

The Order 10401

Chapter: 10401

His teeth chattered, making a gurgling sound: “Chen...Chen Ping?! It’s you!!” This piercing, desperate scream instantly echoed throughout the deathly silent hall.

Wu Lie abruptly stood up, his True Immortal Realm aura erupting like a mountain, his eyes like lightning, locked onto the golden figure: “You’re the culprit who destroyed the Chen family, Chen Ping?”

Chen Ping stopped, his gaze sweeping indifferently over the entire room.

Those guests who usually considered themselves from prestigious families, under his gaze, not one dared to meet his eyes, all lowering their heads, trembling.

Finally, his gaze landed on Wu Lie, his tone as calm as if asking about the weather: “You’re Wu Lie?”

Wu Lie laughed in fury, the sound shaking dust from the rafters: “How dare you! I was just looking for you, and you’ve delivered yourself to my doorstep to die! Since you’re here, don’t even think about leaving alive!”

Chen Ping smiled.

The smile was extremely faint, yet it carried a mocking condescension, exactly the same expression he had shown when looking at Wu Lingyun three days ago.

“Delivered to my doorstep?”

He repeated softly, his voice low but clear enough to penetrate everyone’s ears, “Wu Lie, you seem to have some misunderstanding about your position.”

He slowly raised his hand, his slender fingers passing over Wu Lie and pointing directly at Wu Lingyun behind him.

“I’m here today to do only two things.”

His voice was cold and unyielding.

“First, kill Wu Lingyun.”

“Second, annihilate the Wu family.”

The words fell, causing an uproar, followed by a deathly silence.

The guests exchanged bewildered glances, their eyes filled with disbelief and a sense of absurdity.

Has this kid gone mad?

Wu Lie is a genuine True Immortal Realm Level One expert!

The Wu family has dozens of Upper Immortal Realm experts and hundreds of elite guards, their formations formidable!

“He dares to utter such arrogant words about annihilating the entire Wu family, all by himself and with only three juniors who look no more than Upper Immortal Realm cultivators?”

Wu Lie trembled with rage, his anger turning into a cruel laugh: “Good! Good! Good! In my hundred years of dominating Yunxian City, I’ve never seen such an arrogant and ignorant madman!

Men! Seize them! I’ll tear them to pieces to atone for my son’s terrified soul!”

“Kill!”

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Dozens of heavily armored guards roared in unison, their weapons gleaming coldly, forming a steel torrent that instantly surrounded Chen Ping and his companions.

Chen Wanqing gripped her longsword tightly, her knuckles white from the force, a resolute glint in her eyes.

Ming Li and Liu Qianqian also summoned their magical artifacts, their spiritual energy surging, ready for battle.

Only Chen Ping remained standing with his hands behind his back, not even lifting an eyelid, as if those surrounding him weren't murderous cultivators, but a flock of lambs to the slaughter. "Miss Chen."

He suddenly spoke, his voice gentle.

Chen Wanqing was startled: "Hmm?"

Chen Ping said calmly, "How did your father and the elders die?"

Chen Wanqing's eyes reddened slightly, and she gritted her teeth, saying, "They...ambushed and killed them, leaving no trace of their bodies."

Chen Ping nodded slightly, a cold smile curving his lips: "Then today, you will open your eyes wide and watch how I make sure they don't even leave a complete corpse."

Before he finished speaking, he took a step forward.

This step seemed slow and leisurely, like a stroll in a garden.

But strangely, as his foot landed, his figure vanished into thin air, and the next second, he appeared abruptly in the center of the dozens of guards!

Too fast!

So fast that even divine sense couldn't detect it!

The guards didn't even have time to react; they only saw a flash of golden light before their eyes, and then the world was plunged into eternal darkness.

Chen Ping didn't use any fancy spells, nor did he chant any lengthy incantations.

He simply slapped his hand, and a guard's head exploded like a ripe watermelon;

He casually waved his hand, and an invisible force swept across, sending three guards flying like kites with broken strings, their breastbones shattered;

He casually pointed, and golden light flickered from his fingertip, instantly piercing a guard's brow, severing his life force.

With each strike, someone fell.

Each fall was instantaneous, without even a scream.

He walked slowly through the crowd, his robes fluttering, spotless.

Where he passed, blood mist filled the air, limbs flew, like a demon descending to earth, reaping lives as easily as mowing grass.

Less than ten breaths.

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Just ten breaths.

Dozens of elite guards, all annihilated.

Not a single survivor. Corpses littered the floor, blood flowed like a river, and the pungent stench of blood instantly filled the entire hall.

The guests were utterly stunned.

Mouths gaped open, eyes nearly bulging from their sockets, minds blank.

What kind of power was this?

What kind of method was this?

They hadn't even seen how Chen Ping made his move, and those people were already dead?

This was a crushing defeat! A naked, unquestionable crushing defeat!

Wu Lie's expression finally changed.

His previous contempt and anger were now replaced by a deep sense of gravity.

He finally understood why his son had been so terrified.

This young man couldn't be judged by ordinary standards!

But he was, after all, a True Immortal Realm Level One expert; how could he be intimidated by a junior?

"You dare, you brat!"

Wu Lie roared, his true essence surging wildly, his True Immortal Realm aura exploding forth, causing the entire hall to tremble.

He raised his hand and struck out with a palm strike, his palm seemingly holding a towering mountain, carrying the power to split mountains and shatter the heavens, smashing fiercely towards Chen Ping's crown!

This palm strike contained all his life's power, enough to level a mountain!

Facing this thunderous attack, Chen Ping looked up at the enormous palm print approaching him, a playful smile playing on his lips.

He didn't dodge.

He didn't even raise his hand to block.

He simply stood there quietly, hands behind his back, letting the terrifying palm strike land squarely on his body.

"Boom!!!"

The deafening roar shook the heavens, and a violent shockwave swept outwards from the two of them, instantly turning the surrounding tables and chairs to dust. Many guests with lower cultivation levels were even thrown into the air, coughing up blood.

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A cruel, triumphant smile curled at the corner of Wu Lie's lips: "Arrogant brat, prepare to die!"

But the next moment, his smile froze completely on his face.

The dust settled. Chen Ping remained standing, motionless.

His golden robe wasn't even wrinkled. Not a single wound, not even a tear in the hem!

Wu Lie's eyes nearly popped out of their sockets, his pupils contracted sharply, and his voice trembled: "This...how is this possible?! My true energy...couldn't even harm you in the slightest?!"

Chen Ping raised his hand, elegantly brushing away non-existent dust from his sleeve, a hint of disappointment in his voice: "That's it?"

These two words were like two resounding slaps to Wu Lie's face, and to the hearts of all the Wu family members.

Wu Lie's face turned ashen, filled with shame and indignation. He finally realized that this young man before him was a hundred times, a thousand times, more terrifying than he had imagined!

"I don't believe it! I don't believe it!"

He gritted his teeth and attacked again.

This time, he held nothing back, unleashing the martial family's strongest technique. Fists and palm strikes intertwined, each move deadly, each step fraught with killing intent, as if he wanted to tear Chen Ping to shreds.

However, the outcome remained unchanged.

Chen Ping remained unmoved, standing firm like a pillar of the sea.

Every punch landed on Chen Ping, yet it was like a mud ox sinking into the sea, not even causing a ripple.

Every palm strike landed on Chen Ping's chest, yet it was like a gentle breeze brushing a mountain, unable to shake him in the slightest.

After ten moves.

Wu Lie was panting heavily, covered in sweat, his eyes filled with extreme fear.

His hands began to tremble uncontrollably, a sharp pain shooting through his knuckles, as if he hadn't been striking, but rather his own flesh and blood colliding with ancient black iron.

Chen Ping remained standing there silently, looking down at him, his eyes as calm as a stagnant pool, utterly unmoving.

"Have you had enough?"

Chen Ping asked softly, his voice eerily gentle.

Wu Lie opened his mouth, wanting to utter harsh words, to threaten, but found his throat dry, unable to utter a single word.

That tremor originating from the depths of his soul completely extinguished his fighting spirit.

Chen Ping slowly raised his hand. The movement was slow, very light.

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Then, he struck down with his palm.

“Thud...”

A muffled sound.

Wu Lie’s proud head instantly exploded like a watermelon struck by a heavy hammer!

Red and white splattered all over the ground.

The headless corpse swayed, then with a “thud,” fell straight to the ground.

Wu Lie, the patriarch of the Wu family, a True Immortal Realm Level One expert, had fallen!

So swift, so humiliating, so... laughable.

The entire hall was deathly silent.

You could hear a pin drop.

The guests, the martial arts disciples, the surviving guards—all were frozen in place, as if under a spell.

Wu Lie, a True Immortal Realm Level One, just died like that?

Killed by a mere Upper Immortal Realm Level Three brat, like swatting a fly, with a single palm strike?

Has this world gone mad?

Chen Ping withdrew his hand, his gaze calmly sweeping across the entire hall.

Where his gaze fell, everyone lowered their heads, no one daring to meet his eyes.

“Who else?”

Third words, calm as still water, yet they resounded like thunder in everyone’s hearts.

No one dared to move.

No one dared to utter a sound.

Even breathing was deliberately suppressed to a minimum.

Wu Lingyun slumped in his chair, already incontinent, urine streaming down his trousers, yet he remained oblivious.

He stared at his father’s headless corpse, at the blood-soaked floor, his mind blank, filled only with endless despair.

Chen Ping strode towards him.

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Each step felt like a crushing blow to Wu Lingyun’s heart, almost suffocating him, his heart threatening to stop.

Finally, Chen Ping stopped in front of him.

A shadow fell over him, and Wu Lingyun felt as if death itself had gripped his throat.

“Wu Lingyun,” Chen Ping spoke, his voice still calm, devoid of emotion. “I’ve said it before, there are some things in this world you can’t touch.

There are some people you can’t afford to offend.”

Wu Lingyun opened his mouth, wanting to kneel and beg for mercy, wanting to kowtow and admit his mistake, wanting to say that his father had forced him... But extreme fear choked him, he couldn’t utter a sound, only convulsed, tears streaming down his face.

Chen Ping looked at him, his eyes devoid of pity, only a detached indifference born of worldly wisdom.

He slowly raised his right hand, his index finger lightly tapping. A wisp of dazzling golden light condensed at his fingertip, like a falling star.

“Pfft...”

The golden light flashed past.

A bloody hole, as thick as a thumb, instantly pierced Wu Lingyun’s brow, protruding from his forehead and exploding into a cloud of blood mist at the back of his head.

Wu Lingyun’s body stiffened abruptly, his expression frozen in that moment—terror, despair, regret.

He wanted to say something, but nothing came out.

“Bang...”

The corpse fell to the ground, eyes wide open, dying with unfinished business. Wu Lingyun had fallen.

Chen Ping withdrew his hand, as if casually brushing away an annoying mosquito.

He turned to look at Chen Wanqing, who had been standing quietly to the side.

Chen Wanqing stood there, tears silently streaming down her face, soaking her clothes.

She looked at Wu Lingyun's corpse, at Wu Lie's headless body, at the blood and carnage scattered on the ground, and an indescribable emotion welled up within her.

It was the pent-up grief of several days, the exhilaration of revenge, and even more so, a profound shock and awe at the man before her.

Father, elders, members of the Chen family... Did you see that?

The revenge was taken.

And taken so thoroughly, so satisfyingly!

Chen Ping walked up to her, reached out, and gently patted her thin shoulder.

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That hand was warm and strong, instantly dispelling the chill in her heart.

"Let's go."

His voice was still calm, yet it carried a reassuring strength.

“The people of the Temple are waiting for us.”

Chen Wanqing looked up at him, her eyes brimming with tears, and nodded vigorously.

...

Half an hour later.

Cloud Immortal City, a branch hall of the Divine Temple.

This once majestic hall, a symbol of the Divine Temple’s supreme power, was now a ruin.

Smoke still lingered among the broken walls and rubble.

The corpses of three Divine Temple elders lay scattered in pools of blood, their once arrogant expressions now twisted with terror.

More than twenty elite Divine Temple soldiers were also killed instantly, none surviving.

Chen Ping stood in the center of the ruins, his golden robe fluttering slightly in the wind, still pristine and untouched by a speck of dust.

It was as if the massacre had nothing to do with him; he had merely passed by, casually brushing away a few specks of dust.

Behind him, Chen Wanqing, Ming Li, and Liu Qianqian watched silently, their hearts filled with turbulent emotions.

The tears on Chen Wanqing's face had dried.

Looking at the corpses of her family's enemies, the very ones who had brought about their demise, her eyes held no hatred, only utter peace.

"Chen Ping."

She spoke softly, her voice slightly hoarse.

Chen Ping turned to look at her. Chen Wanqing took a deep breath, walked to him, straightened her clothes, and bowed deeply, remaining motionless for a long time.

"Thank you."

These three words carried immense weight.

Chen Ping shook his head, reaching out to help her up, his movements natural and casual.

"No need to thank me."

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His gaze drifted into the distance, his tone as calm as still water: "The Wu family and the Divine Temple are inherently intertwined with my own karma. Helping you was merely a convenient gesture, and also a way of helping myself."

Chen Wanqing looked at him, her eyes reddening again.

She wanted to say something more to express her gratitude, but found that before such absolute power and magnanimity, any words seemed pale and powerless.

Chen Ping smiled slightly, a smile as gentle as a spring breeze, yet carrying an air of unparalleled composure.

Yunxian City, atop the ruins of a branch temple of the Divine Temple.

Chen Ping's gaze slowly swept over the broken walls and rubble beneath his feet, from the collapsed pillars and shattered shrines to the cold corpses. His eyes remained utterly devoid of emotion, showing neither the satisfaction of revenge nor the ferocity of slaughter.

It was as if this branch temple, once revered by the people of Yunxian City and responsible for the downfall of the Chen family, was nothing more than a pile of ordinary rubble in his eyes, indistinguishable from the roadside stones and weeds.

His state of mind had long transcended worldly love, hate, anger, and delusion. Having endured the battles of the Thirteen Heavens and traversed countless mountains of corpses and seas of blood, the destruction and carnage before him were, to him, merely a speck of dust on his path, easily brushed away with a wave of his hand.

Chen Wanqing stood beside him, her plain white dress now stained with blood, her hair disheveled and plastered to her face, traces of wet tears and the weariness of battle still lingering on her cheeks.

Her gaze fell upon the haphazardly laid corpses, her expression a complex mix of emotions: the satisfaction of revenge, the grief of losing her family, and a hint of uncertainty about the future.

The revenge was complete.

The deep-seated hatred that had weighed on the Chen family for decades, the resentment that had festered in her heart for countless days and nights, had finally been resolved today.

Those temple disciples who had once humiliated the Chen family and slaughtered their clansmen, those high and mighty temple warriors who had treated the Chen family like dirt, were now all cold corpses, lying in the ruins of this branch of their once-proud temple.

But what then?

The Chen family was gone, her clansmen were gone, leaving her all alone.

The former glory and splendor vanished with the destruction of the temple's branch.

She didn't know where to go, what to do, as if she had lost her direction, left only with emptiness and bewilderment.

She slowly raised her head, her gaze falling on Chen Ping's cool profile. Her voice, tinged with a barely perceptible hoarseness and confusion, softly asked, "Chen Ping, what are your plans now?"

Chen Ping slowly turned around, his gaze meeting hers. His gaze was cool and calm, yet carried a subtle gentleness, as if he could see through her confusion and helplessness.

His voice wasn't loud, but it carried an undeniable firmness as he said calmly, "I came to the Fourteenth Heaven specifically to reach the Holy Domain of Light. Now that the matter of Cloud Immortal City is settled and my great revenge has been avenged, it's time for me to set off."

"The Holy Domain of Light?"

Chen Wanqing was slightly taken aback, a hint of doubt flashing in her eyes. She then pressed, "What are you going there for? The Holy Domain of Light is a sacred ground of the Fourteenth Heaven, heavily guarded. Is there something important you need there?"

Chen Ping remained silent for a moment, his aura softening slightly. He slowly raised his hand and took out a soul crystal from his robes, its surface smooth and radiant with a faint blue light.

The soul crystal was about the size of a fist, crystal clear, as if it contained a pool of clear autumn water.

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Upon closer inspection, two illusory figures could be faintly seen within the soul crystal, curled up inside, eyes closed, their breaths weak, seemingly asleep, as if they might dissipate at any moment.

“The souls of two people are sealed here.”

He spoke slowly, his voice lowering, carrying a barely perceptible solemnity. “They were my friends. They fell victim to the temple’s cruelty; their bodies were destroyed, and their souls were forcibly sealed within this soul crystal, barely clinging to life.

The Holy Temple of Light is rumored to possess the ability to awaken souls. I need to go there, find the temple, and find a way to resurrect them.”

Chen Wanqing gazed at the soul crystal, at the two faint, illusory figures within, a flicker of emotion crossing her eyes.

She knew Chen Ping was aloof and taciturn, rarely showing such concern for anyone or anything. Anyone who could command such seriousness from him, someone willing to venture into the perilous Holy Land of Light, must hold extraordinary significance for him.

She nodded gently, suppressing her confusion, her tone becoming more resolute: “I understand. To reach the Holy Land of Light, we need to use the inter-domain teleportation array, right? As for the teleportation array...”

Chen Ping interrupted her, saying calmly, “I originally intended to use the Chen family’s resources to gather Immortal Elixir, but then the Divine Temple suddenly launched an attack, and those events occurred, so I didn’t bring it up again. But now...”

He paused, his gaze returning to Chen Wanqing, his tone carrying a hint of consideration, yet also a trace of trust: “Although your Chen family is gone, Cloud Immortal City still exists. This city is the foundation the Chen family has built over hundreds of years. If you’re willing,

you can stay and take control of Cloud Immortal City, and consolidate...” “Use the remaining forces to gather strength and rebuild the Chen family.”

Upon hearing this, Chen Wanqing immediately shook her head, her tone firm, her eyes filled with pleading and a barely perceptible stubbornness: “Chen Ping, you’ve helped me so much, avenging the

Chen family's blood feud. If it weren't for you, I would have already died at the hands of the temple disciples, and the Chen family's great revenge would never have been achieved.

I can also help you arrange the teleportation array, contacting its guardian to ensure its smooth activation without any accidents. Even if the Chen family is gone, I don't think anyone will stop you from using the teleportation array in Yunxian City."

Chen Ping looked at the pleading and stubbornness in her eyes and remained silent for a moment.

He could feel the gratitude and determination in Chen Wanqing's heart, and he understood that she wanted to repay his kindness in this way, and also wanted to find a foothold for herself, to find a direction to move forward.

After a long silence, he slowly nodded, his tone still calm, but with a hint of approval: "Okay."

One word, concise and powerful, both agreeing to Chen Wanqing's request and expressing his trust in her.

Just then...

Ming Li, who had been standing silently not far behind Chen Ping, suddenly changed his expression drastically. His originally dark face turned deathly pale, and the ghostly energy around him became restless, as if he had encountered something extremely terrifying.

He abruptly raised his head, his eyes wide open, staring intently into the distance, a flash of extreme shock and solemnity, even a hint of barely perceptible fear, in his eyes.

Ming Li was a ghost cultivator by origin, possessing an innate sensitivity to the aura of the ghost race. Even the faintest trace of ghostly energy could not escape his perception.

"Mr. Chen!"

He could no longer contain himself, his voice trembling slightly as he exclaimed, "I sensed... a powerful aura of the Ghost Clan! Extremely dense and incredibly malevolent. It's definitely not an ordinary Ghost Clan cultivator; it must be at least at the Saint Venerable level or higher!"

"The sudden appearance of such a Ghost Clan aura in the Fourteenth Heaven... could it be another trick by the Divine Temple?"

Chen Ping raised an eyebrow, his gaze instantly falling on Ming Li, a barely perceptible hint of seriousness flashing in his eyes.

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He knew Ming Li's abilities, and he knew how acutely he sensed Ghost Clan auras. If Ming Li said he sensed a Ghost Clan aura, and such a powerful one at that, then it couldn't be wrong.

"What's the location?"

Chen Ping's voice remained calm, yet carried an undeniable authority, as if he could handle any danger with ease.

Ming Li closed his eyes, took a deep breath, forcibly suppressing the agitation and fear within him, and focused intently on sensing.

A ghostly aura slowly emanated from him, connecting with the faint aura of the ghost race in the air, carefully discerning the direction from which it emanated.

A moment later, he abruptly opened his eyes, his gaze firmly pointing northeast, and said with certainty, "Over there, about eight thousand miles away, the aura is extremely dense, and it's constantly intensifying!"

Chen Ping's gaze sharpened, following the direction Ming Li pointed.

Eight thousand miles away lay the edge of the temple's sphere of influence, a desolate and uninhabited area, with continuous mountain ranges, ancient trees reaching for the sky, and perpetually shrouded in mist—a wild and untamed mountain region rarely visited by humans.

How could the aura of the ghost race appear there?

A thought flashed through his mind, a thought that made his heart sink slightly... the Holy Mountain.

When he first arrived in the Fourteenth Heaven, he had wreaked havoc on the temple's Holy Mountain, destroying the altar the temple used to resurrect powerful ghost race members and thwarting the temple's conspiracy.

But he knew in his heart that the Temple's power was vast, spanning all fourteen heavens; it couldn't possibly have only one sacred mountain, nor just one altar.

Could it be... that the Temple had also built sacred mountains in other parts of the fourteen heavens, secretly resurrecting powerful ghost race members and refining them into ghost corpses?

If so, things would be very troublesome.

The ghost race was inherently ferocious and bloodthirsty. If the Temple resurrected a large number of powerful ghost race members and refined them into ghost corpses that obeyed their commands, then the entire fourteen heavens would be plunged into chaos, and countless cultivators and mortals would become food for these ghost corpses.

"Mr. Chen, could it be that the Holy Mountain repaired it?"

Ming Li asked cautiously, a hint of uncertainty in her voice. "Although several altars on that Holy Mountain were destroyed, the temple is incredibly powerful. Perhaps they possess some heaven-defying methods that could quickly repair it... If that's the case, we're in trouble. I've witnessed the power of the Ghost Cry Saint Venerable!"

Chen Ping slowly shook his head, his tone absolutely certain, without the slightest hesitation: "It's not that Holy Mountain. Although I only destroyed three altars, even if the temple has extraordinary abilities, it's impossible for them to repair them in such a short time."

He paused, a cold glint flashing in his eyes, his aura becoming sharp and fierce, as if he wanted to completely freeze all evil in the world.

“The temple certainly has more than one sacred mountain, and they definitely won’t let this go. They must have other sacred mountains elsewhere, using formations to resurrect powerful ghost clan members, refine them into ghost corpses, strengthen their power, and plot treachery.”

Ming Li’s expression changed again, her eyes filled with worry: “Then... what do we do now? If we let them resurrect powerful ghost clan members, the consequences will be unimaginable!”

Chen Ping slowly turned around, his gaze falling on Chen Wanqing, his tone becoming more serious: “Miss Chen, the plan has changed.”

Chen Wanqing was slightly taken aback, then nodded, her eyes showing no hesitation, and said firmly: “Tell me, what do you need me to do? Whatever it is, I will do my best and will never hold you back.”

Chen Ping looked at her, his voice... He said solemnly, “I’m going to that mountainous region eight thousand miles away to investigate the source of the ghost clan’s aura. If it truly is the sacred mountain of the temple, I will destroy it to prevent them from resurrecting the ghost clan’s powerful figures and thwart their conspiracy.