

The Order 10501

Chapter: 10501

He paused, his smile growing increasingly sinister, "That so-called Reincarnation Soul Transference Technique is a complete deception. Your two friends are long dead; their souls won't last much longer."

A cold killing intent flashed in Chen Ping's eyes, and anger burned fiercely within him.

"You... you lied to me?"

Elder Qingxuan laughed loudly, "So what if we lied to you? Did you think the Divine Hall was truly a righteous holy land? Did you think we would really help you save people?"

Ridiculous! In this world, only the strong survive, only interests are eternal. Your bloodline is your greatest original sin! Blame it on your naivety, that you actually believed us hypocrites."

Chen Ping's face turned completely cold.

He had been lied to.

He had been played.

From beginning to end, the Divine Hall had no intention of helping him save people.

All they wanted was his bloodline!

The so-called righteous path, the so-called benevolence, were all masks of pretense!

His anger wasn't about being lied to, but about those so-called righteous people who, while claiming to be upright and honorable, were secretly engaging in such despicable acts.

They waved the banner of saving the world, but their actions were those of world destruction. There are no good people in the Heavenly Realm!

“Very good.”

Chen Ping suddenly laughed, a chilling laugh that sent shivers down one’s spine, like a demon from the deepest hell.

“I’ll remember you all. Shen Tang, Qing Xuzi, Qing Xuan... If I, Chen Ping, don’t avenge this, I swear I’m not human!”

Elder Qing Xuan felt a chill run down his spine at his laugh, then coldly snorted, “Still being stubborn even when death is imminent! Drain him! Speed up the formation!”

The formation’s light surged, draining him even faster.

Chen Ping felt his bloodline power rapidly draining away, his strength dissipating bit by bit.

His vision blurred, his consciousness growing heavy. He closed his eyes, an endless surge of anger and resentment welling up within him.

Was this how it was going to end?

Would he perish here too if he couldn’t save Mu Sha?

Just as Chen Ping was about to lose consciousness, the door to the side hall was suddenly pushed open.

A slender figure rushed in—it was Yun Yao.

Chapter: 10502

Yun Yao's expression changed drastically as she looked at Chen Ping trapped in the formation, her eyes filled with anxiety and grief.

"Young Master!"

Without a word, she raised her hand and slashed at the array patterns at the edge of the formation.

The longsword in her hand erupted with dazzling light, attempting to destroy the formation.

Elder Qingxuan's expression changed, and he roared, "Where did this lowly wench come from, daring to ruin my grand plan!"

He raised his hand and struck Yun Yao with a palm.

The palm wind howled, carrying the terrifying pressure of a first-grade True Immortal, like a mountain pressing down on Yun Yao.

Yun Yao was only an eighth-grade Upper Immortal; how could she withstand a palm strike from a second-grade True Immortal?

"Bang!"

With a muffled thud, Yun Yao was sent flying by the palm strike, crashing heavily against the wall, spitting out blood.

Her face instantly turned deathly pale, and her body slumped limply to the ground.

But she did not fall, nor did she give up.

She struggled to her feet, wiping the blood from her mouth, and charged towards the magic array again.

“Young Master, I’m here to save you!” Her eyes were resolute; even knowing it was suicide, she didn’t hesitate.

“Seeking death!”

Elder Qingxuan sneered, his eyes flashing with killing intent, and attacked again.

This time, he was serious. A golden sphere of light condensed in his palm—his signature technique, the “Holy Light Annihilation Seal.”

But just then, the roof of the side hall suddenly exploded!

“Boom!”

Tiles flew everywhere, dust billowed.

A dark figure descended from the sky, like a shooting star, landing precisely in front of Yun Yao, blocking Elder Qingxuan’s attack.

It was a woman dressed in black, with a cold and beautiful face, snow-white skin, and eyes as deep as the night sky.

A faint ghostly aura emanated from her, but it wasn’t sinister; instead, it carried a noble and mysterious rhythm, as if from another world.

Yun Yao froze, staring blankly at that retreating figure.

Chapter: 10503

The woman ignored the crowd, simply raising her right hand. Her palm was as black as ink, wreathed in wisps of pure ghostly energy.

She slammed her palm onto the magic array.

“Break!”

A soft shout, accompanied by a tremendous impact.

The seemingly indestructible magic array shattered instantly under this single strike, as if made of paper.

The array patterns broke, the light dissipated, and the force binding Chen Ping vanished.

Chen Ping was freed from the array, swaying and nearly falling.

His face was ashen, most of his bloodline power drained, his strength severely diminished.

He barely managed to steady himself, looking at the woman in black, a hint of doubt flashing in his eyes.

The woman in black turned around, her gaze falling on Chen Ping, a strange light flickering in her eyes.

She didn't speak, but carefully examined Chen Ping, as if confirming something.

A moment later, she said calmly, “Come with me.”

Chen Ping frowned slightly, about to ask a question, when the woman raised her hand and a black light enveloped him and Yun Yao.

The light, like a black hole, instantly swallowed the three of them.

The next second, the three vanished from the spot.

Elder Qingxuan's face was ashen, and he shouted sharply, "Chase! Chase him! Find him alive or dead! We can't let him escape!"

The disciples of the Divine Hall swarmed out, chasing down the mountain with great momentum.

A hundred miles away, in a desolate mountain area.

This place was sparsely populated, overgrown with weeds, with only the occasional roar of a beast breaking the silence.

Three figures descended from the sky, landing in a secluded valley.

The woman in black released her grip, and Chen Ping and Yun Yao landed on the ground.

Yun Yao slumped to the ground, panting heavily, her body covered in blood, her face extremely weak. That palm strike had inflicted severe internal injuries on her; had it not been for her unwavering will, she would likely have fainted long ago.

Although Chen Ping's face was pale, he still stood ramrod straight. He took a deep breath, circulating his remaining spiritual energy to steady his mind.

His gaze fell upon the woman in black, filled with scrutiny and wariness.

Chapter: 10504

“Who are you?”

He asked coldly, his hand already subtly gripping the hilt of his sword.

Although she had saved him, after experiencing the betrayal of the Divine Hall, he dared not easily trust anyone again.

The woman in black looked at him, not answering immediately, but silently observing him.

After a moment, she suddenly spoke, her voice as cold as ice: “Why do you bear the aura of the Ghost Clan?”

Chen Ping frowned.

The aura of the Ghost Clan?

A thought flashed through his mind; he remembered Ming Li.

Ming Li was a member of the Ghost Clan, and having followed him for so long, it was normal for her to bear some of his aura.

“I have a friend who is a member of the Ghost Clan.”

He said calmly, “Who exactly are you?”

A flicker of realization crossed the woman’s eyes, then she nodded slightly. “I see.”

She paused, then slowly said, “My name is Yun Xi, a princess of the Ghost Clan.”

Upon hearing this, both Chen Ping and Yun Yao's expressions changed.

A princess of the Ghost Clan?

The woman continued, "I come from the Fifteenth Heaven."

Chen Ping's pupils contracted.

The Fifteenth Heaven?

That was a legendary place, one level higher than the Fourteenth Heaven. It was said to be the place where true powerhouses gathered.

Those who could descend from the Upper Realm were no ordinary people.

"Why did you save me?" Chen Ping asked in a deep voice, his wariness growing even stronger.

Yunxi looked at him calmly and said, "I sensed a trace of the Gate of Reincarnation in the Fifteenth Heaven, so I followed it down. When I arrived here, the aura disappeared, but I sensed the aura of the Ghost Clan on you. I assumed you were connected to my Ghost Clan, so I helped you."

She paused, her gaze falling on Chen Ping's face. "Now it seems that aura was left by your Ghost Clan friend. Since you have a past with the Ghost Clan, I naturally wouldn't stand by and watch you die."

Chen Ping remained silent for a moment, slowly releasing his grip on his sword.

Chapter: 10505

Although her words were somewhat unbelievable, at least for now, she seemed to have no ill intentions.

And that Gate of Reincarnation was also used by Ming Li. Although it had been taken away, Ming Li should still carry a trace of its aura.

“Thank you,” he said in a deep voice.

Yunxi shook her head. “No need. I’m just returning a favor.”

She turned around, her gaze fixed on the distance, as if she could pierce through layers of clouds and see the legendary Fifteenth Heaven. “The sudden appearance of the Gate of Reincarnation’s aura must be suspicious. I need to investigate. Take care of yourselves.”

With that, she turned to leave.

Chen Ping suddenly spoke: “Wait.”

Yun Xi stopped and turned to look at him.

Chen Ping looked at her and said in a deep voice, “The people from the Divine Hall are still chasing me. You saved me and Yun Yao; I will remember this kindness. I will repay you if I have the opportunity in the future.”

Yun Xi’s lips curled up slightly, revealing a faint smile: “No need. I only did it as a favor. However...”

She paused, her gaze falling on Chen Ping, a deep meaning flashing in her eyes.

“The bloodline in your veins is very unusual. Live well, don’t die here.”

With that, she flashed, transforming into a black streak of light and disappearing into the vast sky.

Chen Ping watched the streak of light disappear into the distance, remaining silent for a long time.

Yun Yao struggled to her feet and walked to his side, whispering, “Young Master, is what she said true? A Ghost Clan princess from the Fifteenth Heaven?”

Chen Ping shook his head. “I don’t know. But she did save us. And the aura of the Gate of Reincarnation she mentioned does indeed exist.”

Chen Ping hadn’t told Yun Xi about the Gate of Reincarnation because he wasn’t yet certain of her identity.

If he revealed it now, it might bring disaster to Ming Li.

He turned to Yun Yao’s pale face, his brow furrowing slightly.

“Heal first. We’ll talk about the rest later.”

Chen Ping sat cross-legged and began healing.

Most of his bloodline power had been drained, and his strength had decreased significantly, but fortunately, his foundation remained. With some rest, he would recover.

He took out several pills from his storage ring, swallowed them, and then circulated his cultivation technique to guide the medicinal power.

Yun Yao struggled to her feet and walked to Chen Ping’s side, protecting him.

Chapter: 10506

Her eyes remained worried, but seeing Chen Ping unharmed, she breathed a sigh of relief.

A moment later, a whooshing sound came from afar.

Dozens of white streaks of light sped in and landed above the valley.

The leader was Elder Qingxuan.

He looked at the three people in the valley and sneered, "Running, huh? Why aren't you running anymore? Did you think you could escape the pursuit of my Divine Hall by hiding in this desolate wilderness?"

Behind him followed dozens of Divine Hall disciples, each wielding weapons, exuding murderous intent.

Chen Ping opened his eyes, stood up, and looked at him coldly.

Elder Qingxuan felt a chill run down his spine under his gaze, then sneered, "Chen Ping, most of your bloodline has been drained, your cultivation has plummeted, and you still want to resist? If you know what's good for you, surrender obediently and come back with me, and perhaps I can leave you with a whole corpse. Otherwise, don't blame me for being ruthless!"

Chen Ping looked at him and suddenly smiled.

That smile was cold, chilling to the bone, like that of a demon from the deepest hell.

"Elder Qingxuan,"

he spoke slowly, his voice hoarse yet powerful, "Do you know, the thing I hate most is being deceived."

Elder Qingxuan scoffed, "So what? The victor is king, the loser is villain. You only have yourself to blame for being too naive, actually believing our Divine Hall would help you save people. Hmph, the righteous path? Where in this world is there any true righteous path? Only self-interest!"

Chen Ping didn't answer.

He simply raised his hand, and the Dragon-Slaying Sword instantly appeared in his palm.

The jet-black blade, adorned with golden dragon patterns, shimmered with an eerie light in the sunlight.

The sword trembled slightly, emitting a low dragon roar, as if responding to its master's anger.

Elder Qingxuan's expression changed slightly, then he sneered, "A mere third-grade Immortal dares to draw his sword before me? He's courting death! Attack! Kill him, and you'll be rewarded with a thousand bottles of spirit liquid!"

A generous reward will surely inspire brave men.

Dozens of disciples from the Divine Hall attacked simultaneously, unleashing a deluge of various spells upon Chen Ping.

There were towering flames, biting ice, thunderous roars, and blades piercing the air.

The entire valley was instantly engulfed in various colors of light.

Yun Yao cried out in alarm, wanting to rush forward to help, but Chen Ping raised his hand to stop her.

"Stand behind me," he said calmly.

Chapter: 10507

Yun Yao was stunned, looking at Chen Ping.

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

This step seemed to shatter the void, carrying an unstoppable momentum.

“Get lost!”

A roar, accompanied by golden sword light, instantly illuminated the entire valley.

A sweeping sword strike!

This sword strike, seemingly simple, contained boundless sword intent.

It was the sword path Chen Ping had comprehended amidst life and death, an outpouring of his inner rage.

“Pfft pfft pfft—”

A dozen or so disciples of the Divine Hall exploded simultaneously, turning into a cloud of blood mist.

Their protective qi was as fragile as paper before this sword strike, utterly vulnerable.

Elder Qingxuan’s expression changed drastically.

This... what kind of strength was this?

A third-grade Upper Immortal Realm cultivator, killing over a dozen seventh or eighth-grade Upper Immortal Realm cultivators with a single sword strike?

How could this be!

Even with the aid of divine weapons, it was impossible to do it so easily!

And Chen Ping's strength had decreased so much?

Chen Ping gave him no time to react.

His figure flashed, instantly appearing before Elder Qingxuan. His speed was astonishing, as if he were teleporting.

The Dragon-Slaying Sword slashed down towards him.

Elder Qingxuan hurriedly raised his hand to block, golden light surging from his palm, condensing into a golden shield.

"Holy Light Shield!"

"Boom—"

A deafening roar.

The golden shield shattered instantly, turning into countless points of light.

Elder Qingxuan was sent flying backward, crashing heavily against the mountain wall, spitting blood, his eyes filled with disbelief.

"You...you..."

A large section of his chest was caved in, his bones shattered, his internal organs severely damaged.

Chen Ping stood with his sword, looking down at him, his eyes devoid of any warmth.

“True Immortal Realm, First Grade?” he repeated softly, a hint of disdain in his tone.

“Nothing special.”

Chen Ping’s eyes narrowed slightly, his gaze filled with killing intent.

Even with his weakened state, he wasn’t afraid of Elder Qingxuan. If he were at his peak, this sword strike would have already killed Elder Qingxuan.

Chapter: 10508

Elder Qingxuan felt a chill run down his spine under Chen Ping’s gaze, an unprecedented fear welling up from the depths of his heart.

He had cultivated for a thousand years, reaching the first rank of the True Immortal Realm, and considered himself a strongman in the fourteenth heaven.

But this young man before him, despite having had most of his bloodline drained and his strength significantly reduced, had killed over a dozen of his disciples with a single sword strike and then severely wounded him with another!

What kind of monster was this?!

“You...who exactly are you?!”

Elder Qingxuan asked in a trembling voice.

Chen Ping didn't answer, but slowly raised the Dragon-Slaying Sword, its tip pointing directly at his throat.

The jet-black blade gleamed eerily in the sunlight, the golden dragon patterns seeming to come alive, faintly emanating a dragon's roar.

Elder Qingxuan felt a chill run from the soles of his feet to the top of his head, no longer caring about face, mission, or the dignity of the Divine Hall.

"Retreat! Retreat now!"

He shouted sharply, struggling to his feet and staggering away.

The remaining disciples of the Divine Hall, already terrified, felt a sense of relief upon hearing the order and turned to flee, desperately trying to escape.

Their previous arrogance had vanished completely.

In an instant, only Chen Ping and Yun Yao remained in the valley.

Chen Ping stood with his sword, watching the fleeing figures, his eyes devoid of any emotion.

Yun Yao, recovering from her shock, rushed to Chen Ping's side and said urgently, "Young Master, why don't you chase them? We must nip them in the bud! If they go back and report, the people of the Divine Hall will soon be back!"

Chen Ping didn't speak, simply standing there quietly.

Yun Yao was about to persuade him further when Chen Ping suddenly swayed, and the Dragon-Slaying Sword in his hand clattered to the ground.

“Young Master!”

Yun Yao was shocked and quickly supported him.

Chen Ping’s face was ashen, large beads of sweat rolling down his forehead.

He opened his mouth, as if to say something, but suddenly spat out a mouthful of blood.

“Pfft—”

The blood stained his clothes, a horrifying sight.

Chapter: 10509

Yun Yao was terrified and quickly helped him sit down: “Young Master! Young Master, what’s wrong?!”

Chen Ping leaned against Yun Yao, panting heavily. After a long while, he weakly spoke: “That sword strike just now...it was my last attack, the one I used with all my might...if Qingxuan hadn’t run, I...I wouldn’t have lasted three breaths...”

Yun Yao was stunned.

So, the imposing, murderous Chen Ping from before was just a bluff, clinging to his last breath!

She recalled Chen Ping’s domineering gaze and awe-inspiring aura, and a complex mix of emotions welled up within her.

“Young Master, you...”

Chen Ping gave a bitter smile and shook his head: "There's no other way... If we don't scare him, we'll all die here..."

Yun Yao's eyes welled up with tears, and she nodded forcefully.

She helped Chen Ping up and whispered, "Young Master, let's go quickly. It's not safe here; they might react at any moment."

Chen Ping nodded weakly.

Yun Yao picked up the Dragon-Slaying Sword, supported Chen Ping, and staggered towards the depths of the valley.

Yun Yao supported Chen Ping as they struggled through the mountains.

Chen Ping's injuries were more severe than she had imagined. Most of his blood had been drained, and he had forced himself to unleash a sword strike beyond his limits; his meridians were severely damaged, and his spiritual energy was almost completely depleted.

Every few steps, they had to stop and catch their breath for a long time.

Yun Yao was anxious but dared not stop.

She knew that although Qing Xuan's men had fled in fear, they would surely return once they regained their senses.

"Young Master, hold on a little longer," she whispered, trying to comfort him.

"I remember there's a cave ahead; let's hide there for a while."

Chen Ping didn't speak, only nodded slightly.

The two walked for a full hour before finally finding a secluded cave.

The cave wasn't large, but it was big enough for two people. The entrance was hidden by dense vines, making it difficult to spot without careful observation.

Yun Yao helped Chen Ping into the cave and let him rest against the stone wall. Then she took out a pill and fed it to Chen Ping.

"Young Master, you rest first. I'll go out and set up a simple concealment array, then come back to watch over you."

Chen Ping nodded weakly, closed his eyes, and began to circulate his internal energy to refine the medicinal power.

Chapter: 10510

Yun Yao stepped out of the cave, took out several array flags from her storage ring, and set up a simple concealment array around the cave entrance.

While it couldn't compare to the grand arrays of major sects, it was enough to fool ordinary pursuers.

After setting up the array, she guarded the cave entrance for a long time, confirming that no pursuers were following, before returning to the cave.

Chen Ping was already in a deep sleep, his face still pale, but his breathing was much more steady.

Yun Yao sat beside him, looking at his tired face, a surge of indescribable emotion welling up inside her.

This man, to save his friend, had traveled thousands of miles to the Holy Domain of Light, only to be deceived, harmed, and nearly lose his life. Yet he had never complained, never retreated a single step.

She murmured softly, "Young Master, you must get better soon..."

For the next three days, the two hid in this cave.

Chen Ping took medicine daily to regulate his breathing, refine his spiritual energy, and repair his damaged meridians.

Yun Yao was responsible for guarding the cave, occasionally venturing out to gather intelligence and collect medicinal herbs to treat Chen Ping's injuries.

After three days, Chen Ping's injuries had improved considerably. Although not fully recovered, he could at least move normally.

One day, Chen Ping was meditating in the cave when he suddenly heard light footsteps outside.

He opened his eyes, his gaze sharpening.

Yun Yao also heard the noise and quickly stood up, assuming a defensive posture.

A moment later, the vines blocking the cave entrance were parted, and several figures appeared at the entrance.

The leader was a middle-aged man dressed in a white robe, with a golden lotus embroidered on his chest.

His face was refined, with a gentle smile, but that smile revealed an undisguised sinister intent.

It was none other than Qing Xu, the vice leader of the Holy Purity Sect.

Behind him followed four or five disciples of the Holy Purity Sect, each possessing considerable cultivation, all above the seventh rank of the Upper Immortal Realm.

Qingxu looked at Chen Ping and Yun Yao in the cave, a broad smile on his face, as if he were seeing old friends.

“Young Master Chen, Miss Yun Yao, I’ve been searching high and low.”

His voice was gentle, yet carried a chilling coldness.

Yun Yao’s expression changed drastically, instinctively stepping in front of Chen Ping. “You...how did you find this place?!”

Qingxu smiled slightly, his gaze falling on Yun Yao, a glint of greed flashing in his eyes.