

## **The Order 10471**

Chapter: 10471

The corpse plummeted from mid-air, crashing to the ground with a “thud,” raising a cloud of dust.

The remaining four cultivators were completely dumbfounded.

They looked at Chen Ping as if he were a monster, their eyes filled with fear and despair.

An eighth-grade Upper Immortal, dead just like that?

Killed in one move by a third-grade Upper Immortal?

What kind of strength is this?

“Run!”

Someone shouted, and the four cultivators turned and fled, transforming into four streaks of light, desperately escaping into the distance.

Chen Ping watched them, his eyes unmoved.

He raised his hand and casually waved it.

Four golden sword energies shot out from his fingertips, as fast as lightning, instantly catching up with the four cultivators.

“Pfft—Pfft—Pfft—Pfft—”

Four muffled thuds sounded almost simultaneously.

The bodies of the four cultivators froze in mid-air, then plummeted to the ground.

All dead.

Chen Ping withdrew his hand, standing with his hands behind his back, his robes fluttering, spotless.

He turned to look at Yun Yao.

Yun Yao was completely stunned.

She looked at Chen Ping as if he were a god, her eyes filled with shock and awe.

A third-grade Upper Immortal, instantly killing an eighth-grade Upper Immortal with a single move, casually slaying four seventh-grade Upper Immortals...

What kind of strength was this?

This was simply... simply inhuman!

Chen Ping walked up to her, looked at her, and said calmly, “Can you still walk?”

Yun Yao snapped out of her daze, nodded vigorously, then shook her head, her voice trembling, “I... my legs are weak...”

Chapter: 10472

Chen Ping glanced at her, said nothing more, and reached out to help her up.

“Let’s go.”

He said calmly.

Yun Yao leaned against him, feeling the faint warmth emanating from him, and tears welled up again.

This time, they were tears of gratitude.

She knew she had met a benefactor.

Behind them, deep in the dense forest, five corpses lay scattered on the ground, their blood staining the fallen leaves.

Chen Ping, carrying Yun Yao, disappeared into the depths of the dense forest.

The wind howled, and fallen leaves swirled.

Deep within the forest, Chen Ping led Yun Yao through towering ancient trees.

After taking the antidote pill, the effects of the Aphrodisiac within Yun Yao were mostly suppressed. Although she was still weak all over, she could at least walk with difficulty.

She leaned against Chen Ping, occasionally glancing up at the cold-faced young man, her eyes filled with complex emotions.

The scene from just now kept replaying in her mind.

The middle-aged man at the eighth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm couldn't even withstand a single move from Chen Ping before his head was shattered by a single palm strike.

The four cultivators at the seventh rank of the Upper Immortal Realm were even more easily killed with a casual wave of his hand.

Such strength, such methods...

She had never seen such a terrifying cultivator.

"Young Master Chen..." Yun Yao whispered, her voice trembling slightly.

Chen Ping didn't turn around, saying calmly, "Speak."

"Where...where are we going?"

Chen Ping continued walking, his tone still indifferent: "Leave here first, find a safe place, and we'll talk again once the effects of the drug have completely worn off."

Yun Yao bit her lip, whispering, "Thank you for saving my life, young master. Yun Yao...Yun Yao has no way to repay you."

Chen Ping didn't speak.

Yun Yao was silent for a moment, then asked again, "Young master, you're not from the Holy Domain of Light, are you?"

Chapter: 10473

Chen Ping paused slightly, then continued walking, saying calmly, "How do you know?"

Yun Yao said softly, "People from the Holy Domain of Light wouldn't be as...powerful as you, young master. And your methods don't seem like those of a cultivator from the Holy Domain of Light."

Chen Ping didn't answer.

Yun Yao didn't press further.

The two continued walking, unknowingly venturing dozens of miles into the dense forest.

Suddenly, Chen Ping stopped.

Yun Yao was startled and about to ask when she saw Chen Ping frown slightly, his gaze fixed on the depths of the dense forest.

"Young Master, what's wrong?"

Chen Ping didn't answer, simply staring silently ahead.

A faint, almost imperceptible, smell of blood wafted through the air.

The smell of blood was thick and pungent, mixed with an indescribable stench of decay, making one want to vomit.

Yun Yao also smelled it, her expression changing slightly: "This is..."

Chen Ping raised his hand, signaling her to be quiet.

He closed his eyes, extending his divine sense towards the depths of the forest.

A moment later, he opened his eyes, a hint of surprise flashing in them.

“There’s something ahead,” he said calmly.

A sense of unease welled up in Yun Yao’s heart, and she instinctively moved closer to Chen Ping. “Young Master, should we...should we take a detour?”

Chen Ping shook his head. “It’s too late. They’ve already discovered us.”

“Them?”

Before Yun Yao could react, a low, guttural roar echoed from the depths of the dense forest.

The sound was neither human nor beastly, but a strange, chilling cry, as if from the deepest hell.

Immediately afterward, a dark shadow darted out from the forest with lightning speed, lunging towards the two.

Chen Ping raised his hand and struck out with a palm.

“Bang!”

Chapter: 10474

The dark shadow was sent flying by the palm strike, crashing heavily into a large tree. The trunk snapped instantly, and the shadow fell to the ground with a piercing scream.

Only then did Yun Yao see the shadow's appearance clearly, and she gasped in horror.

It was a humanoid creature, but its appearance could no longer be described as "human."

He was completely naked, his skin a strange grayish-black, covered with countless cracks, from which a faint, dark red light flickered.

His head was deformed, his features twisted, his mouth stretched to his ears, revealing a row of jagged fangs.

His hands had long, sharp nails that gleamed with a cold light.

Most eerie were his eyes—empty, lifeless eyes, without whites, without pupils, only a deathly darkness.

"This...what kind of monster is this?!" Yun Yao exclaimed in shock.

Chen Ping's gaze fell on the monster, a hint of solemnity flashing in his eyes.

He could sense two completely different auras emanating from this monster.

One was a sacred aura, pure and majestic—the aura of the gods.

The other was an evil aura, cold and violent—the aura of the demons.

Two opposing forces, seemingly incompatible, were strangely fused together within this monster, forming a twisted, nauseating entity.

"Gods and Demons..." Chen Ping murmured, his brow furrowed.

Yun Yao, hearing his words, paled drastically: “What?! Gods and Demons? How is that possible? How could gods and demons merge?”

Chen Ping didn’t answer.

He was also pondering this question.

The gods, considering themselves the noblest race in the world, had always looked down upon the demons, viewing them as lowly and filthy beings.

The two races were sworn enemies, locked in a blood feud for generations.

But this monster before him possessed the bloodlines of both races; this completely defied common sense.

The monster, slapped away by Chen Ping’s palm, didn’t die.

It struggled to its feet, its twisted body convulsing, emitting low growls, its empty eyes fixed on Chen Ping, filled with a crazed killing intent.

But it didn’t pounce again. Not out of fear, but because...

From the depths of the dense forest came even more roars.

Chapter: 10475

One, two, three... countless roars.

Densely packed, rising and falling.

Yun Yao's face was deathly pale, her body trembling uncontrollably.

Chen Ping's expression remained unchanged; he simply watched silently into the depths of the forest.

A moment later, countless black shadows darted out of the forest, rushing towards the two.

Some crawled on the ground, some leaped through the trees, and some pounced directly.

Each one, like the previous monster, was twisted, ferocious, and insane, emanating the aura of both gods and demons.

They had no reason, no fear, only a thirst for flesh and blood.

They were monsters.

Monsters formed from the fusion of the bloodlines of gods and demons.

Chen Ping raised his hand, and the Dragon-Slaying Sword instantly appeared in his palm.

Golden dragon patterns shimmered eerily in the dim forest.

"Stand behind me," he said calmly.

Yun Yao quickly hid behind him, gripping his robes tightly, her body trembling like a leaf.

Chen Ping, sword in hand, took a step forward.

Golden sword light instantly illuminated the entire forest.

The monsters that pounced at him melted away like snow meeting the sun the moment the sword light touched them.

With a single sweep of his sword, more than a dozen monsters exploded, turning into a cloud of blood mist.

Chen Ping didn't stop. He advanced, sword in hand, each step unleashing a slash of sword light.

Each slash of sword light claimed several monsters.

He moved through the monsters' onslaught with ease.

The monsters were utterly helpless against him.

Whether lunging or ambushing, crawling or leaping, anything that came within a ten-foot radius of him was instantly annihilated by the sword energy of the Dragon-Slaying Sword.

Yun Yao followed behind him, watching this scene. The fear in her heart gradually dissipated, replaced by boundless shock and awe.

Chapter: 10476

She had seen powerful figures, but never one like this.

A third-grade Upper Immortal, yet possessing terrifying strength that could crush everything.

Those monsters, each with the strength of a fifth-grade Upper Immortal or higher, were like ants before Chen Ping, easily annihilated.

“Young Master... who exactly is Young Master?” she murmured, her eyes filled with admiration.

A moment later, the dense forest returned to silence.

Legs and severed limbs littered the ground, dark red blood flowing like streams, staining fallen leaves and soil.

The air was filled with the pungent stench of blood and decay, nauseating to behold.

Chen Ping stood with his sword in hand, his robes still spotless.

He sheathed his Dragon-Slaying Sword, his gaze sweeping over the corpses strewn across the ground, a thoughtful look in his eyes.

Where did these monsters come from?

Why are they in the Holy Land of Light?

How did the bloodlines of the gods and demons merge?

Yun Yao stepped out from behind Chen Ping, her face pale as she looked at the carnage, barely suppressing the urge to vomit.

“Young Master... what... what are these things?”

Chen Ping didn't answer, only saying calmly, “Keep going.”

Yun Yao bit her lip, asking no further questions, and followed Chen Ping.

The two continued onward.

The deeper they went into the dense forest, the more corpses appeared on the ground, the stronger the stench of blood.

Some of the corpses were intact, some were mutilated, and some were nothing but piles of flesh.

Judging from the marks, they must have fought fiercely, devouring each other, ultimately dying here.

Chen Ping stopped, his gaze falling on a corpse.

It was a relatively intact body, still vaguely recognizable as human.

A huge, gaping hole ripped from its chest; its heart had been ripped out. Half an arm remained in its mouth, indicating it had been eating before death.

Seeing this, Yun Yao could no longer hold back. She turned and bent over, vomiting violently.

Chapter: 10477

Chen Ping didn't look at her, simply observing the corpse.

He closed his eyes, his divine sense spreading out, enveloping the entire dense forest.

After a moment, he opened his eyes, a cold glint in them.

"There's a restriction," he said calmly.

Yun Yao vomited for a while before straightening up, weakly asking, "What restriction?"

Chen Ping said, "This entire dense forest is shrouded in a massive restriction. Those monsters are trapped here, unable to leave."

Yun Yao froze.

She looked up at the top of the dense forest.

Through the gaps in the branches and leaves, a faint, blood-red light could be seen emanating from the sky, appearing and disappearing like an invisible barrier, isolating the dense forest from the outside world.

"This...who set up this restriction?" Yun Yao murmured.

Chen Ping didn't answer.

But he already had a guess.

To set up such a restriction, trapping so many monsters that were a fusion of gods and demons, was definitely not something an ordinary person could do.

Behind this, there must be a conspiracy by some powerful force.

And this conspiracy was very likely related to the "righteous" sects of the Holy Light Domain.

"Keep going," Chen Ping said again.

Although Yun Yao was afraid, seeing Chen Ping's calm demeanor lessened her fear considerably.

She nodded and followed behind Chen Ping, continuing onward.

The two walked for about half an hour, encountering several more waves of monsters along the way.

Without exception, all those monsters were effortlessly slain by Chen Ping.

Yun Yao's initial fear transformed into numbness, and finally...admiration.

Looking at Chen Ping, her eyes held not just gratitude, but also an almost fanatical adoration.

This man was too strong.

So strong that it was impossible to look directly at him.

Chapter: 10478

Just then, Chen Ping suddenly stopped.

Yun Yao was startled, about to ask a question, when she felt a terrifying pressure emanating from the depths of the dense forest.

That pressure was dozens of times stronger than any of the monsters they had encountered before.

Yun Yao's face instantly turned deathly pale, her legs went weak, and she almost knelt on the ground.

"Young...Young Master..."

Chen Ping raised his hand, signaling her to be quiet.

He raised his head, his gaze fixed on the depths of the dense forest.

A huge black shadow slowly emerged from the depths of the forest.

It was a colossal creature, over three zhang tall, covered in jet-black scales that shimmered with a dark red light.

Its head resembled a gigantic demon, with bloodshot eyes, bared fangs, and dripping foul-smelling saliva.

It exuded the terrifying aura of both gods and demons, the two energies intertwining to create a suffocating pressure.

Peak of the ninth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm.

Just one step away from entering the True Immortal Realm.

Yun Yao nearly fainted upon seeing this monster.

A monster at the peak of the ninth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm was practically invincible in this place.

She looked at Chen Ping, her eyes filled with despair.

She knew Chen Ping was strong, but even so, he was only at the third rank of the Upper Immortal Realm.

How could he possibly defeat a being at the peak of the ninth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm?

“Young Master... let’s run!” she cried urgently.

Chen Ping didn’t move.

He simply watched the monster silently, a faint smile playing on his lips.

“Peak Ninth Rank of the Upper Immortal Realm?”

He repeated softly, a hint of amusement in his voice, “Interesting.”

The monster seemed to sense Chen Ping’s contempt, letting out a deafening roar as it lunged at him.

Chapter: 10479

Its speed was astonishing; its massive body seemed weightless in that instant, like a black lightning bolt, reaching Chen Ping in a flash.

Its giant claws slammed down, carrying earth-shattering power.

Yun Yao closed her eyes, unable to bear watching.

“Boom—”

A deafening roar.

Smoke and dust billowed, the earth trembled.

Yun Yao felt the ground beneath her feet shaking, as if it might collapse at any moment.

A moment later, the smoke and dust dissipated.

Yun Yao opened her eyes, instantly stunned.

Chen Ping remained standing, completely still.

His right hand, raised above his head, steadily caught the monster's massive claw.

That strike, powerful enough to shatter mountains, was caught by him with a single hand, effortlessly.

The monster froze, a flicker of confusion crossing its crimson eyes.

It couldn't understand why its full-force attack had been so easily caught by a tiny human.

Chen Ping raised his head, looking at the monster, and said calmly, "That's it?"

As soon as he finished speaking, he exerted force with his right hand, violently flinging it away.

The enormous monster was actually flung away by him with a single hand, crashing heavily into a large tree.

The towering ancient tree, requiring several people to encircle, snapped instantly, and the monster fell to the ground, letting out a piercing scream.

Chen Ping gave it no chance to catch its breath.

He took a step forward, instantly appearing in front of the monster, raising his hand and striking down with a palm.

“Bang!”

The palm struck the monster’s chest.

The monster’s chest instantly caved in, gushing out jets of black blood.

It let out a bloodcurdling scream, its massive body convulsing violently before collapsing to the ground, lifeless.

Chapter: 10480

A monster at the peak of the ninth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm, killed with a single palm strike.

Yun Yao was utterly dumbfounded.

She looked at Chen Ping as if he were an invincible god, her eyes filled with awe and worship.

A third-rank Upper Immortal Realm cultivator, killing a peak ninth-rank Upper Immortal Realm cultivator with a single palm strike.

What kind of strength was this?

What kind of technique was this?

She suddenly remembered what Chen Ping had said before: “Third-rank Upper Immortal Realm? You’re right, I am a third-rank Upper Immortal Realm cultivator. But someone like you, an eighth-rank Upper Immortal Realm cultivator, is less than an ant in my eyes.”

At the time, she thought it was arrogance.

Now she knew it wasn't arrogance.

It was the truth.

Chen Ping withdrew his hand, turned to Yun Yao, and said calmly, "Let's go."

Yun Yao snapped out of her daze, nodded quickly, and followed behind him, her eyes filled with admiration.

"Young Master, what...what is your cultivation level?" she couldn't help but ask.

Chen Ping didn't turn around, his tone indifferent: "Third Rank of Upper Immortal Realm."

Yun Yao didn't believe him.

But she dared not ask again.

The two continued on their way.

After walking for a while, the view suddenly opened up.

The dense forest had come to an end.

Ahead lay a wide plain, with distant mountains faintly visible, shrouded in mist.

Yun Yao glanced back at the dense forest behind her; the blood-red light still enveloped the entire forest, like a giant eye watching them.

She shivered and quickly turned her head away, unable to look any longer.

Standing on the edge of the plain, Chen Ping gazed into the distance and suddenly asked, "Which direction is the Divine Hall?"

Yun Yao was startled, then quickly realized what he meant and pointed to a distant mountain peak, saying, "That mountain is called Holy Light Peak. The Divine Hall is at the summit of Holy Light Peak."