

The Order 10181

Chapter: 10181

Fox Third Sister stepped forward, tears streaming down her face: “Mr. Chen... Bear King, Elder Deer... did you see? Mr. Chen has avenged you!”

Chen Ping was also filled with emotion.

Iron-Backed Bear King, Elder Deer, all the fallen demon comrades... did you see?

This was just the beginning.

The blood debt owed by the gods, I will collect it all!

The news of the breach of the Demon-Suppressing Hall swept across the entire Western Regions like a hurricane.

The gods’ rule in the Western Regions collapsed overnight.

The five great demon kings were all slain, and the Demon-Suppressing Venerable perished.

Many demon tribes oppressed by the gods rose up in rebellion, joining the resistance.

In just one day, Chen Ping had gathered over 50,000 demon warriors.

The Demon-Suppressing Hall became the headquarters of the resistance.

Chen Ping stood in the plaza before the hall, looking down at the vast, dark mass of demon soldiers, his heart filled with boundless pride.

But this was not enough.

He knew the Divine Race wouldn't let this go easily.

Sure enough, the next day, a scout reported.

"Mr. Chen, the other three Venerables of the Divine Race are leading an army of 100,000 to reinforce us!" the scout panted.

Upon hearing this, everyone looked at Chen Ping!

In several other directions in the Western Regions, three more Venerables of the Divine Race were on their way. Upon receiving news of the fall of the Demon-Suppressing Palace, these three Venerables would certainly come to its aid!

Chen Ping smiled faintly: "Perfect timing."

He looked at everyone: "Pass down the order, prepare for battle. In this battle, we will show the Divine Race that the Western Regions are no longer a place they can trample upon at will!"

"Yes!" everyone responded in unison, their eyes burning with fighting spirit.

At dawn, the Divine Race army arrived at the city walls.

The 100,000-strong army was arrayed ten miles outside the Anti-God Palace, a dark mass, their killing intent soaring to the sky.

At the forefront of the army, three Venerables of the Divine Race, clad in golden armor, stood in mid-air, their aura terrifying.

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In the center stood a man with a dignified face, wielding a golden spear—the commander of this reinforcement army, the Golden Spear Venerable!

“Chen Ping! Come out and face your death!” The Golden Spear Venerable’s voice boomed like thunder, echoing throughout the heavens and earth.

Inside the Anti-God Temple, Chen Ping slowly rose.

He looked at the people in the hall: Ming Li, You Sha, Fox Third Sister, one hundred Netherworld Guards, five demon generals, fifty thousand demon warriors...

“This battle concerns the future of the Western Regions.”

Chen Ping said in a deep voice, “Victory will end the rule of the gods in the Western Regions; defeat will mean the annihilation of us all.”

“Are you afraid?”

“No!” the crowd roared in unison.

“Good!” Chen Ping drew his Dragon-Slaying Sword, “Follow me into battle!”

The gates of the Anti-God Temple opened, and Chen Ping led his army out of the city to meet the enemy.

The two armies clashed, their killing intent soaring to the heavens.

The Golden Spear Venerable looked at Chen Ping, a hint of surprise flashing in his eyes: "You're Chen Ping? Indeed young. To kill a Demon-Suppressing Venerable at the first rank of the Upper Immortal Realm is truly remarkable. But today, your legend ends here."

Chen Ping said calmly, "The Demon-Suppressing Venerable said the same thing."

The Golden Spear Venerable's face darkened: "Arrogant! I am not a piece of trash like the Demon-Suppressing Venerable! Today I'll show you what a true peak seventh rank Upper Immortal Realm expert is!"

He brandished his golden spear, the tip radiating blinding golden light: "Form the array! Heavenly Net!"

The 100,000-strong divine army simultaneously formed hand seals, countless golden chains rising from the ground, weaving in the air into a gigantic golden net covering a radius of a hundred miles!

This was a Heavenly Net array even stronger than the Demon-Suppressing Palace! Once trapped, even a ninth-rank Upper Immortal Realm expert would find it difficult to escape!

But Chen Ping merely sneered: "The same old trick again?"

He took a step forward, charging into the array!

"Seeking death!" The Golden Spear Venerable sneered, activating the array.

Golden chains coiled around Chen Ping like serpents, attempting to trap and kill him.

However, a gray aura appeared around Chen Ping's body. The chains, upon contact with the aura, melted away as quickly as ice meeting fire!

The power of chaos restrains all laws!

“What?!” The Golden Spear Venerable exclaimed in shock.

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Chen Ping was already before him, his Dragon-Slaying Sword slashing down!

“Chaos, Heaven-Shattering!”

A gray sword beam slashed towards the Golden Spear Venerable.

The Golden Spear Venerable hurriedly raised his spear to defend, spear and sword clashing!

Clang!

A deep gash was cleaved in the golden spear, and the Golden Spear Venerable’s hand split open, blood flowing freely!

“How is this possible?!” He retreated in horror.

The power of this sword strike far surpassed that of a first-grade Upper Immortal! Even stronger than a peak seventh-grade Upper Immortal!

“Attack together!” the Golden Spear Venerable roared to the other two Venerables.

The three attacked simultaneously, their golden spear, golden sword, and golden saber—three superior-grade immortal artifacts—attacking Chen Ping!

Chen Ping remained unfazed, wielding his Dragon-Slaying Sword, unleashing a full-blown burst of chaotic power.

“Chaotic Sword Domain!”

Centered on Chen Ping, a thousand-foot radius transformed into a gray domain. Within this domain, all laws were assimilated by the chaotic power, greatly diminishing the power of the three attackers’ strikes.

“What kind of domain is this?!” the three exclaimed in horror.

They had never seen such a bizarre domain, capable of even devouring their own laws!

Chen Ping moved with ease within the domain, each swing of the Dragon-Slaying Sword carrying the power to cleave the heavens and earth.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

The golden spear shattered!

The golden sword broke!

The golden saber crumbled!

The three superior-grade immortal artifacts were utterly vulnerable before the chaotic sword light!

“No!” the Golden Spear Venerable roared in despair.

Chen Ping slashed down with his sword, cleaving all three in two, their souls annihilated!

Three seventh-grade Upper Immortals, fallen!

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The entire arena fell silent!

The 100,000-strong Divine Clan army and 50,000 Demon Clan warriors were all dumbfounded.

Three swords, slaying three seventh-grade Upper Immortals?

This...is this even human?

Chen Ping stood in the air, sword in hand, his gaze sweeping over the Divine Clan army: "Divine Clan, kill."

These four simple words carried the weight of heaven, suffocating the 100,000-strong Divine Clan army.

Most of these Divine Clan soldiers were traitors to the Demon Clan; seeing this, they all defected!

In an instant, the Divine Clan army lost all its arrogance!

They screamed and howled as they were slaughtered, fleeing in all directions; the proud Divine Clan was nowhere to be seen!

The Western Regions, liberated!

Chen Ping landed back on the ground, looking at the kneeling Demon Clan army, but felt little joy. He knew this was just the beginning.

The Grand Venerable of the Central Region would not give up; the divine race's revenge would only intensify.

But so what?

He gripped the Dragon-Slaying Sword tightly, his eyes flashing with cold light.

One comes, one kill!

Two come, two kill!

Until the divine race is wiped out, restoring order to the Thirteen Heavens!

Meanwhile, deep within the Divine Punishment Hall, in the magnificent main hall, the Grand Venerable and the hall's high-ranking officials stood solemnly, the air thick with an indescribable solemnity and tension.

All eyes were focused on the teleportation array gleaming with silver light in the center of the main hall.

The array's patterns were intricate and profound, emanating an aura not belonging to the Thirteen Heavens; it was a passage to a higher world, the Fourteenth Heaven.

Today, the Grand Venerable had shed his usual imposing armor, donning a dark gold robe, his expression one of almost humility.

Behind him, eight core members of the Divine Punishment Hall bowed deeply, their breathing barely audible.

"Buzz..."

The teleportation array shone brightly, ripples spreading through the space like water.

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Two figures materialized, gradually solidifying into clear human forms.

The light faded, revealing a man and a woman within the array.

The man appeared to be around twenty-seven or twenty-eight years old, with striking features, his handsome face seemingly otherworldly.

He wore a long, silver-white robe, the cuffs and collar embroidered with faint golden cloud patterns, and an ancient longsword hung at his waist.

Though unsheathed, it exuded a chilling sword intent.

Most striking was the pale golden vertical line between his brows—the symbol of his divine royal bloodline!

The woman appeared even younger, no more than twenty years old, with exquisite beauty and snow-white skin.

She wore a light purple gauze dress, the hem adorned with tiny, sparkling gemstones that shimmered with light as she moved.

Her silver hair cascaded down to her waist, adorned with a crescent-shaped jade hairpin.

Her aura was ethereal and otherworldly, like the celestial moon, unattainable.

The aura emanating from both of them was unmistakably that of peak seventh-grade Upper Immortals!

Moreover, the purity and refinement of their auras far surpassed that of other cultivators at the thirteenth level of the Heavenly Realm, clearly indicating an incredibly profound foundation.

Upon seeing this, the Great Venerable immediately stepped forward three paces and bowed deeply: “The thirty-seventh Guardian of the Divine Punishment Hall welcomes the Special Envoy of the Fourteenth Heaven Divine Palace!”

The eight elders behind him echoed in unison: “Welcome, Special Envoy!”

The man’s gaze swept indifferently over the Great Venerable and the others, and he nodded slightly: “You are the Great Venerable of this realm? I am Lin Wuchen, and this is my junior sister, Yue Liuli. We have come to the Thirteenth Heaven for training, ordered by our master, and also to inspect the branch palaces of the various divine races.”

His voice was calm, yet carried a natural air of superiority, as if he were instructing a servant.

Yue Liuli didn’t even glance at the Grand Venerable, instead surveying the layout of the Divine Punishment Hall. Her delicate brows furrowed slightly. “The spiritual energy of the Thirteenth Heaven is indeed thin; even the Divine Punishment Hall is so shabby. Senior Brother, are we really going to stay here for three months?”

Lin Wuchen replied calmly, “Master ordered us to train here and experience the hardships of the lower realms. Three months will pass in the blink of an eye.”

The Grand Venerable’s forehead beaded with sweat. He quickly said, “The two special envoys have come from afar. The Divine Punishment Hall has prepared a reception hall of the highest standard. Please move in and rest.”

“No need.”

Lin Wuchen He waved his hand. “Let’s talk about the situation in the Thirteenth Heaven first. The Divine Temple received news that a traitor named Chen Ping has appeared in this realm, killing five Venerables and causing quite a stir. Is this true?”

The Grand Venerable’s heart tightened, and he forced a smile, saying, “Reporting to the Special Envoy, this is indeed true. That Chen Ping has somehow learned a strange technique and possesses a gray power that can restrain the laws of my divine race.”

“The five Venerables of the Eastern Region were caught off guard and fell victim to his treachery. However...”

He paused, then continued, “However, I have already issued a nationwide arrest warrant and mobilized forces from all regions to encircle and annihilate him. I presume that...” “It won’t be long before we capture this fiend!”

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“Soon?”

Yue Liuli suddenly sneered, her beautiful eyes filled with mockery. “Great Venerable One, are you aware that people in the Fourteenth Heaven are already discussing this matter? They’re saying that the Guardian of the Thirteenth Heaven is incompetent, unable to even handle a mere Celestial Immortal junior, utterly disgracing the Divine Race!”

The Great Venerable One’s face turned deathly pale, cold sweat instantly soaking his back: “Special Envoy, please forgive me! That Chen Ping is indeed strange, he...”

“Enough.”

Lin Wuchen interrupted him, his tone still calm, yet carrying an undeniable authority, “I don’t want to hear excuses.” “The Divine Race has ruled the Thirteen Heavens for thousands of years, and has never made such a blunder. You, as the Great Venerable One, are responsible for guarding this realm, yet you’ve allowed a mere Celestial Immortal junior to wreak havoc. This is dereliction of duty.”

He paused, his gaze sharp as a knife: “If it weren’t for your more than five hundred years of guarding this realm, and your hard work even if you haven’t achieved anything, the Divine Palace would have already punished you.”

The Great Venerable One’s knees buckled, almost collapsing: “Thank you for your leniency, Special Envoy! I will certainly do everything in my power to capture and kill Chen Ping, to uphold the dignity of the Divine Race!”

Yue Liuli gave a light snort, about to say something more, when suddenly hurried footsteps sounded outside the hall.

“Report!”

A divine guard stumbled and scrambled into the main hall, his face ashen. “Great Venerable One! Urgent report from the Western Regions!”

The Great Venerable One’s heart sank. He snapped, “What’s the panic! Can’t you see the envoy is here? Get out of here!”

“But...”

The guard trembled, almost dropping the jade slip in his hand. “The Western Regions...something terrible has happened in the Western Regions!”

Lin Wuchen raised an eyebrow. “Speak.”

The guard looked at the Great Venerable One, seeing his ashen face but daring not to stop him, and could only stammer, “The Demon Suppression Hall of the Western Regions...has been breached! The Demon Suppression Venerable has fallen, and the Silver Serpent King and Iron Eagle King, the two Demon Kings, have been killed!”

“And...and the three lords sent to reinforce the Western Regions—the Golden Spear Venerable, the Green Wood Venerable, and the Crimson Flame Venerable...they...they’ve all perished in battle!”

“What?!”

The Great Venerable One was struck dumb, staggering back three steps, only regaining his balance after crashing into a jade pillar behind him.

The eight elders were utterly horrified, and a collective gasp filled the hall.

The Demon-Suppressing Venerable, a seventh-rank Upper Immortal, had ruled the Western Regions for three hundred years!

The Golden Spear, Green Wood, and Crimson Flame Venerables were all seventh-rank Upper Immortals!

Five seventh-rank Upper Immortals, along with tens of thousands of divine soldiers, had actually... actually all died?!

“How is this possible...”

The Grand Venerable muttered to himself, his eyes filled with disbelief. “Chen Ping... how could he possibly possess such strength? He’s clearly only at the Celestial Immortal Realm...”

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“Celestial Immortal Realm?”

Yue Liuli scoffed, her gaze icy. “Grand Venerable, are you senile? A Celestial Immortal Realm cultivator can slay five seventh-grade Upper Immortals? And even breach the Demon Suppression Hall, annihilating tens of thousands of troops?”

She turned to Lin Wuchen, her tone full of mockery: “Senior Brother, it seems the situation in the Thirteenth Heaven is worse than we imagined. This Grand Venerable is not only incompetent, but he can’t even gather intelligence.”

Lin Wuchen’s expression finally darkened.

He had initially thought Chen Ping was just a junior who had encountered some extraordinary events and caused a stir. But now it seemed things were far more complex.

Slaying five seventh-grade Upper Immortals, breaching the Demon Suppression Hall, and annihilating tens of thousands of troops—this was definitely not something a Celestial Immortal Realm cultivator could accomplish!

“Then what is Chen Ping’s cultivation level now?” Lin Wuchen asked coldly. The guard trembled as he answered, “According to... according to the soldiers who escaped, Chen Ping has broken through to the peak of the first rank of the Upper Immortal Realm. But... his strength is terrifying. Even with the Nine Heavens and Ten Earths Demon-Sealing Array’s blessing, the Demon-Suppressing Venerable was killed by him with three sword strikes. The three Venerables, including the Golden Spear Venerable, were also killed one by one by him with a single sword strike...”

“One sword strike and one seventh-rank Upper Immortal?”

A strange light flashed in Yue Liuli’s beautiful eyes. “Interesting. It seems this Chen Ping is indeed quite something.”

Lin Wuchen was silent for a moment, then looked at the Grand Venerable: “You said Chen Ping possesses a gray power that can restrain the laws of the Divine Race?”

“Yes... yes.”

The Grand Venerable nodded with difficulty. “That power is extremely strange. Our formations, magic weapons, and divine abilities are greatly weakened in front of it, or even directly devoured.”

“The power to devour laws...”

A glint flashed in Lin Wuchen’s eyes. “Could it be the legendary... Chaos Power?”

“Chaos Power?”

Yue Liuli was also startled. “Senior brother, are you referring to the primordial power that evolved from the very beginning of creation, the power that gave rise to all things? Wasn’t that lost long ago?”

Lin Wuchen shook his head. “Not necessarily. Master once said that the myriad realms are full of wonders. While the power of chaos is rare, it’s not nonexistent. If Chen Ping truly possessed the power of chaos, and could defeat a seventh-rank Upper Immortal, that would make sense.”

He paused, a hint of seriousness flashing in his eyes. "If it truly is the power of chaos, then this boy..."
"He must not be allowed to live. The Chaos Path is the foundation of the Great Dao; if it grows stronger, it will surely threaten the rule of the Gods."

Upon hearing this, the Great Venerable hurriedly said, "Your Excellency is wise! Chen Ping must be eliminated! I am willing to personally go to the Western Regions to capture and kill this fiend!"

"You?"

Yue Liuli glanced at him sideways, her contempt undisguised. "You can't even protect five seventh-grade Upper Immortals under your command; what do you have to do to capture and kill Chen Ping? Are you just throwing your life away?"

The Great Venerable's face flushed red, but he dared not retort.

Lin Wuchen pondered, "This matter truly cannot be delayed any longer. The inheritor of the Chaos Power grows at an extremely rapid pace. If he continues to grow stronger, he may become a major threat."

He looked at the Grand Venerable: "Immediately mobilize all the divine forces of the Thirteen Heavens to go to the Western Regions to besiege Chen Ping. My junior sister and I will also go, to personally confront this inheritor of the Chaos Power."

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The Grand Venerable was overjoyed: "With a special envoy taking action, Chen Ping is doomed!"

Yue Liuli, however, frowned and said, "Senior brother, why must we personally deal with a junior from the lower realm? Wouldn't it make us a laughingstock if word got out?"

Lin Wuchen said calmly, "The power of chaos is extraordinary and should not be underestimated. Moreover..."

A deeper meaning flashed in his eyes, "Master sent us to the Thirteenth Heaven for training precisely to give us real combat experience. This Chen Ping is a perfect whetstone."

Yue Liuli thought for a moment and nodded, "Senior brother is right. Let's go see. I want to witness just how powerful this so-called power of chaos truly is."

Lin Wuchen looked at the Grand Venerable: "I'll give you three days to gather all forces. Three days later, march on the Western Regions."

"Yes!" The Grand Venerable bowed in response, a ruthless glint in his eyes.

Chen Ping... this time, with a special envoy from the Fourteenth Heaven involved, let's see how arrogant you can be now!

After the Grand Venerable and the others withdrew to prepare, only Lin Wuchen and Yue Liuli remained in the hall.

Yue Liuli asked softly, "Senior Brother, do you really think Chen Ping has mastered the power of chaos?"

Lin Wuchen stood with his hands behind his back, gazing at the sky outside the hall. "Most likely. If it weren't for the power of chaos, it would be impossible for a first-grade Upper Immortal to possess such combat strength."

He paused, then added, "However, even if it truly is the power of chaos, there's no need to worry too much. While the Dao of Chaos is powerful, its cultivation is extremely difficult and requires a long period of accumulation. Chen Ping has only just broken through to the Upper Immortal realm; his understanding of the power of chaos..." "His mastery of power is inevitably rudimentary."

Yue Liuli nodded: "Senior brother is right. Besides, we come from the fourteenth heaven, and our cultivation techniques and supernatural abilities far surpass those of the thirteenth heaven. Even if he truly possesses the power of chaos, he is no match for us."

Lin Wuchen shook his head: "We must not underestimate our opponent. Even a lion uses its full strength to hunt a rabbit. Since we have decided to attack, we must ensure absolute success."

He took out a golden talisman from his robes and handed it to Yue Liuli: "This is a divine sealing talisman bestowed by Master; it can temporarily seal..." Print the laws of heaven and earth. If Chen Ping's power of chaos is really difficult to deal with, then use this talisman."

Yue Liuli took the talisman and said in surprise: "Master, did you even give this to you? It seems that Master really attaches great importance to this experience."

A trace of complexity flashed in Lin Wuchen's eyes: "The Fourteenth Heaven... is not peaceful. The major forces are fighting openly and secretly, and the status of the temple is also challenged. Master asked us to come to the lower realm to experience. In addition to tempering us, I am afraid it also has other deep meanings."

Yue Liuli was silent for a moment, then suddenly smiled: "Whatever. Anyway, with senior brother here, I'm not afraid of anything. Let's join forces this time to meet Chen Ping and see what the so-called power of chaos is."

Lin Wuchen looked at her bright smile, and his eyes softened a little: "You are always so willful. But it's okay, this time it's just a trip. Although the Thirteenth Heaven is barren, the scenery is unique."

The two looked at each other and smiled, as if they were about to go not to a battlefield of life and death, but to an outing.

Meanwhile, inside the Western Regions' Anti-God Temple.

Chen Ping stood on the high platform before the temple, looking down at the 100,000-strong demon army gathering below, his heart filled with both pride and pressure.

In just three days, demon tribes from all over the Western Regions had sprung up, flocking to his side. He now commanded an army of 100,000, including over fifty experts at the sixth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm.

But this was not enough.

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Ming Li walked to his side and whispered, "Mr. Chen, we just received news from the Eastern Regions. The divine races of various regions are beginning to assemble, and the forces of each region are taking this opportunity to break free from divine control. Many forces are willing to form alliances with us. The Eastern Region's Lord Yu Wuji wants to help you, but he needs time to consolidate the forces of the Eastern Region and cannot come directly for the time being."

Chen Ping nodded: "Tell the sects and forces of each region that they only need to restore their respective forces and break free from divine control. They don't need to come to help me; I alone can annihilate these divine races."

Chen Ping's confidence was extremely inflated after breaking through to the Upper Immortal Realm.

"What are these so-called Great Venerables of the Divine Race? They're nothing but dust in his eyes."

Fox Third Sister said worriedly, "Mr. Chen, the Divine Race has suffered such a great loss; they will never let this go. Next, there will likely be even more ferocious retaliation."

Chen Ping looked eastward, his gaze profound: "I know. Therefore, we must seize the time to consolidate the Western Regions' defenses and enhance our strength."

He turned to the crowd: "Pass down the order: all cultivators of the fifth rank or above in the Upper Immortal Realm, gather at the Anti-God Hall. I will teach you a combined attack formation."

"A combined attack formation?" Everyone's eyes lit up.

Chen Ping nodded: "This formation is called the Chaos Returning to Origin Formation, a formation I comprehended from the Great Dao of Chaos. Although it's not perfect, if you can master it, it will allow the power of everyone within the formation to unite, unleashing power far exceeding their cultivation level."

Upon hearing this, everyone was excited.

A formation comprehended from the Great Dao of Chaos? How profound must that be!

For the next three days, the Anti-God Hall practiced the formation day and night.

Chen Ping integrated the profound mysteries of chaotic power into the formation. Although he couldn't directly impart chaotic power, he could guide it through the formation, allowing the power of the participants to resonate and create an effect similar to chaotic power.

The 100,000-strong demon army wasn't idle either. Under the command of Ming Li and You Sha, they constructed defensive fortifications and set up trap formations, turning the area within a hundred miles of the Anti-God Temple into an impregnable fortress.

On the evening of the third day, the formation was finally initially completed.

One hundred and eight fifth-grade Upper Immortal cultivators formed a grand formation. The moment the Chaos Returning to Origin Formation was activated, a massive gray vortex appeared above the Anti-God Temple.

The vortex slowly rotated, emanating a vast and ancient aura, seemingly capable of devouring everything.

Chen Ping stood at the formation's core, feeling the surging power within, and his heart calmed slightly.

With this formation, even if the gods launched a large-scale attack, they would have a fighting chance.

But at that moment, his heart suddenly skipped a beat, and an inexplicable sense of crisis surged into his heart.

"Mr. Chen, what's wrong?" Ming Li noticed his unusual expression.

Chen Ping frowned, looking eastward, a gray light flickering in his eyes. "A powerful enemy is coming... and more than one."

He sensed several terrifying auras rapidly approaching from the east.

"Order the entire army to prepare for battle!"

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Chen Ping roared, "The real test has begun!"

Inside the Temple of the Gods, alarm bells rang loudly.

A hundred thousand demon soldiers quickly assembled, battle banners fluttering, their killing intent soaring.

Chen Ping stood before the temple, Dragon-Slaying Sword in hand, his gaze resolute.

What was destined to come would eventually come.

Then let's fight!

Chen Ping took a deep breath, the power of chaos surging within him.

Chen Ping stood before the temple, his gaze sharp as lightning, looking towards the eastern horizon.

In the distance, dark clouds loomed.

Not just dark clouds, but a densely packed army of gods!

War drums thundered, horns blared, and three hundred thousand divine warriors surged forth from the east like a black tide.

Banners blotted out the sun, a murderous aura filled the air, and the entire sky was dyed a blinding gold by the golden divine banners.

At the forefront of the army, hundreds of massive divine flying ships formed a battle formation, each teeming with fully armed divine guards.

Golden chains crisscrossed between the flying ships, forming a vast, inescapable net covering hundreds of miles.

Even more chilling were the auras soaring into the sky.

Ten!

Ten auras of the seventh rank of the Upper Immortal Realm!

The leader, clad in a dark gold robe, with a dignified face, was none other than the Grand Venerable of the Central Region's Divine Punishment Hall!

He stood suspended in mid-air, his aura as deep and boundless as the ocean, clearly an eighth-rank Upper Immortal!

To his left and right were ten divine venerables from various regions, each a seventh-rank Upper Immortal. These powerful figures, usually residing in their respective regions, have all gathered in the Western Regions today!

Behind the Grand Venerable, two figures, a man and a woman, stand out conspicuously.

The man wears a silver robe and carries a long sword, his divine king mark gleaming between his brows; the woman wears a purple dress and has silver hair, her face as beautiful as the bright moon in the heavens.

They are none other than special envoys from the Fourteenth Heaven, Lin Wuchen and Yue Liuli!

Although their auras are only at the peak of the seventh rank of the Upper Immortal Realm, their purity and refinement far surpass those of their counterparts in the Thirteenth Heaven.