

## **The Order 10231**

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“We can’t let it awaken!”

Chen Ping shouted sharply, “Once this ghost corpse fully awakens, countless lives will suffer!”

Before he finished speaking, he had already transformed into a gray streak of light, rushing straight towards the golden-crowned cultivator!

To catch the thief, first catch the king!

The golden-crowned cultivator reacted with lightning speed. Sensing the approaching killing intent, he immediately rolled to dodge, shouting, “Stop him!”

Dozens of divine cultivators within the cave attacked simultaneously, unleashing a barrage of magical abilities and treasures upon Chen Ping.

But Chen Ping was faster.

His Dragon-Slaying Sword was drawn, its gray light flowing like a dragon, felling divine cultivators like harvested wheat wherever it passed.

His objective was clear: first kill the golden-crowned cultivator presiding over the blood sacrifice, then destroy the statue!

“Ming Li, save them!”

Chen Ping forced back three divine cultivators with a single sword strike, shouting simultaneously.

Ming Li, recovering from his shock, immediately nodded, "Understood!"

His figure blurred, transforming into dozens of black shadows, darting through the cave.

Where the shadows passed, the desiccated corpses, their shoulders pierced by chains and hanging in mid-air, fell to the ground.

Although they were already dead, their souls hadn't completely dissipated; if they could be saved, there might still be a chance for reincarnation.

As for the cultivators who had just been brought in and hadn't yet been hoisted, Ming Li rescued them one by one, severing their bindings.

"Seeking death!"

Seeing Chen Ping's unstoppable momentum and Ming Li destroying the blood sacrifice materials, the golden-crowned cultivator flew into a rage.

He took out a golden bell and shook it vigorously.

Ding-a-ling!

The clear sound of the bell echoed throughout the cave.

The cultivators rescued by Ming Li suddenly became dazed, their eyes turning red, and they turned to pounce on Ming Li!

"Soul-Controlling Bell!"

Ming Li's expression changed, and he hurriedly retreated.

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These cultivators, controlled by the bell, became the golden-crowned cultivator's puppets, attacking Ming Li recklessly.

Although their cultivation levels were low, their numbers were large, and they were completely fearless, managing to entangle Ming Li for a time.

The golden-crowned cultivator seized the opportunity to rush towards Chen Ping, a golden longsword appearing in his hand: "Boy, prepare to die!"

"Divine King Sword Technique – Heavenly Punishment!"

The golden sword light, like thunder from the heavens, carried a majestic divine might, slashing towards Chen Ping.

This sword strike contained the power of the divine royal bloodline; its power was so great that the entire cave trembled.

The golden-crowned cultivator was at the peak of the seventh rank of the Upper Immortal Realm, and with the enhancement of the Divine King bloodline, the power of this sword strike was approaching that of the eighth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm!

But Chen Ping was not afraid at all.

"A mere trick."

He held the Dragon-Slaying Sword horizontally, gray sword light condensing.

There were no fancy moves, just a simple, straight thrust.

Clang!

The tips of the two swords collided precisely.

Time seemed to stand still for a moment.

The next moment, the golden sword light shattered with a deafening roar!

The golden-crowned cultivator's golden longsword shattered inch by inch. He himself was struck as if by a heavy blow, flying backward and crashing into the cave wall, spitting out a mouthful of blood.

"You... what realm are you?!"

The golden-crowned cultivator was horrified.

He clearly sensed that Chen Ping was only at the peak of the first rank of the Upper Immortal Realm, so why was his combat power so terrifying?

Chen Ping did not answer. He took a step forward, already in front of the golden-crowned cultivator, the Dragon-Slaying Sword pressed against his throat.

"Speak! What exactly is going on with this Sacred Mountain? Why are the gods creating ghost corpses?"

The golden-crowned cultivator's face was deathly pale, but a glint of madness flashed in his eyes: "Heh heh...you can't stop it...the eight altars are already activated, the blood sacrifice array is complete...the Ghost Weeping Saint is about to reappear...when that happens, you will all die..."

"Stubborn fool."

Chen Ping thrust his sword forward, piercing the golden-crowned cultivator's throat halfway. "If you don't speak, I'll kill you right now."

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The fear of death finally overwhelmed his madness, and the golden-crowned cultivator trembled as he said, "I'll talk...I'll talk..."

"The Sacred Mountain...the entire Sacred Mountain...is actually the corpse of the Ghost Weeping Saint..."

What?!

Chen Ping and Ming Li were both shocked.

The entire Sacred Mountain was formed from a single corpse?

"Tens of thousands of years ago, the Ghost Cry Saint Venerable fought a great battle with three True Immortals of the Temple, and was ultimately suppressed here."

The golden-crowned cultivator said with difficulty, "But his cultivation was extraordinary; even in death, his body remained indestructible, absorbing the spiritual energy of heaven and earth, transforming into a mountain range..."

"The successive Temple Masters have all wanted to control this Saint Venerable's body, but the Ghost Cry Saint Venerable placed a restriction within it before his death, making it impossible for those without Ghost Clan blood to control. Until three hundred years ago, the current Temple Master, Divine Power, devised a method, using a blood sacrifice to forcibly awaken the remaining consciousness within the body." "Then, using the secret techniques of the divine race, they will refine it into a ghost corpse..."

"In this way, the restrictions placed on the Ghost Cry Saint Venerable during his lifetime will be eroded by the power of blood sacrifice, ultimately falling under the control of the temple..."

The golden-crowned cultivator coughed up blood: "Eight altars... each corresponding to one of the eight key parts of the corpse... Once the blood sacrifice array is complete... all living beings within the entire

Holy Mountain will be sacrificed... to awaken the Ghost Cry Saint Venerable's corpse... and refine it into a ghost corpse that only obeys the temple..."

"What vicious methods you employ!" Ming Li was furious.

A Ghost Clan Saint Venerable, even in death, his corpse cannot find peace, and he will be refined into a puppet by his enemies—what a disgrace!

Chen Ping's eyes flashed with even colder light: "The eight pillars of light on the summit, are those the eight altars?"

"Yes... the Blood Sacrifice Array is seventy percent activated... in another quarter of an hour... it will be fully formed..."

The golden-crowned cultivator gave a bitter laugh, "You can't stop it... the altars are guarded by powerful gods... and once the array is activated... unless at least three altars are destroyed simultaneously... it cannot be interrupted..."

"Now... it's too late..."

As if confirming his words, the sacred mountain trembled even more violently.

The eight blood-red pillars of light on the summit grew brighter and brighter, the interconnected blood-red energy almost solidifying.

All living beings within the entire sacred mountain range felt their blood boiling; those with weaker cultivation began to bleed from their seven orifices!

The pilgrims were horrified to discover that their vital essence was being uncontrollably drawn from their bodies, transforming into blood streaks that flew towards the summit.

They wanted to escape, but an invisible barrier seemed to exist within the sacred mountain range, sealing off all paths.

“Help!”

“Let us out!”

“The gods have deceived us! This isn’t the Holy Mountain, it’s a demon’s lair!”

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Screams and cries echoed throughout the Holy Mountain.

Inside the cave, the tremors of the Ghostly Saint statue reached their peak.

Large sections of its stone outer shell peeled away, revealing a body as black as ink within.

It was a hundred-zhang-tall ghostly body, human torso with a snake’s tail, and eight ferocious arms.

Although its eyes remained closed, the aura it emitted distorted the very space around it.

“It’s about to awaken...”

The golden-crowned cultivator stared at the statue with fascination, “The Saint is about to awaken...”

Chen Ping didn’t hesitate, ending the golden-crowned cultivator’s life with a single sword strike.

“Ming Li, let’s split up.”

Chen Ping quickly made a decision, “You go and disrupt the blood sacrifice ritual in the cave, preventing the statue from fully awakening. I’ll go to the mountaintop and destroy the altar as much as possible.”

“But Mr. Chen, there must be powerful gods guarding the mountaintop, you’ll be alone...” Ming Li said worriedly.

“It’s alright.”

Chen Ping looked at the statue about to awaken. “If it fully awakens, that will be the real problem. You do your best to stop it here; I’ll try at the summit.”

“Also, these controlled cultivators...”

Chen Ping looked at the cultivators controlled by the Soul-Controlling Bell, who were besieging Ming Li.

Ming Li gritted his teeth: “I’ll find a way to break the control. The Ghost Clan has a secret technique to break soul control, but it will take time.”

“Alright, hurry up.”

Chen Ping said no more, his figure blurring as he rushed out of the cave.

The Divine Clan cultivators along the way tried to stop him, but no one could stop Chen Ping’s sword light.

He moved like a gray lightning bolt through the cave passages, quickly bursting out of the cave and arriving in the outside world.

The outside world was now a scene of hell.

On the holy mountain, thousands of pilgrims lay on the ground, wailing in agony.

Their life essence was forcibly extracted, turning into streaks of blood that flew towards the summit.

Those with lower cultivation levels had already turned into desiccated corpses, while those with higher levels were struggling to survive.

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In the sky, eight crimson pillars of light connected, forming an array that enveloped the entire sacred mountain.

Between the pillars, crimson energy intertwined like chains, forming a massive cage.

Chen Ping looked up at the mountaintop, his eyes flashing with cold light.

He transformed into a streak of light, flying against the direction from which the crimson lines had originated, speeding towards the summit.

The higher he went, the stronger the suction became, and the denser the crimson energy grew.

If Chen Ping hadn't possessed the power of chaos, capable of devouring all laws, he would likely have been affected by this suction, his essence and blood leaking out.

When he reached the mountainside, a dozen figures suddenly appeared ahead, blocking his path.

Leading them was an old man with white hair, clad in a golden divine robe, his aura as deep as the sea—a peak eighth-grade Upper Immortal!

Behind him were twelve golden-armored divine generals, each possessing cultivation levels of the sixth or seventh grade Upper Immortal.

“Halt.”

The white-haired elder said calmly, "This is a sacred mountain, unauthorized personnel are not permitted."

Chen Ping stopped, coldly staring at the elder: "You divine race, under the guise of pilgrimage, actually perform blood sacrifices, slaughtering countless lives. Aren't you afraid of divine retribution?"

The white-haired elder laughed: "Divine retribution? In the Fourteenth Heaven, the Divine Temple is heaven itself. As for you, if I'm not mistaken, you are Chen Ping from the Thirteenth Heaven, aren't you?"

"You know me?" Chen Ping raised an eyebrow.

"Of course I know."

The white-haired elder stroked his beard and said, "Destroying the Path to Heaven, killing the Great Venerable, forcing back the Temple's special envoy... your name is renowned throughout the Temple. The Temple Master is very interested in you and specifically instructed that if he sees you, he should try to recruit you."

He paused: "Chen Ping, join the Temple. With your talent, if you are nurtured by the Temple, you will surely become a True Immortal within a hundred years. Why make an enemy of the Temple for those ant-like beings of the lower realms?"

Chen Ping also smiled: "Recruit me? And then treat me like the pilgrims on this sacred mountain?"  
"You'll use me as a blood sacrifice one day too?"

"You're different."

The white-haired elder shook his head. "You are a genius with the bloodline of the Golden Dragon and the power of Chaos. The Temple will only value you, not harm you."

"Unfortunately, I don't believe it."

Chen Ping held his Dragon-Slaying Sword level. "Get out of my way, or die."

The white-haired elder's face darkened: "You won't listen to reason, so don't blame me for being ruthless."

He waved his hand: "Form the formation, capture him!"

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Twelve golden-armored generals quickly dispersed, forming a battle formation, surrounding Chen Ping in the center.

As soon as the battle formation was complete, the auras of the twelve men merged into one, their power surging, even faintly possessing the oppressive feeling of a ninth-grade Immortal!

"Kill!"

The twelve men shouted in unison, twelve golden spear shadows like dragons emerging from the sea, piercing towards Chen Ping from all directions.

Chen Ping neither dodged nor evaded, his Dragon-Slaying Sword sweeping horizontally.

"Chaotic Sword Domain – Open!"

The gray domain instantly expanded, covering an area of a hundred feet.

The twelve spear shadows slowed drastically and their power diminished upon entering the domain.

Chen Ping's figure moved like a ghost, weaving through the spear shadows.

With each swing of the Dragon-Slaying Sword, a divine general fell.

Sword light flashed like lightning, blood blossomed.

Three breaths later, all twelve divine generals lay on the ground, and the battle formation collapsed.

The white-haired elder's pupils constricted: "Such a fast sword...such a strange domain..."

He finally abandoned his contempt: "It seems the Palace Master underestimated you. Your true combat strength is probably approaching the ninth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm."

"Get out of the way now, it's not too late."

Chen Ping pointed his sword at the elder.

The white-haired old man laughed: "Young man, you are indeed very strong. But this is the Holy Mountain, territory that the temple has cultivated for ten thousand years."

He formed a hand seal: "I'll show you the true power of the Holy Mountain's grand formation."

As the words fell, the sacred mountain trembled, and eight crimson beams simultaneously shot down, converging on the white-haired elder.

The elder's aura surged, from the peak of the eighth rank to the early ninth rank, then to the mid-ninth rank... finally settling at the peak of the ninth rank!

His white hair turned blood red, his eyes were crimson, and his body was enveloped in crimson light, like a blood demon descending to earth.

"With the blessing of the Blood Sacrifice Array, I can briefly possess the power of the peak of the ninth rank."

The elder's voice became hoarse and eerie, "Chen Ping, it's an honor for you to die in this state."

He unleashed a palm strike.

The crimson palm print blotted out the sky, countless vengeful spirits wailing within its palm, carrying a terrifying suction force, as if to drain Chen Ping's essence, blood, and soul.

This was an evil technique infused with the power of the Blood Sacrifice Array!

Chen Ping's expression turned solemn. The power of this palm strike had indeed reached the peak of the ninth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm, even faintly touching the threshold of the True Immortal Realm.

He couldn't take it head-on.

Chen Ping retreated rapidly, simultaneously unleashing dozens of sword lights from his Dragon-Slaying Sword towards the blood-red palm print.

The sword lights struck the palm print, like mud sinking into the sea, only creating slight ripples.

The palm print continued its relentless advance, hot on Chen Ping's heels.

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"You can't escape."

The white-haired old man grinned maliciously. "Within the Holy Mountain's boundaries, no matter where you run, you can't escape the array's perception."

Chen Ping suddenly stopped.

He stopped running and turned to face the blood-red palm print.

“Who said I was going to run?”

The Dragon-Slaying Sword was held upright before his chest, and Chen Ping closed his eyes.

Within his body, the Chaos Dao Seed spun wildly, the Golden Dragon Bloodline boiled, and the Netherworld Qi circulated.

The three forces began to merge under the harmonization of the Yin-Yang Returning Origin Technique.

Chaos as the foundation, the Golden Dragon as Yang, and the Netherworld as Yin.

The three elements united, capable of breaking all laws.

“Slash.”

Chen Ping opened his eyes and slashed out with his sword.

There was no dazzling sword light, no terrifying aura.

Only a simple, unadorned gray sword beam, as thin as a hair, silently flew towards the blood-red palm print.

The white-haired elder initially paid no attention, but the next second, his expression changed drastically.

The moment the gray sword light touched the blood-red palm print, the palm print began to dissolve!

It wasn't shattered, but dissolved, like ice and snow meeting fire, rapidly crumbling.

The vengeful spirit within the palm let out a shrill scream, turning into wisps of smoke and dissipating.

The gray sword light, undeterred, pierced through the palm print and shot straight at the white-haired elder.

"Impossible!"

The white-haired elder was utterly horrified and hurriedly summoned all his protective magical treasures.

A golden shield, a jade talisman, a blood-red banner... seven or eight top-tier defensive magical treasures lit up simultaneously, forming layers of barriers before him.

But the gray sword light seemed to ignore them, piercing through layer after layer.

\*Swoosh!\*

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The sword light finally pierced through the last barrier and sank into the white-haired elder's chest.

The white-haired elder's body stiffened, and he looked down at his chest.

There were no wounds, no bloodstains, but his life force was rapidly fading.

"What...what kind of power is this..."

He uttered these words with difficulty, his body beginning to turn to ash, dissipating in the wind.

One sword strike, slaying a peak ninth-grade Upper Immortal!

Although this peak ninth-grade Upper Immortal was enhanced by external force, and somewhat inflated, Chen Ping's sword strike was still incredibly powerful!

Chen Ping sheathed his sword, his face pale.

That last sword strike had almost exhausted seventy percent of his power.

While the Three Elements Returning to One technique was powerful, it also placed a tremendous burden on his body.

He dared not delay, swallowing several recovery pills and continuing his flight towards the mountaintop.

No one stopped him along the way.

Soon, Chen Ping reached the summit.

The summit was a massive platform, and in the center of the platform stood eight blood-red altars, arranged in an octagonal pattern.

Each altar was about ten zhang tall, intricately engraved with array patterns, from which blood flowed, emanating a thick, pungent stench.

Between the eight altars, crimson energy connected them, forming a complete array. At the center of the array, a gigantic crimson heart floated, beating rhythmically.

Thump...thump...thump...

With each beat, the entire sacred mountain trembled.

Countless threads of blood flew in from all directions, converging into the heart.

After absorbing the blood, the heart beat even more powerfully, emanating an increasingly terrifying aura.

Chen Ping could sense that within that heart, a terrifying being was being conceived—the remnant consciousness of the Ghost Crying Saint Venerable, or rather, the nascent form of a ghost corpse.

Once the heart was fully formed, the ghost corpse would awaken completely, becoming a killing tool controlled by the temple.

It must be destroyed!

Chen Ping's gaze swept across the eight altars, quickly locking onto three. According to the golden-crowned cultivator, destroying all three altars simultaneously would interrupt the blood sacrifice formation.

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However, the altars were protected by arrays, and the eight altars were interconnected; attacking one would trigger a simultaneous counterattack from the other seven.

“I have no choice but to force my way through.”

Chen Ping selected three of the closest altars, took a deep breath, and prepared to attack simultaneously.

But just then, a familiar voice rang out.

“Chen Ping, you really came.”

Chen Ping turned around and saw Lin Wuchen and Yue Liuli emerging from behind one of the altars.

And not just them.

From all directions, figures appeared.

More than thirty Divine Race cultivators, each possessing a powerful aura. The weakest was at the sixth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm, and the strongest, several elders, were at the ninth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm!

They were clearly prepared, waiting for Chen Ping to walk right into their trap.

“I didn’t expect you to actually dare to come to the Fourteenth Heaven.”

Lin Wuchen looked at Chen Ping, a complex expression flashing in his eyes. “Being defeated by you in the Thirteenth Heaven is the shame of my life. Today, I will personally wash away this shame.”

Yue Liuli also coldly said, “Chen Ping, you ruined my temple’s grand plan and killed my temple’s cultivators. Today, you will not return alive!”

Chen Ping glanced at the crowd, his expression calm: “Just you?”

“Arrogant!”

A ninth-rank elder sneered, “Chen Ping, you are indeed exceptionally talented.” “Your combat power is astonishing. But this is a sacred mountain, enhanced by the Blood Sacrifice Array, our strength has multiplied. And you, alone, how can you withstand it?”

Another elder spoke up: “Chen Ping, the Palace Master values talent and will give you one last chance. Join the Temple, hand over the secrets of the Golden Dragon Bloodline and the Power of Chaos, and you may be spared. Otherwise, today is your death day.”

Chen Ping laughed: “Recruit me? And then, like with the Ghost Cry Saint Venerable, one day turn me into a puppet?”

The elders’ faces darkened.

“Stubborn to the end, then die!”

More than thirty Divine Race cultivators attacked simultaneously.

Various supernatural powers, magical treasures, and arrays rained down on Chen Ping.

The mountaintop platform was instantly engulfed in multicolored light, the terrifying energy fluctuations causing the space itself to tremble.

Chen Ping, at the center of the attack, remained unusually calm.

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This was the moment he had been waiting for.

“Chaotic True Body!”

“Golden Dragon Bloodline!”

“Yin Yang Return to Origin Technique – Three Elements Return to One!”

The three supreme powers erupted simultaneously, Chen Ping’s aura instantly soaring to its peak.

Half of his body shone with golden light like the sun, the other half was shrouded in gray mist like chaos, black energy flowing between his chest and abdomen, perfectly fusing the two powers.

On the Dragon-Slaying Sword, three-colored sword light flickered erratically, the blade emitting an excited hum.

“Break!”

Chen Ping unleashed a sword strike, the three-colored sword light spreading out in a fan shape, meeting all the attacks.

Boom!

A terrifying explosion swept across the entire mountaintop. The protective arrays of the eight altars trembled violently, countless cracks appeared on the platforms, and several altars even began to tilt.

More than thirty Divine Race cultivators were blasted away by the explosion; those with weaker cultivation levels coughed up blood and were seriously injured on the spot.

Chen Ping was also badly injured; enduring so many attacks, even with the Three Elements Return to One protecting him, he suffered considerable internal injuries.

Without pausing, he seized the moment when the divine cultivators were knocked back, transforming into three afterimages and simultaneously lunging towards the three chosen altars.

“Not good! He’s going to destroy the altars!”

“Stop him!”

The divine cultivators were shocked and hurriedly tried to stop him.

But Chen Ping's speed was too fast; the three afterimages arrived at the three altars almost simultaneously, and the Dragon-Slaying Sword was swung out.

"Chaos – Creation!"

Three gray sword lights simultaneously struck the base of the altars.

The protective array of the altars was like paper before the chaotic sword light, shattering instantly.

The sword light continued its momentum, piercing into the interior of the altars.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Giant cracks appeared on all three altars simultaneously, the cracks rapidly spreading until finally...