Mr. Chen, I discovered an ancient teleportation array deep within the valley. Although damaged, it seems to still function. The runes on the array... strongly resemble the work of the Ghost Clan."

A glint flashed in Chen Ping's eyes. "Take me to see it."

Led by Ming Li, Chen Ping arrived at a hidden cave deep within the Heavenly Demon Valley.

Deep within the cave, there was indeed a circular stone platform three zhang in diameter, covered with complex runes.

Although many runes had become blurred with age, the overall structure remained relatively intact.

Chen Ping examined them carefully and discovered similarities between these runes and those on the fragment of the Ghost King's Token that Ming Li had previously obtained.

"This is indeed a Ghost Clan teleportation array," Chen Ping judged.

"And it's not low-level; it should be an ancient teleportation array used by the Ghost Clan to traverse long distances."

Ming Li exclaimed excitedly, "If we can repair this array, we might be able to leave this place and travel to other areas where the Ghost Clan might exist."

Chen Ping pondered for a moment: "Repairing it will take time, and it will require a large amount of spatial attribute materials. Right now, what we lack most is time."

As soon as he finished speaking, his expression suddenly changed, and he abruptly looked up at the outside of the cave.

"They're here."

...

Outside the Heavenly Demon Valley, a massive, dark army of the Divine Clan surged in like a tidal wave.

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In the sky, hundreds of Divine Clan flying ships formed a battle formation, blocking all escape routes.

On the ground, tens of thousands of Divine Clan guards and demon clan servants formed square formations, pressing forward step by step.

At the forefront of the army, the Demon Suppressing Venerable stood in mid-air, clad in golden armor, his face majestic, radiating the terrifying pressure of a peak seventh-grade Upper Immortal.

To his left and right stood the remaining two demon kings, the Silver Serpent King and the Iron Eagle King, along with eight fifth-rank Immortal Realm divine generals.

“Chen Ping! Come out and face your death!”

The Demon Suppressor’s voice, like thunder, resounded throughout the entire Heavenly Demon Valley.

The Iron-Backed Bear King’s expression was grave: “Brother Chen, we’re surrounded. Enemies are on all sides, at least fifty thousand strong!”

Chen Ping stepped out of the cave, gazing at the Demon Suppressor in the sky, his eyes burning with fighting spirit.

“Bear King, organize everyone and prepare to break out. I will open a path for you.”

“No! We will fight alongside you!” the Iron-Backed Bear King roared.

“This is an order!”

Chen Ping said decisively, "Your presence will only be a burden. Trust me, I can fight my way out."

The Iron-Backed Bear King wanted to say something, but seeing Chen Ping's resolute gaze, he could only grit his teeth and nod: "Alright! Brother Chen, you must live!"

Chen Ping turned to Ming Li and said, "Ming Li, you're responsible for protecting the Bear King and the others as they break through. If there's a chance, repair that teleportation array."

Ming Li nodded emphatically: "Mr. Chen, be careful."

Chen Ping said no more, leaping into the air, transforming into a streak of gray light, soaring straight into the sky!

"Demon Suppressor Venerable, didn't you want to see me? I've come!"

Chen Ping's voice was calm, yet it resonated throughout the entire battlefield.

The Demon Suppressor Venerable's eyes narrowed, staring intently at Chen Ping: "Indeed, heroes emerge from among the young. It's a pity you chose the wrong path, making enemies of the gods; only death awaits."

"Who lives and who dies, we'll only know after the battle," Chen Ping said calmly, the power of chaos surging wildly within his body.

The Demon-Suppressing Venerable sneered, "Arrogant! Set up the formation!"

At his command, hundreds of flying boats in the sky simultaneously lit up, and golden chains shot out from them, weaving into a massive golden net that enveloped Chen Ping!

This was the Heavenly Net Formation of the Divine Race; once trapped, even an eighth-grade Upper Immortal would find it difficult to escape.

A cold glint flashed in Chen Ping's eyes, and the Dragon-Slaying Sword appeared in his hand. He unleashed a slash!

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“Chaos, Heaven-Shattering!”

A gray sword beam shot into the sky, shattering the golden chains in its path and tearing a gap in the net!

The Demon-Suppressing Venerable's expression changed slightly: “Such powerful attack! This boy cannot be allowed to live!”

He personally attacked, throwing a punch at Chen Ping. The force of the punch distorted space, and a giant golden fist, like a mountain, crashed down!

Chen Ping neither dodged nor evaded, throwing a punch in return!

The two fists collided!

Boom! A terrifying shockwave swept in all directions, sending dozens of divine guards flying backward, coughing up blood.

Chen Ping was thrown back a hundred feet, a trickle of blood escaping from the corner of his mouth.

The Demon Suppressor Venerable also staggered, a look of shock flashing in his eyes.

He had used seventy percent of his strength in that punch, yet it hadn't seriously injured this mere ninth-grade Celestial Immortal?

“This boy cannot be judged by ordinary standards!”

The Demon Suppressor Venerable’s vigilance surged, and he immediately ordered, “All troops, attack! Attack at all costs, slay this fiend!”

“Kill!”

The fifty thousand troops roared in unison, surging towards Chen Ping like a tidal wave.

The Silver Serpent King and the Iron Eagle King also attacked simultaneously, striking Chen Ping from the left and right.

The Silver Serpent King transformed into a hundred-foot-long silver python, spewing poisonous mist that corroded even rocks into powder.

The Iron Eagle King transformed into a giant eagle, its wingspan blotting out the sky, its talons like hooks tearing through the air.

Chen Ping was surrounded!

But there was no fear in his eyes; instead, his fighting spirit soared even higher.

“Well done!”

Chen Ping roared, unleashing his chaotic power. The gray light shield around his body rapidly expanded, enveloping an area of a hundred feet in radius.

Any enemy who rushed into the gray domain, whether divine guards or demon servants, felt their power rapidly draining away, their life force being frantically devoured!

“What kind of evil technique is this?!”

“My spiritual power is disappearing!”

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Cries of terror rose and fell.

Chen Ping was like a tiger among sheep; each swing of his gray longsword claimed dozens of lives.

Blood stained the sky red, and corpses fell like raindrops.

But he was only one man; the enemy was too many. The fifty thousand-strong army pressed forward relentlessly, slaughtering them without end.

Even more troublesome was the fact that the Demon Suppressor and the two Demon Kings were continuously setting up formations around Chen Ping, compressing his movement space.

“Nine Nether Dragon Trapping Formation!”

“Ten Directions Demon Sealing Formation!”

“Nine Heavens Thunderfire Formation!”

As the formations descended, the pressure on Chen Ping increased exponentially.

His chaotic power, though strong, was being consumed rapidly.

After continuous fierce battles, his spiritual energy was already more than half depleted.

Just then, Chen Ping suddenly remembered something and patted his storage ring.

“Wangcai, come out and help me!”

A beam of fire shot into the sky, accompanied by a deafening roar!

The little fire qilin, Wangcai, appeared in the air. It had grown to the size of a calf, its body covered in fiery red scales, its four hooves treading on fire, and its single horn gleaming with golden light.

After this period of slumber and cultivation within the storage ring, Wangcai’s strength was now equivalent to a fifth-grade Upper Immortal, and it had inherited the powerful innate abilities of the qilin clan.

“Roar!”

Wangcai spewed out a golden flame, instantly reducing dozens of divine warriors to ashes in its wake!

It charged through the enemy ranks, its four hooves pounding the ground, unstoppable!

“This is... a Qilin?!”

The Demon Suppressor’s pupils constricted. “How is this possible? How can there be a Qilin in the Thirteen Heavens?”

Chen Ping fought alongside Wangcai, greatly reducing the pressure.

The man and beast fought their way through the 50,000-strong army, leaving a trail of corpses in their wake.

But the enemy's numbers were simply too great, and they continued to increase.

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In the distance, another divine reinforcement arrived, led by a sixth-rank Immortal general.

“Chen Ping! The Grand Venerable of the Central Region has personally ordered all divine forces in the Thirteen Heavens to surround and annihilate you! You cannot escape!”

The Demon Suppressor said coldly.

Chen Ping ignored him, his Dragon-Slaying Sword flashing faster and faster.

He was bloodthirsty, his chaotic power nearly exhausted, and he was wounded in many places.

Wangcai was also badly injured, his flames dimmed considerably.

Just as things were teetering on the brink of collapse, a deafening battle cry suddenly erupted from the direction of Heavenly Demon Valley!

“Brother Chen! We're here!”

The Iron-Backed Bear King led the remnants of the demon race's resistance army, charging out with ferocious force!

Although there were fewer than 20,000 of them, and every single one was wounded, their momentum was like a collapsing mountain and a tsunami!

“Demonic warriors! Today is the day we avenge our blood feud! Follow me and kill!”

The Iron-Backed Bear King roared, transforming into a ten-zhang-long black bear, charging into the enemy ranks, slapping dozens of divine warriors flying with a single blow.

Old Deer also revealed his true form, a giant white deer, its antlers radiating a soft white light. This light had healing properties, rapidly restoring the wounds of the demon warriors within its range.

Ming Li transformed into a black shadow, weaving through the enemy ranks, each appearance claiming the life of a divine general.

“You...”

Chen Ping felt a warmth in his heart, but then roared, “Who sent you! Go back!”

The Iron-Backed Bear King laughed heartily: “Brother Chen! We demons have no tradition of abandoning our benefactors! We die together!”

“Yes! We die together!”

All the demon warriors roared in unison, ready to die.

Their arrival temporarily relieved the pressure on Chen Ping.

But the situation remained dire.

The Demon-Suppressing Venerable’s face was grim: “Since you’re courting death, then let’s all go together!”

He formed hand seals, and hundreds of flying ships in the sky simultaneously lit up with blinding golden light.

“Ten Thousand Ships Launched Simultaneously, Divine Punishment Descends!”