

The Order 10241

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Boom! Boom! Boom!

The three altars exploded!

The moment the altars exploded, the Blood Sacrifice Array trembled violently.

The eight crimson pillars of light dimmed, and the connecting crimson energy chains shattered inch by inch.

The crimson heart, suspended in the center of the formation, emitted a piercing scream, its beating becoming erratic.

The tremors of the entire sacred mountain ceased.

The blood threads that had been flying towards the summit snapped, the suction force within the pilgrims vanished, and their essence blood stopped flowing out.

Inside the cave, the statue of the Ghostly Weeping Saint, about to fully awaken, suddenly trembled. The cracks on its surface stopped spreading, and the scarlet light began to fade.

It was a success!

The Blood Sacrifice Formation had been interrupted!

“No!!!”

The divine cultivators roared in despair.

The plan they had painstakingly built over three hundred years, which was on the verge of success, had been ruined by Chen Ping alone!

“Kill him! Kill him!”

Lin Wuchen’s eyes were bloodshot, and he appeared insane.

Yue Liuli gritted her teeth, “Chen Ping, I’ll tear you to pieces!”

The remaining twenty-five Divine Clan cultivators attacked again, this time holding nothing back, unleashing their strongest attacks.

Chen Ping smiled.

The great formation was broken, the ghost corpse hadn’t awakened, and his goal had been achieved.

Now, it was time to leave.

“Ming Li, retreat!”

Chen Ping transmitted his voice to Ming Li in the mountainside cave.

“Mr. Chen, I’ve rescued most of the cultivators, and I’ve destroyed the Soul-Controlling Bell.”

Ming Li replied, “But the cave entrance is sealed by the Divine Clan, and I’m trying to break through.”

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“Hold on, I’ll come to your aid.”

Chen Ping stopped fighting the Divine Clan cultivators, unleashing a ring of sword light with his Dragon-Slaying Sword, forcing them back, then transforming into a stream of light and rushing towards the mountainside.

“Stop him! Don’t let him escape!”

The Divine Clan cultivators gave chase.

Chen Ping moved with incredible speed, reaching the cave halfway up the mountain in just a few breaths.

He saw a dozen or so divine race cultivators guarding the cave entrance, and the sounds of fighting echoed from within.

“Get out of the way!”

Chen Ping unleashed a sword strike, a crescent-shaped gray light sweeping across the cave, instantly cutting down the divine race cultivators at the entrance.

He rushed into the cave and saw Ming Li protecting dozens of rescued cultivators, locked in fierce combat with over twenty divine race cultivators.

Although the cultivators were not highly skilled, under Ming Li’s command, they formed a simple battle formation and were barely holding on.

“Mr. Chen!” Ming Li’s spirits lifted upon seeing Chen Ping.

“Go!” Chen Ping forced back the attacking divine race cultivators with his sword, opening a passage.

Ming Li led the rescued cultivators swiftly out of the cave, while Chen Ping brought up the rear.

The divine race cultivators outside the cave had caught up and joined the cultivators inside, numbering over forty, completely surrounding Chen Ping and his group.

Lin Wuchen and Yue Liuli arrived, their faces ashen.

“Chen Ping, you’re not getting away today!” Lin Wuchen gritted his teeth.

Chen Ping surveyed his surroundings. The number of Divine Clan cultivators had grown to over fifty, including six at the ninth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm.

A direct confrontation was not an option.

He looked at Ming Li: “How many can you take with you?”

Ming Li smiled bitterly: “With my cultivation level, I can only teleport ten at most. And the distance can’t be too far.”

Chen Ping nodded: “That’s enough. You take these cultivators and go first; I’ll cover the rear.”

“No! Mr. Chen, we’ll all go together!” Ming Li said urgently.

“That’s an order.” Chen Ping left no room for argument. “Your presence will only be a burden. Don’t worry, if I want to leave, they can’t stop me.”

Ming Li gritted his teeth and finally nodded: “Mr. Chen, be careful!”

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He formed hand seals, unleashing a Ghost Clan secret technique. A cloud of black mist enveloped the ten cultivators.

The black mist dissipated, and the eleven had vanished.

“Ghost Clan Escape Technique! Chase!” a ninth-rank elder shouted fiercely.

But Chen Ping stood in their way.

“Your opponent is me.”

With the Dragon-Slaying Sword held high, Chen Ping faced over fifty powerful members of the Divine Clan alone, showing no fear.

Lin Wuchen laughed angrily, “Chen Ping, you’re far too arrogant! Do you really think we can’t do anything to you?”

“Try and see,” Chen Ping said calmly.

The Divine Clan cultivators stopped talking and attacked simultaneously.

This time, Chen Ping didn’t try to withstand the attack head-on.

His figure blurred, transforming into dozens of afterimages, weaving through the crowd.

With each swing of the Dragon-Slaying Sword, a Divine Clan cultivator fell.

He didn't seek to kill, only to create chaos, buying more time for Ming Li.

The Chaotic Sword Domain unfolded, a gray area covering a radius of a hundred feet. Within the domain, Chen Ping moved with ease, while the Divine Clan cultivators were trapped in a quagmire.

"Form an array! Don't let him pick you off one by one!" an elder shouted.

The divine race cultivators quickly formed an array, but Chen Ping gave them no chance.

He specifically attacked the weak points of the array, disrupting its formation and preventing the divine race cultivators from forming an effective encirclement.

For a time, more than fifty divine race cultivators were held back by Chen Ping alone, unable to escape.

"Damn it!" Lin Wuchen trembled with rage.

A cold glint flashed in Yue Liuli's eyes: "Use that move."

She took out a golden talisman, bit her tongue, and spat out a mouthful of blood essence onto the talisman.

The talisman shone brightly, transforming into a golden chain that coiled towards Chen Ping.

"The God King's Binding Immortal Rope!" a divine race cultivator exclaimed.

This was a top-tier talisman treasured by the divine temple; once bound, it was difficult for anyone below the True Immortal level to break free.

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Sensing the threat of the golden chain, Chen Ping hurriedly dodged.

But the chains remained, relentlessly pursuing him.

Meanwhile, the other divine cultivators unleashed their most powerful magical treasures and talismans, raining down various binding and restraining techniques upon Chen Ping.

Chen Ping felt immense pressure.

No matter how strong he was, he couldn't possibly withstand so many top-tier magical treasures and techniques simultaneously.

He had to leave.

Chen Ping took a deep breath, unleashing all the remaining power within him.

“Chaos·Golden Dragon·Netherworld—Three Elements Return to One·Boundary Break!”

He gripped his sword with both hands and slashed at the void ahead.

The gray sword light struck the void, tearing open a spatial rift!

Within the rift were chaotic spatial currents, but Chen Ping didn't hesitate, stepping into it.

“Trying to run? Dream on!”

Lin Wuchen roared, unleashing the full power of his Immortal-Slaying Sword, a silver sword light chasing into the rift.

Yue Liuli also manipulated the God-King Binding Immortal Rope, binding Chen Ping.

But it was too late. Chen Ping's figure disappeared into the crack, which quickly closed.

The silver sword light and golden chains collided with the closing space, erupting with blinding light, yet unable to penetrate.

Chen Ping escaped.

"Ah!!!" Lin Wuchen roared to the sky, seemingly insane.

Yue Liuli's face was so dark it could drip water.

The six ninth-rank elders exchanged bewildered glances, their eyes filled with horror.

Under the siege of over fifty powerful members of the Divine Race, within the range of the Sacred Mountain's grand formation, Chen Ping not only destroyed the Blood Sacrifice Formation and saved people, but also escaped unscathed.

This strength, this courage, this method...

If this boy is not eliminated, he will surely become a major threat to the Divine Temple!

"Chase him!"

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An old man gritted his teeth. “He forcibly tore through space; he must be seriously injured. He can’t have gone far!”

“Use all our power! Search every 10,000 miles around the Holy Mountain! We must find him!”

The divine cultivators transformed into streaks of light, scattering in all directions to search.

Meanwhile, in a valley a hundred miles from the Holy Mountain, a rift opened in space, and Chen Ping staggered out.

His face was ashen, and he had a deep, bone-revealing sword wound on his chest, left by Lin Wuchen’s final strike.

There was also a mark from a golden chain on his back, almost breaking his spine.

Even more serious were his internal injuries.

Forcibly using the Three Elements Unity technique to break through space had almost exhausted all his power; his Chaos Dao Seed and Golden Dragon Bloodline were both dim and lifeless.

But he was still alive.

Chen Ping swallowed the last few pills and sat cross-legged to meditate.

Half an hour later, Ming Li appeared, accompanied by black mist.

“Mr. Chen!” Ming Li exclaimed in shock upon seeing Chen Ping’s injuries.

“It’s alright, I won’t die.”

Chen Ping opened his eyes. "Where are those cultivators?"

"I've placed them in a cave a hundred miles away, setting up a concealment array. They're safe for now," Ming Li said. "Mr. Chen, your injuries..."

"They need time to heal." Chen Ping stood up. "It's not safe here. The Divine Race will be searching soon. We must leave as soon as possible."

"Where to?" Ming Li asked.

Chen Ping gazed into the distance, a resolute glint in his eyes.

"To the Divine Hall."

"Since the Divine Hall wants to kill me, I'll go find their enemy. Besides, the Divine Hall is the only hope to save Senior Mu Sha's soul."

The two transformed into streaks of light and disappeared into the valley.

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The Divine Hall.

Inside the majestic main hall, Shen Tong was discussing with the twelve elders how to subtly spread the news of the Golden Dragon bloodline's emergence.

"This matter needs to be done cleverly," Shen Tong said, picking up his jade cup and taking a sip of immortal liquid. "Being too deliberate will only arouse suspicion. It's best to let those reclusive old fogies find out by chance, thus prompting them to send people down to the mortal realm."

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Elder Hong Yan smiled, "Don't worry, Hall Master, I've made all the arrangements. Three days later, at the largest underground trade fair in the Northern Region, a fragmented jade slip containing information about the Golden Dragon Clan's secret realm will unexpectedly appear."

Seventy percent of the jade slip is genuine, and thirty percent is fake—enough to pass for the real thing.”

“Very good,” Shen Tong nodded in satisfaction. “Chen Ping is only a first-grade Upper Immortal; even with the Golden Dragon bloodline, he can’t cause much trouble.

Once the experts of the Fourteenth Heaven flock to the mortal realm, he will...” “Even with three heads and six arms, he’ll only face certain death.”

The white-haired elder seemed worried: “Palace Master, Chen Ping was able to defeat Wuchen and Liuli, and even slay a Great Venerable. He’s probably not an ordinary First-Rank Immortal.

If he hides in the demon army or escapes into a void rift, our people sent to the lower realm might not be able to capture him easily...”

“It’s alright.”

Shen Tong put down his jade cup, his expression calm. “He can hide for a while, but not forever. The lower realm is resource-scarce and spiritual energy is thin; he can’t remain hidden forever. Besides...”

He paused, a cold smile playing on his lips: “If he truly has the guts, he might come to the Fourteenth Heaven on his own initiative.”

Upon hearing this, all the elders were taken aback.

“Palace Master, do you mean...” the white-haired elder asked tentatively.

“Just speculation.”

Shen Tong said leisurely, “Chen Ping’s high-profile actions in the Thirteenth Heaven—destroying the Path to Heaven and killing a Grand Venerable—show he’s not one to remain hidden. If he knew what the Golden Dragon bloodline meant in the Fourteenth Heaven, he might very well take the risk.”

He looked at the elders: “Give the order to all branch halls to keep an eye out for unfamiliar faces, especially young human cultivators. If Chen Ping is spotted, report it immediately; no one is allowed to act without authorization.”

“Yes!”

The elders responded in unison.

Just then...

Fast footsteps suddenly came from outside the main hall.

A golden-armored general, looking flustered, almost stumbled into the hall and knelt on the ground.

“Reporting to the Hall Master! Urgent report from the Holy Mountain!”

Shen Tong frowned slightly.

The affairs of the Holy Mountain were always handled by the Golden Crown Venerable; he was usually calm and collected, why was he so flustered?

“Speak.”

The golden-armored general, his forehead dripping with cold sweat, trembled as he said, “The Holy Mountain... the Holy Mountain Blood Sacrifice Array has been destroyed! The three altars are ruined, the awakening of the Ghostly Weeping Saint Venerable has been interrupted, and the Golden Crown Venerable... the Golden Crown Venerable has died in the line of duty!”

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Boom!

A terrifying pressure suddenly erupted from the divine throne, like the collapse of the heavens and the cracking of the earth, like a mountain collapsing and a tsunami crashing down.

The twelve elders all paled, and the golden-armored general was struck as if by a heavy blow, forced to the ground, blood seeping from his seven orifices, yet he dared not even utter a groan.

Shen Tong slowly rose.

His face remained dignified and calm, but the pressure emanating from him caused the entire main hall to tremble.

The divine beast patterns on the white jade pillars seemed to come alive, emitting a mournful hum.

“What did you say?”

His voice remained calm, yet it was as cold as ice, chilling to the bone.

The golden-armored general strained to utter a few words: “The Holy Mountain... was attacked... three altars were destroyed... the Golden Crown Venerable died in battle... the Blood Sacrifice Array... was interrupted...”

Shen Tong remained silent.

He simply stood there quietly.

But the entire temple felt the suppressed rage.

Elder Hong Yan paled in horror and abruptly stood up: “Who? Who dares to be so audacious?! The Holy Mountain is heavily guarded by our temple’s troops, and the Blood Sacrifice Array is overseen by elders. Who could possibly break into the summit and destroy our altars?!”

The golden-armored general’s voice trembled: “According to... according to the surviving guards... the attacker was a young human, wielding a gray longsword, with astonishing combat power... He called himself... called himself Chen Ping...”

“Chen Ping?!”

Even the white-haired elder exclaimed in shock.

Just moments ago they were discussing how to deal with this lower-realm youth, and in the blink of an eye, he had already infiltrated the Fourteenth Heaven and even stormed the Holy Mountain Blood Sacrifice Array, which the Divine Temple had cultivated for three hundred years!

“Impossible!”

Elder Hongyan exclaimed sharply, “How could he have reached the Fourteenth Heaven? The Path to Heaven is destroyed; how could a mere First-Rank Upper Immortal cross the barrier between the two realms?”

The Golden-Armored General prostrated himself, not daring to raise his head: “This subordinate...this subordinate does not know. But the surviving guards identified the attacker as matching the appearance of Chen Ping on the wanted poster, and possessing the bloodline of the Golden Dragon and the power of Chaos...”

He paused, his voice even lower: “Special Envoys Lin Wuchen and Yue Liuli were conducting a routine patrol on the Holy Mountain at the time and had a direct confrontation with Chen Ping. The two envoys confirmed...that person was indeed Chen Ping.”

The hall fell silent.

The twelve elders exchanged glances, all seeing shock and apprehension in each other's eyes.

A mere cultivator from the lower realms, newly arrived at the fourteenth level of the Heavenly Realm, dared to storm the sacred mountain that the Divine Temple had cultivated for millennia. Surrounded by over fifty powerful divine beings and elders empowered by a blood sacrifice array, he single-handedly destroyed three altars, killed the Golden-Crowned Venerable and dozens of guards, and finally escaped unscathed!

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What kind of audacity is this?

What kind of combat power is this?

Shen Tong slowly returned to his divine throne, his calm expression finally replaced by a hint of sinister glint.

"Golden Crown... he's been with me for three hundred years."

His voice was low and unreadable. "He was cautious in his actions. Though his cultivation wasn't top-tier, he never overstepped his bounds. I entrusted the Holy Mountain to him because I trusted him."

He paused. "He's dead. The three altars are destroyed. Three hundred years of effort, all gone in a single day."

Elder Red Flame said urgently, "Palace Master, now that Chen Ping's whereabouts have been exposed, we must immediately send troops to seal off the area within ten thousand miles of the Holy Mountain. We must dig three feet into the ground to capture and kill him!"

The white-haired elder hesitated. "Palace Master, if we launch a large-scale military operation, the commotion will be too great. The Divine Hall and the Divine Palace will surely notice. If they use this as an excuse..."

"Use this as an excuse?"

Shen Tong sneered. "The Holy Mountain has been attacked, the altars destroyed. I, the dignified Palace Master, must be so hesitant even when pursuing an assassin?"

The white-haired elder fell silent.

Shen Tong took a deep breath, suppressing the surging killing intent within him.

"Issue my order!"

His voice suddenly turned stern: "First, mobilize all the elite troops from the seven cities of the Northern Region, under the command of Elder Hongyan. Immediately, seal off a radius of 30,000 li around the Holy Mountain. All cultivators entering or leaving must be strictly investigated!"

Chen Ping is seriously injured and cannot have escaped far. He must be hiding near the Holy Mountain to heal. Even if we have to turn every inch of land upside down, we must find him!"

Elder Hongyan bowed: "Your subordinate obeys!"

"Second, the Holy Mountain Blood Sacrifice Array must not be interrupted."

His gaze was icy. "The three destroyed altars must be repaired within three months." "The necessary materials and blood sacrifices will be allocated from other branch altars of the Holy Mountain.

If manpower is insufficient, it will be drawn from various branch halls. In short, no matter what method you use, I want to see all eight altars fully operational again in three months!"

"This..."

The white-haired elder in charge of Holy Mountain affairs looked troubled. "Hall Master, the materials needed to repair the altars are manageable; each branch altar has reserves. It's just that the blood sacrifice array requires a large amount of living beings' essence, blood, and soul power as a catalyst. A sufficient number of sacrifices must be gathered within three months..."

Shen Tong gave him a cold look.

The white-haired elder's heart skipped a beat, and he immediately bowed his head: "Your subordinate obeys."

"Third," Shen Tong's voice grew even colder, "Issue an order to all branch halls of the Fourteen Heavens to list Chen Ping as a top-level wanted criminal, effective immediately. A reward of fifty thousand bottles of immortal liquid is offered."

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He paused, enunciating each word clearly: "Fifty thousand bottles."

"Fifty thousand bottles?!" The elders gasped.

This sum was enough to tempt even a peak ninth-grade Immortal, and might even drive some rogue True Immortals to take the risk!

"Furthermore,"

Shen Tong continued, "spread the news far and wide that Chen Ping possesses the Golden Dragon bloodline and the power of chaos. We were hesitant to be too deliberate before, but now that he's delivered himself to our doorstep, it's a perfect opportunity."

A cold smile curled at the corner of his lips: "Fifty thousand bottles of immortal liquid as a reward, plus the secret of the Golden Dragon bloodline and the power of chaos... I want to see how many people in the entire Fourteenth Heaven want his head."

The elders all agreed.

Elder Hong Yan accepted the order and left to prepare to mobilize troops to seal off the Holy Mountain.

Elder Bai Fa also hurriedly left the hall to begin preparations for repairing the altar.

The remaining elders each took their assigned tasks and departed.

Soon, only Shen Tong remained in the main hall.

He sat alone on his high, golden throne, overlooking the empty hall, his face ashen.

After a long while, he muttered to himself:

“Chen Ping... Chen Ping...”

He uttered the name as if chewing on a piece of raw meat.

“I underestimated you.”

He slowly clenched his fist, golden divine light flowing through his palm, faintly revealing the flickering stars.

“However, you think destroying the Holy Mountain altar will ruin my grand plan?”

He sneered.

“The Holy Mountain is not alone. The Ghost Crying Saint Venerable is not the only one.”

He raised his hand and pointed at the air.

A golden talisman appeared from his fingertip, transforming into a stream of light that pierced through the hall's ceiling and flew towards the heavens.

The talisman flew towards another Holy Mountain, deeper within the Fourteenth Heaven.

Ten thousand miles away from the Holy Mountain!

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Chen Ping and Ming Li flew aimlessly. They wanted to reach the Divine Hall, but they didn't know its exact location!

The Fourteenth Heaven was much larger than the Thirteenth Heaven; without knowing its location, it would be very difficult to find!

"Mr. Chen, which way should we go?" Ming Li asked!

Chen Ping looked around. All they saw were stretches of forest and valleys; not a single town in sight!

"Let's ask someone for directions first."

"Let's see if there's a small town or market town nearby," Chen Ping said.

Just as the two were about to set off, suddenly...

The sounds of fierce fighting came from afar, mixed with a woman's angry shouts and a man's arrogant laughter.

"Help...!"

A piercing cry for help shattered the tranquility of the valley.

Chen Ping and Ming Li exchanged a glance, then simultaneously transformed into streaks of light and sped towards the source of the sound.

On the western side of the valley, at the edge of a sparse forest.

Five divine cultivators clad in golden armor were besieging a woman in white.

The woman, around twenty years old, possessed a face as beautiful as a lotus blossom, exquisite features, and a slender figure. Now, however, she was forced into a sorry state, several bloodstains on her dress, and a deep sword wound on her left shoulder revealing bone.

She wielded a cyan longsword, its blade flashing with the phantom image of a blue phoenix circling around it, clearly not an ordinary weapon.

However, her cultivation was only at the fourth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm, while the weakest of the five divine cultivators was at least at the fifth rank, and their leader was at the peak of the sixth rank.

“Run, why did you stop?”

The leader, a burly man with a thick beard, licked his lips, his eyes filled with lewd lust. “Little lady, you’re quite the runner, chasing me all the way from Cloud Immortal City to here, a full three thousand miles. If it weren’t for orders to capture you alive, I would have already killed you with a single sword stroke.”

The woman in white gritted her teeth: “Your temple is utterly heartless, harming my parents, slaughtering my sect! I’ll haunt you even as a ghost!”

“A ghost?”

The burly man laughed loudly, “You think our temple is afraid of ghosts? We wiped out the Ghost Clan back then.

Let me tell you the truth, the Holy Mountain happens to be short of materials. Capturing you to offer as a sacrifice to the Holy Venerable is a good way to make the best use of you. Brothers, charge! Just don't kill her!"

Five divine cultivators swarmed forward.

The woman in white fought desperately, her azure sword light like a rainbow, managing to barely block a few attacks.