

The Order 10421

Chapter: 10421

Seeing this situation, Liu Qianqian was also somewhat worried.

This wasn't the time to praise Chen Ping.

Chen Ping slowly nodded, his gaze fixed on the altar atop the sacred mountain, a cold glint in his eyes.

He had long anticipated that the Temple wouldn't only have one sacred mountain.

But he hadn't expected the Temple to resurrect so many Ghost Clan powerhouses simultaneously.

It was clear that the Temple's ambitions were far greater than he had imagined.

Moreover, the resources behind the Temple were not to be underestimated.

"The more difficult it is, the more we must destroy it."

Chen Ping said calmly, his tone unwavering.

"If this Ghost Clan Saint is resurrected, the consequences will be unimaginable. We must act quickly to stop the resurrection ritual and destroy this sacred mountain."

As he finished speaking, he slowly stood up.

He no longer concealed himself.

Golden immortal radiance erupted from his body, like a blazing sun illuminating the entire mountain range.

The golden immortal radiance exuded immense pressure, distorting the surrounding air slightly.

He moved, flying towards the summit of the sacred mountain.

His steps were composed, his expression calm, and his aura grew increasingly fierce, as if he intended to reduce the sacred mountain to scorched earth.

Ming Li and Liu Qianqian followed closely behind, but Chen Ping waved his hand without turning his head.

“You wait here. There’s no need for you to intervene.”

Ming Li was taken aback, then understood—Mr. Chen intended to handle this alone.

The two exchanged a glance, obediently stopping and observing from a distance.

“Who goes there! How dare you trespass on the sacred mountain of the temple!”

The temple soldiers surrounding the altar instantly spotted Chen Ping.

The temple commander at the head shouted sharply, his voice filled with killing intent and vigilance.

Two thousand temple soldiers turned in unison, countless cold gazes sweeping over them.

Chapter: 10422

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

At the same time, the two True Immortal Realm experts guarding the altar, along with more than ten peak Upper Immortal Realm experts, also instantly sensed the anomaly.

They all turned around, their eyes fixed on Chen Ping, their eyes filled with vigilance and killing intent.

They could sense that Chen Ping's aura was extremely powerful, far exceeding their expectations.

"It's you! That brat who destroyed our other sacred mountain!"

A True Immortal Realm expert stared intently at Chen Ping, a flash of anger and killing intent in his eyes upon recognizing him.

He had clearly received news of the destruction of the other sacred mountain.

"I didn't expect you to dare deliver yourself to our doorstep! You're courting death!"

Another True Immortal Realm expert also shouted sharply, his killing intent intensifying.

"Today, I will make you pay for your blood debt, avenge those fallen disciples, and avenge the destroyed sacred mountain!"

Chen Ping ignored their shouts.

He also disregarded the massive torrent of killing intent.

He continued to fly forward unhurriedly, his expression indifferent, as if the temple soldiers and the True Immortal Realm experts were none of his concern.

“Attack! Capture him, kill him without mercy!”

The temple commander shouted sharply, his killing intent almost devouring Chen Ping.

At his command, two thousand temple soldiers attacked simultaneously.

They unleashed temple spells, countless golden rays erupting from their hands.

Carrying a sacred aura and immense power, these spells swept towards Chen Ping like a tidal wave.

These spells were far more powerful and fierce than those cast by the soldiers from the previous holy mountain.

Dense and overwhelming, they blotted out the sky, turning the entire heavens gold.

It seemed as if they intended to completely engulf Chen Ping.

At the same time, the two True Immortal Realm experts also attacked.

Each unleashed a temple technique, golden immortal power instantly gathering in their palms to form two enormous golden palm prints.

These palm prints contained boundless power and a dense sacred aura, striking towards Chen Ping.

Chapter: 10423

More than ten peak Upper Immortal Realm experts also joined the attack, unleashing their respective spells to assault Chen Ping.

They sought to kill him together.

In an instant, countless spells and attacks converged, forming a massive torrent of attack.

It crushed towards Chen Ping.

The pressure was so intense that it would chill even a peak-level Immortal Realm expert, enough to utterly destroy the entire mountain range.

Yet Chen Ping remained calm, showing no sign of panic.

He slowly raised his hand.

In his palm, a longsword instantly appeared.

It was the Dragon-Slaying Sword.

Holding the Dragon-Slaying Sword, Chen Ping's golden immortal radiance instantly erupted with dazzling light.

Like billions of golden swords, it pierced through the countless golden spells, illuminating the entire summit of the sacred mountain.

He no longer attacked casually as before.

Instead, he slowly raised the Dragon-Slaying Sword. The golden dragon patterns on the blade instantly shone brightly, as if coming to life, emitting deep dragon roars.

“Heaven and earth are the furnace, the dragon’s roar the catalyst, slaying all demons and monsters, annihilating all evil spirits.”

Chen Ping’s voice slowly rang out.

No longer the previous calm and indifferent tone, but carrying a majestic aura that resounded throughout the heavens and earth, like the judgment of a god.

Every word contained boundless power, causing the entire sacred mountain to tremble slightly.

The incoming golden spells, under the impact of this voice, began to become slightly disordered, their power diminished somewhat.

As his voice fell, he swung his sword fiercely.

The Dragon-Slaying Sword instantly unleashed a massive golden sword aura, within which the phantom of a golden dragon could be faintly seen, baring its fangs and claws, fiercely slashing towards the sky-filling attacks.

Where the phantom of the golden dragon passed, space was instantly torn apart, forming a long golden rift.

The overwhelming golden spells, upon contact with the golden dragon, melted instantly, like ice and snow meeting the blazing sun.

It transformed into wisps of golden mist, dissipating into the heavens and earth.

Leaving not a trace.

Chapter: 10424

The two thousand temple soldiers, witnessing their all-out spells neutralized by a single sword strike, turned deathly pale.

Their eyes were filled with fear and despair.

They had never witnessed such power, never seen such terrifying methods.

Before Chen Ping, they were like ants, insignificant and fragile.

They had absolutely no chance of resistance.

“Impossible! This is impossible! How can you possess such power?!”

The temple commander screamed in disbelief.

He simply couldn't believe that his two thousand temple soldiers, along with over ten peak-level Upper Immortals and two True Immortals, couldn't even withstand a single sword strike from the enemy.

Chen Ping ignored his screams.

Holding the Dragon-Slaying Sword, he flashed forward, instantly appearing before the two True Immortals.

His speed surpassed even the perception of True Immortals.

Before the two True Immortals could even react, they felt a bone-chilling coldness descend upon them.

“Not good!”

One True Immortal's expression changed drastically. Instinctively, he raised his hand, conjuring a golden shield to block Chen Ping's attack.

But his movements, before Chen Ping, appeared so slow, so clumsy.

"Swoosh—"

The Dragon-Slaying Sword made a light slash.

There was no earth-shattering roar, only a crisp tearing sound.

The golden shield, under the sharp edge of the Dragon-Slaying Sword, was torn apart instantly like paper.

It offered no resistance whatsoever.

Then, the golden blade slashed across the neck of the True Immortal Realm expert.

A golden light flashed.

The True Immortal Realm expert's head flew off instantly.

Golden blood gushed out, splattering onto the altar.

Chapter: 10425

The other True Immortal Realm expert was terrified and turned to flee.

Gone was his previous arrogance and killing intent; only boundless fear remained in his heart.

He knew he was no match for Chen Ping.

Staying meant certain death.

Only escape offered a sliver of hope.

But Chen Ping gave him no chance to escape.

With a slight flick of his wrist, the Dragon-Slaying Sword unleashed a golden sword aura.

The sword aura moved with such speed that it almost defied the limitations of space, instantly catching up with the fleeing True Immortal Realm expert. It pierced his back.

The True Immortal Realm expert froze, his steps halting instantly.

He slowly lowered his head, staring at the golden sword energy piercing his chest, his eyes filled with disbelief and despair.

He opened his mouth, wanting to say something, but could only spit out a mouthful of golden blood.

His body slowly collapsed, lifeless.

Two True Immortal Realm experts were killed in an instant.

More than ten peak Upper Immortal Realm experts were completely dumbfounded.

They stood motionless, frozen, their eyes filled with fear and shock.

They looked at Chen Ping's figure as if he were a god from the heavens.

Only endless awe and fear remained in their hearts; the slightest will to fight was gone.

They knew that even True Immortal Realm experts had been killed casually by him; they, peak Upper Immortal Realm experts, were utterly vulnerable before him.

But Chen Ping had given them no chance to escape.

He wielded the Dragon-Slaying Sword, his figure flashing.

With each strike, a peak-level Immortal Realm expert fell.

More than ten men, all dead within three breaths.

The remaining temple soldiers, witnessing this scene, felt their fear reach its peak.

Completely devoid of fighting spirit, they turned and fled, desperate to escape this death trap.

Chapter: 10426

But Chen Ping would not let them succeed.

He raised his hand, the Dragon-Slaying Sword sweeping across the air.

A massive golden sword aura swept out, cutting hundreds of fleeing temple soldiers in half at the waist as easily as mowing grass.

Blood gushed, corpses littered the ground.

Chen Ping remained expressionless, swinging his sword again.

Another sword aura, hundreds more fell.

He continued, sword by sword, reaping the lives of these temple soldiers.

In the time it takes to drink a cup of tea.

Two thousand temple soldiers, not a single one alive.

They all lay in pools of blood, corpses piled high like mountains, a gruesome sight.

Chen Ping sheathed his sword, hands clasped behind his back, standing amidst the mountain of corpses and sea of blood.

His body remained clean, his golden robe spotless.

Not a single drop of blood stained his Dragon-Slaying Sword.

He looked up at the golden coffin suspended in mid-air.

At this moment, the aura of the Ghost Clan Saint within the coffin grew increasingly dense and violent.

The golden runes on the coffin also shone brighter, their light growing ever more intense.

Clearly, the resurrection ritual had reached its final stage.

The Ghost Clan Saint was about to fully awaken.

“Buzz—Buzz—Buzz—”

On the altar, the strange runes carved into the ground lit up once more.

Even more intense and dazzling than before.

A power even greater than the previous sacred mountain erupted from the altar, crushing towards Chen Ping.

This power contained not only the ferocity of the Ghost Clan but also the sacred power of the temple’s array.

The intertwining of these two powers created immense might, enough to terrify even a mid-stage True Immortal.

Chapter: 10427

Yet Chen Ping remained calm, showing no sign of panic.

He held the Dragon-Slaying Sword, and the golden immortal radiance around him surged once more.

The golden dragon patterns on the sword swirled rapidly, emitting high-pitched dragon roars, as if responding to their master’s fighting spirit.

“Roar—”

A furious roar erupted from the coffin.

Even more terrifying than the roar of the Ghost Clan Saint Venerable before, it shook the entire sacred mountain violently, causing massive cracks to appear on its surface, and sending rocks tumbling down.

Then, the coffin lid was instantly flung open.

A colossal black figure slowly rose from within the coffin.

The figure stood ten zhang tall, its body covered in jet-black scales, emanating a dense aura of ghostly energy and a putrid stench.

Its head resembled that of a gigantic demon, its eyes blood-red yet empty and lifeless, devoid of any spiritual energy.

Its fangs, several feet long, protruded, and it radiated a powerful, Saint-level aura.

That aura was several times stronger than that of the previous Ghost Clan Saint-level expert, enough to crush even a first-grade True Immortal.

However, its eyes were vacant, and its movements were stiff; it was clearly merely a mindless ghost corpse.

Forcibly resurrected by the temple using a secret technique, it had been reduced to a tool of slaughter.

After rising, the Ghost Clan Saint-level expert uttered no words, merely mechanically raising its hand.

In its palm, black ghostly energy instantly coalesced, forming a massive black ghost claw.

The ghost claw contained boundless evil power, reaching out towards Chen Ping.

At the same time, the array on the altar activated once more.

Countless golden runes rose from the altar floor, converging to form a colossal golden hand.

Cooperating with the black ghost claw, it reached out to grab Chen Ping.

Instantly, the black ghost claw and the golden hand complemented each other, forming a massive torrent of attack that crushed towards Chen Ping.

The pressure was so intense it could change the very fabric of the world.

Yet Chen Ping remained calm.

He held the Dragon-Slaying Sword and gently swung it.

Chapter: 10428

“Slash.”

The single word fell.

The Dragon-Slaying Sword instantly erupted with dazzling golden light, unleashing an even larger golden sword aura than before.

Within the sword aura, a lifelike golden dragon phantom opened its massive jaws, viciously biting at the torrent of attack.

“Boom!!!”

The golden dragon collided heavily with the black ghost claw and the golden hand.

A deafening roar resounded. The sacred mountain trembled violently, the cracks in its surface widening as if it were about to collapse at any moment.

The golden dragon phantom instantly tore through the black ghost claw and the golden giant hand.

Golden light suppressed the black ghost energy and the golden light, continuously purifying the power within.

The Ghost Clan Saint Venerable let out a shrill roar.

The black ghost claw was torn apart, and his arm was scorched by the golden sword energy, leaving charred wounds.

Black blood flowed from the wounds, emitting a nauseating stench of decay.

But his eyes remained empty, devoid of any fear or anger; he mechanically raised his hand again, attempting to gather power.

But Chen Ping gave him no chance.

His figure flashed, instantly appearing before the Ghost Clan Saint Venerable.

Holding the Dragon-Slaying Sword, he thrust it fiercely towards the Ghost Clan Saint Venerable’s chest.

The golden blade, carrying boundless power and a dense purifying force, instantly pierced through the Ghost Clan Saint Venerable's chest.

It pierced through his back.

"Swoosh—"

Golden celestial light erupted from the blade, instantly flooding into the Ghost Clan Saint's body.

It continuously purified the ghostly energy within him, relentlessly destroying his body.

The Ghost Clan Saint let out an utterly shrill roar.

His body began to gradually become ethereal, black scales continuously peeling away, black blood gushing out.

His aura also rapidly dissipated, growing weaker and weaker.

Chapter: 10429

Finally, he completely transformed into a wisp of green smoke, vanishing into the world.

Leaving not a trace behind.

This ghost corpse had no thoughts. If it were a real cultivator with flesh and blood, Chen Ping wouldn't have been able to kill it so easily, given its current strength.

Having dealt with the Ghost Clan Saint, Chen Ping turned around, his gaze falling on the altar.

At this moment, the golden light on the altar had completely dimmed.

The strange runes carved into the ground had also completely lost their luster, becoming dull and lifeless. The altar's array completely collapsed.

But Chen Ping didn't stop there.

He knew this sacred mountain was built with immense effort by the temple.

It must contain many secrets, and abundant resources for resurrecting powerful ghost warriors and refining ghost corpses.

If this sacred mountain wasn't completely destroyed, the temple would surely return in the future.

He slowly raised his hand.

Golden immortal light gathered once more in his palm.

This time, he used seventy percent of his power.

A larger golden palm print formed in his palm than before.

The palm print contained boundless power, a rich purifying force, and a trace of the power of the Great Dao of Heaven and Earth.

“Boom—!!!”

The golden palm print slammed heavily onto the altar.

A deafening roar echoed throughout the heavens and earth.

The altar collapsed instantly under the impact of the golden palm print, countless fragments of rock flying in all directions.

The eerie runes etched on the altar were instantly destroyed, turning into specks of golden light that dissipated into the world.

But Chen Ping didn't stop.

He raised his hand, palm after palm, relentlessly striking the summit of the sacred mountain.

Each palm strike contained boundless power, each capable of shattering large sections of the mountain into dust.

Golden celestial radiance continuously enveloped the summit of the sacred mountain, constantly purifying the evil aura within.

Chapter: 10430

The secrets hidden within the sacred mountain, the resources used to resurrect powerful ghosts and refine ghost corpses.

Under the bombardment of the golden palm strikes, they were instantly destroyed, turning to ashes and dissipating into the world.

The sacred mountain began to slowly collapse under Chen Ping's palm force.

The mountain shook more and more violently, massive cracks spreading throughout its entire body.

Rock fragments tumbled down incessantly, and dust billowed, obscuring the sky.

The once majestic and heavily guarded sacred mountain of the temple was as fragile as paper under Chen Ping's palm strike.

It was destroyed bit by bit, reduced to ruins.

Just then—

Two golden streaks of light rapidly approached from the distant horizon.

Within the streaks of light were a man and a woman.

The man, dressed in white, had a handsome face and a gentle, refined demeanor, radiating the aura of a ninth-grade Upper Immortal.

The woman, dressed in black, had a slender figure and a cold, beautiful face; she was also a ninth-grade Upper Immortal.

They were Lin Wuchen and Yue Liuli, sent by the temple.

They were ordered to inspect the progress of the resurrection ceremony on this sacred mountain and, incidentally, to check on the damage to the previous sacred mountain.

But as they approached, the scene before them made their eyes widen in shock.

The majestic sacred mountain was collapsing.

Countless pebbles tumbled down, dust filled the air, and the altar was reduced to ruins. The corpses of two thousand temple soldiers lay strewn about in pools of blood.

Atop the ruins, a golden figure stood with his hands behind his back, holding a jet-black longsword. His aura was calm, yet exuded boundless pressure.

“This...this is...”

Lin Wuchen’s face turned deathly pale, his eyes filled with disbelief.

Yue Liuli’s eyes widened as well, her body trembling slightly.

Although they had never seen Chen Ping, they had heard of his deeds.

Destroying the Path to Heaven, killing a Grand Venerable, wreaking havoc on the Holy Mountain, and now destroying two more Holy Mountains...

This name had long been a nightmare for the temple.