

## **The Order 10191**

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Especially Lin Wuchen; standing there, he is like a divine sword about to be drawn, his sword intent soaring to the heavens, even causing space itself to slightly distort.

Three hundred thousand troops, ten experts of the seventh rank or higher of the Upper Immortal Realm, and two special envoys from the Fourteenth Heaven!

Such a lineup is enough to sweep through any major region of the Thirteenth Heaven!

Before the hall, an army of one hundred thousand demons stands in formation, awaiting their arrival.

Despite being outnumbered, every demon warrior's eyes burned with hatred, ready to die for their cause.

Chen Ping stood at the front of the formation, Dragon-Slaying Sword in hand, his face as calm as still water.

Behind him, Ming Li, You Sha, Fox Third Sister, and one hundred and eight cultivators of the fifth rank or higher in the Upper Immortal Realm formed the Chaos Returning Origin Formation, a massive gray vortex slowly swirling above their heads.

"Chen Ping!"

The Grand Venerable's voice, like thunder, resounded throughout heaven and earth: "Do you know your crimes?!"

Chen Ping looked up, his gaze piercing through miles to meet the Grand Venerable's eyes: "Crimes? What crimes have I committed?"

"Killing a Divine Clan Venerable, attacking the Demon-Suppressing Hall, inciting a rebellion!"

The Grand Venerable roared, "Each one is a capital offense! Today, I will personally lead an army of 300,000 to tear you to pieces as a warning to others!"

Chen Ping suddenly laughed: "Tear me to pieces? With your abilities?"

He raised his hand, the Dragon-Slaying Sword pointing at the Grand Venerable: "Five of your Venerables died at my hands, three of the Western Regions' Venerables died at my hands, tens of thousands of Divine Clan soldiers died at my hands. You, a Grand Venerable, couldn't even handle a mere First-Rank Upper Immortal, yet you have the audacity to spout such nonsense here?"

"You!" The Grand Venerable's face turned ashen with rage.

Chen Ping, however, didn't give him a chance to speak, continuing, "The Divine Race has ruled the Thirteen Heavens for thousands of years, extracting the souls of living beings to refine soul crystals, poisoning all races. The Iron-Backed Bear King, Elder Deer, tens of thousands of demon warriors... their blood, today I will make you pay a hundredfold!"

"Arrogant!"

A Divine Race Venerable roared, "Chen Ping, you're just a junior who luckily encountered a fortuitous event, yet you dare to speak so arrogantly?!"

Chen Ping's gaze swept over the man: "And who are you? State your name, my sword does not kill nameless nobodies."

"I am the Frost Venerable of the Northern Region!" the man said proudly.

"The Frost Venerable?"

Chen Ping nodded, "Good, I'll remember that. You'll be the first one I kill later."

"You!" The Frost Venerable trembled with rage.

At this moment, Yue Liuli suddenly chuckled, her voice as clear and melodious as a silver bell: "Senior brother, this Chen Ping is quite interesting. He's clearly only at the first rank of the Upper Immortal Realm, yet his arrogance is beyond measure."

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Her beautiful eyes swept over Chen Ping: "Hey, you're Chen Ping? You look quite young. Interested in returning to the Fourteenth Heaven with me? With your talent, if you're willing to submit to the Divine Race, I can plead with Master to spare your life."

Chen Ping looked at Yue Liuli, a hint of surprise flashing in his eyes.

This woman was indeed stunningly beautiful, but her haughty attitude was repulsive.

"Go back to the Fourteenth Heaven with you?"

Chen Ping laughed. "What for? To be your gigolo?"

"You!"

Yue Liuli's pretty face flushed instantly, a hint of shame and anger flashing in her beautiful eyes. "Insolence!"

Lin Wuchen frowned slightly: "Chen Ping, my junior sister is giving you a chance, which is a sign of respect. Don't be ungrateful."

Chen Ping looked at Lin Wuchen, his gaze falling on the mark between his brows: "Divine royal blood? No wonder you're so arrogant. However..."

His tone shifted, turning cold: "Are all people from the Fourteenth Heaven so self-righteous? Do you think that just because you come from the upper realm, you can kill and take the lives of beings in the lower realm?"

Lin Wuchen said calmly: "The strong prey on the weak." "This is the ultimate truth of heaven and earth. The gods rule the heavens through strength. If you disagree, you can try."

"Try it then."

Chen Ping stepped forward, sword in hand. "But before that, I need to clean up some trash."

He looked at the Great Venerable: "Old man, you brought 300,000 troops here, you weren't just here to watch the show, were you? If you want to fight, then fight! Enough with the nonsense!"

The Great Venerable laughed in fury: "Fine! Fine! Since you're courting death, I'll grant your wish!"

He waved his hand: "First wave, charge! Slaughter all these demon traitors!"

"Kill!"

Tens of thousands of divine vanguard soldiers roared in unison, forming a battle formation, charging towards the Anti-God Temple like an iron torrent.

These vanguard soldiers were all elites, each possessing a cultivation level of at least the fourth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm. Once in battle formation, their auras merged into one, like a mobile war fortress.

The 100,000 demon army stood ready, but Chen Ping waved his hand.

"Step back."

He turned to the 108 cultivators behind him: "Chaos Returning to Origin Formation, activate!"

The 108 cultivators at the fifth rank or higher of the Upper Immortal Realm simultaneously formed hand seals, and the Chaos Returning to Origin Formation activated at full power!

Boom!

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A massive gray vortex spun wildly, releasing terrifying devouring power.

The thousands of vanguard Divine Race soldiers at the forefront were swallowed by the vortex before they could even react!

No screams, no struggles, not even a trace remained!

Thousands of elite Upper Immortal Realm cultivators at the fourth rank or higher vanished just like that!

“What?!” The Great Venerable’s pupils shrank drastically.

The expressions of the ten Divine Race Venerables changed drastically.

Lin Wuchen and Yue Liuli’s eyes flashed with shock simultaneously.

That gray vortex... could actually devour thousands of Upper Immortal Realm cultivators in an instant?

What kind of formation is this?!

Chen Ping stood at the heart of the formation, sensing the surging power within the Chaos Returning to Origin Formation, and calmly asked, “Any more?”

The Grand Venerable’s face was ashen, his teeth clenched: “Second formation, continue the charge! I refuse to believe this formation can devour my 300,000-strong army!”

Another tens of thousands of divine soldiers charged.

The result was the same.

The gray vortex, like the maw of a glutton, accepted all who came.

Tens of thousands of soldiers rushed into the vortex's range, vanishing instantly without a trace.

Twenty thousand elite troops, gone just like that!

The entire arena fell silent!

The 300,000-strong divine army was completely still.

The eyes of every divine soldier looking at the gray vortex were filled with terror.

This wasn't a battle; it was a massacre!

The Grand Venerable trembled, both from anger and fear.

He finally understood why the Demon Suppressing Venerable and the Golden Spear Venerable had suffered such a crushing defeat.

This Chen Ping... he's simply inhuman!

"Great Venerable, this formation is strange."

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A Divine Race Venerable said in a deep voice, "We can't let ordinary soldiers die anymore."

The Great Venerable took a deep breath, forcibly suppressing the fear in his heart: "Chen Ping, do you think you can stop my 300,000-strong army just by relying on this formation?"

Chen Ping laughed: "Whether I can stop them or not, we'll find out by trying."

He paused, then added, "But it's pointless to keep sending these small fry to their deaths. How about this, you have ten Venerables, right? Come at me all at once, I'll take them all on myself."

These words caused an uproar throughout the entire arena!

One person challenging ten Venerables of the seventh rank of the Upper Immortal Realm?

Insane!

This Chen Ping is absolutely insane!

Even Ming Li and the others paled: "Mr. Chen, you mustn't!"

Chen Ping waved his hand: "It's alright. It's a good opportunity to test my current limits."

He looked at the Grand Venerable: "What? You dare not? Ten people against one of me, and you still dare not?"

The Grand Venerable's expression shifted, finally gritting his teeth: "Fine! Since you seek death, I will grant your wish!"

He looked at the ten Venerables from various domains behind him: “You ten, go and test his strength first.”

The ten Venerables exchanged glances and flew out simultaneously.

These ten were all seventh-grade Upper Immortals, from various domains of the Thirteen Heavens, each a powerful overlord.

Although joining forces to deal with a first-grade Upper Immortal junior was somewhat humiliating, the strength Chen Ping displayed made them dare not be careless.

“Chen Ping, prepare to die!”

The ten attacked simultaneously, unleashing all sorts of supernatural powers and magical treasures.

Frost filled the sky! Blazing flames scorched the heavens! Sword energy crisscrossed! Thunder roared!

Ten different laws of power intertwined in the sky to form a destructive ocean, crushing towards Chen Ping!

Such an attack would be too much for even an eighth-grade Grand Venerable of the Upper Immortal Realm to withstand head-on!

But Chen Ping merely smiled faintly.

“Chaotic Sword Domain, open!”

A gray domain, a thousand feet in radius, centered on him, materialized.

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The ten types of Law Power, upon entering the domain, were greatly diminished, like mud oxen entering the sea, rapidly assimilated and devoured by the power of Chaos.

“What?!” The ten Venerables were shocked.

They had never seen such a bizarre domain, capable of devouring even their Law Power!

“My turn.”

Chen Ping took a step forward, unleashing the Dragon-Slaying Sword.

“Chaos, slash!”

Ten gray sword beams simultaneously slashed towards the ten people!

Fast! Too fast!

The ten Venerables didn’t even see the trajectory of the sword beams; they only felt a chill between their brows, and a sharp pain in their souls!

\*Pfft!\*

\*Pfft!\*

\*Pfft!\* ...

Ten heads flew off simultaneously! Ten seventh-grade Upper Immortals have fallen!

One sword strike, ten Venerables!

The entire arena fell in silence!

The 300,000-strong Divine Army and the 100,000-strong Demon Army were all dumbfounded.

Even Lin Wuchen and Yue Liuli's eyes showed solemnity.

One sword strike, ten seventh-grade Upper Immortals?

This wasn't just a battle across ranks; it was utter crushing defeat!

"Such powerful Chaos Power..."

Lin Wuchen murmured to himself, "No wonder he could slay five Venerables in a row."

Yue Liuli's beautiful eyes shone with wonder: "Senior Brother, this Chen Ping... is indeed extraordinary."

The Grand Venerable's face was ashen, his body drenched in cold sweat.

Ten Venerables!

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Those were ten seventh-grade Upper Immortals!

They were the elite he had gathered from various realms!

Just like that... gone?

One sword strike?

What kind of monster is Chen Ping?!

Chen Ping sheathed his sword, his gaze sweeping over the remaining soldiers: “Who else?”

His voice wasn’t loud, but it resonated like thunder in the hearts of every divine warrior.

The remaining divine warriors all took a step back!

Fear!

Unprecedented fear!

They had cultivated for thousands of years, experiencing countless life-and-death situations, but they had never felt such fear!

This young man before them was not human; he was a demon!

The Great Venerable took a deep breath, forcibly suppressing the fear within him, and looked at Lin Wuchen and Yue Liuli: “You two envoys, this boy is strange; please make a move!”

He knew that the power of the thirteenth heaven alone was no match for Chen Ping.

Only the envoys of the fourteenth heaven could intervene!

Lin Wuchen and Yue Liuli exchanged a glance, then simultaneously flew out.

The two landed a hundred feet in front of Chen Ping, confronting him.

“Chen Ping, you truly surprise me.”

Lin Wuchen spoke slowly, “A mere first-grade Upper Immortal, yet you can slay ten seventh-grade Upper Immortals with a single sword strike. Such a feat would be considered genius even in the Fourteenth Heaven.”

He paused, then continued, “But that’s all. While the power of chaos is strong, your cultivation time is too short, and your mastery of it is still too superficial. Today, let me show you what true power is.”

Chen Ping looked at Lin Wuchen, his gaze calm: “A prodigy of the Fourteenth Heaven? Perfect, I also want to see just how strong the geniuses of the Upper Realm truly are.”

Yue Liuli snorted lightly: “Chen Ping, don’t be too smug. My senior brother is among the top ten of the younger generation in the Fourteenth Heaven. Although you are someone of note in the Lower Realm, you are no match for us.”

“Oh?” Chen Ping raised an eyebrow. “Top ten of the younger generation of the Fourteenth Heaven? That’s impressive, isn’t it?”

He suddenly smiled. “But wouldn’t it be too much of a bully if the two of you attacked together? How about this, I’ll fight your senior brother first. If you’re worried he’ll lose, you can help him anytime.”

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“You!”

Yue Liuli’s pretty face flushed red with anger. “Arrogant! My senior brother could crush you with a single finger!”

Lin Wuchen raised a hand to stop Yue Liuli, saying calmly, "Junior sister, there's no need to argue with him. Strength isn't about words."

He looked at Chen Ping: "Chen Ping, I'll give you one last chance. Submit, or die."

Chen Ping stood with his sword drawn, the tip pointing at Lin Wuchen: "If you want to fight, then fight! Why all the nonsense?"

"Fine." Lin Wuchen nodded. "Since you insist on seeking death, I will grant your wish."

He slowly drew his longsword from his waist.

The moment the sword was drawn, the heavens and earth changed color!

It was a longsword, entirely silver-white, its blade slender and its edge as thin as a cicada's wing.

The blade was inscribed with profound golden runes, each radiating a terrifying sword intent.

"This sword is called the Immortal Slayer, a superior-grade immortal weapon bestowed upon me by my master," Lin Wuchen said, gently stroking the sword. "Since acquiring this sword, I have never used it in the lower realms. Today, for you to die by this sword is your honor."

Chen Ping felt the terrifying sword intent emanating from the Immortal Slayer Sword, a hint of solemnity flashing in his eyes.

This sword was indeed extraordinary.

Its grade was probably close to that of a top-grade immortal weapon!

Moreover, Lin Wuchen's sword intent was refined and condensed to the extreme, far surpassing any sword cultivator in the thirteenth heaven.

Truly worthy of being a prodigy of the fourteenth heaven.

But so what?

Chen Ping gripped the Dragon Slayer Sword tightly, the power of chaos surging within his body.

“The Immortal-Slaying Sword? Not a bad name.”

He said calmly, “But my sword is called the Dragon-Slaying Sword. Today, let’s see whether your Immortal-Slaying Sword is stronger, or my Dragon-Slaying Sword is.”

“As you wish.” Lin Wuchen took a step forward, his figure disappearing from the spot.

The next instant, he appeared before Chen Ping, the Immortal-Slaying Sword aimed at Chen Ping’s brow!

Fast!

Extremely fast!

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This sword strike transcended the limitations of space, as if teleporting!

But Chen Ping’s reaction was even faster!

The Chaotic Sword Domain was fully unleashed, and the Immortal-Slaying Sword’s speed decreased drastically after entering the domain!

Clang!

The Dragon-Slaying Sword collided with the Immortal-Slaying Sword!

Sparks flew everywhere!

Space shattered!

The two retreated simultaneously, standing a hundred feet apart.

The first sword strike was a draw!

“Good!”

A glint flashed in Lin Wuchen’s eyes. “To withstand seventy percent of my power in a sword strike, you are indeed worthy of being my opponent.”

Chen Ping shook his numb arm and laughed, “Seventy percent? Then you’d better be careful. I only used fifty percent just now.”

“Stubborn.”

Lin Wuchen snorted coldly and attacked again.

This time, he held nothing back.

“Nine Heavens Sword Art, First Form – Sword Piercing the Sky!”

The Immortal-Slaying Sword unleashed a blinding silver light, a hundred-foot-long silver sword beam soaring into the sky, tearing through the clouds, and slashing down towards Chen Ping!

This sword strike contained pure sword dao laws, its power enough to kill an eighth-grade Upper Immortal!

Chen Ping's expression turned solemn, and he swung his Dragon-Slaying Sword.

"Chaos, Heaven Opening!"

The gray sword beam met the silver sword beam.

The two swords collided!

Boom!

A terrifying shockwave swept in all directions, splitting the earth into countless deep trenches and causing mountains within miles to collapse!

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The protective array of the Anti-God Temple trembled violently, nearly shattering!

The 300,000-strong divine army and the 100,000-strong demon army were all thrown about!

As the dust settled, the two remained locked in a stalemate.

The second sword strike was still evenly matched!

But Lin Wuchen's expression darkened.

He had used the Nine Heavens Sword Technique, yet he still couldn't defeat Chen Ping?

This chaotic power was indeed strange!

"Senior brother, I'll help you!"

Yue Liuli, seeing this, was about to intervene.

"No need."

Lin Wuchen raised his hand to stop her, "I alone am enough."

He looked at Chen Ping, his eyes burning with fighting spirit: "Chen Ping, you are worth my full strength."

As he finished speaking, the divine mark between his brows shone brightly!

A terrifying aura erupted from his body, his cultivation instantly soaring to the eighth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm!

"God-King Bloodline, activate!"

Lin Wuchen's aura more than tripled, his body radiating brilliant silver light, like a war god descending!

"Now, do you still think you have a chance of winning?" Lin Wuchen's voice was icy.

Chen Ping sensed Lin Wuchen's surging aura, a hint of surprise flashing in his eyes.

God-King Bloodline?

Indeed extraordinary.

It can actually raise one's cultivation by a whole realm in a short time!

But, so what?

"Eighth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm?"

Chen Ping smiled, "Perfect, I also want to test just how far my current strongest combat power can go."

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He closed his eyes, the Chaos Dao Seed within his body spinning wildly.

"Chaotic True Body, manifest!"

Boom!

Chen Ping's aura also instantly surged!

Gray patterns appeared on his body, his eyes turned a chaotic color, and his hair moved without wind, each strand shimmering with gray light.

The Chaotic True Body!

This was a secret technique he had comprehended from the Great Dao of Chaos, capable of unleashing the full potential of chaotic power for a short period!

Although the duration was short, his combat strength would increase several times over during this time!

“Now, it’s fair.”

Chen Ping opened his eyes, the color of chaos swirling within them.

Lin Wuchen’s pupils contracted slightly.

He sensed that Chen Ping’s aura was no weaker than his own!

“Good! This is more interesting!”

Lin Wuchen roared, “Nine Heavens Sword Art, Ninth Form—Sword Annihilates All Heavens!”

The Immortal-Slaying Sword unleashed unprecedented light, nine silver sword beams appearing simultaneously, weaving into a sword net in the air, descending upon Chen Ping!

This sword strike was the ultimate essence of the Nine Heavens Sword Art, its power enough to kill an eighth-grade Upper Immortal!

Chen Ping took a deep breath, raising the Dragon-Slaying Sword high above his head.

“Chaotic Great Dao, Slash!”

He unleashed a single slash!

There was no dazzling sword light, no terrifying aura.

Only a simple, unadorned gray sword light.

But wherever this sword light passed, space shattered inch by inch, and time seemed to stand still.

Nine silver sword lights collided with the gray sword light.

There was no sound, no explosion.