

The Order 10751

Chapter: 10751

Jiang Xuelan didn't need the Water-Repelling Pearl; as a descendant of the Ice God lineage, the lake water was like air to her.

The two swam towards the surface of the lake.

After swimming less than a hundred feet, Chen Ping sensed something was wrong.

The surrounding lake water had become thicker than before, as if something was secretly stirring the currents.

Deep in the lake, the two golden lights shone again—brighter and more dazzling than before.

Gui Xu had awakened.

Not in that half-awake, half-asleep state, but truly, completely awakened.

The two golden lights grew larger and closer.

The entire lakebed trembled, the dark blue water churning violently, and huge whirlpools rose from the bottom, swirling surrounding rocks and silt into the air.

Chen Ping and Jiang Xuelan were pulled by the force of the whirlpools, their bodies unsteady.

“Hold on!”

Jiang Xuelan shouted, and icy blue divine light surged from her body, freezing the water around them into a massive ice block.

The ice block shook violently in the whirlpool, but it managed to stabilize.

The Ruins of Return slowly rose from the darkness at the bottom of the lake.

Chen Ping finally saw its full form.

It was a... dragon.

No, not a dragon.

It was more ancient, more primal than a dragon.

Its body resembled a snake, but without scales, it was covered in a smooth, dark blue skin, beneath which flowed a dark red light, like magma from the earth.

Its head had seven eyes: two enormous golden eyes and five smaller eyes on either side of its head, each emitting a different color of light.

How long was its body?

Chen Ping didn't know.

He could only see it rising endlessly from the darkness at the bottom of the lake, seemingly without end.

The seven eyes of Guixu simultaneously fixed on the two figures within the ice block.

Then, a voice resounded in Chen Ping's mind.

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The voice wasn't spoken, but rather a more direct mental fluctuation.

It had no sound, no tone, yet Chen Ping clearly "heard" its meaning.

"Hand over...the spoils of the battlefield."

Jiang Xuelan's expression changed.

"It wants the Heart of the Northern Abyss."

She whispered to Chen Ping, "Guixu guards the entrance to this lake and the ancient battlefield, forbidding anything from being taken out. It sensed the Heart of the Northern Abyss within you."

Chen Ping frowned: "The Heart of the Northern Abyss belongs to the Ice God lineage, why should I hand it over?"

Before Jiang Xuelan could answer, Guixu's voice rang out again.

This time, it was deeper and more oppressive than before.

"Hand it over...or...die."

The voice exploded in Chen Ping's mind, causing his vision to blur.

The chaotic power within his body circulated automatically, and purple light surged from his skin, largely neutralizing the mental impact.

The seven eyes of Guixu flickered simultaneously.

It seemed surprised by the chaotic power emanating from Chen Ping.

“Chaos...you are...that person’s...successor?”

Chen Ping didn’t know who it was referring to, but he had no interest in knowing.

“The Heart of the Northern Abyss has already merged with me; I cannot hand it over.” His voice was calm yet firm. “If you want it, you can come and take it.”

Jiang Xuelan turned sharply to look at him, her eyes filled with horror: “Are you crazy? Guixu’s strength is unfathomable.”

“I know,” Chen Ping interrupted her, “but we have no way out.”

He was right.

Guixu had already blocked the path to the lake.

Even if they handed over the Heart of the Northern Abyss, Guixu might not let them go.

Rather than wait to die, they might as well take a gamble.

Guixu’s seven eyes narrowed simultaneously. That was an expression of rage.

“Arrogant...humans...”

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The lakebed trembled violently, and Gui Xu's body began to contract, then suddenly sprang back.

Like a spring compressed to its limit, it charged towards the two at unimaginable speed!

Its speed was so fast that even Chen Ping's dynamic vision couldn't keep up.

He only saw a dark blue shadow flash before his eyes, then a terrifying force slammed into the ice block in front of him.

Boom!

The ice block shattered instantly, and Chen Ping and Jiang Xuelan were thrown back, tumbling dozens of feet in the lake before barely regaining their footing.

A trace of blood trickled from the corner of Chen Ping's mouth. Gui Xu's attack was many times stronger than the skeletons on the ancient battlefield.

"Split up!"

Jiang Xuelan shouted, "Don't give it a chance to wipe them all out."

The two swam off in opposite directions simultaneously.

Gui Xu's seven eyes flickered, seemingly hesitating about which one to pursue first.

Chen Ping gave it no time to hesitate.

The Dragon-Slaying Sword was drawn, golden dragon energy exploding in the lake water, transforming into a hundred-zhang-long golden dragon that roared as it charged towards Guixu.

Guixu didn't even dodge, merely flicking its tail.

That tail, like a colossal pillar supporting the sky, lashed out with terrifying force, striking the golden dragon.

The dragon shattered with a deafening roar, dissolving into a shower of golden light.

But this was the moment Chen Ping needed.

The chaotic power within him erupted completely.

Purple light surged from his body, dyeing the surrounding lake water purple.

That light contained the domineering power of the golden dragon bloodline, the serene coldness of the ice god bloodline, and the all-encompassing power of chaos.

He poured all his power into the Dragon-Slaying Sword, transforming himself into a purple streak of light, rushing towards the seven eyes on Guixu's head.

Guixu seemed to sense the threat; its seven eyes simultaneously emitted blinding light.

Golden, red, blue, green, purple, white, and black light—seven colors of light shot from seven eyes, weaving into a massive net of light before Gui Xu.

Chen Ping's purple sword light collided with the net of light.

Boom!

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The entire Gui Xu Lake trembled.

A large portion of the lake water evaporated from the water, revealing the rocks and silt at the bottom.

The surrounding temperature instantly rose by tens of degrees, steam billowing, like a fairyland.

Dense cracks appeared on the net of light.

But Chen Ping's sword light had also exhausted its power.

He was thrown backward by the recoil, his hand split open, blood staining the hilt of the Dragon-Slaying Sword.

Just then, Jiang Xuelan launched an attack from the other side of Gui Xu.

Her icy blue divine light transformed into countless thin, hair-like ice needles, each imbued with the power of the Ice Sealing Law, silently shooting towards Guixu's seven eyes.

Guixu sensed the danger and tried to turn to defend itself, but Chen Ping's net of light still stood before it, blocking its vision.

The ice needles pierced through the gaps in the net of light, precisely striking Guixu's seven eyes!

"Roar!"

Guixu let out its first sound.

It wasn't a mental fluctuation, but a genuine, deafening roar.

The sound contained boundless pain and rage, shattering the rocks at the bottom of the lake, causing the lake water to surge, and drawing blood from Chen Ping and Jiang Xuelan's eardrums.

All seven eyes closed simultaneously.

Guixu's body began to writhe wildly; its tail, torso, and head—every inch of it trembled violently.

The dark red light beneath its inky blue skin grew even brighter, as if it were about to burst forth.

"Its eyes are its weak point!" Jiang Xuelan shouted, "Now's the time!"

Chen Ping gritted his teeth and once again channeled the power of chaos.

This time, he held nothing back.

The purple light condensed to its peak on the Dragon-Slaying Sword, the dragon patterns on its blade flashing wildly, the entire sword emitting a piercing hum.

He took a deep breath, pouring all his power, all his will, all his life into this single strike.

Then, he released his grip.

The Dragon-Slaying Sword transformed into a purple streak of light, like a shooting star, trailing a long, fiery tail, shooting towards the two largest golden eyes on Guixu's head.

Guixu sensed a deadly threat and frantically twisted its head, trying to dodge.

But all seven of its eyes were injured by ice needles, its vision blurred, making it impossible to accurately judge the trajectory of the Dragon-Slaying Sword.

The purple streak of light pierced its eyelids and entered its left eye!

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“Roar!”

The roar of Guixu grew even more shrill and frenzied.

Dark blue blood gushed from its eyes, its temperature so high it boiled the surrounding lake water.

Chen Ping was scalded by the boiling water, his skin torn and bleeding, but he didn't retreat; instead, he charged towards Guixu.

Jiang Xuelan moved as well.

The two of them, one on the left and one on the right, simultaneously charged towards Guixu's head.

Chen Ping's chaotic power and Jiang Xuelan's ice god power converged above Guixu's head, the two forces merging together and unleashing an even greater power than before.

Pale golden light surged from their hands, transforming into a gigantic light sword, which slashed down fiercely towards Guixu's head!

Guixu let out a final roar, and then...

It stopped moving.

Its massive body froze in the lake water, all seven eyes tightly closed, dark blue blood slowly flowing from their sockets, staining the surrounding lake water a dark red.

The lightsaber struck its head, leaving a deep wound, but not fatal.

Chen Ping gasped for breath, every part of his body aching.

Jiang Xuelan was in no better shape; her face was ashen, her lips purple, and she swayed precariously.

Gui Xu's seven eyes slowly opened a crack.

This time, the indifference in its gaze vanished, replaced by a complex mix of emotions: anger, resentment, and even a hint of...acknowledgment?

"Chaos...successor...you...have won."

Gui Xu's voice echoed in Chen Ping's mind, much weaker than before.

"Take...the Heart of the Northern Abyss...and go...but...be careful...he's still...alive..."

With these words, Gui Xu's eyes closed completely.

Its body slowly sank to the bottom of the lake, returning to the darkness.

The dark blue lake water gradually calmed, and the temperature began to return to normal.

Chen Ping and Jiang Xuelan exchanged a glance, both seeing the relief of surviving a near-death experience in each other's eyes.

“Let’s go.” Chen Ping grabbed Jiang Xuelan’s hand and swam towards the lake.

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This time, nothing could stop them.

When they emerged from the lake, it was already evening.

The golden leaves of the Tree of Life shimmered in the afterglow of the setting sun, like millions of golden stars.

The aurora borealis drifted slowly overhead, its color changing from pale white to a gentle pinkish-purple.

Chen Ping stumbled onto the lakeshore and collapsed onto the grass.

Jiang Xuelan sat beside him, equally exhausted.

They remained silent for a long time.

“Gui Xu’s last words...” Jiang Xuelan spoke first, “...he’s still alive, was he referring to Bei Mingyuan?”

Chen Ping nodded.

“The remnant soul of Bei Mingyuan is indeed within me. Gui Xu sensed it.”

Jiang Xuelan frowned, her expression grave. “Gui Xu said to be careful, does that mean the remnant soul of Bei Mingyuan... poses a threat to you?”

Chen Ping smiled bitterly. "What threat could a wisp of remnant soul pose? It's so weak right now it can't even sustain itself, what can it do to me?"

Jiang Xuelan shook her head, her expression serious. "Don't underestimate Bei Mingyuan. He is the ancestor of the Ice God lineage, the first being in the world to master the laws of ice. His methods are beyond our comprehension."

Chen Ping didn't speak, but closed his eyes, trying to sense the location of the remnant soul within his body again.

This time, he sensed it.

That remnant soul... was no longer in his dantian.

It was moving.

It was moving towards his sea of consciousness!

Chen Ping suddenly opened his eyes, his expression changing drastically.

"What's wrong?" Jiang Xuelan asked anxiously.

"It's heading towards my sea of consciousness..." Chen Ping's voice trembled slightly, "It's trying to possess me!"

Jiang Xuelan abruptly stood up, pressing her hands to Chen Ping's temples. Ice-blue divine light surged wildly into his head, attempting to stop the remnant soul.

But the remnant soul was too fast.

It seemed to have waited for this moment for countless years, knowing every meridian and acupoint in Chen Ping's body intimately.

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Before Jiang Xuelan's divine light could catch up, it had already rushed into Chen Ping's sea of consciousness.

Chen Ping's consciousness was instantly dragged into his sea of consciousness.

His sea of consciousness was a golden ocean, with countless golden specks floating on its surface—his memories, his emotions, fragments of his soul.

At the very center of his sea of consciousness, a book was shimmering with golden light—the Great Luo Golden Scripture.

It stood quietly in the center of his sea of consciousness, radiating a soft and warm light.

And at this moment, an ice-blue figure was hovering above his sea of consciousness. It was a blurry humanoid silhouette, its face indistinct, only vaguely discernible as it wore ancient armor and possessed a pair of enormous ice wings.

A chilling aura emanated from it, and a thin layer of frost formed beneath its feet in the golden ocean of consciousness.

"How many years..." the figure spoke, its voice aged and deep, "How many years... I have finally awaited this moment."

Its gaze fell upon the book in the center of its consciousness, its brow furrowing slightly.

“The Great Luo Golden Scripture? I never imagined... you would possess such a thing in your consciousness?”

Its gaze then swept across the golden ocean of consciousness, spotting the floating golden specks— Chen Ping’s memories.

“Golden Dragon Bloodline... Chaotic Power... and the aura of the Ice God lineage...”

The figure’s voice held a hint of excitement, “This body is even more perfect than I anticipated.”

It raised its hand, reaching towards the depths of Chen Ping’s soul.

Chen Ping felt an irresistible force tearing at his consciousness, trying to rip his soul from his body.

The feeling... was like being choked by an invisible hand, unable to breathe, unable to struggle, only able to watch helplessly as he was dragged bit by bit into the abyss.

“Give up, little brat,” the voice of the light and shadow said with a hint of pity. “Your body is mine now.”

Just then, the Great Luo Golden Scripture suddenly lit up.

Not the soft light before, but a blinding, scorching golden radiance, like the sun!

The light transformed into beams of golden light, shooting towards the icy blue light and shadow above his sea of consciousness.

The light and shadow’s expression changed drastically, spreading its ice wings to try and defend itself.

But the power of the golden beams was too terrifying.

The ice wings melted instantly in the golden light, and the light and shadow's body was pierced through with several holes by the beams, the icy blue light rapidly dimming.

“Ah!”

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The luminous figure let out a piercing scream, its voice filled with resentment and terror.

“The Great Luo Golden Scripture... how can it possess such power... impossible... impossible!”

The light of the Great Luo Golden Scripture grew ever brighter, enveloping the entire sea of consciousness in golden light.

The icy blue luminous figure, like snow under the blazing sun, rapidly melted and shrank within this light.

It desperately tried to escape Chen Ping's sea of consciousness, but the golden light formed an invisible barrier, trapping it within.

In mere moments, the luminous figure shrank from a human form into a fist-sized sphere of icy blue light.

It hovered above the sea of consciousness, trembling, its light dimmed to its lowest point, like an oil lamp about to go out.

The light of the Great Luo Golden Scripture slowly receded, returning to its previous gentle state.

But it did not completely relax; a faint golden halo still surrounded the icy blue sphere of light, like a cage, firmly locking it in.

Chen Ping gasped for breath, his consciousness regaining control of his body.

He opened his eyes and saw Jiang Xuelan looking at him anxiously, her forehead covered in sweat.

“How are you?” Her voice trembled.

Chen Ping opened his mouth, wanting to say something, but found his voice hoarse beyond recognition.

“I...I’m fine.”

He sat up, closed his eyes, and sensed the situation in his sea of consciousness again.

The icy blue sphere of light still hovered above his sea of consciousness, trapped by a golden halo.

It no longer tried to possess him, but remained there quietly, like a caged beast.

A faint mental fluctuation came from the sphere of light.

“I...I surrender.”

It was Bei Mingyuan’s voice, a hundred times weaker than before.

“The Great Luo Golden Scripture...protects you...I can’t possess you...Spare my life...I can...be used by you...”

Chen Ping was silent for a moment.

He didn’t want to leave this threat behind.

But Bei Mingyuan was the progenitor of the Ice God lineage, Jiang Xuelan's ancestor; he couldn't make a decision on his own.

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He opened his eyes and told Jiang Xuelan about the situation in his sea of consciousness.

Jiang Xuelan listened in silence for a long time.

Then, she sighed softly.

"Spare his life."

Her voice was soft, tinged with weariness. "He is, after all, my ancestor. Besides... he's trapped now and poses no threat to you. Keeping him alive might be useful later."

Chen Ping thought for a moment and nodded.

He spoke to the icy blue sphere of light in his sea of consciousness: "I'll spare your life, but you must behave yourself in my sea of consciousness. If you do anything improper again..."

He didn't finish, but the meaning was clear.

The sphere of light trembled slightly.

"I... understand... thank you..."

The icy blue sphere of light slowly sank into the depths of Chen Ping's sea of consciousness, falling asleep under the golden halo of the Great Luo Golden Scripture.

Chen Ping opened his eyes and looked at Jiang Xuelan.

“It’s resolved.”

Jiang Xuelan looked at him, her eyes filled with worry, relief, and a hint of something else she couldn’t quite define.

“In your sea of consciousness resides an ancient god-like ancestor.” Her voice carried a bitter smile. “How does it feel?”

Chen Ping thought for a moment, then said seriously, “A little cramped.”

Jiang Xuelan paused, then smiled.

The smile was faint, yet more genuine than any she had before.

“Let’s go.” She stood up and extended her hand. “Go back and rest. Your body needs proper care right now.”

Chen Ping took her hand and stood up.

The two walked side by side toward the Tree of Life.

Golden leaves rustled gently in the night breeze.

The aurora borealis drifted slowly overhead, its pinkish-purple light bathing them like a soft blanket.

Deep in the lake, the seven eyes of Guixu slowly opened a crack.

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It watched the two figures disappear into the distance, remaining silent for a long time.

Then, it closed its eyes and sank back into the darkness.

The dark blue lake returned to its calm, as if nothing had happened.

Chen Ping rested for another three days in the Divine Palace.

During those three days, his body recovered rapidly.

The power brought by the Heart of the Northern Abyss was still slowly integrating within him, his cultivation at the peak of the seventh rank of the Upper Immortal Realm was completely stabilized, and his Chaos Power was much more solidified than before.

He even took the time to test his limits; with a single sword strike, he was able to slice off half of the thousand-foot-tall ice peak outside the Divine Palace.

Jiang Xuelan stood beside the ruins of the ice peak, looking at the smooth, mirror-like cut, remaining silent for a long time.

“If you go all out now, no cultivator below the fifth rank of the True Immortal Realm should be your match,” she gave a fair assessment.

Chen Ping sheathed his sword, showing little excitement.

The improvement in his strength was certainly welcome, but another matter constantly weighed on his mind.

Yunxian City.

Would Ning Zhi take advantage of his absence to attack Yunxian City?

Could Long Zhan and Liu Wanqing hold it?

Have Yun Xi and the others returned?

These questions gnawed at his heart like insects.

On the morning of the fourth day, Chen Ping found Jiang Xuelan.

She was standing beneath the Tree of Life, gazing up at its golden canopy.

Morning light filtered through the leaves, bathing her in white, her long hair as black as ink, making her appear as serene as a painting.

"I'm leaving," Chen Ping said bluntly.

Jiang Xuelan didn't turn around, but her shoulders stiffened slightly.

The change was subtle, so subtle that Chen Ping wouldn't have noticed it if his perception hadn't been greatly enhanced.

"Your friend has been resurrected and left safely. You truly have no reason to stay here."

Her voice was calm, calm to the point of being cold.