

The Order 10411

Chapter: 10411

During this time, you stay in Yunxian City. Use the remaining influence of the Chen family to gather those forces that are dependent on the Chen family, take control of the city, stabilize the order of Yunxian City, and prevent it from falling into chaos.”

He paused, then continued, “Also, keep an eye on the teleportation array for me. Contact the guardian of the teleportation array and make preparations. Once I return, we will immediately set off for the Holy Domain of Light.”

Chen Wanqing looked at him, a complex emotion flashing in her eyes—reluctance, worry, and a trace of gratitude.

She knew that Chen Ping was giving her an opportunity, and also placing his trust in her.

What did taking control of Yunxian City mean?

It meant she would become the master of this city, it meant she would possess her own power and influence.

This meant she was no longer the orphan girl who could only rely on others and be bullied; it meant she could stand up again and protect everything she wanted to protect.

This was Chen Ping’s gift to her, a weighty trust, a gift that allowed her to find her direction again.

“Chen Ping...”

She murmured, her voice choked with emotion, a thousand words unspoken.

Chen Ping waved his hand, interrupting her, his tone calm yet firm: “No need to say more. I believe in you, you can do it.”

He turned to Ming Li and Liu Qianqian.

Liu Qianqian had been standing quietly to the side, dressed in green, her face beautiful, her eyes filled with determination. Whatever decision Chen Ping made, she would obey unconditionally.

“You two, come with me,” Chen Ping said calmly.

Ming Li nodded immediately, his worry instantly replaced by excitement, a glint of fanaticism in his eyes. He hurriedly said, “Alright! Mr. Chen, let’s smash up the temple’s territory, kill those resurrected ghost scum, and show them our power!”

“And let our ghost clan’s strongmen rest in peace. We can’t let the dead be tormented by these temple beasts.”

Ming Li now hated these guys from the temple to the core.

Back then, the gods’ pursuit of the ghost clan nearly wiped them out, and now they weren’t even sparing the corpses of their strongmen, intending to refine them into ghost corpses.

They were utterly inhuman!

Liu Qianqian also nodded gently, her voice soft yet firm: “I’ll go with you.”

As soon as she finished speaking, the three figures moved simultaneously.

A golden light flashed around Chen Ping, his gilded robes fluttering in the wind. His figure seemed to teleport, instantly transforming into a golden streak of light, speeding northeastward at a speed that almost defied the limitations of space, leaving only a faint golden afterimage.

Ming Li and Liu Qianqian followed closely behind. Ming Li, enveloped in ghostly energy, transformed into a black streak of light.

Liu Qianqian used her lightness technique, her movements as lithe as a swallow, transforming into a streak of azure light. The three figures moved like three bolts of lightning across the sky, swiftly heading towards the desolate mountainous region eight thousand miles away, disappearing into the horizon of Yunxian City in an instant.

Chapter: 10412

Chen Wanqing stood there, watching their departing figures, her gaze lingering for a long time.

The gale still howled, the ashes still danced, the ruins still stood silent, but the previous confusion and emptiness in her heart were gone, replaced by determination and courage.

After a long silence, she took a deep breath, slowly turned around, and her gaze fell upon the ruined branch of the temple. A resolute glint flashed in her eyes.

She raised her hand, gently wiping away the tears and dust from her face, her aura hardening.

From this day forward, Yunxian City would belong to the Chen family.

She would reclaim the glory of the Chen family;

She had avenged the Chen family;

She would walk the path ahead with unwavering determination, never betraying Chen Ping's trust, never betraying herself, and never betraying her fallen clansmen.

Eight thousand miles away, amidst the vast mountains.

Here, the mountains stretched endlessly, peaks upon peaks, ancient trees reaching for the sky, their canopies blocking out the sun. Sunlight filtered through the dense foliage, casting dappled shadows that rustled on the thick layer of fallen leaves.

Mountain mist swirled, the air thick with moisture, and a faint, fresh scent of grass and trees filled the air.

Yet, mingled with this delicate fragrance was a faint, chilling, and malevolent aura. It was icy cold, carrying a strong stench of blood and decay, sending shivers down one's spine.

Chen Ping and his two companions concealed themselves within the dense forest of a mountain peak, completely obscuring their presence. Like three shadowy figures, they silently approached.

Chen Ping's gaze was as sharp as a hawk's, scanning the mountains ahead. His divine sense slowly spread out, covering an area of hundreds of miles, meticulously investigating every movement in the surroundings, leaving no stone unturned.

Ming Li also suppressed his ghostly aura, lowered his voice, and leaned close to Chen Ping, his tone grave: "Mr. Chen, that ghostly aura is emanating from that mountain peak ahead. It's growing stronger and stronger; it seems their ritual to resurrect the ghostly powerhouses has reached a crucial stage."

Chen Ping looked in the direction Ming Li indicated. Not far ahead, a majestic mountain peak stood amidst the clouds. The peak soared into the clouds, its steep slopes and dark, blood-red rocks exuding a faint, malevolent aura.

At the summit, a thick layer of crimson mist shrouded the mountain, and within the mist, a massive altar was faintly visible.

From the altar, crimson light shot into the sky, piercing the clouds. Within that light lay a dense, malevolent power that sent chills down one's spine.

From afar, it resembled a lurking behemoth, baring its ferocious fangs and radiating a suffocating pressure.

Around the altar, countless temple soldiers patrolled, clad in black armor engraved with eerie runes, their bodies emanating a chilling killing intent.

Each soldier had sharp eyes, vigilantly scanning their surroundings, not missing a single anomaly.

A rough estimate suggested at least a thousand soldiers, including many cultivators at the eighth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm, and even a few powerful figures at the ninth rank. They guarded the altar with impenetrable defenses, like an impregnable fortress; approaching the altar would be no easy feat.

And in the center of the altar, a massive coffin silently floated in mid-air. The coffin was entirely black, covered with densely packed, eerie runes.

The runes emanated a dense aura of ghostly energy and crimson light. Dark red liquid flowed across the surface of the coffin, emitting a nauseating stench of decay.

Within the coffin, a colossal figure could be vaguely discerned. The figure was huddled within, radiating an intense ghostly aura, mixed with a faint but chilling pressure reminiscent of a Saintly Venerable.

“As expected, it’s the Holy Mountain.”

Chen Ping’s lips curled into a cold smile, a sharp glint flashing in his eyes. His tone carried a hint of disdain. “The Temple is truly relentless. Even after I thwarted their conspiracy, they’re still resurrecting powerful ghost clan members and refining ghost corpses. They’re utterly courting death.”

Ming Li leaned forward, lowering his voice, his tone tinged with worry and awe: “Mr. Chen, the one in that coffin should be the powerful ghost clan member they’re resurrecting.

Judging by this aura, he’s at least at the Saint Venerable level. And it seems the resurrection ritual is already more than halfway complete. It won’t be long before he fully awakens, and then we’ll be in trouble.”

Chen Ping nodded slowly, his gaze fixed on the coffin floating in the center of the altar, a grave look in his eyes.

He could clearly feel the ghostly energy within the coffin constantly intensifying, the massive figure’s aura steadily awakening, and the oppressive aura surrounding him growing stronger. Clearly, the resurrection ritual had reached its most crucial moment.

If they wait any longer, the Ghost Clan Saint Venerable will soon be fully resurrected, becoming a ghost corpse controlled by the temple. At that point, killing him will become incredibly difficult, and it will bring immense disaster to the Fourteenth Heaven.

“We cannot let them succeed.”

Chen Ping said calmly, his tone unwavering. His aura grew increasingly sharp, golden immortal light flowing around him, as if to purify this evil world.

As he finished speaking, he slowly stood up, no longer concealing himself. Golden light erupted from his body, like a blazing sun illuminating the entire mountain range. The golden immortal light radiated immense pressure, distorting the surrounding air slightly.

With a swift movement, without using any magic, he slowly flew towards the summit of the Holy Mountain, his steps composed, his expression serene, as if he were attending a casual banquet rather than a life-or-death battle.

Chapter: 10413

Ming Li and Liu Qianqian exchanged a glance, a resolute glint in their eyes. They quickly concealed their auras and followed closely behind, flying towards the summit of the sacred mountain.

Ming Li’s ghostly aura once more permeated the air, the black aura contrasting sharply with Chen Ping’s golden immortal radiance.

Liu Qianqian, meanwhile, held a cyan longsword, its blade emitting a faint immortal glow. Her expression was vigilant, ready to respond to any unexpected situation.

“Who goes there!”

The temple soldiers surrounding the altar instantly spotted them. The leading temple commander shouted sharply, his voice filled with intense killing intent and vigilance.

Thousands of temple soldiers turned in unison, countless cold gazes sweeping over them like countless icy swords, aimed directly at Chen Ping and his companions.

The killing intent around them instantly erupted, converging into a massive torrent of killing intent that crushed towards Chen Ping and his companions.

Chen Ping ignored their fierce shouts and the immense torrent of killing intent, continuing to fly forward unhurriedly, his expression indifferent, as if the temple soldiers and their murderous aura were irrelevant to him.

His steps remained composed, his gaze cold and clear, as if the entire world consisted only of him, the coffin before him, and the obsession in his heart.

The temple's junior commander's face darkened, a flash of anger and disdain in his eyes.

Seeing Chen Ping and his companions so arrogant, blatantly disregarding their existence and the temple's authority, his killing intent intensified.

He abruptly waved his hand, shouting sharply, "You audacious madmen! How dare you trespass on the temple's sacred mountain! You're courting death! Seize them and kill them without mercy!"

With his command, hundreds of temple soldiers attacked simultaneously, unleashing temple magic. Countless beams of light erupted from their hands, carrying immense power, crashing down upon Chen Ping and his companions.

The spells, dense and overwhelming, blotted out the sky, turning the entire heavens black, as if threatening to devour Chen Ping and his companions.

Ming Li's expression changed, and he immediately tried to defend himself, but Chen Ping stopped him with a raised hand.

Chen Ping remained standing with his hands behind his back, casually raising his hand without using any complex spells or even much immortal power; it was just a gentle lift.

"Boom—"

An invisible force erupted from his palm instantly. The force seemed weak, yet it contained boundless power, like the force of heaven and earth, unstoppable.

The incoming spells, upon contact with this invisible force, exploded simultaneously, turning into specks of black light that dissipated into the world without leaving a trace, as if they had never existed.

The hundreds of temple soldiers at the forefront were as if struck head-on by an invisible mountain. Their bodies instantly stiffened, their expressions froze, and their eyes were filled with terror and disbelief.

Immediately afterward, they let out a piercing scream, their bodies flying backward like kites with broken strings. While airborne, they coughed up mouthfuls of blood, staining the sky crimson and blooming into glaring blood flowers on the mountain rocks.

“Thump—thump—thump—”

A series of heavy thuds echoed as the hundreds of temple soldiers landed, lifeless, their bodies stiff, eyes wide open, dying with unfinished business.

Even in death, they couldn't believe that their all-out spells had been neutralized with a casual strike. They hadn't even been able to touch their opponent's finger before being instantly killed.

Chapter: 10414

One move.

Just one move.

Hundreds of temple soldiers, including several cultivators at the eighth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm, were all slaughtered by Chen Ping with a single, casual move, leaving not a single survivor.

The remaining temple soldiers were utterly dumbfounded, standing frozen in place, their eyes filled with fear and shock, as if they had witnessed something utterly terrifying.

Their bodies trembled uncontrollably, and their weapons fell to the ground with a crisp sound, shattering the silence of the mountains and only highlighting the terror in their hearts.

What kind of power was this?

What kind of technique was this?

With a casual move, he had killed hundreds of Upper Immortal Realm cultivators. This must be at least the strength of a peak ninth-grade Upper Immortal Realm expert, right?

Perhaps even a True Immortal Realm powerhouse?

But looking at Chen Ping before them, he was only a third-grade Upper Immortal Realm cultivator. How could he be so powerful?

They couldn't understand it; these temple soldiers simply couldn't comprehend it!

Their hearts were filled with doubt and fear. They looked at Chen Ping as if he were an invincible god, filled with awe and dread, all traces of their previous murderous intent and arrogance gone.

They didn't even have the courage to run; they could only stand there, frozen, awaiting their death.

Chen Ping gave them no time to react, no chance to escape.

He took a step forward, his figure vanishing instantly, as if teleporting, appearing a second later above the altar.

Golden celestial radiance flowed around him, colliding with the crimson light above the altar, producing a hissing sound. The golden radiance continuously suppressed the crimson light, purifying the dense evil aura bit by bit.

He lowered his head, his gaze fixed on the coffin suspended in the center of the altar, watching the ghostly figure awakening within, watching the ever-increasing ghostly energy. A cold, disdainful smile curled at the corner of his lips.

“Since you haven’t awakened yet, then never awaken.”

His voice wasn’t loud, but it carried an irresistible majesty, like a judgment, resounding throughout the entire sacred mountain, echoing in every corner.

As he finished speaking, he slowly raised his hand. Golden celestial light instantly converged in his palm, forming a massive golden palm print. This palm print contained boundless power, radiating immense pressure, as if it would shatter the entire sacred mountain.

The palm print also contained a rich purifying power, capable of cleansing all evil and darkness—the nemesis of the Ghost Clan.

Just as he was about to strike down, shattering the coffin and completely dissipating the Ghost Clan Saint Venerable’s soul...

“Buzz!”

A deep buzzing sound rang out. The strange runes carved into the ground on the altar instantly lit up, their crimson light surging even more intensely and dazzlingly, piercing the clouds and staining the entire sky blood-red.

Chapter: 10415

A massive evil force erupted from the altar, colliding with the golden palm print in Chen Ping’s palm, producing a deafening roar.

“Boom!!!”

A deafening roar shook the heavens, the entire sacred mountain trembled violently, its body shook, and rocks tumbled down, as if it were about to collapse at any moment.

Golden celestial radiance collided and crushed against each other, unleashing countless energy shockwaves that spread outwards.

The temple soldiers surrounding the altar had no time to dodge and were struck by the energy shockwaves, instantly turning to ashes without even a scream.

Chen Ping frowned slightly, a barely perceptible hint of surprise flashing in his eyes.

He hadn't expected the altar's formation to be so powerful, capable of withstanding his attack and unleashing such immense evil power.

Clearly, the temple had invested tremendous effort in constructing this sacred mountain and resurrecting the powerful ghost race, setting up a powerful formation to protect the altar and assist in the resurrection ritual.

"Interesting."

A playful smile appeared on Chen Ping's lips, his fighting spirit instantly igniting.

He had initially thought that this sacred mountain, these temple soldiers, and this soon-to-be-resurrected Ghost Clan Saint were merely clowns, easily dealt with. He hadn't expected such an unexpected turn of events.

Without hesitation, the golden celestial radiance in his palm surged once more, and the immense golden palm print became even more terrifying.

He slowly exerted his strength, pressing the golden palm print down again, gradually suppressing the evil power erupting from the altar array, inching closer to the coffin.

"Buzz—Buzz—Buzz—"

The altar array emitted a low buzzing sound again, the crimson light growing increasingly intense, and the evil power growing stronger.

Countless crimson runes flew up from the altar floor, converging to form a massive crimson barrier, blocking the coffin and attempting to withstand Chen Ping's golden palm print.

“Bang!”

The golden palm print slammed heavily onto the crimson barrier, causing it to tremble violently, cracks appearing on its surface, as if it would shatter at any moment.

Even so, the crimson barrier stubbornly resisted, refusing to shatter immediately. The crimson runes continued to gather, constantly repairing the cracks in the barrier.

A cold glint flashed in Chen Ping's eyes. He could sense the energy of the altar formation being steadily depleted.

The crimson barrier's defensive power was also weakening. If he increased his strength just a little more, he could completely shatter the crimson barrier and the coffin.

But at that moment, the enormous ghostly figure within the coffin suddenly moved.

“Roar!”

A shrill and ferocious roar erupted from the coffin. The roar contained a dense aura of malevolence and killing intent, along with a trace of resentment and pain. It resounded throughout the entire summit of the sacred mountain, causing eardrums to ache and hearts to tremble.

Chapter: 10416

Immediately afterward, the black runes on the coffin instantly lit up, the coffin lid slowly opened, and a massive black figure slowly sat up from within. The figure stood several meters tall, its body covered in black scales that emanated a dense aura of ghostly energy and decay. Its head resembled that of a demon, with bloodshot eyes and bared fangs.

It exuded a powerful, Saint-level aura, even more intense and terrifying than before, causing the entire sacred mountain to tremble slightly.

It wasn't fully resurrected; part of its body remained in a phantom state, and its aura was unstable. Even so, the pressure emanating from it was enough to chill even a peak-level Immortal to the bone.

"Human...you dare...disrupt my resurrection ritual...you're courting death!"

The Ghost Clan Saint-level figure spoke, its voice hoarse and violent, like a broken gong, filled with intense killing intent. Its gaze was fixed on Chen Ping, its eyes filled with hatred and rage.

It could sense that the chaotic immortal power within Chen Ping was a fatal counter to it. If struck by that golden palm print, even if it managed to resurrect, it would be utterly annihilated, its soul scattered.

As soon as he finished speaking, he abruptly raised his hand, and black ghostly energy instantly gathered in his palm, forming a massive black ghostly claw.

The ghostly claw contained a dense, evil power, grabbing towards Chen Ping's golden palm print, attempting to shatter it and kill Chen Ping.

"Bang!"

The golden palm print and the black ghostly claw collided heavily, producing a deafening roar. The two immense forces crushed and devoured each other.

An even more terrifying energy shockwave erupted in the air, causing the entire sacred mountain to shake even more violently. Huge cracks appeared on its surface, and loose rocks tumbled down, as if it were about to collapse at any moment.

Chen Ping's body trembled slightly, the space beneath his feet distorted slightly, and he took a small step back, a hint of surprise flashing in his eyes.

This Ghost Clan Saint Venerable, not yet fully resurrected, was already so powerful. If he were to fully resurrect, his strength would undoubtedly increase even further, making it even more difficult to kill him.

“Who is this Ming Li from your Ghost Clan? He must have been incredibly powerful when he was alive. He’s not even fully refined into a ghost corpse yet, and he’s already this strong!” Chen Ping asked Ming Li.

“Mr. Chen, this...this has changed so much. I can’t tell which Ghost Clan expert he is anymore. But don’t worry about me, just go all out,” Ming Li said.

“Damn it...” At this critical moment, what right did Chen Ping have to consider face?

The coldness in Chen Ping’s eyes intensified, and the golden immortal radiance around him instantly surged to its peak, like a blazing sun illuminating the entire world.

Within the golden immortal radiance lay the power of chaos, a power that purifies all evil, the power that the Ghost Clan fears most.

He suddenly exerted his strength, and the golden palm print in his palm surged in power again. The golden light instantly suppressed the black ghost energy, gradually crushing and devouring the black ghost claws.

The Ghost Clan Saint Venerable let out a shrill scream. His black ghostly claws shattered instantly, and his arms were scorched by the golden immortal light, leaving charred wounds from which black blood flowed, emitting a nauseating stench of decay.

“No!”

The Ghost Clan Saint Venerable roared in unwilling fury. He tried to exert his strength again, gathering ghostly energy to resist Chen Ping’s golden palm print, but he hadn’t been fully refined. His aura was unstable, and his energy was constantly being depleted, making it impossible to withstand Chen Ping’s attack.

The golden palm print pressed down slowly, continuously suppressing his aura and scorching his body. His body began to gradually become illusory, as if it would dissipate at any moment.

Chen Ping's gaze was icy, devoid of any pity. He knew that this Ghost Clan Saint Venerable must have been a ferocious and bloodthirsty demon in his previous life, having harmed countless lives. If he were resurrected, he would surely wreak havoc on all living beings again, bringing immense disaster to the Fourteenth Heaven.

Chapter: 10417

Therefore, he had to eliminate him completely, eradicating him forever and preventing future troubles.

“Boom!!!”

Finally, the golden palm print slammed heavily onto the Ghost Clan Saint Venerable, shattering the blood-red barrier and striking the black coffin.

A deafening roar echoed as the Ghost Clan Saint Venerable let out an utterly shrill scream. His body was instantly engulfed by golden immortal light, turning into a wisp of smoke and dissipating into the world, leaving not even a trace of his soul behind—completely annihilated.

The black coffin, too, shattered under the impact of the golden palm print, turning into countless fragments scattered across the ground. The dark red liquid within the coffin instantly evaporated and vanished.

The blood-red light on the altar dimmed instantly, and the strange runes carved into the ground lost their luster, becoming dull and lifeless. The altar's formation completely collapsed, no longer able to exert any power.

The malevolent aura in the air gradually dissipated under the purification of the golden immortal light, restoring its original freshness.

“No!!!”

A roar of extreme rage echoed from afar, filled with profound grief and killing intent, resounding throughout the entire summit of the sacred mountain.

Immediately afterward, several figures burst forth from the depths of the sacred mountain, like streaks of black lightning, instantly landing on the altar.

The leader, clad in a long black robe, possessed a sinister face and emanated a powerful aura—the aura of a True Immortal Realm First Grade, far surpassing that of the previous Ghost Clan Saint Venerable.

Behind him followed four peak Ninth Grade Upper Immortal Realm experts, and over a dozen Seventh and Eighth Grade Upper Immortal Realm cultivators, all powerful figures left behind by the Divine Temple to guard this sacred mountain.

They stared at the destroyed altar, the scattered fragments of the coffin, and the vanished Ghost Clan Saint, their faces turning ashen, their eyes blazing with rage and killing intent. Their murderous aura erupted instantly, coalescing into a massive torrent of killing intent that crashed down upon Chen Ping.

“You brat! You dare destroy my sacred mountain, thwart my grand plan, and kill countless disciples! Today, I will kill you!”

The True Immortal Realm expert stared intently at Chen Ping, his eyes burning with a murderous intent that seemed to devour him. He gritted his teeth, speaking each word with a chilling intensity of hatred and resentment.

This sacred mountain was the culmination of decades of his painstaking effort, built single-handedly. Resurrecting the Ghost Clan’s Holy Venerable was a crucial part of the Temple’s grand plan. But now, all of this had been destroyed by Chen Ping. How could he not be furious, how could he not feel hatred?

As his words fell, he abruptly raised his hand, his palm instantly gathering immortal power to form a massive palm print. This palm print contained boundless power and a dense, terrifying aura, which he unleashed towards Chen Ping.

He showed no mercy, using all his strength, intending to kill Chen Ping in one strike, to avenge the fallen Temple disciples, and to avenge the destroyed sacred mountain.

Chen Ping looked at him, a hint of mockery flashing in his eyes, a disdainful smile playing on his lips.

“Seeking death?”

He repeated these two words softly, his tone filled with utter contempt and ridicule, as if looking at a clown.

Chen Ping now completely disregarded the True Immortal Realm Level 1 expert. He was currently at the peak of the Upper Immortal Realm Level 3, and possessed various cultivation techniques and powers.

So what if they were a True Immortal Realm expert?

As long as it wasn't a True Immortal Realm Level 2 expert, Chen Ping had no fear whatsoever.

Chapter: 10418

Immediately, he raised his hand and struck out with a palm strike. Golden immortal light instantly gathered in his palm, forming a golden palm print.

The palm print contained boundless power and a rich purifying force, meeting the palm print of the True Immortal Realm expert head-on.

He didn't use his full strength, not even less than 90% of his power. In his view, this True Immortal Realm Level 1 expert wasn't worthy of his full strength.

“Bang!”

The two palms collided, a muffled booming sound resounding as the palm prints collided and crushed each other.

Under the crushing force of Chen Ping's golden palm print, the True Immortal Realm expert's palm print shattered little by little, turning into specks of light that dissipated into the world.

Immediately afterward, an immense force erupted from Chen Ping's palm, flowing along the palm print to the True Immortal Realm expert.

The True Immortal Realm expert's expression drastically changed, his eyes filled with disbelief. He could feel an irresistible force instantly surging into his body, destroying his meridians and devouring his immortal power.

"Crack!"

A crisp sound of bone cracking rang out, and the True Immortal Realm expert's arm instantly exploded, blood gushing out and splattering onto the altar with a sizzling sound.

His body, like a kite with a broken string, flew backward, crashing heavily into the mountainside with a dull thud. A huge crater was instantly smashed into the mountainside, and debris tumbled down.

He struggled to get up, only to find that his meridians had been completely destroyed by that immense force, and his immortal power was rapidly dissipating. He spat out a mouthful of blood, his face turning deathly pale, his eyes filled with disbelief and despair.

"You...who are you?! How can your strength...be so powerful?!"

"You're just a lowly cultivator at the third rank of the Upper Immortal Realm..."

"Could you be...Chen Ping?"

Chen Ping's name was already a household name in the Divine Temple.

"You guessed right, but unfortunately there's no reward!" Chen Ping smiled faintly.

The True Immortal Realm expert stared at Chen Ping in shock, his body trembling slightly, his eyes filled with doubt and fear.

He was a first-level True Immortal Realm expert, considered a top expert in the Fourteenth Heaven, yet before Chen Ping, he was so utterly vulnerable. The opponent had crippled his arm and destroyed his meridians with a single move!

A mere third-rank Upper Immortal Realm cultivator possessing such strength is simply inhuman!

“Are you truly in the Golden Dragon True Body?” the True Immortal Realm expert asked, extremely curious!

Was Chen Ping’s power solely due to the Golden Dragon True Body?

Chen Ping didn’t answer his question, nor did he give him any chance.

He simply raised his hand slowly, his finger lightly touching the ground. A golden light shot out from his fingertip with incredible speed, almost defying the limitations of space, instantly piercing the True Immortal realm expert’s brow.

Chapter: 10419

“Thump...”

The True Immortal realm expert’s body went limp, collapsing to the ground, lifeless, his eyes wide open, dying with unresolved rage.

Even in death, he couldn’t believe that he had been so easily killed by a seemingly young cultivator.

The remaining temple experts were utterly despairing. Their faces were deathly pale, their bodies trembling uncontrollably, their eyes filled with terror.

Even a first-grade True Immortal realm expert had been casually killed by this opponent; they, the Upper Immortal realm cultivators, were utterly helpless before him, with no chance of resistance whatsoever.

“Run! Escape!”

Someone shouted, and the remaining temple experts reacted instantly, turning and fleeing. Gone was their previous murderous intent and arrogance; they only wanted to escape as quickly as possible and save their lives. They knew that staying meant certain death, while escape offered only a sliver of hope.

Chen Ping didn't give chase.

He simply stood there, hands behind his back, quietly watching the fleeing figures. His eyes were devoid of any emotion; he showed neither the will to pursue nor the slightest concern.

In his eyes, these people were nothing more than clowns. Whether he killed them or not was irrelevant. Even if they escaped, they wouldn't cause any real trouble. Besides, he had more important things to do and didn't have time to waste on these people.

"Let's go," he said calmly, his tone still indifferent, as if the earth-shattering battle just moments before was merely a trivial matter.

Ming Li and Liu Qianqian exchanged a glance, their eyes filled with awe.

They had followed behind Chen Ping all this way, witnessing him slay countless powerful enemies and destroy a branch of the Divine Temple, but this time, they were still awestruck by Chen Ping's strength.

With a casual move, he slew hundreds of Immortal Realm cultivators; with another, he killed a True Immortal Realm expert. His strength was unfathomable, beyond the reach of all.

They nodded hastily, following Chen Ping's footsteps, and turned to fly down the Holy Mountain.

Behind them, the Holy Mountain slowly collapsed amidst violent shaking. The altar was completely reduced to ruins, and the corpses of thousands of temple soldiers lay scattered in pools of blood, staining the entire summit of the Holy Mountain crimson and exuding a thick, pungent stench.

The once majestic and heavily guarded Holy Mountain of the Temple was now nothing but scorched earth and ruins, a testament to its resentment and despair in its destruction.

“Ming Li, can you still sense the aura of the Ghost Clan?”

Leaving the Holy Mountain, Chen Ping asked Ming Li.

Ming Li nodded, his expression serious. “Mr. Chen, the aura I sensed this time is even stronger. In my opinion, the ghost clan expert the Temple is resurrecting this time will be even more powerful.”

“It’s alright.”

Chen Ping’s lips curled slightly, a hint of disdain flashing in his eyes.

“Even the strongest ghost clan expert is nothing more than a mindless ghost corpse, possessing power but lacking intelligence. I will slay him with a single sword strike.”

He was brimming with confidence.

Chapter: 10420

He had easily killed a first-grade True Immortal, what was there to fear?

In the Fourteenth Heaven, the True Immortal realm was practically the pinnacle of combat power.

“Young Master Chen’s strength is now soaring; it’s the perfect time to shatter the Temple’s prestige,” Liu Qianqian flattered with a smile.

“Mr. Chen, southwest.”

Ming Li sensed for a moment, then pointed into the distance, indicating the direction of the ghost clan aura.

“Alright, let’s go.”

Chen Ping leaped into the air first, transforming into a golden streak of light and disappearing into the horizon.

Ming Li and Liu Qianqian followed closely behind.

Half a day later.

Thousands of miles away, another sacred mountain.

This sacred mountain was almost identical to the previous one—towering into the clouds, with steep slopes, dark gray rocks, and emanating a faint pressure.

The summit was shrouded in a thick layer of golden mist.

Within the mist, a massive altar stood silently, golden light shooting upwards from it, radiating a terrifyingly sacred aura.

Around the altar, countless temple soldiers patrolled.

Their numbers were even greater than the previous sacred mountain—a full two thousand.

And there were even more powerful individuals.

More than ten peak-level Upper Immortals and two first-grade True Immortals guarded the altar, maintaining a high level of vigilance. In the center of the altar, a coffin floated silently.

The coffin was covered with dense, eerie runes, radiating a dense ghostly aura and golden light.

Within the coffin, a colossal figure could be faintly seen, exuding the pressure of a Saint-level being, yet that pressure contained no trace of intelligence, only pure violence and deathly stillness.

Its aura was even more concentrated than the previous Ghost Clan Saint-level being.

Clearly, the Ghost Clan expert within this coffin was far more powerful than the previous one.

Chen Ping and his two companions concealed themselves on a mountain peak near the Holy Mountain, suppressing all their auras, and carefully surveyed the situation of the Holy Mountain.

Ming Li lowered his voice, his tone grave: "Mr. Chen, the guards on this sacred mountain are even tighter than the previous one. There are two True Immortal Realm First Grade cultivators, and the aura of the Ghost Clan Saint Venerable within the coffin is much stronger. The resurrection ritual is almost complete."

Liu Qianqian nodded, a hint of worry in her eyes: "Moreover, there are more Temple soldiers than before. Destroying the altar will likely be much more difficult."