

The Order 10211

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“What do you all think?”

The hall was silent for a moment, then erupted in enthusiastic response.

“My Jade Immortal Palace of the Eastern Region agrees!”

“The Cold Abyss City of the Northern Region agrees!”

“The Flaming Sun Sect of the Southern Region agrees!”

“The Demon Clan of the Western Region agrees!”

“The Ghost Clan agrees!”

...

Three days after the Alliance Conference concluded, Chen Ping was meditating deep within the Anti-God Temple when Ming Li hurriedly arrived with Yu Wuji.

“Mr. Chen,”

Yu Wuji’s expression was solemn, holding a jade box in his hand, “There is something you should perhaps take a look at.”

Chen Ping opened his eyes, his gaze falling on the jade box.

The jade box was pure white, its surface engraved with fine sealing runes, faintly emanating a familiar aura.

“What is this?” Chen Ping frowned slightly.

Yu Wuji placed the jade box on the table and took a deep breath: “This is a Soul Crystal.”

“A Soul Crystal?” A cold glint flashed in Chen Ping’s eyes.

He seemed to have guessed something!

He had seen Soul Crystals, refined from the souls of living beings by the God Clan, more than once.

Behind each soul crystal lies a soul tortured to death.

“These are the soul crystals of the couple you’re looking for.”

Yu Wuji nodded, then continued, “These two soul crystals are special; they were sealed beforehand, and even I can’t open them!”

“Give them to me...” Chen Ping took the jade box!

Although Yu Wuji had followed orders and had his men kill Mu Sha and his wife, refining their souls into soul crystals!

However, the Great Venerable of the Divine Race had placed a seal, so Yu Wuji was unable to open it!

Chen Ping gently pressed his palm against the jade box, which emitted a faint white light, and runes began to flicker.

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For Chen Ping, who was proficient in rune formations, this seal was like a thin sheet of paper, easily broken!

Once the seal was removed, Chen Ping opened the jade box!

Inside the box lay two fist-sized, crystal-clear crystals.

Unlike the common gray soul crystals, these two crystals had a faint golden hue. He sensed an extremely familiar aura emanating from those two soul crystals!

“Great Venerable... damn it!” Chen Ping gritted his teeth, his killing intent almost tangible.

Ming Li and Yu Wuji were both forced back several steps by this killing intent, their hearts filled with horror.

After a long silence, Chen Ping barely managed to suppress his killing intent and asked in a deep voice, “Lord Yu, is there a way to undo the Soul Crystal?”

Yu Wuji pondered, “Once the Soul Crystal is refined, the soul of the living being is permanently imprisoned, theoretically impossible to undo. But...”

“But what?”

“But if, shortly after the Soul Crystal is refined, before the soul completely dissipates, a special secret method can be used to separate that wisp of remnant soul, there might still be a possibility of reincarnation or rebirth.”

Yu Wuji said, “However, this secret method is extremely rare. As far as I know, only some top experts of the Divine Race possess it.”

Hope ignited in Chen Ping’s eyes: “Divine Race experts? Which ones?”

“At least at the peak of the ninth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm, and they must specialize in the Dao of the Divine Soul.”

Yu Wuji said, “In the Thirteenth Heaven, I’m afraid no one can meet this requirement. Unless...”

He looked at Chen Ping: “Unless we go to the Fourteenth Heaven.”

“The Fourteenth Heaven...” Chen Ping murmured to himself.

Ming Li stepped forward: “Mr. Chen, I am willing to accompany you to the Fourteenth Heaven. The Ghost Clan is naturally sensitive to souls; perhaps they can be of help.”

Chen Ping looked at the Soul Crystal in his hand, then at Ming Li, and finally nodded: “Alright. But before that, we have a few things to do.”

He put away the Soul Crystal, a resolute glint in his eyes: “First, completely destroy the Divine Race’s foundation in the Thirteenth Heaven to prevent them from making a comeback. Second, find a way to harmonize the Golden Dragon bloodline with the power of chaos to enhance our strength. Third... prepare for our journey to the Fourteenth Heaven.”

For the next month, Chen Ping barely rested.

He first led the alliance army, sweeping away the remaining Divine Race forces throughout the Thirteenth Heaven.

The once high and mighty Divine Race cultivators were now like stray dogs, either surrendering, being killed, or fleeing to hidden places.

In just twenty days, all the Divine Race strongholds within the Thirteenth Heaven were eradicated.

But this was not enough.

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Chen Ping knew that as long as the Path to Heaven remained, the gods of the Fourteenth Heaven could descend again at any time.

The Path to Heaven was laid down by the gods; it was a special passage connecting the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Heavens, located in a forbidden area deep within the Central Region.

For thousands of years, the gods had used this passage to continuously plunder resources, extract spiritual energy, and transfer soul crystals from the Thirteenth Heaven.

On this day, Chen Ping, Ming Li, Yu Wuji, Han Yuan Zhenren, and other high-ranking members of the alliance gathered at the entrance to the Path to Heaven.

It was a towering mountain peak, tens of thousands of feet high, cleaved in two, the cross-section as smooth as a mirror.

On the cross-section, a gigantic teleportation array, hundreds of feet in diameter, was inscribed, its intricate and profound patterns radiating chilling spatial fluctuations.

“This is the Path to Heaven.”

Yu Wuji said in a deep voice, “It is said that this formation was built by an ancient divine being, connecting two realms, and is incredibly sturdy. For thousands of years, countless people have tried to destroy it, but none have succeeded.”

Chen Ping stared at the great formation, his eyes swirling with gray light.

Under the observation of the Eye of Chaos, the structure of the formation was clearly visible.

Countless golden runes, like chains, connected the entire mountain peak to the earth’s veins, forming a natural magic array.

To destroy it, all the rune connections must be severed simultaneously; otherwise, the formation will automatically repair itself.

“Indeed troublesome.”

Chen Ping nodded, “However... it’s not impossible.”

He looked at everyone: “I need your assistance. When I attack, focus all your efforts on attacking the seventy-two nodes of the formation to prevent it from self-repairing.”

“Understood!” everyone responded in unison.

Chen Ping took a deep breath, leaped into the air, and hovered above the formation.

He formed hand seals, and the chaotic power within his body and his golden dragon bloodline circulated simultaneously.

This time, he didn’t allow the two forces to clash, but instead attempted to fuse them.

After a month of contemplation, he had begun to grasp the basics.

The Golden Dragon bloodline was supremely yang and powerful, while the chaotic power encompassed all things. If the energy of the Netherworld could be used as a medium, perhaps the two could truly coexist.

Although there was no Netherworld energy at the moment, he managed to simulate a trace of its essence using the methods from the *True Explanation of the Netherworld*.

“Yin and Yang in harmony, chaos returns to its origin!”

Chen Ping uttered a low shout, and his aura suddenly changed.

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His left half of his body shone with golden light, like the blazing sun;

His right half was shrouded in gray energy, like the primordial chaos;

And between his chest and abdomen, a faint black energy flowed, connecting the gold and gray colors.

The three-colored light gathered in his hand, gradually condensing into a three-colored longsword!

The sword was three feet long, its blade gold on the left, gray on the right, with a black line running through the middle.

As the sword was forged, the heavens and earth changed color, winds and clouds gathered, and the entire mountain trembled!

“This is...” Yu Wuji and the others were dumbfounded.

They had never seen such a bizarre and powerful force! The aura emanating from that sword was no less than that of a ninth-grade Upper Immortal!

Chen Ping stood holding the sword, sensing the delicate balance of the three forces within his body.

Although it was only a temporary balance, it was enough.

“Slash!”

He gripped the sword with both hands and slashed down at the great formation below!

There was no earth-shattering sound, no world-destroying power.

Only a three-colored sword light silently landed on the great formation.

Then, a miracle occurred.

The golden runes melted rapidly, like ice and snow meeting fire.

The chains connecting the earth's veins snapped inch by inch. Countless cracks spread outwards from the center of the great formation.

“Now! Attack the nodes!” Chen Ping shouted.

Yu Wuji and the others, as if waking from a dream, immediately attacked the seventy-two nodes of the grand formation.

Boom!

Boom!

Boom!

Explosions echoed one after another, the cracks in the grand formation multiplied, and finally...

Crack!

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With a crisp sound, the Heavenly Path Grand Formation completely collapsed!

Countless golden runes vanished as points of light, and the entire mountain began to crumble.

Deep, bottomless ravines split open in the ground, and space trembled violently, as if it were the end of the world.

But everyone knew that this was not the end of the world, but a rebirth!

With the Heavenly Path destroyed, the gods of the Fourteenth Heaven would have to pay ten times, a hundred times, the price to descend upon the Thirteenth Heaven and steal its resources!

The Thirteenth Heaven had finally truly broken free from the control of the gods!

“We succeeded!” Ming Li exclaimed excitedly.

“From this day forward, the resources of the Thirteen Heavens will no longer be plundered, and spiritual energy will gradually recover.”

True Master Hanyuan wept tears of joy. “Thousands of years of oppression have finally ended...”

Chen Ping landed back on the ground, his three-colored longsword dissipating, his face pale.

That attack had almost exhausted all his power.

The balance of the three forces was extremely unstable; the slightest misstep could backfire.

“I must go to Netherworld City as soon as possible,” Chen Ping thought to himself.

Three days later, Chen Ping temporarily entrusted the alliance affairs to Yu Wuji and the others, and prepared to head to Netherworld City.

“Mr. Chen, do you need us to accompany you to Netherworld City?” Fox Third Sister asked.

Chen Ping shook his head: “No need. The environment of Netherworld City is special; you would only feel uncomfortable there. Ming Li can come with me.”

He paused, then added, “While I’m away, I entrust the affairs of the alliance to you all. If there are any unusual developments in the Fourteenth Heaven, inform me immediately.”

“Rest assured, Mr. Chen,” everyone replied in unison.

Chen Ping nodded, and he and Ming Li transformed into two streaks of light, flying towards Youming City.

Upon arriving in Youming City again, Chen Ping received an unprecedentedly grand welcome.

Youmingzi personally came out of the city to greet him, followed by hundreds of high-ranking members of the Ghost Clan.

When Chen Ping revealed signs of the fusion of his Golden Dragon bloodline and the power of chaos, the entire Youming City erupted in jubilation.

“Golden Dragon bloodline! Chaos power! Young friend Chen, you truly are the chosen one!” Youmingzi’s beard trembled with excitement.

Chen Ping cut to the chase: “Elder, I have two matters to discuss. First, I seek a method to harmonize the Golden Dragon bloodline with the power of chaos. Second, I wish to inquire about the matter of the Soul Crystal’s salvation.”

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Youmingzi led Chen Ping deep into the Youming Palace, activating layers of restrictions to ensure no one would disturb him.

“Let’s start with the first thing,”

Youmingzi said solemnly, “The Golden Dragon bloodline is supremely Yang, encompassed by the power of chaos, while the Netherworld energy is supremely Yin. The balance of Yin and Yang is indeed a method of harmony. However, I must warn you, this method is extremely dangerous; a slight misstep will result in your body exploding and you dying.”

Chen Ping’s expression was resolute: “No matter how dangerous, I will try.”

Youmingzi nodded: “Alright. Then I will impart to you the entire *Netherworld True Explanation*, which contains the ‘Yin-Yang Return to Origin Technique,’ the supreme method for harmonizing Yin and Yang. However...”

He paused: “Cultivating this technique requires the simultaneous infusion of the two extreme Yin and Yang energies, causing immense pain, and the success rate is less than 30%. Are you sure you want to try?”

“Yes,” Chen Ping replied without hesitation.

“Good!” Youmingzi’s eyes revealed admiration. “Then let it begin today. Mingli, you will protect young friend Chen.”

“Yes!” Mingli solemnly replied.

For the next seven days, Chen Ping secluded himself in the “Nine Nether Cold Spring,” deep within the Netherworld City.

The spring’s water was extremely yin and cold; ordinary cultivators would freeze upon contact.

Chen Ping sat within the spring, simultaneously circulating his Golden Dragon bloodline and the power of chaos, using Netherworld energy as a medium to cultivate the Yin-Yang Returning to Origin Technique.

On the first day, his entire body was frozen, like an ice sculpture.

On the second day, the ice cracked, and golden blood gushed out.

On the third day, the blood transformed into flames, burning his entire body.

On the fourth day, the flames extinguished, and his body turned half gold and half gray.

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On the seventh day, the Nine Nether Cold Spring suddenly boiled!

Chen Ping emerged from the spring, his aura perfectly unified.

Golden, gray, and black light flowed harmoniously within his body, no longer conflicting.

The Yin-Yang Returning to Origin Technique was complete!

At this moment, Chen Ping's cultivation level was still at the peak of the first rank of the Upper Immortal Realm, but his true combat strength was probably comparable to that of a ninth-rank Upper Immortal Realm cultivator!

More importantly, he had found a way to allow the three powers to coexist, eliminating any worries he might have.

"Congratulations, young friend Chen!"

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You Mingzi stroked his beard and smiled, "Now that you possess three supreme powers, your future is limitless."

Chen Ping cupped his hands: "Thank you for your kindness, Elder."

"No need to be polite."

You Mingzi waved his hand, "Now let's talk about the second matter. Soul Crystal rescue... indeed, only the top experts of the Divine Race can do it. But the Divine Race of the Fourteenth Heaven is not monolithic."

He pondered, "As far as I know, the Fourteenth Heaven is divided into three major forces: the Divine Temple, the Divine Hall, and the Divine Palace. The Divine Temple is the orthodox force of the Divine Race, the Divine Hall leans towards the light, and the Divine Palace is relatively neutral. The experts you are looking for who specialize in the Dao of the Divine Soul are most numerous in the Divine Hall."

Chen Ping's eyes... His eyes lit up: "The Divine Hall?"

"That's right."

Youmingzi nodded. "Although the Divine Hall belongs to the divine race, it advocates a more moderate approach and does not approve of extracting souls to refine soul crystals. If you can persuade the powerful figures of the Divine Hall to help, there might truly be hope of saving that couple."

He paused, then added, "However, the Fourteenth Heaven is teeming with powerful figures, many of whom are at the ninth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm. There are even True Immortal Realm experts. You must be careful on your journey."

Chen Ping solemnly replied, "I understand. But no matter what, I must try."

He took out the soul crystals of Mu Sha and his wife, gently stroking them: "Senior Mu Sha, I will definitely save you."

Chen Ping and Mingli prepared to leave Youming City.

Before departing, Youmingzi handed Chen Ping a black token: "This is a token of the Ghost Clan. There may be cultivators of our Ghost Clan in the Fourteenth Heaven."

"I hope that Mr. Chen and Mingli can find the scattered cultivators of the Ghost Clan on this trip to the Fourteenth Heaven, so that they can rebuild the Ghost Clan and see the light again."

"I understand!" Chen Ping accepted the token.

"Let's go, I'll see you off..." Youmingzi said.

The group walked out of Youming City.

Chen Ping and Mingli stood before the city gate, behind them were Youmingzi and a group of Ghost Clan elders who had come to see them off.

"Young friend Chen, the journey to the Fourteenth Heaven is fraught with peril. Remember to proceed with extreme caution."

Youmingzi handed Chen Ping a jet-black bone slip. "This is a map of a hidden path to the Fourteenth Heaven. Although the Path to Heaven is destroyed, gaps still exist between the two realms. This path was discovered by generations of Ghost Clan ancestors and is even more concealed than the Path to Heaven of the Gods."

Chen Ping took the bone slip, scanned it with his divine sense, and a winding, circuitous path appeared in his mind, marked with numerous dangerous areas and precautions.

"Thank you, Elder."

Chen Ping solemnly put away the bone scroll. "I will forever remember the kindness of Netherworld City."

Netherworld Prince waved his hand and laughed, "What kindness? You brought back Mingli for my Ghost Clan and helped the Thirteen Heavens escape the oppression of the God Clan. We are the ones who should be thanking you."

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He paused, then said seriously, "There is one more thing I must remind you of, young friend. The Fourteenth Heaven is not like the Thirteenth Heaven. The laws of heaven and earth there are more complete, and the concentration of spiritual energy is more than ten times higher."

"The average cultivation level of cultivators there is above the fifth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm, and many major forces even have True Immortal Realm experts. Although you possess three supreme powers, you must still maintain reverence before True Immortals."

"True Immortal Realm..." A trace of solemnity flashed in Chen Ping's eyes.

Above the Upper Immortal Realm is the True Immortal.

True Immortal and Upper Immortal seem to differ by only one rank, but in reality, they are worlds apart.

While cultivators at the Upper Immortal realm can manipulate the laws of heaven and earth, they are ultimately still within the realm of "mortals."

True Immortals, however, have touched the essence of the "Dao," capable of altering the world with a single thought and shattering stars with a single palm strike.

"This junior understands," Chen Ping nodded. "I will act carefully."

"That's good."

Youmingzi nodded with satisfaction. "Go."

Chen Ping bowed in farewell, and he and Mingli transformed into two streaks of light, disappearing outside Youming City.

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Jade Immortal City, Jade Immortal Mansion.

It was springtime, and peach blossoms were in full bloom throughout the city, pink petals falling like rain.

Yu Ranran, dressed in white, stood alone on the highest observation tower in the mansion, gazing at the sky, her eyes filled with both anticipation and unease.

Ever since Chen Ping left Jade Immortal City, her heart had been in turmoil.

Although her father, Yu Wuji, told her that Chen Ping was well, she couldn't rest easy without seeing him in person.

"Ranran."

A familiar voice came from behind.

Yu Ranran trembled and turned abruptly.

Chen Ping stood at the entrance of the pavilion, still dressed in his blue robes, his brows now bearing a more composed air, the golden lines in his eyes faintly visible, adding to his mysterious and imposing presence.

"Brother Chen!"

Yu Ranran's eyes reddened, and she threw herself into Chen Ping's arms.

Chen Ping gently embraced her, feeling her soft warmth, a rare sense of peace welling up within him.

These past days, he had fought on all sides, killing countless people, his hands stained with blood.

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Only by Yu Ranran's side could he temporarily set aside the burdens on his shoulders and be the simple Chen Ping he once was.

"I'm sorry to have worried you," Chen Ping said softly.

Yu Ranran shook her head, looking up at him. "As long as Brother Chen returns safely, that's all that matters. Father said you destroyed the Heavenly Path, and the Thirteenth Heaven is finally truly free."

"Yes, free," Chen Ping gazed into the distance, "but even greater challenges lie ahead."

Yu Ranran's heart tightened. "Brother Chen, you...you're going to the Fourteenth Heaven, aren't you?"

Chen Ping didn't hide anything, nodding. "I must go. Senior Mu Sha's soul needs to be rescued, and the hidden dangers of the Thirteenth Heaven haven't been completely eliminated. Only by going to the Fourteenth Heaven can the problems be truly solved."

Yu Ranran remained silent for a long time before whispering, "I know I can't keep you here. Brother Chen is an eagle soaring through the nine heavens; the sky of the Thirteenth Heaven is too small for you."

She raised her head, her eyes filled with tears yet a smile. "But no matter how high or far Brother Chen flies, Ranran will always be here waiting for you. Jade Immortal City will always be your home."

Chen Ping's heart trembled. Looking at this woman who had silently given so much for him, never asking for anything in return, a warm current flowed through his body. He suddenly bent down and swept Yu Ranran into his arms.

"Ah!"

Yu Ranran exclaimed, "Brother Chen, you..."

"These next few days, I won't go anywhere else, I'll just stay with you."

Chen Ping whispered in her ear, "Didn't you say that Jade Immortal City is my home? Then these next few days, let me truly feel the warmth of home."

Yu Ranran's pretty face flushed, she buried her face in Chen Ping's chest, and softly murmured "Mmm."

For the next seven days, Chen Ping indeed did as he said, not handling any affairs, but wholeheartedly accompanying Yu Ranran.

Day 1.

Day 2.

Day 3.

Day 4.

Day 5.

Day 6.

Day 7, night.

In Yu Ranran's boudoir, red candles flickered, and fragrance wafted.

Yu Ranran, having finished bathing, sat before her dressing table wearing only a thin gauze nightgown, gently combing her long hair.

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In the mirror, her face was like a peach blossom, her eyes like spring water, breathtakingly beautiful.

Chen Ping came from behind, took the comb from her hand, and gently combed her hair.

“Brother Chen, are you leaving tomorrow?” Yu Ranran asked softly.

“Yes,” Chen Ping nodded, “Everything that needs to be prepared is done, we can’t delay any longer.”

Yu Ranran turned around, hugged Chen Ping’s waist, and pressed her face against his: “I know. I just...can’t bear to leave.”

Chen Ping put down the comb, picked her up, and sat her on his lap by the bed.

Yu Ranran said, “But the Fourteenth Heaven is extremely dangerous, Brother Chen, you must come back safely. Ranran doesn’t ask for anything else, only for your safety.”

“I will,” Chen Ping promised, “For you, I will definitely come back safely.”

Yu Ranran looked up at Chen Ping’s resolute face, her heart overflowing with tenderness. She suddenly reached out and loosened Chen Ping’s sash.

“Ranran?” Chen Ping was taken aback.

“Brother Chen.”

Yu Ranran's cheeks were flushed, her voice barely audible, "Tonight... let Ranran tell you a good story, and don't..."

"What's wrong?" Chen Ping asked.

"It's all swollen..." Yu Ranran finished speaking, then shyly nestled into Chen Ping's arms.

"Alright, tell me a story..." Chen Ping held Yu Ranran close and began to listen to her story.

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The Fourteenth Heaven, the Divine Palace.

The majestic divine palace floated tens of thousands of feet in the sky, supported by nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine white jade pillars, each carved with lifelike divine beast patterns.

Auspicious clouds swirled around the divine palace, cranes flew about, and divine generals in golden armor patrolled past from time to time, their aura imposing.

Inside the main hall, the atmosphere was heavy.

Lin Wuchen and Yue Liuli knelt before the hall, their injuries healed, but their faces remained pale.

Above, twelve temple elders sat on either side, each radiating a terrifying aura of a peak ninth-grade Upper Immortal.

On the golden throne in the center sat a middle-aged man clad in a purple-gold divine robe.

The man's face was dignified, his eyes seeming to hold the flickering light of stars. He didn't deliberately emit any aura, but simply sitting there, he seemed to be the center of the entire world.