

## The Order 10221

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This man was none other than the Temple Master, a True Immortal realm expert!

“Useless!”

A red-haired elder slammed his fist on the table, glaring at Lin Wuchen and his companion. “Two seventh-grade Upper Immortals, armed with divine sealing talismans, were actually routed by a mere lower realm brat! They even lost a Grand Venerable and 300,000 divine soldiers! You’ve utterly disgraced the Divine Temple!”

Lin Wuchen remained silent, head bowed. Yue Liuli gritted her teeth, saying, “Elder Hongyan, it’s not that we’re incompetent, but that Chen Ping is truly bizarre! He possesses the Golden Dragon bloodline and wields the power of chaos; his combat strength far surpasses his apparent cultivation level!”

“Golden Dragon bloodline?” Another white-haired elder frowned. “The Golden Dragon race has been extinct for tens of thousands of years. How could he appear in the lower realm?”

“Absolutely true!”

Lin Wuchen raised his head. “This disciple personally witnessed him transform into a five-clawed golden dragon. The pressure of his bloodline was so strong that even this disciple’s Divine King bloodline was suppressed!”

A murmur of astonishment rippled through the hall.

The Golden Dragon bloodline—that was a legendary supreme bloodline, even more noble than the royal bloodline of the Divine Race! If that’s true, then Chen Ping’s value goes far beyond simply being a traitor to the lower realm.

Shen Tong finally spoke, his voice calm yet carrying an undeniable authority: “The destruction of the Heavenly Road and the loss of control over the Thirteen Heavens are indeed serious matters. But there’s no need for excessive panic.”

His gaze swept over the crowd: "The Fourteenth Heaven is not solely under the control of our Divine Temple. The Divine Hall and Divine Palace are eyeing us covetously, and those ancient, reclusive forces are all waiting for us to make a mistake. If we send a large number of people down to the lower realms now, it will inevitably attract attention from all sides, and we might even be suppressed by a united front."

Elder Hong Yan said anxiously, "Palace Master, are we just going to let that brat go like this? He killed a Great Venerable and destroyed the Heavenly Road!"

"Besides, with the Heavenly Road destroyed, we won't be able to obtain enough resources. How can we cooperate with the God King?" "On behalf of?"

"Of course we won't let that brat go."

Shen Wuji said calmly, "But we need to be methodical. On the surface, we can send a small team down to the mortal realm under the pretext of hunting down a traitor, acting openly and legitimately."

A cold glint flashed in his eyes: "However, over the years, our temple has submitted far more resources than the temple and palace, so we naturally have nothing to fear from the God King's wrath."

"But Temple Master,"

the white-haired elder pondered, "that Chen Ping possesses both Golden Dragon blood and Chaos power. Even if we send a small team down to the mortal realm, if he hides among the demon army, it will be difficult to kill him."

Shen Wuji smiled slightly: "Who said we'd kill him now?"

Everyone was stunned.

"The news of the Golden Dragon bloodline's reappearance will soon spread throughout the Fourteenth Heaven," Shen Tong said slowly.

“At that time, it won’t just be our temple that’s interested. Although the Golden Dragon Clan is extinct, their treasures, secret realms, and inheritances... these are all things that would tempt even True Immortal Realm experts.”

He paused, then continued, “We only need to fan the flames and spread the news. Naturally, various forces will send people down to the lower realm. No matter how strong Chen Ping is, can he withstand the covetousness of the entire Fourteenth Heaven?”

The elders suddenly understood and exclaimed, “The Temple Master is brilliant!”

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“Using a borrowed knife to kill, reaping the benefits—brilliant!”

Lin Wuchen and Yue Liuli exchanged a glance, both seeing a chill in each other’s eyes.

The Temple Master’s plan not only aims to kill Chen Ping but also to squeeze every last drop of value out of him!

“How is the matter at the Holy Mountain?” Shen Tong asked!

The white-haired elder hurriedly reported, “Palace Master, all eight altars on the Holy Mountain are complete, and a large number of pilgrims are currently en route!”

“Good, very good!”

Shen Tong nodded, then looked at Lin Wuchen and Yue Liuli and said, “Wuchen, Liuli, you should have been punished for this mission’s failure. However, considering you brought back important intelligence, you will be spared punishment. Go and recover from your injuries. Once you’re healed, you will be given new missions.”

“Thank you, Palace Master!” The two kowtowed and respectfully withdrew.

Stepping out of the main hall, Yue Liuli finally breathed a sigh of relief; her back was soaked with cold sweat.

“Senior Brother, the Palace Master...” she hesitated.

Lin Wuchen shook his head and transmitted his voice, “The Palace Master’s thoughts are beyond our comprehension. Just do your duty. As for Chen Ping... someone will deal with him.”

The two transformed into streaks of light and vanished into the depths of the temple.

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At the boundary between the thirteenth and fourteenth heavens, a chaotic void lay.

Here, there were no stars, no light, only endless darkness and chaotic spatial currents.

Ordinary cultivators at the Upper Immortal realm would be instantly torn to shreds upon entering this place.

But at this moment, two figures were steadily moving forward in the void.

It was Chen Ping and Ming Li.

Chen Ping held the bone slip given to him by You Mingzi, following the path recorded within, searching for the hidden rift in the chaotic void.

“Mr. Chen, the spatial fluctuations ahead are unusually violent; there may be danger,” Ming Li warned.

Chen Ping nodded, activating his Chaos Eye and looking ahead.

In the vision of the Chaos Eye, the previously chaotic void became clear.

Countless spatial rifts were densely packed like a spiderweb, one of which emitted a faint golden light—the “Two-World Rift” recorded in the bone slip. “Found it.” Chen Ping’s spirits lifted. “Stay close to me.”

He stepped into the golden rift first, Ming Li close behind.

As soon as they entered the rift, they felt dizzy, as if they were a small boat in a raging storm.

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The surrounding area was filled with turbulent spatial currents, each containing terrifying power enough to kill a seventh-grade Upper Immortal.

Chen Ping erected a chaotic shield, protecting the two of them within it.

The shield trembled violently under the impact of the turbulent currents, but eventually stabilized.

After an unknown amount of time, a glimmer of light finally appeared ahead.

“Almost there!” Chen Ping quickened his pace, rushing towards the light.

Boom!

As if passing through an invisible barrier, the two were suddenly greeted by a breathtaking view.

Fresh air rushed towards them, the incredibly dense spiritual energy causing every pore on their bodies to involuntarily open.

Looking out, they saw a clear blue sky and drifting white clouds.

Below lay endless, blessed mountains, with spiritual springs and waterfalls everywhere, and exotic flowers and rare herbs growing in abundance. Cranes and mythical beasts strolled leisurely, creating a scene of perfect peace.

But the most breathtaking sight was in the sky.

Nine great suns hung high, arranged in a nine-palace formation, casting warm, yet not scorching, light.

Between the suns, stars could be faintly seen twinkling—a wondrous sight of the sun and moon shining simultaneously!

“This is... the Fourteenth Heaven,” Ming Li murmured, his eyes filled with awe.

The spiritual energy concentration here was at least ten times that of the Thirteenth Heaven!

One day of cultivation here was probably equivalent to one month of cultivation in the Thirteenth Heaven!

Chen Ping took a deep breath, feeling the activity of the power within his body. Here, his Chaos Power and Golden Dragon Bloodline circulated more smoothly, and their power seemed to have increased as well.

“Indeed, this is a vast world.”

A fighting spirit flashed in Chen Ping’s eyes. “Divine temples, divine halls, divine palaces... I, Chen Ping, have arrived.”

He looked at Ming Li: “Let’s find a place to stay first and gather information.”

Ming Li nodded: “Yes. According to Elder Youmingzi, there are also ghost cultivators scattered throughout the Fourteenth Heaven. I can try to contact them.”

The two transformed into streaks of light and flew forward.

Soon, a celestial mountain shrouded in mist and radiating immortal energy appeared before them.

“Let’s go, let’s take a look...”

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Chen Ping led Ming Li towards the celestial mountain!

When they reached the foot of the mountain, the two looked up and found that they couldn’t see the top of the mountain!

This mountain was very unique; its outline didn’t resemble an ordinary mountain, but rather looked like it had been deliberately carved!

From a distance, it resembled a human-shaped statue, although the facial features and body weren’t particularly distinct, they were still recognizable!

However, Chen Ping wasn’t sure whether it was carved or natural.

Furthermore, they both noticed numerous cultivators heading up the mountain from its surroundings!

Some cultivators even took a few steps, knelt down to worship, and then rose to continue walking!

At the foot of the mountain was a plaza where many cultivators had gathered.

“Mr. Chen, what’s wrong with these people? They can clearly fly, so why are they all walking and climbing like mortals?”

Ming Li was utterly perplexed!

Those who could remain in the Fourteenth Heaven were all cultivators at the Upper Immortal Realm.

If these cultivators were in the mortal world, they would be all powerful deities.

They could easily leap over mountains, yet these people were climbing step by step, bowing and worshipping like mortals.

This left Ming Li completely bewildered!

“I don’t know either, but there’s definitely something strange about this mountain. Let’s go take a look and ask someone!” Chen Ping said.

Ming Li nodded and followed Chen Ping towards the plaza. Chen Ping and Ming Li concealed their auras and blended into the crowd of pilgrims.

The surrounding cultivators were of various appearances: humans, demons, and a few other races with unique auras. Most were between the third and sixth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm.

“Please, fellow Daoist.”

Chen Ping stopped an elderly man in blue robes. “I am new to this place and do not know the origin of this mountain. Why do you all walk up to worship?”

The old man sized up Chen Ping, noticing his extraordinary bearing, and politely said, “Fellow Daoist, you are from out of town, aren’t you? This mountain is called Sacred Mountain. It is said that the remains of an ancient sage are enshrined within. Every nine days, holy light descends from the mountain, and those who bathe in this light can gain an opportunity for a breakthrough in cultivation.”

“A sage?” Chen Ping’s heart stirred. “Which sage?”

The old man shook his head. "I do not know. Sacred Mountain has existed for tens of thousands of years, and its guardians are all divine cultivators. They only say that this is an ancient sage, but they have never revealed his identity. However, since it is guarded by the divine race, it must be related to them."

"I see." Chen Ping cupped his hands in thanks.

After the old man had gone some distance, Ming Li whispered, "Mr. Chen, the aura of this mountain is indeed strange. The aura of the divine race and the aura of the ghost race are intertwined; it's definitely not an ordinary place of worship. Moreover..."

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He frowned, "I sense that the aura of the ghost race in the mountain isn't scattered, but flows rhythmically, as if an array is in operation."

Chen Ping nodded, "I noticed that too. And there seems to be a faint, bloody aura in this mountain."

The two followed the crowd slowly up the mountain.

The mountain path wound its way up, ancient trees towering on both sides, and divine race cultivators could be seen patrolling from time to time.

These cultivators wore golden armor, their expressions arrogant, behaving rudely and ordering the pilgrims around.

After walking for about an hour, the mountain path became increasingly steep, and many cultivators with lower cultivation levels were already panting heavily.

Climbing without using immortal techniques, relying solely on mortal strength, was indeed too much for many.

Fortunately, Chen Ping had risen from the ranks of mortals, so climbing the mountain had no effect on him!

Chen Ping looked around and noticed that the higher he went, the colder the air became, and the more numerous the divine cultivators appeared.

“This isn’t a sacred mountain; it’s more like a prison,” Chen Ping thought with a cold laugh.

“Mr. Chen, if we keep climbing like this, we probably won’t reach the summit in a day. Why don’t we fly up?”

Ming Li suggested!

Ming Li had never climbed a mountain with his mortal body before, so walking was simply too exhausting.

“Alright, but we can’t fly up openly. Let’s be discreet,”

Chen Ping said!

After all, pilgrims must abide by the rules. If Chen Ping and Ming Li broke the rules and flew directly to the summit using immortal techniques, they would definitely attract attention.

The two found a secluded spot, concealed their presence, and vanished instantly!

In the blink of an eye, the two reached the mountainside. The mountain path was now filled with pilgrims of all kinds, each with a different cultivation level, but all with devout expressions!

Each had their eyes slightly closed, hands clasped together, and they would bow every few steps.

Chen Ping and his companion looked towards the summit, but all they could see was a vast expanse of celestial mist; the peak was completely obscured.

This dense celestial mist didn't seem to be naturally formed, but rather deliberately created to prevent anyone from seeing the summit.

"Mr. Chen, I feel the aura of the Ghost Clan growing stronger, as if it's emanating from within this sacred mountain,"

Ming Li said, frowning.

"Could there be Ghost Clan cultivators hidden within this sacred mountain?"

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Chen Ping was also puzzled.

After all, the Netherworld City, teeming with Ghost Clan members, was hidden within the Ten Thousand Demon Mountain Range of the Thirteenth Heaven.

If Ghost Clan members were also hidden within this sacred mountain, then there would definitely be their aura present.

"Perhaps...should we follow the aura to investigate?" Ming Li said.

Ming Li was very excited. If they could find the Ghost Clan so soon after reaching the Fourteenth Heaven, that would be wonderful.

"Since we can sense the Ghost Clan's presence, why can't the God Clan detect them?"

“Could there be some conspiracy here?”

Chen Ping said cautiously.

The Ghost Clan’s aura wasn’t particularly well-hidden. Normally, if this were a sacred mountain of the God Clan, any Ghost Clan hiding here should have been discovered long ago!

But now, it seems the God Clan hasn’t reacted at all, which is unusual.

“That’s right. Why hasn’t the God Clan reacted at all? These God Clan considers us Ghost Clan a thorn in their side.”

Ming Li was also very puzzled!

“Let’s go, let’s continue to investigate.” Chen Ping decided to see what was so special about this sacred mountain first!

The two continued flying towards the summit, their figures shrouded in the thick immortal mist.

As the two entered the celestial mist, they were immediately overwhelmed by a sense of disorientation, unable to discern directions or even which way was up.

It was as if they were in a state of chaos, without direction or awareness of front or back!

Even the cultivators on the mountain had long since disappeared from sight.

“No wonder those cultivators didn’t fly to the summit; it seems this celestial mist has something to do with it,”

Ming Li said.

If they were walking, because there was a path beneath their feet, even if they lost their way due to the dense celestial mist, they could still follow the mountain path to the summit.

However, flying, without any landmarks, made it easy to get lost.

“Follow me, don’t wander off!”

Chen Ping closed his eyes slightly and then extended his divine sense to its maximum.

Ming Li followed Chen Ping, continuing to fly towards the summit!

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After ascending to a certain height again, Chen Ping and Ming Li stopped simultaneously, a hint of confusion in their eyes!

“Mr. Chen, did you notice it?” Ming Li asked!

“Hmm, I’ve noticed it. The aura of the gods here is actually mixed with the aura of the ghosts; it’s hard to distinguish them.”

Chen Ping nodded.

Logically speaking, the auras of two different races shouldn’t be able to fuse at all. Even if someone cultivates techniques from both races, they couldn’t fuse the two auras to this extent.

“Could it be that the gods and ghosts have formed a marriage alliance?” Ming Li wondered.

If a god and a ghost cultivator had a marriage alliance, perhaps they could achieve this aura fusion after having offspring!

“Impossible. Even if it’s a marriage alliance, it’s impossible to achieve such a fusion of auras. Moreover, the higher a cultivator’s realm, the harder it is to have offspring; it’s even less likely that two different races could have children.” Chen Ping shook his head.

Ming Li knew this too, but the current situation still puzzled him greatly.

“Let’s continue to investigate and see what’s going on.”

Chen Ping and Ming Li continued flying towards the mountaintop.

However, the fused auras were getting stronger, although the aura of the gods was stronger, and the aura of the ghosts was weaker!

As the two drew closer to the summit, a palpable pressure began to emanate from within the celestial mist!

“We can’t fly anymore. Flying any further will alert us. We have to proceed on foot.”

Chen Ping knew that if they flew to the summit, they would definitely be detected.

So, he led Ming Li back down onto a small path on the mountain. However, this path was now nearly deserted; most pilgrims hadn’t even reached this point yet!

Just as Chen Ping and Ming Li were preparing to continue their ascent, Chen Ping noticed several divine cultivators escorting a dozen or so ragged cultivators towards a fork in the road.

The escorted cultivators were all expressionless, their eyes devoid of light, like walking corpses.

Their devout worship was gone.

“Where are they going?” Ming Li asked telepathically.

Chen Ping narrowed his eyes: "Follow them and see."

The two quietly made their way towards the small path.

The path grew increasingly secluded, eventually leading to the entrance of a hidden cave.

Two sixth-grade Immortal Realm cultivators of the Divine Race guarded the entrance. Upon seeing the escorting group arrive, one of them coldly remarked, "The materials delivered today are rather meager."

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The escort leader chuckled, "There haven't been many pilgrims lately; this is good enough. However, the quality is decent; two are fifth-grade Immortal Realm cultivators."

"Go in," the guard waved for them to pass.

Once the group entered the cave, Chen Ping and Ming Li emerged from the shadows.

"Materials?"

A cold glint flashed in Chen Ping's eyes. "It seems this so-called sacred mountain harbors some shady dealings."

"Mr. Chen, what do we do?" Ming Li asked.

Chen Ping pondered for a moment: "Let's investigate first. If the Divine Race is indeed committing some heinous act..."

He gripped the Dragon-Slaying Sword tightly: "Then we'll destroy this sacred mountain."

The two silently crept to the vicinity of the cave entrance.

Chen Ping channeled his chaotic energy, forming a thin gray mist around his body. This mist not only concealed his aura but also distorted light, achieving a near-invisibility effect.

Ming Li, being a member of the Ghost Clan, was naturally adept at concealment. With a flicker, he blended into the shadows.

The guards at the cave entrance suddenly felt a breeze. One of them frowned, "Strange, where did that wind come from?"

The other said impatiently, "There's plenty of wind in the mountains. What's so strange about that? Focus on your guard duty. If the materials escape, we can't afford the consequences."

The two said no more, unaware that Chen Ping and Ming Li had already passed them and ventured deeper into the cave.

The cave's interior was far more spacious than expected. The passageway extended downwards, and the walls were inlaid with glowing crystals that emitted a ghostly green light.

The deeper they went, the colder the atmosphere became, and a faint smell of blood permeated the air.

After walking about a hundred paces, they heard a commotion ahead.

Chen Ping and Ming Li exchanged a glance and quickened their pace.

Rounding a bend, the view suddenly opened up.

It was a massive underground cavern, a thousand feet in diameter. In the center stood a bizarre statue, a hundred feet tall.

The statue had a human body and a snake's tail, with eight arms, each holding a magical artifact.

The statue's face was grotesque, its eyes bloodshot, its mouth wide open, as if silently roaring.

Even more chilling were the hundreds of desiccated corpses hanging densely around the statue!

These corpses were chained through their shoulder blades, suspended in mid-air like dried meat.

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They were dressed in various colored garments, clearly cultivators in life.

"This...this is..." Ming Li's pupils contracted sharply.

Chen Ping's face darkened: "It seems the so-called Holy Light opportunity was nothing but a scam. Those pilgrims were just materials delivered to our door."

His gaze swept across the cavern, where dozens of divine cultivators were busy at work. They forced the newly arrived cultivators to kneel before the statue.

After kneeling, the cultivators became dazed, allowing the divine race cultivators to pierce their shoulder blades with specially crafted iron chains and hoist them into the air.

"They are extracting the cultivators' essence, blood, and soul," Chen Ping said coldly. "This statue is an evil artifact!"

As soon as he finished speaking, the statue suddenly trembled.

The magical artifacts in its eight hands simultaneously lit up, emitting a scarlet light.

The desiccated corpses suspended in the air began to tremble slightly, and wisps of blood-red mist drifted from their bodies, flowing into the statue's mouth.

As the mist was inhaled, the patterns on the statue's surface gradually lit up, and an evil and powerful aura spread out.

"Quick! The ghost corpse is about to awaken!"

A divine cultivator wearing a golden crown shouted excitedly, "Increase the sacrifice! Send up all the remaining materials!"

A dozen more cultivators were brought forward. This time, the divine cultivator didn't make them kneel; instead, he directly slashed their wrists, splattering their blood at the statue's feet.

The blood seeped into the ground, flowing along the carved patterns, eventually converging at the statue's base.

Ming Li stared at the bizarre eight-armed, snake-tailed statue, a look of doubt and uncertainty flashing in his eyes.

Memories deep within his ghost race bloodline were stirred, and fragments of ancient information flashed through his mind.

"This aura...this appearance..."

Ming Li murmured to himself, his face gradually turning pale, "Impossible...how could it be..."

"You recognize this statue?" Chen Ping noticed Ming Li's unusual behavior.

Ming Li took a deep breath, his voice trembling with disbelief: "Mr. Chen, this statue... it depicts a powerful figure from our Ghost Clan's ancient era, the Ghost Weeping Saint Venerable."

“A Ghost Clan powerhouse?”

Chen Ping frowned. “Why would a statue of a Ghost Clan powerhouse be enshrined on the territory of the God Clan?”

“That’s precisely what I don’t understand.”

Ming Li shook his head, his eyes filled with confusion. “The Ghost Weeping Saint Venerable is a figure from tens of thousands of years ago in Ghost Clan legends. It is said that he single-handedly fought against three True Immortals of the God Clan, ultimately disappearing mysteriously. Ghost Clan records state that he died on the battlefield, his soul returning to the Netherworld...”

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He looked at the statue, which was absorbing blood and trembling incessantly: “But if this statue is carved in the likeness of the Ghost Weeping Saint Venerable, then why would the God Clan enshrine him here? And why would they use blood and souls to resurrect him?”

At this moment, the shouts of the Golden Crown God Clan cultivators rang out again: “Quick! The blood sacrifice cannot stop! The Ghost Corpse is about to awaken!”

Ghost Corpse!

These two words made Ming Li’s body tremble.

“I understand...”

A flash of understanding crossed Ming Li’s eyes, then turned to rage. “The gods don’t want to resurrect the Ghost Cry Saint Venerable; they want to refine him into a ghost corpse puppet under their control!”

“A ghost corpse puppet?” Chen Ping asked.

“That’s a forbidden secret technique of the Ghost Clan.”

Ming Li gritted his teeth. “It refines the corpses of powerful Ghost Clan members using special methods, preserving some of their former power while erasing their consciousness, turning them into killing tools that only obey the creator. This evil technique is strictly forbidden even within the Ghost Clan, I never expected the gods to...”

Before he could finish speaking, the entire Holy Mountain suddenly trembled violently!

It wasn't just the cave where the statue was located that shook; the entire Holy Mountain was trembling!

The mountain roared, boulders tumbled down, and the ground cracked.

The cultivators who were climbing the mountain to worship screamed in terror, prostrating themselves on the ground, thinking it was the Saint Venerable manifesting.

Chen Ping and Ming Li steadied themselves and looked up.

Eight crimson pillars of light shot skyward from the summit of the sacred mountain, piercing through the thick immortal mist and soaring straight into the heavens!

The pillars were octagonal, connected by crimson energy, forming a massive array covering the entire sacred mountain!

At the center of the array, at the summit of the sacred mountain, a terrifying suction force emanated.

The blood from the wounds of the cultivators whose wrists had been cut by the divine race no longer flowed merely towards the patterns at the statue's feet, but was instead drawn by an invisible force, transforming into streaks of blood that flew towards the summit!

Not only the blood in the caves, but all living beings on the sacred mountain—the pilgrims, the divine guards, even the birds and beasts of the mountain—felt their blood churning, as if it were being drawn from their bodies!

“All eight altars... are activated...”

The golden-crowned cultivator was overjoyed, kneeling on the ground. “The Holy Venerable is about to reappear! The temple will gain another invincible ghost corpse!”

Inside the cave, the statue of the Ghostly Weeping Holy Venerable absorbed blood at a sudden acceleration.

Fine cracks began to appear on the stone surface, emanating a scarlet light, as if something was about to burst forth from within.

The statue’s eight arms began to move slowly, the magical artifacts in their hands humming. Its scarlet eyes grew brighter and brighter, almost dripping blood.