

The Order 10791

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Su Yuqi was his wife, the woman he loved most.

Chen Ping couldn't abandon her.

But her heart still ached.

"Then go."

Chen Wanqing's voice was soft, almost inaudible. "I'll wait for you here."

Chen Ping went over and took her hand.

"I will come back."

Chen Wanqing looked up at him, her eyes red, but she didn't let the tears fall.

"I know."

She smiled, a slightly forced smile, yet gentle. "You never break your promises."

Chen Ping's heart warmed, and he pulled her into his arms. Beside them, Yun Xi and Jiang Xuelan exchanged a glance, remaining silent.

That evening, Chen Ping hosted a farewell banquet at the City Lord's Mansion.

During the banquet, Yun Yao, holding a cup of wine, approached Chen Ping.

“Young Master Chen, this cup is for you.” Her voice choked with emotion. “Thank you for saving my life. If it weren’t for you, I would have...”

“Don’t say that.” Chen Ping took the cup and drank it all in one gulp.

Yun Yao’s tears finally fell.

“Young Master Chen, you must be careful on your way to the Fifteenth Heaven. I heard from my sister that the Fifteenth Heaven is much more dangerous than the Fourteenth Heaven...”

“Don’t worry.” Chen Ping patted her shoulder. “I’ll take good care of myself.”

Yun Yao wiped away her tears, nodded, and turned back to her seat.

Ming Li also stood up.

“Mr. Chen, I’ll go to the Fifteenth Heaven with you.”

Chen Ping glanced at him, then at Liu Qianqian sitting beside him, and shook his head. “No.”

“Why?” Ming Li frowned. “While my strength isn’t as great as yours, I can at least offer some help.”

“It’s not about strength,” Chen Ping interrupted him. “It’s because of her.”

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He looked at Liu Qianqian.

Liu Qianqian's expression changed slightly, and she tightened her grip on Ming Li's hand.

Chen Ping's voice softened: "Ming Li, I know you want to help me. But have you considered what will happen to Qianqian if you come with me to the Fifteenth Heaven? She'll be waiting for you alone in the Fourteenth Heaven. Do you know what that feels like?"

Ming Li fell silent.

Of course he knew.

He himself had waited for Liu Qianqian in the Fifteenth Heaven.

That longing, that torment, that fear of not knowing if she was alive or dead—he understood it better than anyone.

"Mr. Chen is right," Liu Qianqian gently tugged at Ming Li's sleeve. "Don't go. I...I don't want to be alone."

Ming Li looked at her, silent for a long time, and finally nodded.

"Alright. I won't go."

Chen Ping smiled: "That's right. Stay with her and don't leave her alone."

Ming Li's eyes reddened slightly, but he didn't let the tears fall.

"Mr. Chen, take care."

“Take care.”

After the banquet, Chen Ping went alone to the backyard of the City Lord’s Mansion.

Long Zhan was standing there, looking up at the stars.

“Mr. Chen.” Seeing Chen Ping approach, Long Zhan turned around and bowed respectfully.

Chen Ping walked to his side and stood shoulder to shoulder.

“Long Zhan, I entrust Yunxian City to you.”

Long Zhan nodded solemnly: “Rest assured, Mr. Chen, I will definitely protect Yunxian City.”

Chen Ping was silent for a moment, then took out a jade slip from his robes and handed it to him.

“These are some insights I’ve gained from cultivation, and some annotations on cultivation techniques. Take them and show them to the disciples of the Heavenly Dragon lineage. Perhaps they will be helpful to you.”

Long Zhan accepted the jade slip with both hands and carefully put it away. “Mr. Chen, when will you be back?”

Chen Ping looked up at the sky, remaining silent for a long time.

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“I don’t know,” he said softly. “Maybe soon, maybe a long time. But I promise you, I will definitely come back.”

Long Zhan nodded, asking no further questions.

Chen Ping patted his shoulder, turned, and left.

Behind him, Long Zhan stood rooted to the spot, watching his figure disappear into the night, motionless for a long time.

The next morning, before dawn.

Chen Ping, Yun Xi, and Jiang Xuelan stood at the city gate, ready to depart.

Yun Xi, dressed in a black, fitted outfit, her long hair tied high, the Ghost Blade hanging at her waist, looked dashing and heroic.

Jiang Xuelan, still in her plain white dress, her long hair as black as ink, stood quietly to the side, like a white lotus blooming in the snow.

Chen Ping wore an ordinary blue robe, the Dragon-Slaying Sword hanging at his waist, looking like an ordinary rogue cultivator.

At the city gate, a crowd of people had come to see him off.

Chen Wanqing stood at the very front, her eyes red-rimmed, but she didn’t cry.

She wore a light blue dress, which swayed gently in the morning breeze, like a willow branch swaying in the wind.

“Chen Ping, you promised me,” she said, her voice slightly hoarse, “you would come back.”

Chen Ping walked over and gently hugged her.

“I promise you.”

Chen Wanqing leaned against him, listening to his strong heartbeat, feeling the warmth of his body, wanting to remember this moment forever.

“Let’s go.” She released his hand, took a step back, and smiled, “Don’t keep them waiting.”

Chen Ping nodded and turned to walk towards Yun Xi and Jiang Xuelan.

Yun Yao walked over and handed Chen Ping a bundle.

“Mr. Chen, this is some medicinal herbs and pills I prepared for you. You’ll need them on the road.”

Chen Ping took the bundle and smiled, “Thank you, Yun Yao.”

Yun Yao shook her head and stepped aside. Ming Li and Liu Qianqian stood together, hand in hand, looking at Chen Ping.

“Mr. Chen, take care,” Ming Li’s voice was low.

“You two too,” Chen Ping glanced at them and smiled, “Get married soon, don’t delay.”

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Liu Qianqian’s face flushed red, and Ming Li scratched his head somewhat embarrassedly.

Chen Ping laughed heartily and turned to walk towards the city gate.

“Let’s go.”

Yun Xi and Jiang Xuelan followed behind him, the three of them transforming into three streaks of light and disappearing into the horizon.

At the city gate, Chen Wanqing stood rooted to the spot, watching the direction they had vanished, motionless for a long time.

Tears finally fell.

“Chen Ping, you must come back.”

In the void passage, the three figures were enveloped by endless spatial power, flying towards the fifteenth heaven.

This wasn’t the first time Chen Ping had used the void passage.

Last time, when he traveled from the thirteenth to the fourteenth heaven, his palms sweated with nervousness, fearing the passage would suddenly collapse and he would fall into the spatial rift and be shattered to pieces.

But this time, his mindset was much calmer.

Perhaps it was because his strength had increased, or perhaps it was because—he had someone with him.

Yun Xi was on his left, black ghostly energy surging around her body, resisting the erosion of spatial power.

Her expression was calm, even somewhat expectant; after being away from the fifteenth heaven for so long, she was finally going back.

Jiang Xuelan was on his right, icy blue divine light flowing around her body, freezing spatial power into tiny ice crystals, then gently shattering them.

Her eyes were closed, as if she were resting, or perhaps sensing something.

“What is the fifteenth heaven like?” Chen Ping asked.

Yunxi pondered for a moment: “It’s more desolate and more dangerous than the Fourteenth Heaven. The spiritual energy is denser, but the laws are also more stringent.

There, cultivators at the Upper Immortal Realm can barely protect themselves; only those at the True Immortal Realm truly have a foothold.”

“Then how did you manage to get from the Fifteenth Heaven to the Fourteenth Heaven?” Chen Ping asked.

Yunxi was silent for a moment, seemingly choosing her words carefully.

“The Ghost Clan was slaughtered by the God Clan. My people were either dead or scattered. We barely survived. For the future of the Ghost Clan, I could only place my hopes on the Gate of Reincarnation. Once the souls of the Ghost Clan cultivators trapped in the Reincarnation Division are released, then the Ghost Clan will have hope,” Yunxi said.

“I will try my best to help you, to contact Mr. Shi and get the Gate of Reincarnation.”

Chen Ping sighed softly.

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He knew that feeling. He had also experienced being hunted down, constantly on the run.

That sense of powerlessness was all too familiar to him.

Yun Xi glanced at him, a slight smile playing on her lips, but remained silent.

Just then, Jiang Xuelan suddenly opened her eyes.

“Something’s wrong.”

Her voice was icy, so cold it seemed to lower the surrounding temperature.

Chen Ping sensed it too.

The void passage was vibrating.

It wasn’t the normal, slight tremor caused by natural fluctuations in spatial power, but a violent tremor, forcibly disrupted by an external force.

Spatial fragments began to peel away from the passage walls, emitting a piercing shriek.

“Someone is interfering with the passage!”

Yun Xi’s expression changed drastically. “This is impossible! Void passages tear randomly, they’re not fixed passages, how could someone interfere?”

Before she could finish speaking, a terrifying force slammed into the passage from the outer wall.

Boom!

The entire void passage twisted violently, spatial fragments scattering like a torrential rain.

Chen Ping felt his body being torn apart by an irresistible force, Yun Xi and Jiang Xuelan growing ever more distant in his vision.

“Chen Ping!” Yun Xi’s voice came from afar, growing increasingly faint.

“Yun Xi! Jiang Xuelan!”

Chen Ping desperately reached out, trying to grab onto something, but all he found were fragments of empty space and endless darkness.

His body was swept up by a spatial storm, plummeting in an unknown direction.

During his fall, he sensed a trace of energy.

It was demonic energy.

Black, cold, and filled with endless malice—demonic energy.

He recognized that demonic energy; it belonged to Ning Zhi.

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No, not exactly the same.

Ning Zhi's demonic energy was pure black, while this demonic energy also contained a trace of scorching heat, like magma.

Could it be the Flame Demon?

Thinking this, Chen Ping's heart trembled. If the Flame Demon wanted to attack him, his strength was insufficient!

Chen Ping gritted his teeth, trying to steady himself, but the power of the spatial storm was too great.

His chaotic energy surged wildly within him, purple light emanating from his body, barely protecting his vitals.

Then, everything went black.

He lost consciousness.

.....

Chen Ping was awakened by a sharp pain.

He opened his eyes to an unfamiliar sky.

The sky was deep purple, with two suns hanging high, one golden, the other silver.

The two suns shone simultaneously, dyeing the earth a strange golden-purple hue.

The spiritual energy in the air was at least ten times denser than in the Fourteenth Heaven, and its quality was purer and richer.

But Chen Ping had no time to appreciate any of this.

Every part of his body ached.

His left arm seemed fractured, his right leg was sprained, and there was a gash on his chest, cut by a fragment of space, from which golden blood was still seeping.

The chaotic energy was mostly depleted, and several small cracks appeared on the blade of the Dragon-Slaying Sword.

He struggled to sit up and looked around.

It was a wasteland.

Grayish-black scorched earth stretched to the horizon, barren of everything.

The ground was riddled with cracked ravines and weathered rocks, and distant hills cast long shadows under the purple sky.

A faint smell of sulfur filled the air, along with an indescribable stench of decay.

“Yun Xi? Jiang Xuelan?” he called out twice.

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No one answered.

He had been swept away by the spatial storm.

Yun Xi and Jiang Xuelan were nowhere to be seen.

Chen Ping took a deep breath, forcing himself to calm down.

Yun Xi was a member of the Ghost Clan; the Fifteenth Heaven was her homeland. She should know how to survive.

Jiang Xuelan's strength was unfathomable; only a handful of people in the entire Fifteenth Heaven could harm her.

In comparison, he was the one who needed to worry.

He checked his injuries; they weren't fatal, but they weren't minor either.

With the Golden Dragon bloodline's regenerative abilities, it would probably take two or three days to fully recover.

Just as he was about to find a place to heal, a sound suddenly came from afar.

It was the sound of metal clashing, mixed with shouts and screams.

A fight was taking place.

Chen Ping hesitated for a moment, then stood up and walked towards the direction of the sound.

He wasn't one to meddle, but this was the Fifteenth Heaven, and he knew nothing about it.

Finding a local to figure out the situation was much better than blindly searching alone.

He walked for about the time it takes for an incense stick to burn, crossed a small hill, and saw the scene below.

Below the hill was a dry riverbed, and a one-sided massacre was unfolding on it.

One side consisted of about a dozen warriors clad in black armor.

Their armor was tattered, covered in knife marks and bloodstains, and their weapons were haphazard—some wielded knives, others swords, and still others spears.

They protected a group of elderly, weak, women, and children, huddled together in a corner of the riverbed, shivering.

On the other side were cultivators in white robes, about thirty or forty in number.

Their white robes were embroidered with golden divine patterns, shimmering in the purple sunlight.

Their equipment was excellent, and their movements were perfectly synchronized, clearly indicating rigorous training.

Chen Ping's pupils contracted slightly. He recognized the divine patterns on those white robes.

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Similar patterns appeared in the divine halls and palaces of the Fourteenth Heaven.

They were gods.

The warriors in black armor fought desperately, but they were far outnumbered and their strength was vastly inferior.

Leading the group were several warriors at the first rank of the True Immortal Realm, while the opposing leader was a middle-aged man with a sinister expression, at the third rank of the True Immortal Realm.

A True Immortal Realm Ghost Clan warrior was surrounded by three Divine Clan cultivators. He fought with all his might, cutting down two, but was pierced through the chest by the third's sword.

As he fell, he still clung tightly to the Divine Clan cultivator's ankle, buying time for his clansmen behind him to escape.

"Retreat! Retreat quickly!" the elderly man in black armor shouted.

His voice was hoarse and weary, yet carried an undeniable authority.

As he shouted, he swung his sword to block an attack from a Divine Clan cultivator, then with a backhand strike, forced the man back.

But his movements were noticeably slower; his left arm hung limply at his side, blood dripping from his fingertips, clearly indicating a serious injury.

The elderly, women, and children stumbled and swam towards the riverbed, but their speed was too slow.

A little girl, about seven or eight years old, was running at the back when she stumbled and fell to the ground.

A divine cultivator rushed forward, grabbed the little girl by the collar, and lifted her up.

"Let me go! Let me go!"

The little girl struggled desperately, kicking and biting, but her strength was like an ant trying to shake a tree before the divine cultivator.

“Stop!”

The old man roared, trying to rush over to save her, but two divine cultivators blocked his way, one wielding a sword and the other a blade, forcing him to retreat repeatedly.

The middle-aged man leading the group slowly walked over, took the little girl from his companion, pinched her chin, and looked her up and down.

“A little brat from the Ghost Clan.”

His voice was cold, carrying a cruel, cat-and-mouse-like quality. “She’s quite good-looking. Too bad, Ghost Clan blood doesn’t deserve to live.”

He raised his hand, a ball of golden light gathering in his palm, and slapped it towards the little girl’s head.

The little girl closed her eyes, tears streaming down her face.

“Grandpa...save me...”

“Xing Lie, stop...” the old man shouted at the middle-aged man of the divine race.

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But Xing Lie seemed not to hear him.

Just at this critical moment, a purple light pierced the darkness of the riverbed.

Before Xing Lie's palm strike landed, he was blasted away by a terrifying force.

He tumbled several times in the air, crashing heavily into the riverbed's rock wall, creating a large crater.

Golden blood spilled from the corner of his mouth.

"Who?!" he shouted sharply, his gaze sweeping towards the direction from which the light had come.

Chen Ping stood on the hill, slowly withdrawing his hand.

His face was still somewhat pale, and his injuries hadn't fully healed, but his eyes were as cold as knives.

"A human cultivator?"

Xing Lie recognized Chen Ping, paused for a moment, then sneered. "A human cultivator? You dare interfere in the affairs of the gods? Do you know who we are?"

"No." Chen Ping descended the hill, each step steady. "And I don't want to know."

Xing Lie's eyes narrowed.

He sensed something unsettling about this human cultivator who appeared to be only at the Upper Immortal realm.

"I advise you not to meddle."

Xing Lie's voice lowered. "The God Clan's Judgment Hall is handling matters; idlers should stay away. If you know what's good for you, you can still leave now."

Chen Ping ignored him.

He walked to the little girl, knelt down, and softly asked, "Are you alright?"

The little girl opened her eyes, saw Chen Ping's face, and burst into tears, throwing herself into his arms.

"Don't be afraid." Chen Ping patted her back, stood up, and shielded her behind him.

Then, he looked at Xing Lie.

"Get lost."

Just one word, but the killing intent contained within it caused the divine cultivators behind Xing Lie to involuntarily take a step back.

Xing Lie's face turned ashen.

"Seeking death!"

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He waved his hand. "Kill him!"

Thirty or forty divine cultivators attacked simultaneously, golden holy light surging towards Chen Ping like a tidal wave.

Chen Ping raised his right hand, purple chaotic power gathering in his palm.

He didn't use the Dragon-Slaying Sword; it had been damaged in the spatial storm, and he didn't want to burden it further.

He simply clenched his fist and then threw a punch.

The purple fist aura, like a meteor, trailing a long, fiery tail, crashed into the golden tide of holy light.

Boom!

The golden holy light was like paper before the purple chaotic power, torn apart, devoured, and annihilated layer by layer.

Where the fist aura passed, divine cultivators fell like wheat being harvested. Some were blasted away, some had their protective holy light shattered, and some were directly knocked unconscious.

Within three breaths, thirty or forty divine race cultivators lay on the ground.

Xing Lie's expression finally changed.

"You...who are you?"

His voice trembled, "Immortal Realm...this is impossible..."

Chen Ping did not answer.

He took a step forward, his figure like a purple lightning bolt, instantly appearing before Xing Lie.

Xing Lie was shocked, desperately activating his holy light, golden light condensing into a thick light shield in front of him.

Chen Ping punched the light shield.

Crack!

The light shield shattered.

A second punch struck Xing Lie's chest.

Pfft...

Xing Lie spat out a mouthful of golden blood, his entire body sent flying again, crashing into a boulder on the riverbed.

He struggled to his feet, the fear in his eyes impossible to conceal.

"Retreat!" he roared hoarsely. "Retreat quickly!"