The Order 10151

Chapter: 10151

Each flying ship shot out a thick golden beam of light, hundreds of beams converging into a destructive beam a hundred feet in diameter, hurtling towards Chen Ping and the demon army!

This attack was enough to annihilate an eighth-grade Immortal!

Chen Ping's pupils constricted sharply. He knew he couldn't withstand this attack, but the demon army behind him was even less likely to!

"Chaos, protect the heavens!"

Chen Ping gritted his teeth, forcing out all the remaining chaotic power within him, condensing it into a massive gray shield above his head.

Wangcai also sensed the danger, roaring to the sky, its body engulfed in golden flames, all of which flowed into the gray shield.

Boom!

The beam of destruction slammed into the gray shield!

The shield trembled violently, cracks appearing everywhere.

Chen Ping groaned, blood flowing from his seven orifices, but he stubbornly held on.

“Brother Chen!” The Iron-Backed Bear King’s eyes widened in fury, wanting to rush over to help, but was blocked by the Silver Serpent King and the Iron Eagle King.

“Those who block my way die!”

The Iron-Backed Bear King went berserk, attacking the two demon kings recklessly.

Elder Lu desperately used his healing powers, but Chen Ping’s injuries were too severe; the cracks on the gray shield were multiplying.

Just as the shield was about to shatter, Ming Li suddenly appeared beside Chen Ping, pressing a jet-black token onto the shield.

It was a fragment of the Ghost King’s Token!

A dense aura of the underworld surged from the token, merging with the power of chaos, and the cracks on the gray shield began to slowly repair themselves!

“Ming Li, you…” Chen Ping exclaimed in surprise.

“Mr. Chen, this is the only thing I can do.”

Ming Li’s face was pale; the power within the fragment of the Ghost King’s Token was frantically draining his life force.

“Hold on! The beam is about to dissipate!” Chen Ping roared.

Sure enough, the power of the destructive beam began to weaken.

Even a flying boat needs time to recharge from an attack of this level.

When the beam completely dissipated, the gray shield shattered with a deafening roar.

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Chen Ping, Wang Cai, and Ming Li were all sent flying backward, spitting blood.

But they all survived! The Demon Suppressor's face was ashen; he hadn't expected Chen Ping to withstand such a deadly attack.

"Kill! Leave no one alive!"

The divine army surged forward again.

The Iron-Backed Bear King, having fought off the Silver Serpent King and the Iron Eagle King, rushed to Chen Ping's side: "Brother Chen! Go! I'll cover you!"

Chen Ping shook his head: "I won't go."

"You must go!"

The Iron-Backed Bear King roared, "You are the hope of our demon race! As long as you live, the divine race will never have peace! As long as you live, the demon race still has a future!"

He looked at Chen Ping, his eyes filled with pleading: "Brother Chen, I'm begging you! Go!"

Chen Ping looked at the resolute determination in the Iron-Backed Bear King's eyes, and his heart ached.

He knew that the Iron-Backed Bear King was prepared to sacrifice himself.

“Mr. Chen, let’s go.”

Ming Li said weakly, “As long as the green hills remain, there’s always firewood to burn.”

In the distance, another divine reinforcement army arrived, led by a seventh-rank Upper Immortal Realm divine venerable. It was unclear which region they had come from!

If they didn’t leave now, they truly wouldn’t be able to escape.

Chen Ping gritted his teeth, giving the Iron-Backed Bear King a deep look: “Bear King… take care!”

He put away Wangcai, helped Ming Li up, and transformed into a stream of light, flying towards the depths of the Heavenly Demon Valley.

“Trying to leave? Not so easy!” The Demon-Suppressing Venerable sneered, personally giving chase.

The Iron-Backed Bear King laughed wildly, revealing its full form.

A giant bear, thirty zhang tall, blocked the Demon-Suppressing Venerable’s path.

“Old fool! Your opponent is me!”

“You’re courting death!”

The Demon-Suppressing Venerable roared in fury, throwing a punch at the Iron-Backed Bear King.

The Iron-Backed Bear King neither dodged nor evaded, taking the punch head-on while simultaneously slamming his paw down on the Demon-Suppressing Venerable.

His life-for-life fighting style actually managed to temporarily hold off the Demon-Suppressing Venerable.

The other demon warriors also erupted, sacrificing their lives to buy time for Chen Ping.

Chen Ping, carrying Ming Li, rushed back to the cave and arrived at the teleportation array.

Ming Li, barely managing to stay upright, began repairing the array, while Chen Ping guarded the cave entrance, slaying the pursuing enemies.

After an incense stick's time, the teleportation array finally emitted a faint light.

"Mr. Chen, the array is barely usable! But it can only teleport two people, and the destination is unknown!"

Ming Li said urgently.

Chen Ping looked back; on the battlefield, demon warriors fell one after another.

The Iron-Backed Bear King was covered in blood, but still clung tightly to the Demon-Suppressing Venerable.

Old Deer had collapsed from exhaustion, hacked to death by the divine guards.

Of the twenty thousand demon soldiers, less than a thousand remained. Chen Ping felt as if his heart was being torn apart.

These people all died because of him.

If he hadn't come to the Western Regions, if he hadn't killed the three demon kings, if…

"Mr. Chen! Quickly!" Ming Li urged.

Chen Ping took a deep breath, suppressing the pain and guilt in his heart, and helped Ming Li step into the teleportation array.

The instant the teleportation array activated, he took one last look at the battlefield.

The Iron-Backed Bear King seemed to sense it, turned around, and grinned, its mouth full of blood.

Then, he was punched through the chest by the Demon-Suppressing Venerable.

The teleportation array shone brightly, and Chen Ping and Ming Li disappeared.

…

When Chen Ping opened his eyes again, he found himself in an unfamiliar forest.

The trees here towered into the clouds, blocking out the sun, and the air was filled with rich spiritual energy and a faint smell of decaying leaves.

Ming Li lay beside him, his breath weak, unconscious.

Chen Ping examined his own injuries. His chaotic energy was almost completely depleted, multiple bones were broken, and his internal organs were damaged.

But he couldn't afford to heal himself; his first priority was to check on Ming Li's condition.

Ming Li's condition was even worse. His life force was almost exhausted, and his soul was severely injured. If it weren't for the special constitution of the ghost race, he would have died long ago.

Chen Ping took out all the healing pills from his storage ring and fed them to Ming Li. He then used his remaining chaotic energy to stabilize Ming Li's injuries.

After doing all this, he collapsed to the ground, gazing at the sky, his mind filled with the Iron-Backed Bear King's final smile and the fearless eyes of the demon warriors.

"I'm sorry… I'm sorry…"

Chen Ping murmured to himself.

He had never hated his powerlessness as much as he did now.

If only he were stronger, if only he could have broken through to the Upper Immortal Realm sooner, if only…

But alas, there are no ifs.

In this battle, the demon resistance was almost completely wiped out; the few hundred survivors were not even sure if they could escape.

And he, though he survived, was burdened with heavy guilt and hatred.

"The Divine Race… the Demon Suppressor… the Great Venerable…"

A raging fire burned in Chen Ping's eyes, "If I don't avenge this, I, Chen Ping, swear I'm not human!"

He sat cross-legged, tending to his wounds.

Meanwhile, in the Western Regions' Ten Thousand Demon Mountains, the few hundred remaining demons who had managed to escape, led by several demon generals, hid in a secret realm deep within the Ten Thousand Demon Mountains.

They counted their men; of the original 20,000, only 327 remained.

Each was wounded, their eyes filled with sorrow and hatred.

"The Iron-Backed Bear King is dead… Elder Deer is dead… So many brothers are dead…"

A young wolf demon knelt on the ground, weeping uncontrollably.

A demon general said in a deep voice, "What are you crying for! The Bear King and our brothers died protecting Mr. Chen! They died for the future of the demon race!"

"We must live! Live on with their will! One day, we will return to avenge all our fallen comrades!"

All the demon warriors wiped away their tears, their eyes rekindling with fighting spirit.

"Yes! Revenge!"

"Avenge the Bear King!"

"Avenge all our fallen brothers!"

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The seeds of hatred had been sown deep, waiting only for the right moment to sprout and ignite a raging fire.

Meanwhile, in the Central Region's Divine Punishment Hall.

The Great Venerable looked at the battle report from the Western Regions, his face grim.

"Chen Ping… he's escaped again."

The Grand Venerable said coldly, "However, the demon race's resistance army was almost completely wiped out, which can be considered as severing one of his arms."

He pondered for a moment, then ordered, "Pass down the order to intensify the manhunt. Chen Ping, severely wounded, will surely seek a place to heal."

"Have all forces thoroughly investigate unfamiliar cultivators, especially those severely wounded whose cultivation level is between the Heavenly Immortal Realm and the Upper Immortal Realm."

"Also, send people to investigate the endpoint of that teleportation array. The Ghost Clan's teleportation array… it seems there are still many secrets we don't know about the Thirteen Heavens."

The Grand Venerable's eyes flashed with cold light: "Chen Ping, no matter where you escape to, I will find you. At that time, I will personally extract your soul and refine it into crystals to appease the spirits of the Five Venerables in heaven!"

Meanwhile, Chen Ping had been recuperating for a full day, barely recovering some of his chaotic power.

He opened his eyes, looked at the still unconscious Ming Li beside him, and frowned deeply.

Ming Li's breathing was so faint it was almost imperceptible; the chilling aura unique to the Ghost Clan was slowly draining from his body.

Chen Ping knew that if he didn't act soon, his companion, who had accompanied him all this way, probably wouldn't last three days.

"I need to find a way to heal Ghost Clan injuries with medicine or cultivation techniques…"

Chen Ping muttered to himself, his divine sense spreading outwards.

This forest was completely different from the barren deserts of the Western Regions. The spiritual energy was so dense it was almost condensed into mist, with ancient trees reaching for the sky and vines entwining everything.

Many of the trees had forms Chen Ping had never seen before; some trunks were covered with strange patterns, and some branches emitted a faint glow.

Just as Chen Ping was about to explore further, Ming Li's body suddenly trembled violently!

"Ugh…" Ming Li curled up in pain, uttering muffled groans.

Chen Ping hurriedly channeled chaotic energy into his body, only to find that the energy was repelled by Ming Li's Ghost Clan constitution!

"Damn it!"

Chen Ping gritted his teeth, unsure what to do, when he saw Ming Li slowly open his eyes.

They were completely black eyes, without any whites, as deep as a bottomless abyss.

Ming Li's aura had changed; it was no longer the cold yet rational feeling it had before, but rather filled with primal, violent, and chaotic energy.

"Ming Li? Are you alright?" Chen Ping cautiously took a half-step back.

Ming Li didn't answer, but slowly stood up, his body twisted in a strange posture, his joints cracking.

He tilted his head back, seemingly sniffing something, a flash of crimson appearing in his black eyes.

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"The…ghost…clan…is…calling…" Ming Li's voice was hoarse and broken, completely unlike his own.

"What?" Chen Ping's heart skipped a beat.

Ming Li suddenly moved, transforming into a black shadow and speeding towards the depths of the forest, his speed far exceeding his usual pace!

"Wait!" Chen Ping hurriedly followed, his heart filled with both worry and doubt.

The two traversed the dense forest one after the other for about half an hour, Ming Li's speed gradually slowing down.

His body swayed precariously, finally leaning against a huge ancient tree, his dark eyes returning to normal.

"Mr…Mr. Chen…"

Ming Li spoke weakly, "I sensed…the aura of my own kind…nearby…"

"Are you sure?" Chen Ping supported him.

Ming Li nodded emphatically, pointing behind the ancient tree: “There… there’s a passage leading underground… many… many of my people…”

Chen Ping looked in the direction he pointed and saw an inconspicuous opening at the base of the ancient tree, about three feet in diameter, pitch black and bottomless.

If Ming Li hadn’t pointed it out, he wouldn’t have noticed it at all.

“Can you go down in your current state?” Chen Ping asked.

“I must go down… only my people can save me…”

Ming Li gritted his teeth, “My ghost clan essence is dissipating… if I don’t return to the environment of the Netherworld Qi within three days… I will surely die…”

Chen Ping didn’t hesitate any longer. He carried Ming Li on his back, a gray light shield protecting his body, and leaped into the opening.

The opening was initially narrow, but after descending several dozen feet, it suddenly opened up, forming a natural tunnel sloping downwards.

The tunnel walls were covered with moss emitting a ghostly glow, barely enough to make out the path.

The deeper they went, the denser the Netherworld Qi in the air became.

Chen Ping could feel Ming Li’s breathing gradually steady on his back, clearly indicating that this environment was beneficial to him.

After descending approximately two thousand zhang, a fork in the road appeared ahead.

Three tunnels led in different directions, each entrance marked with different runes.

“The left one… that one has the clan emblem…”

Ming Li pointed to an inconspicuous mark above the left tunnel entrance—a three-headed, six-armed demonic figure, similar to the statue they had seen in the Ghost Clan’s temple in the Burial God Mountains.

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Chen Ping stepped into the left tunnel without hesitation.

This tunnel showed more obvious signs of human intervention than the previous ones; the walls were polished smooth, and every hundred steps, a ghostly blue lamp floated in the air, emitting a cold light.

After walking for about the time it takes for an incense stick to burn, light finally appeared ahead.

The two emerged from the tunnel, and the sight before them made Chen Ping gasp.

It was a vast underground space, towering high and boundless. Countless luminous crystals were embedded in the ceiling, illuminating the entire underground world like a starry sky. On the ground, strangely shaped buildings were scattered about.

Most of these buildings were constructed of black stone, their style grotesque and eerie, with spires, animal heads, and bone ornaments everywhere.

Shadows flickered in the streets, many figures moving about, but they were too far away to see clearly.

“This is… the Ghost Clan’s underground city?” Chen Ping murmured.

Ming Li trembled with excitement: “That’s right… this is the Ghost Clan’s unique underworld architectural style… my people… they are still alive…”

Just then, a sudden change occurred!

Dozens of black chains suddenly shot out from the surrounding shadows, the chains covered in runes, moving with lightning speed, heading straight for Chen Ping and Ming Li!

Chen Ping reacted extremely quickly, his Dragon-Slaying Sword instantly drawn, slashing at the chains.

However, these chains were incredibly strange; the Dragon-Slaying Sword struck them with a metallic clang, only scattering a few sparks, unable to cut them!

“Not good! These are the Netherworld Soul-Locking Chains!”

Ming Li exclaimed in alarm.

Before he finished speaking, the chains had already wrapped around their bodies.

Chen Ping felt a chilling power invade his body, instantly sluggishly disrupting the flow of his chaotic energy.

He tried to break free, but found that the more he struggled, the tighter the chains tightened, the runes shining brightly, suppressing his power.

Ming Li was even worse off; already weakened, he was completely bound by the chains, unable to even speak.

“Who goes there? How dare you trespass into Netherworld City!”

A cold voice came from the shadows.

Three figures slowly emerged, the leader a tall ghost clan member clad in black armor and wearing a bone helmet.

His face was hidden beneath the helmet, only his dark blue eyes visible, his aura clearly reaching the sixth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm!

The two ghost clan guards behind him were also fully armed, wielding bone spears, their auras around the fourth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm.

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“Cough cough…”

Chen Ping suppressed his discomfort and said in a deep voice, “We didn’t trespass; we’ve come to find our fellow Ghost Clan members. This man beside me is one of your clansmen; he needs Netherworld Qi to heal his wounds.”

“Clan members?”

The Bone-Helmeted Ghost General sneered, “The Ghost Clan cultivators on the ground were slaughtered by the God Clan a thousand years ago. How could there be any survivors? You must be spies sent by the God Clan!”

“No…no…”

Ming Li spoke with difficulty, a ghostly light gleaming in his eyes, “I am indeed a Ghost Clan member…the ninety-seventh generation descendant of the Ming Clan…”

As he spoke, a surge of pure Netherworld Qi erupted from his body, perfectly blending with the surrounding environment, even causing nearby buildings to resonate!

The three Ghost Clan members were all stunned by this.

The Bone-Helmeted Ghost General’s eyes flashed with an eerie light. After a moment of silence, he said, “The Netherworld Qi is indeed undeniable… but how can you prove you’re not a puppet controlled by the gods to infiltrate the realm?”

“I have… a fragment of the Ghost King’s Token…”

Ming Li laboriously retrieved the jet-black token from his robes.

The moment the token appeared, the surrounding Netherworld Qi surged!

Countless beams of light surged from all directions, converging around the token to form ancient ghostly script phantoms!

“It truly is the Ghost King’s Token!” a guard exclaimed.

The Bone-Helmeted Ghost General’s expression turned solemn. He raised his hand, and the token flew into Ming Li’s grasp.

He examined it carefully for a moment, then used a special ghostly secret technique to probe it, finally nodding slowly: “The token is genuine… but the holder may not be a true ghost.”

He looked at Ming Li: “Use your innate divine power. If you can resonate with the Ancestral Soul Stele deep within Netherworld City, I will believe you.”

Ming Li gritted his teeth and began to circulate his cultivation technique.

He was already weak, and now, forcibly activating his innate divine power, blood seeped from his seven orifices.

But to prove his identity, he had no other choice.

Ming Li formed hand seals and chanted ancient incantations.

As the incantations rang out, a three-headed, six-armed phantom appeared behind him—the very image of the Netherworld Lord worshipped by the Ghost Clan!

At the same time, a distant bell tolled from the depths of the city.

Dong!

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The bell's sound was desolate and ancient, carrying an echo that transcended time and space.

The Bone-Helmeted Ghost General's expression changed drastically: "The Ancestral Soul Bell has rung…it really is a member of our clan!"

He hurriedly waved his hand and ordered: "Quick! Release them!"

The black chains loosened in response, retreating back into the shadows.

Chen Ping supported the swaying Ming Li, warily watching the three Ghost Clan members.

The Bone-Helmeted Ghost General stepped forward, removed his helmet, revealing a pale but handsome face.

He knelt on one knee, his right hand on his chest: "I am You Sha, the garrison commander of Youming City. I was unaware of your arrival and have offended you greatly. Please forgive me."

Two guards also knelt down.

Ming Li weakly waved his hand: "No need for formalities… Take me to see… the City Lord…"

You Sha rose: "The City Lord is currently in seclusion. The affairs of the city are currently being handled by the Grand Elder, Youmingzi. Please follow me."

Led by You Sha, Chen Ping and Ming Li traversed the streets of Youming City.

What they saw along the way gave Chen Ping a completely new understanding of the Ghost Clan.

The Ghosts walking on the streets were of various forms; some were indistinguishable from humans, while others retained some Ghost characteristics, such as bones, horns, scales, and multiple eyes.

But they all had one thing in common: they were shrouded in a dense aura of the Netherworld.

Many buildings had eerie blue lanterns hanging in front of them, and shops sold various underground specialties: Netherworld ores, Yin Soul Grass, bone artifacts, soul crystals, and so on.

Some ghost children chased and played in the streets, their laughter like silver bells. If not for the eerie environment, the scene would be almost indistinguishable from a surface town.

“The Netherworld City was established three thousand years ago during the Great Cleansing of the Gods,” You Sha explained as they walked. “At that time, the Ghost Clan was almost wiped out. Only a few members found this natural Netherworld deep underground and survived.”

“For three thousand years, we have lived here, afraid to easily return to the surface.”

“Occasionally, we send people out to investigate, but they all bring back news of the Gods’ increasingly stable rule… Over time, everyone despaired.”

You Sha looked at Ming Li, a glimmer of hope in her eyes: “I never imagined that there would still be members of our clan surviving on the surface, and that we would even obtain the Ghost…” “Wang Ling…this might be the blessing of the Lord of the Underworld, allowing our Ghost Clan to regain its former glory.”

Ming Li smiled bitterly: “I’m the only one left in my lineage…If it weren’t for Mr. Chen’s help, I would probably have died at the hands of the Gods long ago.”

You Sha looked at Chen Ping and solemnly clasped his hands in thanks: “Thank you for saving my life. Although the Ghost Clan is weak, we still understand the principle of repaying kindness. If you have any needs, the Underworld City will do its utmost to help.”

Chen Ping shook his head: “No need to be so polite. I also have a blood feud with the Gods; saving Ming Li is my duty.”

As they spoke, the three arrived before a magnificent building in the center of the city.

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It was a pyramid-shaped black temple, about a hundred feet high, with two three-headed, six-armed stone statues of the Lord of the Underworld standing before it.

“This is the Underworld Palace; the Grand Elder is inside,” You Sha said.

Stepping inside, the interior space was even more vast than it appeared from the outside.

Twelve colossal pillars, inscribed with the history of the Ghost Clan, stood on either side of the main hall, their summits ablaze with an inextinguishable Netherworld Flame.

On a high platform deep within the hall sat an elderly man with white hair and beard.

He wore a black robe embroidered with runes, held a white bone scepter, his face aged but his eyes unfathomable, his aura reaching the peak of the seventh rank of the Upper Immortal Realm!

This man was none other than the Grand Elder of Netherworld City, Youmingzi.

“Grand Elder, these two are…” Yousha began to introduce them.

Youmingzi raised a hand to interrupt him, his profound gaze falling upon Mingli: “The bloodline of the Ming Clan, the holder of the Ghost King’s Token… I never imagined that I would live to see a true descendant of the Ming Clan.”

His voice was aged yet gentle, yet carried a power that pierced the very soul.

Despite his severe injuries, Ming Li bowed respectfully: “Ming Li, the ninety-seventh generation descendant of the Ming Clan, pays respects to the Grand Elder.”

You Mingzi nodded, then looked at Chen Ping, a hint of surprise flashing in his eyes: “The aura emanating from this young friend… is quite peculiar.”

“Like chaos, yet not chaos; like the origin, yet not the origin… In my eight thousand years of life, I have never seen such power.”

Chen Ping’s heart skipped a beat. This old man’s insight was even sharper than Elder Lu’s!

“Junior Chen Ping greets the Grand Elder,” Chen Ping said, clasping his hands in greeting.

“Chen Ping…”

You Mingzi pondered for a moment, then his eyes suddenly narrowed. “Is this the Chen Ping who killed the five Venerables of the Divine Punishment Hall and is wanted throughout the entire realm of the Divine Race?”

“Indeed,” Chen Ping readily admitted.

He hadn’t expected that these ghost race members, living underground, would also know about events on the surface.

A murmur rippled through the hall.

You Sha and several other Ghost Clan elders present were all shocked.

You Mingzi laughed, “Good! Good! Good! Well done! Those scum of the God Clan should have been dealt with long ago!”

He stood up, walked down from the platform, and approached Chen Ping, scrutinizing him closely: “A ninth-rank Celestial Immortal, yet you were able to kill five seventh-rank Upper Immortals… If I hadn’t witnessed that strange power within you, I would never have believed it.”

“Elder, you flatter me,” Chen Ping said modestly.