

## **The Order 10161**

Chapter: 10161

You Mingzi waved his hand: “No need for modesty. Your survival under the God Clan’s siege, and your arrival in my Youming City, is the will of Heaven.”

He turned to Ming Li, his brow furrowing slightly: “Your injuries are severe; your Ghost Clan essence is almost completely destroyed. You Sha, take Ming Li to the Youming Spring to heal, using the best ‘Youming Soul-Sustaining Grass.’

“Yes!” You Sha accepted the order and helped Ming Li away.

Youmingzi then looked at Chen Ping: “Young friend Chen, you also have some serious injuries. If you don’t mind, you can stay in Youming City to heal.”

“The Youming energy here is abundant, which might be beneficial to your unique power.”

Chen Ping had this in mind and immediately thanked him: “Then I’ll trouble you.”

“Youyue,” Youmingzi called.

A woman dressed in a black dress with a cold and beautiful face emerged from the shadows. Her aura was at the fifth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm, and her eyes were sharp as knives.

“Take young friend Chen to the Youke Residence and treat him well.”

“Yes.”

Youyue responded and gestured for Chen Ping to enter.

Chen Ping followed Youyue out of the temple and arrived at a secluded courtyard in the west of the city.

The courtyard was small but elegantly furnished. In the courtyard was a spring formed from condensed Youming energy, which would be very beneficial for healing.

“Mr. Chen, if you need anything, please ring this bell.”

Youyue handed over a bone bell, her voice cold and clear. “Netherworld City does not welcome outsiders. Please do not wander around unnecessarily, sir.”

“I understand,” Chen Ping nodded.

After Youyue left, Chen Ping sat cross-legged by the Netherworld Spring and began to examine his condition.

The battle with the Demon-Suppressing Venerable had indeed left him severely injured.

His Chaos Power was almost completely depleted, his meridians were damaged in many places, and his dantian was cracked.

If it weren't for the special nature of Chaos Power, an ordinary cultivator would have been crippled long ago.

If it were a one-on-one fight, Chen Ping was confident he could kill them, but these guys lacked martial ethics, attacking him in numbers of tens of thousands.

This was clearly intended to deplete his spiritual power.

“I must break through to the Upper Immortal Realm as soon as possible...” Chen Ping felt a sense of urgency.

Only by breaking through to the Upper Immortal Realm would he be qualified to truly contend with the gods, and only then would he have the ability to avenge the Iron-Backed Bear King and the fallen demons!

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He retrieved the spoils of war he had obtained in the battles of the Burial God Mountains and the Western Regions: the Crimson Gourd of the Crimson Scorpion King, the Bat Wings of the Black Bat King, the Poison Pill of the Golden Toad King, and the storage rings of several demon kings.

His divine sense probed inside; the treasures were piled up like mountains.

Millions of high-grade spirit crystals, countless pills, materials, and cultivation manuals.

Chen Ping selected all the pills and materials that would aid his breakthrough and began setting up a spirit-gathering array.

Three days passed in the blink of an eye.

During these three days, Chen Ping barely left his room, focusing entirely on healing his injuries and preparing for his breakthrough.

The Netherworld Qi of Netherworld City was indeed helpful to him; his chaotic power recovered much faster under the nourishment of the Netherworld Qi.

However, Chen Ping dared not use the Demon-Suppressing Tower. After all, he didn't know much about the Ghost Clan, and if he took out such a treasure, someone might become greedy.

As the saying goes, "A common man is innocent, but possessing a treasure is a crime."

On the evening of the third day, Youyue came to visit.

“Mr. Chen, the Grand Elder requests your presence.”

She remained as cold as ever.

Chen Ping followed her back to the Netherworld Palace.

Besides Youmingzi, Mingli, who had mostly recovered, was also present in the palace.

Mingli’s complexion had improved considerably; although still somewhat weak, his eyes had regained their sparkle.

Upon seeing Chen Ping, he excitedly greeted him, “Mr. Chen, it’s so good to see you alright!”

Chen Ping smiled and patted his shoulder, “You’ve recovered quite well too.”

Youmingzi sat on the high platform, smiling slightly, “Young friend Chen, I’ve invited you here today to discuss an important matter.”

“Please speak, Grand Elder.”

Youmingzi’s expression was solemn: “I heard about the Western Regions from Mingli, and I also know of your blood feud with the Divine Race. I wish to ask you a question: Do you have the ambition to destroy the Divine Race and rebuild the order of the Thirteen Heavens?”

Chen Ping answered without hesitation: “Yes.”

“Very well!”

A glint flashed in Youmingzi's eyes. "In that case, Youming City is willing to form an alliance with you to fight against the Gods!"

Upon hearing this, several elders in the hall showed expressions of shock.

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A red-faced elder stood up and said, "Elder, isn't this too hasty? Our Youming City has been hidden for three thousand years, and now it's exposed for a mere human youth. I'm afraid..."

"Afraid of what?"

Youmingzi said coldly, "Continue to hide here underground, eking out a living, until the Youming energy is exhausted and our people die one by one?"

He stood up, his voice resounding: "For three thousand years, our Ghost Clan has scurried underground like rats, watching helplessly as the Gods poison living beings, extract souls, and refine soul crystals!"

"Now, finally, a genius capable of slaying the five Venerables of the Divine Punishment Hall has appeared. This is a godsend!"

"The Gods..." "The rule appears stable, but in reality, it's riddled with internal conflicts. A single spark can ignite a raging fire!"

Youmingzi looked at Chen Ping: "Young friend Chen, I don't require you to wage all-out war against the gods right now."

"I only ask that you promise one thing: if one day you possess sufficient strength, you must seek justice for the ghost race and for all races oppressed by the gods!"

Chen Ping solemnly clasped his hands: "This junior hereby swears: I will not rest until the gods are destroyed! If I break this oath, may my soul and spirit be annihilated, and I be condemned to eternal damnation!"

As he finished speaking, the chaotic power within him surged, condensing into a gray oath rune above his head and disappearing into his brow.

This was a Dao Heart Oath; once broken, his Dao Heart would collapse, and his cultivation would be completely destroyed!

Seeing this, Youmingzi was greatly pleased: “Good! Good! I knew I hadn’t misjudged you!”

He stepped down from the platform and took out a jet-black jade slip from his robes: “This is the first half of the Ghost Clan’s supreme secret text, \*The True Explanation of the Netherworld\*, which records the origin of the Ghost Clan’s cultivation.”

“Although you are not a Ghost Clan member, your understanding of the Netherworld Dao within it may be helpful in your comprehension of the Great Dao of Chaos.”

Chen Ping took the jade slip, scanned it with his divine sense, and was immediately shocked.

\*The True Explanation of the Netherworld\* truly lived up to its reputation as the Ghost Clan’s supreme secret text. Its explanation of the Netherworld Dao was exquisitely profound, and many of its viewpoints coincided with his understanding of the Great Dao of Chaos, even offering new perspectives.

“Thank you very much, Elder!” Chen Ping sincerely expressed his gratitude.

Youmingzi waved his hand: “No need to be polite. This is all I can do. As for whether you can break through to the Upper Immortal Realm, that depends on your own fortune.”

He paused, then added: “Deep within Youming City lies the Youming Secret Realm, a cultivation ground established by powerful figures of the Ghost Clan in ancient times. The Youming Qi within is incredibly pure, and it even has the effect of accelerating time. You can go there to cultivate in seclusion and break through.”

Chen Ping’s eyes lit up: “Accelerated time?”

“Ten days in the secret realm are equivalent to only one day outside.”

Youmingzi said, “However, each opening of the secret realm consumes a huge amount of energy, and each person can only enter once in their lifetime. Are you willing?”

“Willing!” Chen Ping answered without hesitation.

Gaining more time to break through was what he needed most right now!

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Besides, he still had the Demon-Suppressing Tower; one day outside was equivalent to a hundred days inside!

Add the blessing of the secret realm!

This meant that one day outside was equivalent to ten days inside the secret realm, while within the Demon-Suppressing Tower, it was equivalent to several years!

One day outside was equivalent to several years inside the tower!

Chen Ping didn't even dare to think about it; if he couldn't break through this time, he might as well die!

“Alright, the secret realm will open in three days. Prepare yourself,” said Youmingzi.

“Mingli will also be entering; he needs to completely repair the Ghost Clan's origin.”

Leaving the Youming Palace, Chen Ping returned to the Youke Residence and began preparing for entering the secret realm.

He categorized all the pills that would aid his breakthrough and carefully studied the \*Youming True Explanation\*.

This secret manual was indeed profound; its many discussions on the nature of energy and the application of laws deepened his understanding of the Chaos Dao.

Three days later, deep within Youming City.

Before an ancient altar, Youmingzi, Mingli, and Chen Ping stood solemnly.

Eight Ghost Clan elders stood around the altar, each holding a bone flag, forming a mysterious array.

“Young friend Chen, Mingli, step into the center of the altar,” said Youmingzi.

The two obeyed and stepped onto the altar.

Youmingzi formed hand seals, and the eight elders simultaneously waved bone flags, chanting ancient incantations.

The runes on the altar lit up one by one, and a ghostly light shot into the sky, forming a vortex-like passage overhead.

“Remember, the secret realm will only be open for a maximum of three days, that is, thirty days within the realm. When the time is up, you will be automatically teleported out,” Youmingzi instructed finally.

“Understood!” the two replied in unison.

The ghostly light enveloped their bodies, and the next moment, Chen Ping and Mingli vanished.

...

The scene before him shifted, and Chen Ping found himself in a hazy, gray space.

There was no sky, no earth, only endless gray mist.

The mist contained extremely pure Netherworld energy, and with each breath, he could feel his cultivation slowly increasing.

Ming Li took a deep breath, excitedly exclaiming, "This is the Netherworld Secret Realm! It truly lives up to its reputation!"

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He looked at Chen Ping: "Mr. Chen, I'm going deep into the secret realm to find Netherworld Origin Qi to completely repair my origin. What about you?"

Chen Ping looked around: "I'll stay here and cultivate in seclusion to break through. The Netherworld Qi here will help me comprehend the Great Dao of Chaos."

"Alright, then let's split up. See you in three hundred days!"

Ming Li transformed into a black shadow and disappeared into the depths of the mist.

Chen Ping took out the Demon-Suppressing Tower, entered it, sat cross-legged, and began circulating the Mind-Concentrating Technique.

The Netherworld Qi in the gray mist continuously flowed into his body, being devoured and transformed by the power of chaos.

His injuries healed at a visible speed, and his cultivation level steadily improved.

Taking out the jade slip of the \*Netherworld True Explanation\*, Chen Ping immersed his divine sense within it, beginning to comprehend the essence of the Netherworld Dao.

Netherworld, the extreme of death, is also the beginning of new life.

The Ghost Clan believes that all things, by birth, must die, and by death, must be born.

The cycle of birth and death is the Great Dao.

The Dao of the Netherworld is not simply the Dao of death, but the Dao of the cycle of birth and death.

“The cycle of birth and death...”

Chen Ping murmured to himself, a flash of inspiration striking his mind.

What is Chaos?

Chaos is the state before the creation of heaven and earth; it is the beginning and the end of all things.

Chaos encompasses everything—birth and death, yin and yang, time and space... all exist within Chaos.

“I understand!”

Chen Ping’s eyes blazed with light. “Chaos is not simply destruction, nor is it simply creation, but the unity of both!”

“Chaos is the beginning and the end; it is life and death; it is creation and destruction!”

At this moment, his understanding of the Great Dao of Chaos underwent a qualitative leap!

The power of Chaos within his body surged wildly, forming a gray vortex.

At the center of the vortex, a tiny gray dot, the size of a grain of rice, slowly coalesced—the nascent form of the Chaos Dao Seed!

But Chen Ping knew this was not enough.

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A true Chaos Dao Seed must be infused with an understanding of life and death, with a profound comprehension of reincarnation.

He took out a pill and swallowed it. This was the Nine-Transformation Rebirth Pill he had found in the Golden Toad King's storage ring, capable of simulating the cycle of life and death, helping one comprehend the Great Dao of Life and Death.

As soon as the pill entered his stomach, the scene before Chen Ping's eyes changed drastically.

He saw his past and present lives, and the cycles of life and death of countless beings.

Birth, aging, sickness, and death; love, hate, and grudges—all were within the cycle of reincarnation.

He also saw the Iron-Backed Bear King's smile as he died in battle, saw the exhausted figure of Elder Deer collapsing to the ground, and saw the fearless eyes of countless demon warriors.

Death was not the end.

Hatred could continue.

Hope would never be extinguished.

“I understand...”

Chen Ping closed his eyes, a tear sliding down his cheek. The gray light point began to expand and change, its surface revealing mysterious patterns.

The patterns intertwined, forming a miniature cycle of reincarnation.

The Chaotic Dao Seed was beginning to truly take shape!

But at that moment, a sudden change occurred!

A deafening roar suddenly echoed from the depths of the secret realm, causing the entire space to tremble violently!

“What’s going on?” Chen Ping abruptly opened his eyes, emerging from the Demon-Suppressing Tower.

He saw gray mist churning wildly, and a terrifying aura erupted from the depths of the secret realm.

That aura was filled with violence, chaos, and destruction, completely different from the pure and gentle Netherworld Qi.

Ming Li’s exclamation came from the depths: “Mr. Chen! Run! The remnant soul of an ancient ferocious beast is suppressed here, and it has awakened!”

Before the words were finished, a black shadow rushed out from the depths of the mist, heading straight for Chen Ping!

It was a phantom of a ferocious beast resembling the Taotie, hundreds of feet long, entirely black. With a single inhale, it devoured most of the surrounding gray mist!

“The remnant soul of the ancient ferocious beast Taotie?!” Chen Ping’s expression changed drastically.

The Taotie, a legendary ferocious beast, could devour everything, even the laws of heaven and earth, far more powerful than the Devouring Beast of the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord.

Although this was only a remnant soul, its aura had already reached the peak of the seventh rank of the Upper Immortal Realm!

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Without hesitation, Chen Ping drew his Dragon-Slaying Sword, unleashing the full power of chaos!

“Chaos, Slash!”

The gray sword light slashed towards the remnant soul of the Taotie.

However, the remnant soul of the Taotie merely opened its mouth and inhaled; the sword light was swallowed whole, without even a ripple!

“What?!” Chen Ping was horrified.

The remnant soul of the Gluttonous Beast locked its crimson eyes on Chen Ping, opened its mouth again, and a terrifying suction force emanated from it.

Chen Ping felt his body being uncontrollably drawn towards it, even his chaotic energy showing signs of being devoured!

“Damn it!” Chen Ping gritted his teeth, desperately resisting.

Just then, the Chaotic Dao Seed that was forming in his dantian suddenly shone brightly!

Gray light erupted from Chen Ping's body, transforming into countless chains that coiled back towards the remnant soul of the Gluttonous Beast!

The remnant soul of the Gluttonous Beast let out a painful roar. It discovered that its devouring power was ineffective against these gray chains; instead, the chains were frantically draining its power!

"This is... the power of the Chaotic Dao Seed?" Chen Ping was both surprised and delighted.

He stopped resisting and instead charged towards the remnant soul of the Gluttonous Beast, forming hand seals and circulating the Chaotic Technique.

"Since you want to devour, I'll let you devour to your heart's content!"

Chen Ping transformed into a streak of gray light, rushing into the maw of the Taotie's remnant soul!

"Mr. Chen!" Ming Li exclaimed in alarm.

Within the Taotie's remnant soul, Chen Ping sat cross-legged, letting the violent devouring power tear at his body.

But the Chaos Dao Seed within him was like a bottomless pit, devouring the Taotie's remnant soul's power in return!

Chaos, the origin of all things, can even encompass and transform the law of devouring!

The Taotie's remnant soul let out a shrill roar, its body beginning to collapse and disintegrate.

Its power was frantically devoured by the Chaos Dao Seed, transforming into the purest energy, which flowed into Chen Ping's body.

Chen Ping's cultivation began to surge!

Peak of the Ninth Rank of Celestial Immortal...

Half-Step Immortal...

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The bottleneck loosened!

"Now!"

Chen Ping roared, absorbing the last remaining power of the Taotie's remnant soul into his body.

Boom!

A deafening roar echoed from within him, as if something had shattered.

In his dantian, the gray Dao seed had finally taken full shape!

It was like a miniature chaotic world, where life and death cycled, yin and yang alternated, and all things were born and destroyed.

Chen Ping's aura began to surge wildly!

Upper Immortal Realm, First Grade!

Early Stage!

Mid Stage!

Peak!

It only stopped at the peak of the First Grade of the Upper Immortal Realm!

The gray mist in the secret realm surged wildly into Chen Ping's body, consolidating his new cultivation level.

When Chen Ping opened his eyes again, they seemed to hold the evolution of a galaxy, the beginning of chaos.

He clenched his fist lightly, and the space itself creaked under the strain.

"This is the power of the Upper Immortal Realm..."

Chen Ping felt the surging chaotic power within his body, more than a hundred times stronger than before!

He looked at the dissipated remnant soul of the Taotie. If it weren't for the help of this ancient ferocious beast, he wouldn't have been able to break through so quickly.

If it were any other cultivator, they might be able to advance three levels at once, but for Chen Ping to advance a major realm, the resources and power required were a bottomless pit!

Reaching the peak of the first rank of the Upper Immortal Realm was already very satisfying for Chen Ping!

"Mr. Chen! Are you alright?"

Ming Li rushed over, his face full of worry.

Chen Ping smiled slightly: "Not only am I alright, but I've also benefited from this misfortune."

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He looked at Ming Li and noticed that Ming Li's aura had also become much stronger, reaching the sixth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm!

Clearly, he had gained a lot in the secret realm.

"You broke through too?" Chen Ping asked.

Ming Li nodded: "I found the Netherworld Origin Qi, which not only repaired my origin but also allowed me to break through to the sixth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm. Mr. Chen, you are now..."

"Peak of the first rank of the Upper Immortal Realm," Chen Ping said.

Ming Li gasped: "Broke through to the Heavenly Immortal Realm?! This...this is too unbelievable!"

"This is a major realm advancement."

Chen Ping smiled: "Just lucky. If it weren't for the remnant soul of that ancient ferocious beast above me, I couldn't have broken through so quickly."

He looked into the depths of the secret realm: "How much longer until we get out?"

"About a hundred days," Ming Li said.

“Alright, let’s use these hundred days to consolidate our cultivation and comprehend what we’ve gained.”

The two went into seclusion again.

A hundred days passed in the blink of an eye.

When the secret realm passage reopened, Chen Ping and Ming Li opened their eyes simultaneously.

At this moment, Chen Ping’s aura was restrained and profound, like a deep abyss, seemingly calm yet containing terrifying power.

The power of chaos surged within him, the Chaos Dao Seed slowly rotating in his dantian, evolving into a miniature chaotic world.

He was at the peak of the first rank of the Upper Immortal Realm, but his true combat strength was likely enough to rival even a ninth-rank Upper Immortal!

“Let’s go, it’s time to get out.”

Chen Ping stood up, a cold glint in his eyes. “The Divine Race... it’s time to settle our score!”

The two stepped into the passage and vanished.

In the Netherworld City, before the altar.

Youmingzi and the Grand Elders waited anxiously.

Today was the thirtieth day since the secret realm opened, the day Chen Ping and Ming Li were supposed to emerge.

“Grand Elder, will they be alright?” You Sha asked worriedly.

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Youmingzi shook his head: “Although the secret realm is dangerous, with young friend Chen’s strength, he should be able to handle it.”

As soon as he finished speaking, a bright light shone on the altar, and two figures slowly appeared.

It was Chen Ping and Ming Li!

The moment the two appeared, the entire Netherworld City’s Netherworld Qi surged!

Countless ghosts poured in from all directions, staring at the two in shock.

“This aura... Upper Immortal Realm?!” an elder exclaimed.

Youmingzi’s pupils constricted even further: “Peak First Grade Upper Immortal Realm?! And Mingli, Sixth Grade Upper Immortal Realm?! This... how is this possible?!”

Thirty days, from a severely injured Ninth Grade Celestial Immortal Realm cultivator to the peak First Grade Upper Immortal Realm?

This completely overturned the common sense of cultivation!

This is a major realm advancement!

How could this be possible in such a short time?

Chen Ping stepped down from the altar and clasped his hands in thanks to You Mingzi: "Thank you for your kindness, Elder. I have successfully completed my mission and broken through to the Upper Immortal Realm."

You Mingzi took a deep breath, suppressing his shock, and laughed loudly: "Good! Good! Good! Heaven blesses the Ghost Clan! Heaven blesses the Thirteen Heavens!"

He looked at Chen Ping, his eyes full of anticipation: "Young friend Chen, what are your plans next?"

Chen Ping's eyes flashed coldly: "Return to the surface, rescue the remnants of the Demon Clan, and then... settle accounts with the God Clan!"

"Count me in!" Ming Li stepped forward.

"Count me in too!" You Sha said.

"Me too!"

"Me too!"

In an instant, the crowd was filled with excitement.

Youmingzi raised his hand to silence the crowd, and said in a deep voice, "Young friend Chen, Youming City is willing to do everything in its power to help you. However, the Divine Race is powerful, and we cannot act rashly. This old man suggests that we first rescue the remnants of the Demon Race, accumulate strength, and then plan our next move."

Outside Youming City, at the entrance to the tunnel leading to the surface.

Chen Ping, Ming Li, You Sha, and a hundred Netherworld Guards stood solemnly.

These Netherworld Guards were the elite of Netherworld City, each possessing a cultivation level of at least the fourth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm. Their bodies were covered in black bone armor, and they wielded bone weapons that shimmered with eerie light, their auras cold and murderous.