

The Order 10651

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Upon hearing this voice, Long Yuan trembled violently. The smugness and majesty on his face vanished instantly, replaced by extreme respect, awe, and even panic.

He quickly turned around and stepped forward, bowing deeply: "Senior!"

All the demonic dragon warriors present, including the young generals and elders, changed their expressions drastically, bowing their heads and not daring to breathe loudly, clearly showing the utmost reverence for the owner of the voice.

From the depths of the Demonic Dragon Palace, two figures calmly emerged, each step carrying an invisible pressure that subjugated the surrounding demonic energy.

Ahead stood a young man in black, tall and handsome, with eyes as deep and cold as a pool. His aura was restrained, seemingly calm yet exuding a chilling pressure, as if he were the center of the universe.

This man was Ning Zhi.

Beside him was Su Yuqi.

Long Yuan quickly stepped forward, bowing respectfully, and explained, "Reporting to Senior, the Temple Master Shen Tong has brought his remaining disciples to seek refuge. I was considering taking them in and specifically requested your permission, Senior."

Ning Zhi paused, his deep gaze falling directly on Shen Tong not far away, giving him a fleeting glance.

Shen Tong trembled violently as if struck by lightning, his hair standing on end, a bone-chilling cold shooting from his feet to the top of his head.

Looking at Ning Zhi, his legs went weak, the horrific scene of the destroyed Holy Mountain flashing through his mind, fear surging forth like a tidal wave, almost overwhelming him.

He instinctively lowered his head, not daring to meet his gaze even slightly, breathing cautiously, afraid of displeasing the ruthless star.

Ning Zhi slowly walked up to Shen Tong, calmly looking at him, then suddenly a faint smile appeared on his lips.

But this smile held no warmth whatsoever; instead, it sent an even stronger chill through Shen Tong, making him feel utterly cold and his soul nearly dissipate.

“Shen Tong?”

Ning Zhi spoke calmly, his voice placid yet carrying an undeniable pressure. “I remember you. Last time in Yunxian City, you ran away quickly when things went wrong, narrowly escaping with your life.”

Shen Tong trembled violently, unable to hold on any longer. He knelt down again with a thud, his forehead pressed tightly to the ground, his voice trembling and incoherent as he begged for mercy: “Senior...Senior, spare my life! Please spare my life! I was blind and didn’t recognize your greatness. I offended you in Yunxian City, I know I was wrong, please forgive me this time! I am willing to completely submit to you, to serve you as a dog or a horse, and to have no disloyalty!”

Ning Zhi looked at the kneeling, trembling Shen Tong, saying nothing but silently observing. His gaze was calm as still water, yet it made Shen Tong feel increasingly uneasy, his heart pounding wildly as if it would leap out of his chest.

Shen Tong, thinking he was hesitating and worried that Ning Zhi wouldn’t take him in, quickly continued, his voice growing increasingly humble and pleading: “Senior, although my cultivation has greatly declined, I am still at the True Immortal realm. Give me a chance, and I will quickly recover. I will gladly face any task, even death, without hesitation! I only beg you to take me in and give me a way to live!”

He slowly raised his head, his eyes filled with humble pleading and fear, staring intently at Ning Zhi awaiting his judgment.

Ning Zhi remained silent for a moment before slowly speaking, his voice indifferent and emotionless: "You said you want to pledge allegiance to me?"

Shen Tong nodded frantically, his voice trembling: "Yes, yes, yes! This subordinate is willing to pledge allegiance, to be loyal forever, and to serve you at will!"

Ning Zhi's lips curled into a cruel, cold smile, his eyes instantly turning icy and devoid of warmth. He spoke slowly and deliberately: "But I don't need dogs."

These words struck Shen Tong like a thunderbolt. The pleading hope on his face froze instantly, his smile solidified, his eyes vacant, his face filled with disbelief. He stood frozen in place, as if his soul had been ripped from his body.

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Before Shen Tong could react, Ning Zhi slowly raised his right hand, and a wisp of pitch-black demonic flame rose from his palm.

This demonic flame, seemingly weak, contained a terrifying, world-destroying power. The surrounding air sizzled as it burned, space subtly distorted, and a terrifying pressure instantly filled the entire area.

"The Temple Master, a True Immortal Realm expert..."

Ning Zhi repeated softly, his tone laced with a hint of playful disdain, "You think you're worthy of serving me? Do you think you have the qualifications?"

Shen Tong's face was deathly pale, his body trembling violently, his eyes filled with extreme terror. He tried to beg for mercy and try to escape, but under Ning Zhi's oppressive aura, he was stiff and unable to move, unable to even utter a weak whimper.

"Senior! Spare me! Please spare me! I... I'll never dare again!"

Shen Tong desperately pleaded with all his might.

But Ning Zhi didn't give him a chance to finish. His eyes were indifferent, and he lightly waved his right hand.

In an instant, black demonic flames erupted from his palm like a volcanic eruption, transforming into a raging black sea of fire, carrying the power to scorch the heavens and boil the seas, instantly engulfing Shen Tong and the more than two hundred disciples behind him, leaving no blind spots.

“No!!!”

Shen Tong let out a bloodcurdling, heart-wrenching scream, filled with despair and agony.

He desperately channeled his remaining spiritual energy to resist, but the energy melted instantly before the demonic flames, like snow meeting the scorching sun, utterly powerless.

The black demonic flames scorched his flesh and soul relentlessly, waves of excruciating pain washing over him, causing him to writhe and scream in agony on the ground.

But the demonic flames were like a leech, impossible to extinguish no matter how much he struggled and fought; instead, they burned ever brighter.

The two hundred disciples behind him didn't even have time to utter a few screams before being completely swallowed up, their bodies and souls instantly reduced to nothingness.

In just a few breaths, Shen Tong's screams vanished completely, leaving no trace.

The black demonic flames slowly died down and dissipated.

Only a charred patch remained in the open space before the mountain gate; the hard, dark red ground was cracked and melted from the heat, and nothing else remained.

Shen Tong and his two hundred-plus disciples vanished without a trace, not even a bone or a wisp of their souls remaining. They were utterly reduced to ashes and disappeared from the world. From that moment on, the Temple Master Shen Tong ceased to exist.

Long Yuan stood frozen, his face deathly pale, his legs trembling, nearly collapsing.

He opened his mouth to speak, but his throat was dry, and no sound came out. His heart was filled with extreme fear and shock.

He had initially thought taking in Shen Tong was a great stroke of luck, adding to his True Immortal realm strength, but he had completely forgotten that Ning Zhi utterly disdained such a small amount of power.

In Ning Zhi's eyes, Shen Tong was nothing more than an ant that could be crushed at will, insignificant.

An ant's allegiance was meaningless to Ning Zhi; it was merely an eyesore, easily eliminated.

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Long Yuan was filled with lingering fear, thankful he hadn't acted rashly and taken him in; otherwise, he feared he too would have been implicated.

He kept his head bowed, unable to look at Ning Zhi's retreating figure, cold sweat soaking through his inner robe.

Ning Zhi slowly withdrew his right hand, his expression calm as if he had merely done something insignificant, without the slightest ripple of emotion.

He turned to Su Yuqi beside him, his tone still calm and gentle: "Senior Sister, let's go. There's no need to waste time here."

Su Yuqi nodded slightly, her cool gaze sweeping over the charred marks. A faint, complex expression flashed in her eyes before she regained her usual indifference. Without saying another word, she followed Ning Zhi, turning and slowly walking deeper into the Demon Dragon Palace, their figures gradually disappearing behind the palace gates.

Long Yuan stood rooted to the spot, watching the two figures disappear, too afraid to move for a long time.

After a long while, he slowly regained his composure, wiping the cold sweat from his forehead and neck. His voice trembled as he whispered to his subordinates, "Quickly... quickly clean this place up. Leave no trace. This matter must not be publicized. Remember!"

Having said this, he dared not linger, quickly turning and following Ning Zhi into the depths of the hall. His awe of Ning Zhi deepened, and he dared not harbor any further disloyalty.

At this moment, a hundred miles away from the Demon Dragon Palace, atop a dark mountain peak, behind a massive boulder, a figure lay motionless, trembling violently, his face deathly pale, his eyes filled with extreme terror, barely daring to breathe.

This person was the spy specially sent by the Divine Hall to track Shen Tong.

He had carefully followed Shen Tong from the Holy Domain, careful not to reveal himself, intending to find out Shen Tong's whereabouts and location before immediately returning to the Divine Hall to report to Hall Master Yao Chen.

But he never expected to witness such a horrifying and shocking scene: the black-clad youth, Ning Zhi, with a mere wave of his hand, reduced the True Immortal Realm cultivator and over two hundred disciples to ashes, leaving not even bones behind.

The scout recalled the scene of the black demonic flames filling the sky and the cultivator's agonizing screams, feeling a chill run down his spine and his soul nearly leaving his body.

He knew in his heart that the young man named Ning Zhi possessed unimaginable strength, an existence beyond human power to contend with; he was simply a ruthless demon who killed without blinking an eye.

Suppressing his fear, he scrambled out from behind the boulder, not daring to linger. He channeled all the spiritual energy within him and sprinted frantically towards the Holy Domain of Light, wishing he could sprout wings and fly back to the Divine Hall immediately.

He had only one thought in his mind: he had to tell Hall Master Yao Chen everything. The Divine Hall had to be on guard against such a terrifying enemy, otherwise, the Divine Hall would inevitably follow in the footsteps of the Divine Temple.

After a frantic, relentless journey, the scout finally returned to the Holy Land of Light, arriving at Holy Light Peak, the headquarters of the Divine Hall, after several days of travel.

Atop Holy Light Peak, the Divine Hall's grand hall stood magnificent and resplendent in gold. The Hall Master, Yao Chen, sat there, clad in a pristine white holy robe, his handsome face and refined demeanor exuding elegance. He toyed with a jade slip imbued with holy light, his expression serene and seemingly unperturbed.

Below him, the scout who had rushed back from the Demon Realm, covered in dust and disheveled, trembled uncontrollably, his face deathly pale. He knelt in the center of the hall, his head pressed tightly to the ground, his voice trembling so much he could barely speak.

Yao Chen slowly put down the jade slip in his hand, looking at the trembling scout below. His brow furrowed slightly, and his tone, tinged with doubt, remained calm: "You followed Shen Tong all the way here, why are you in such a sorry state? Has something happened? Tell me slowly, there's no need to panic."

The scout swallowed hard, forcibly suppressing his fear. His voice still trembled as he slowly and deliberately reported everything he had witnessed before the Demon Dragon Palace in the Demon Realm: "Palace Master... I saw it with my own eyes, there's not a single lie!

Shen Tong led over two hundred remaining disciples of the Divine Palace to escape into the Demon Realm and seek refuge with the Demon Dragon lineage. The Demon Dragon leader, Long Yuan, had originally agreed to take them in.

But at this moment, that person named Ning..." Suddenly, the young man in black appeared, and then... then he simply waved his hand, releasing a ball of black demonic flame, which burned Shen Tong and the more than two hundred disciples to death!

Not even bones, not even a trace of their souls remained; they were completely reduced to ashes!

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The scout's voice trembled with increasing fear as he spoke: "That Shen Tong was a second-grade True Immortal Realm expert! He didn't even have a chance to resist against Ning Zhi; his screams didn't even last long before he was gone!

That black demonic flame was truly terrifying; we couldn't possibly contend with it!"

Yao Chen's calm expression vanished instantly, his brows furrowing tightly, his expression becoming grave.

He slowly stood up, his tone tinged with disbelief: "What did you say? A single fire instantly burned Shen Tong, a True Immortal Realm expert, and more than two hundred disciples? They didn't even have the power to resist?"

"Yes! I swear on my life, every word is true! I saw it with my own eyes; I dare not conceal the slightest detail!" The scout quickly kowtowed, his voice firm.

Yao Chen slowly descended the steps, standing with his hands behind his back in the center of the hall, silent, his aura growing increasingly heavy.

He had learned from the battle of Yunxian City that Ning Zhi was a formidable opponent, but he never imagined Ning Zhi would be this powerful.

A True Immortal Realm Second Grade Divine Ability was like an ant before him, easily annihilated. This strength far exceeded his comprehension.

He himself was also a True Immortal Realm expert, his cultivation slightly higher than Ning Zhi's, but only by a limited margin.

If Ning Zhi attacked him, attacked the Divine Hall, how many moves could he withstand?

Could the Divine Hall's protective array withstand that terrifying black demonic flame?

A chill instantly surged from the depths of Yao Chen's heart, spreading throughout his body, causing him to shiver involuntarily. For the first time, a deep sense of apprehension arose within him, even a barely perceptible fear.

"Go down."

After a long silence, Yao Chen slowly waved his hand, his tone extremely heavy, and said no more.

The scout hurriedly kowtowed in thanks and quickly left the hall, not daring to linger.

Only Yao Chen remained in the hall, silent and still.

He stood there silently for a long time, then slowly raised his head to look at the sky outside the hall window.

The sky above the Holy Land of Light outside the window was still a clear, azure blue, and holy light still enveloped the entire land, a scene of peace and tranquility. But a thick cloud of gloom clouded Yao Chen's eyes, his former composure gone.

"Ning Zhi..."

He murmured softly, his tone filled with apprehension and a hint of deep-seated fear, "What is this young man's background? What does he want? With him in charge of the Demon Dragon lineage, what exactly does he intend to do?"

He closed his eyes, took a deep breath, and forcibly suppressed the fear and unease in his heart. When he opened his eyes again, the panic in his eyes had vanished, replaced by a resolute and solemn expression.

He knew an unprecedented crisis was quietly approaching; if he was not careful, the Divine Hall would suffer the same fate as the Divine Temple and be destroyed in an instant.

“Guards!” Yao Chen spoke in a deep voice, his tone authoritative and carrying an unyielding command.

A guardian elder strode into the hall, bowed respectfully, and said, “Your subordinate is here. What are your orders, Hall Master?”

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Yao Chen’s gaze was deep as he looked towards the distant Demon Realm. His tone was heavy and resolute, each word deliberate: “Pass down the order: the Divine Hall is immediately placed on Level One alert. All disciples on missions, regardless of their location or whether their missions have been completed, are to be recalled to Holy Light Peak immediately!

The mountain-protecting formation is to be fully activated and operate around the clock without the slightest slackening. All elders are to take turns on duty, guarding against any unusual activity!”

The guardian elder was shocked and looked utterly bewildered. He hurriedly asked, “Master, what terrible event has occurred that necessitates activating Level One alert? This is unprecedented since the founding of the Divine Hall!”

Yao Chen didn’t answer, but continued gazing into the distance, his eyes deep and his voice low, as he slowly uttered, “A storm capable of overturning the entire Holy Domain of Light is approaching. We must be fully prepared, or we will face utter annihilation.”

The news of the Divine Hall’s activation of Level One alert was like a boulder thrown into a calm lake, instantly creating massive waves throughout the Holy Domain of Light.

On Holy Light Peak, the mountain-protecting array was operating at full capacity, a golden light shield completely enveloping the entire mountain, preventing even a bird from easily passing through.

At the foot of the mountain, checkpoints were set up at every key point, with Divine Hall disciples stationed every three steps and sentries every five, their faces grave, as if facing a formidable enemy. The pilgrimage route, normally open to the public, was now completely closed, with no one allowed to enter or leave.

The news spread, and the various forces within the Holy Domain of Light were immediately thrown into chaos.

“What is the Divine Hall doing? Level One Alert? That’s unprecedented since the Divine Hall’s founding!”

“I heard even the elders and disciples on missions have been urgently recalled. Is war about to break out?”

“Could it be that the Demon Race is about to attack? I heard the Divine Hall of the Fourteenth Heaven has been destroyed, and the Demon Dragon lineage is unstoppable...”

Discussions rose and fell, panic spreading like a plague.

What shocked everyone even more was that news of the annihilation of the Holy Purity Sect also spread throughout the entire Holy Domain of Light at the same time.

That majestic mountain gate, standing for thousands of years, was now a ruin.

Thousands of disciples perished; Vice Sect Leader Qingxu, Sect Leader Qingxuan, and even the elders at the True Immortal realm were all dead.

It was said that only a few people were responsible for the murders, the leader being a young man, a fourth-grade Upper Immortal, who had killed Sect Leader Qingxuan, a second-grade True Immortal, with a single palm strike.

“A fourth-rank Immortal killing a second-rank True Immortal? How is that possible!”

“I heard that person is called Chen Ping, the reincarnation of the Dragon Emperor who caused such a stir in the Fourteenth Heaven!”

“He destroyed the Divine Temple, and now he’s in the Holy Domain of Light? What exactly does he want?”

The panic intensified.

Some small sects began quietly packing their belongings, preparing to flee.

Medium-sized forces urgently recalled their disciples, activated their protective mountain formations, and tightly closed their gates.

Those forces allied with the Holy Pure Sect were even more terrified, fearing they would be next.

The entire Holy Domain of Light was filled with unease and paranoia.

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Meanwhile, in a small town a hundred miles away from Holy Light Peak, Chen Ping sat leisurely in an inconspicuous teahouse, sipping tea.

Yun Xi sat opposite him, her expression calm. Ming Li and Liu Qianqian sat at the next table, close together, talking in hushed tones.

Yun Yao leaned against the window, listlessly watching the people coming and going on the street.

“Young Master Chen, when are we going to the Divine Hall?” Yun Yao turned around and asked softly.

Chen Ping put down his teacup and said indifferently, “No rush.”

Yun Yao pouted, about to say something, when Ming Li suddenly spoke up: “Mr. Chen, I just went out to scout around, and the situation isn’t quite right.”

Chen Ping looked at him.

Ming Li lowered his voice: "The Divine Hall has entered Level One alert. Holy Light Peak is sealed off, the protective array is fully activated, and there are patrolling disciples everywhere at the foot of the mountain. Forget about going up the mountain; even getting within ten miles will result in being checked."

"Level One alert?" Yun Xi raised an eyebrow. "What is the Divine Hall doing?"

Ming Li shook his head: "I don't know. But there are many rumors outside. Some say the Demon Clan is going to attack, some say..." He glanced at Chen Ping, hesitating to continue.

"What are they saying?" Chen Ping asked.

"Some say it's because we destroyed the Holy Purity Sect, and the Divine Hall is afraid we'll come after them, so they're taking precautions."

Chen Ping's lips curled into a faint smile upon hearing this.

"Because of us?" He shook his head. "Impossible."

"Why?" Ming Li asked, puzzled.

Chen Ping picked up his teacup, took a sip, and slowly said, "What kind of place is the Divine Hall? One of the oldest powers in the Holy Domain of Light, established for tens of thousands of years, claiming to be the legitimate successor of the divine race. Their arrogance is ingrained in their bones."

He set down his teacup, his gaze calm. "In their eyes, we're just a few rogue cultivators at the Upper Immortal Realm, like ants. Even if we destroyed the Holy Purity Sect, to them it would just be dogs fighting, not something that would make them so alarmed."

Ming Li nodded thoughtfully.

“Anything that could put the Divine Hall on high alert must be something that they feel is mortally threatened.”

Chen Ping stood up, walked to the window, and looked towards the distant Holy Light Peak. “And it must be something of immense importance.”

“Then what do we do?” Yun Yao asked. “Should we still go after the Divine Hall?”

Chen Ping was silent for a moment, then said calmly, “Go after them, but not now. First, find out what they’re afraid of.”

He turned to Ming Li: “Ming Li, go and find out if there’s anything unusual about the Divine Hall lately. Especially...” He paused, “...anything related to the Demon Clan.”

Ming Li was taken aback: “The Demon Clan?”

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Chen Ping nodded, then looked at Yun Yao and said, “Do you remember the monsters we encountered in the vast forest when we were hiding from the Holy Purity Sect?”

Yun Yao’s expression changed slightly.

Of course she remembered those monsters with fused divine and demonic bloodlines.

Their twisted appearance, their crazed eyes, and the eerie presence emanating two completely different auras—even now, the thought of them sent chills down her spine.

“Young Master Chen, you mean...”

“Those monsters couldn’t have appeared naturally.”

Chen Ping said calmly, "There must be someone manipulating them. And in the Holy Domain of Light, the number of forces with that ability and the audacity is extremely limited."

"Mr. Chen, what monsters?" Ming Li asked.

Chen Ping recounted to the others the inhuman, ghost-like monsters he encountered when he first came to the Holy Domain of Light.

Ming Li gasped: "Such a thing exists?"

Chen Ping nodded: "Go investigate. Be careful, don't alert them."

Ming Li nodded emphatically and turned to leave.

Liu Qianqian hesitated for a moment, then followed.

Yun Xi watched Chen Ping's retreating figure and said softly, "Do you think the Divine Hall is up to something?"

Chen Ping turned around and looked at her: "The Divine Hall can revive Ghost Clan Venerables using cultivator bloodlines, why can't the Divine Hall do something even more outrageous?"

Yun Xi was silent for a moment, then slowly nodded.

"Yes, these so-called righteous sects, though outwardly glamorous, often do things far more sordid than the demons."

"I'll go investigate too."

Yun Xi stood up. "The Ghost Clan doesn't have much power in the Holy Land of Light, but they can still find a few informants."

Chen Ping nodded: "Be careful."

After Yun Xi left, only Chen Ping and Yun Yao remained in the teahouse.

Yun Yao leaned against the window, watching the people coming and going on the street, and suddenly whispered, "Young Master Chen, do you think... the Divine Hall would really do such a thing?"

Chen Ping looked at her, but didn't speak.

Yun Yao turned her head, a hint of confusion in her eyes: "When I was in the Holy Purity Sect, they always claimed to be the righteous path, the guardians of the Holy Land of Light. But what they did to me... it wasn't righteous at all."

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She lowered her head, her voice growing softer: "Later, I escaped, thinking all righteous people were the same. But you, Young Master Chen, are different, Sister Yunxi is different, Mingli and Qianqian are different too. I thought, maybe there are good people in the righteous path too..."

"But even the people of the Divine Hall, a divine race, are bad people..." She raised her head, her eyes full of incomprehension, "Then what exactly is the righteous path? What is light?"

Chen Ping looked at her, silent for a long time, then slowly spoke: "The righteous path isn't about words, it's about actions. Light isn't given by others, it's something within your own heart."

He stood up, walked to the window, and stood with his hands behind his back.

"Those who claim to be righteous aren't necessarily good people. And those demonic cultivators who are despised aren't necessarily bad people. Right and wrong aren't determined by status, but by the heart."

Yun Yao nodded, seemingly understanding.

Chen Ping said nothing more, only gazing intently in the direction of Holy Light Peak, his gaze deep.

A few days later, Ming Li and Liu Qianqian returned first.

Both of them looked rather grim.

“Mr. Chen, we’ve found out.” Ming Li sat down, lowering his voice, “The Divine Hall is indeed secretly capturing demonic cultivators.”

Chen Ping’s expression remained unchanged: “Continue.”

Ming Li said, “It’s not just demonic cultivators, but also some ordinary rogue cultivators from the Divine Race. After these people were captured, they never appeared again. Their families and friends went to the Divine Hall to demand their return, but the answer they received was always, ‘This person has left Holy Light Peak and their whereabouts are unknown.’”

“Unknown whereabouts...” Chen Ping repeated, a cold smile playing on his lips.

“There’s more,” Ming Li continued, “I found someone on the edge of the Demon Realm. His younger brother was one of the demon cultivators captured by the Divine Hall. He said that before his brother was captured, he secretly sent him a message using a jade slip.”

“What did he say?”

Ming Li took a deep breath, enunciating each word clearly: “He said the Divine Hall is carrying out a crazy plan. They want to fuse the bloodlines of the gods and demons to create super cultivators who possess the power of both races.”

The teahouse fell silent.

Yun Yao's eyes widened, her face filled with disbelief.

Chen Ping, however, remained calm, as if he had already guessed.

"Just as I expected," he said indifferently.

Ming Li continued, "That demon cultivator said the Divine Hall captured many people, imprisoned them in a secret place, and forcibly injected them with another bloodline. Most of them died during the fusion process, and those who survived... became monsters, losing their minds and only capable of killing each other."

"Those monsters..." Yun Yao said in a trembling voice, "The ones we encountered before?"

Ming Li nodded heavily.

Chen Ping was silent for a moment, then asked, "Where is that place?"

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"Deep in the dense forest, three hundred miles east of Holy Light Peak," Ming Li said. "The Divine Hall has placed a restriction there, preventing outsiders from entering. But that demonic cultivator said his brother saw that place from afar before he was captured."

Chen Ping stood up, hands behind his back, a cold glint in his eyes.

"The Divine Hall..." he began softly, his tone calm, yet carrying a chilling undercurrent, "is even more powerful than the Divine Temple."

Yun Xi returned at this moment.

Her expression was equally grim.

"I found out." She sat down, her tone heavy. "The Divine Hall is indeed conducting experiments on bloodline fusion. And..." She paused, "They've succeeded."

Chen Ping frowned. "Successfully?"

Yun Xi nodded. "I secretly captured a Divine Hall elder and used our Ghost Clan's secret technique to bewitch him, that's how I found out."

He said the Divine Hall successfully created a finished product a few months ago. That monster possesses the dual bloodlines of both gods and demons, its strength is terrifying. The Divine Hall has imprisoned it deep within the forbidden area and is still observing it."

"Only one?" Chen Ping asked.

"Currently, only one," Yun Xi said, "but the Divine Hall is continuing to capture demonic cultivators and rogue cultivators. Their goal is to create an army like that."

An army of monsters possessing the dual bloodlines of gods and demons.

Chen Ping closed his eyes and took a deep breath.

After a long while, he opened his eyes, his gaze filled with coldness.

"This shrine is more deserving of death than the temple."

While the temple extracted cultivators' bloodlines to resurrect the Ghost Clan Venerables, at least it had a clear purpose: to resurrect powerful individuals and strengthen itself.

The shrine, however, used living people as experimental subjects, letting them die in agony or turn them into mindless monsters, slaughtering each other.

This was a desecration of life, a trampling of humanity.

“Mr. Chen, what do we do?” Ming Li asked.

Chen Ping looked out the window, his gaze sweeping across the town, across the plains, and landing on the Holy Light Peak shrouded in golden light.

“Don’t rush,” he said calmly. “The shrine is on high alert; forcing our way in now is unwise. Besides...” He paused, “Someone is more anxious than we are.”

“Who?” Ming Li was taken aback.

Chen Ping’s lips curled into a slight smile: “Those demonic cultivators who were captured aren’t without backgrounds. After the war between gods and demons, the number of demonic cultivators decreased, but that doesn’t mean they’ve all disappeared completely. They still have fellow disciples and clansmen. When the time comes, we won’t even need to lift a finger; someone will naturally seek revenge on the Divine Hall.”

He turned to the crowd: “Let’s keep an eye on things and wait for our opportunity.”

In the following days, Chen Ping and his companions settled in the small town, secretly observing the Divine Hall’s movements.

Meanwhile, in the Demon Realm, deep within the Demon Dragon Palace, in a secret chamber, Ning Zhi stood with his hands behind his back, looking at a map hanging on the wall.

The map marked the distribution of power throughout the Celestial Realm, with the location of the Holy Light Domain circled in red.

Long Yuan stood behind him, barely daring to breathe.

Ever since Shen Tong was burned to death by Ning Zhi, Long Yuan's awe of this young man had grown to the point of fear.

He was extremely cautious every day, afraid of doing anything to anger this ruthless star.

"Long Yuan," Ning Zhi suddenly spoke.

Long Yuan trembled and quickly stepped forward, "What are your orders, Senior?"

Ning Zhi turned around, looked at him, and said calmly, "Have there been any reports of demonic cultivators going missing recently?"

Long Yuan was taken aback, thought for a moment, and said, "Yes, Senior. Several small tribes on the border of the Demon Realm have gone missing recently. I sent people to investigate, but we haven't found any clues. I assumed they were eaten by demonic beasts, so I didn't pay much attention."

Ning Zhi's eyes turned cold: "Eaten by demonic beasts?"

"I was just guessing..." Long Yuan dared not look Ning Zhi in the eye.

Ning Zhi sneered: "Those missing people were captured by the Divine Hall."

Long Yuan was shocked: "The Divine Hall? What are they doing capturing demonic cultivators?"

Ning Zhi didn't answer, but only looked at the Holy Land of Light on the map, a hint of killing intent flashing in his eyes.

"Long Yuan, how much do you know about the Divine Hall?"

Long Yuan thought for a moment and said, "The Divine Hall is one of the oldest forces in the Holy Domain of Light, established for tens of thousands of years, and considers itself the orthodox lineage of

the gods. They have always regarded themselves as righteous and look down on our demon race. However, in recent years they have kept a low profile and rarely interact with the outside world.”

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“Low-key?” Ning Zhi’s lips curled into a mocking smile. “They’re not low-key; they’re quietly plotting something big.”

He turned to Long Yuan: “The Divine Hall is secretly capturing demonic cultivators and rogue cultivators for bloodline fusion experiments. They want to fuse the bloodlines of the divine and demonic races to create super cultivators possessing the power of both.”

“The reason my senior sister and I stayed in the Fourteenth Heaven is precisely for this reason. These divine beings are far too arrogant; they don’t take the demonic race seriously at all, daring to defy the Heavenly Dao...”

Long Yuan’s expression changed drastically: “What?! How dare they!”

The divine race has always revered bloodlines; to steal and fuse one’s bloodline with another is a grave disgrace.

Moreover, the divine race has always looked down on the demonic race, considering their bloodline inferior.

Now they’re secretly fusing divine and demonic bloodlines to artificially create powerful super cultivators.

“Nothing much, it’s just that these gods wouldn’t dare.”

A cold glint flashed in Ning Zhi’s eyes. “I’m a demonic cultivator now too, and I’ll make them pay the price.”

Those words sent a chill down Long Yuan's spine.

He understood.

Although Ning Zhi was a human cultivator, he practiced demonic techniques and used demonic energy, essentially making him no different from a demonic cultivator.

The Divine Hall's capture of demonic cultivators for bloodline experiments was, in Ning Zhi's view, a provocation.

"Senior, what do you plan to do?" Long Yuan asked cautiously.

Ning Zhi turned around, his gaze falling on the location of the Holy Domain of Light on the map, a cruel smile curving his lips.

"What to do?"

He repeated softly, his tone calm, yet carrying a chilling killing intent.

"Of course, it's... to annihilate them."

Long Yuan's heart skipped a beat, but he dared not say anything more.

Ning Zhi stood with his hands behind his back, gazing into the distance, his gaze profound.

"The Divine Hall, the Divine Temple, these so-called righteous paths, they all deserve to die."

His tone was flat, as if he were discussing a trivial matter.

“The Divine Temple is gone. Now, it’s the Divine Hall’s turn.”

Long Yuan trembled and quickly bowed, saying, “This subordinate will go and summon the Demonic Dragon Army immediately!”