

The Order 9031

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This scene stunned everyone!

“Who the hell are you? What kind of magic did you use to dare kill someone from our Demon Stone Sect?”

“Everyone, let’s attack together and kill him...”

A demon cultivator roared, commanding over a dozen demon cultivators to attack Chen Ping!

A dozen demon cultivators surrounded Chen Ping, unleashing their full might and charging at him!

“Impatient...”

Chen Ping snorted coldly, casually waving his hand.

A sudden gust of wind blew over a dozen demon cultivators, blowing them away. While still in mid-air, they vanished in a puff of black smoke.

Dead beyond dead, not even a trace of soul remained.

“This... How is this possible?”

“How could he be so powerful?”

The enslaved cultivators were stunned upon seeing this.

They hadn't expected this suddenly appearing Chen Ping to be so powerful!

The demon cultivator who had called on everyone to join the attack was also stunned. He hadn't expected over a dozen people to be knocked to the ground before they could even touch the hem of Chen Ping's clothes.

"Who... who are you?" the demon cultivator asked tremblingly.

Chen Ping didn't answer, but instead stepped towards him.

"Tell me, why are you enslaving these cultivators? Why are you refining spirit stones into immortal stones?" Chen Ping asked coldly.

"I... I don't know. I'm just watching over these people."

The demon cultivator trembled with fear and shook his head.

"Benefactor, he won't know what you're asking about. Only the higher-ups of the Demon Stone Sect would know. He's just a small-time henchman."

At this moment, a middle-aged cultivator in a gray cloth shirt approached and spoke.

"Oh!" Chen Ping said, and with a wave of his hand, he vanished into thin black smoke before he could even utter a scream.

"Sir, thank you so much for your help."

The middle-aged cultivator bowed deeply to Chen Ping, his face filled with gratitude.

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Chen Ping waved his hand, his gaze sweeping across the surrounding cultivators, whose faces were still shrouded in fear. He said in a deep voice, "Fellow Daoist, I have a few questions for you."

"Sir, please tell me everything I know," the middle-aged cultivator said quickly.

"What kind of world is this? Why are so many human and beast cultivators enslaved by the demons to mine spirit stones?" Chen Ping asked.

The middle-aged cultivator sighed, a look of pain on his face. "This is the Yuande Realm, a world primarily devoted to spiritual cultivation.

Originally, our Yuande Realm consisted of three races: humans, beasts, and demons. Although we occasionally fought for resources, there was a certain balance between the two, maintaining a relative balance."

"Then why did it become like this?" Chen Ping demanded.

"This all started a hundred years ago."

A hint of fear flashed in the middle-aged cultivator's eyes. "A hundred years ago, a celestial immortal suddenly descended upon our Yuande Realm. That immortal was incredibly powerful, capable of destroying heaven and earth with a single wave of his hand. He chose to aid the demons, suppressing the rebellion of our human and beast races with swift force."

"Since then, the demons have enslaved us to mine spirit stones, which they then refine into immortal stones using the methods taught by that immortal."

The middle-aged cultivator said bitterly, "That immortal seemed desperate for immortal stones, so he ordered the demons to establish countless such mining sites throughout the Yuande Realm."

"Why didn't you resist?" Chen Ping asked doubtfully, "Is there no one in the entire Yuande Realm capable of resisting the demons?"

The middle-aged cultivator gave a wry laugh. "Resist? Of course we didn't. But that celestial immortal was too powerful. Even the strongest ancestors of our Yuande Realm were no match for him, and he slew them all. Since then, we've lost the power to resist."

"Furthermore, the demons have placed a restriction on us. If we even think of resisting, we'll suffer the pain of a thousand ants gnawing at our hearts."

The middle-aged cultivator said, lifting his sleeve to reveal a black rune on his arm. "Look! This is the slave mark planted by the demons."

Chen Ping looked at the black rune, a cold glint in his eyes.

He could sense the evil aura emanating from the rune. This was a vicious restriction capable of controlling a person's mind.

"So you're just going to let them enslave you?" Chen Ping said gravely.

"What can we do?"

The middle-aged cultivator said helplessly. "Resistance means death. Not resisting at least allows us to linger. Furthermore, the demons have threatened us that if we don't obey, they will exterminate our people."

"What realm is that celestial immortal at?" Chen Ping asked.

"I don't know," the middle-aged cultivator shook his head. "In the entire Yuande Realm, no one can withstand a single blow from him."

Chen Ping pondered for a moment, then continued, "So where is that immortal now?"

Chen Ping wanted to meet this celestial immortal, especially to learn more about his technique for refining spirit stones into immortal stones.

“That immortal only occasionally appears at the Demon Stone Sect’s headquarters, and whenever he does, he takes away a large amount of immortal stones. Normally, the Demon Stone Sect’s leader is in charge of managing our mining operations.”

“I don’t know where that immortal is now,” the middle-aged cultivator said.

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“How strong is the Demon Stone Sect’s leader?” Chen Ping asked.

“Very strong,” the middle-aged cultivator said solemnly. “It’s said that the Demon Stone Sect’s leader has reached the peak of the Transformation Realm, just one step away from reaching the Celestial Realm. Furthermore, he possesses some immortal arts taught by that immortal, making his power unfathomable.”

Chen Ping wanted to laugh when he heard the phrase “peak Transformation Realm.” In his eyes, this level was even weaker than a dog in the Sixth Heaven Realm.

“Fellow Daoist, find a safe place to hide. Once I destroy the Demon Stone Sect, you will be free.”

Chen Ping said to the middle-aged cultivator.

But the middle-aged cultivator shook his head and said, “We can’t leave this place. As soon as we leave this area, the restrictions on us will activate, making our lives worse than death.”

Chen Ping smiled faintly and said, “That’s hard to say. I can help you remove the restrictions.”

“My benefactor, this restriction was passed down to the Demon Stone Sect by a celestial immortal. It’s not something that can be easily removed,” said the middle-aged cultivator.

Chen Ping said nothing, simply smiled faintly, and casually brushed the middle-aged cultivator's arm. The restriction runes on his arm instantly vanished.

While the middle-aged cultivator was stunned, Chen Ping muttered something, and runes appeared out of thin air, then entered the bodies of all the cultivators.

The restrictions on these cultivators who had been restricted were completely eliminated.

Seeing Chen Ping's prowess, everyone knelt on the ground and kowtowed desperately.

Chen Ping simply lifted his palm, and all the cultivators felt an irresistible force, lifting them to their feet.

They looked at Chen Ping excitedly, their eyes filled with excitement and envy.

"Is this the power of an immortal?"

Everyone's eyes shone brightly.

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Deep within the Demon Stone Sect's main hall, within a luxurious hall.

The Demon Stone Sect's leader, Mo Tianxiong, was sitting cross-legged on a massive black magic crystal, cultivating. Suddenly, his eyes snapped open, a look of surprise and doubt flashing across his face.

"Huh? What's going on?"

Mo Tianxiong frowned. He felt as if all the restrictions he had placed on the slaves in the quarry had vanished!

How could this be possible?

Those restrictions had been personally imparted to him by the celestial immortal. Even if he had wanted to remove them himself, it would have required immense effort, and he had to do it one by one.

And now, all the restrictions had vanished simultaneously?

“Could it be that the immortal was angry?” Mo Tianxiong’s heart tightened.

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He frantically tried to contact the quarry manager, but was unable to reach him.

“Not good!”

Mo Tianxiong’s face darkened. “Something must be wrong at the quarry!”

He immediately stood up and shouted outside the hall, “Someone come!”

An elderly man in a black robe hurried into the hall and said respectfully, “Master, what are your instructions?”

This elderly man was Mo Xuanzi, the Grand Elder of the Demon Stone Sect. His strength was second only to that of the Sect Master, Mo Tianxiong, having reached the ninth level of the Immortal Transformation Realm.

“Xuanzi, take your men to Quarry No. 7 immediately to investigate.”

Mo Tianxiong said gravely, “The restrictions there have suddenly vanished, and I can’t contact the person in charge.”

“What?”

Mo Xuanzi's face changed. "All the restrictions have vanished? How is that possible? Have the slaves rebelled?"

"Unlikely." Mo Tianxiong shook his head. "The restrictions on those slaves are extremely venomous. Unless someone with expert assistance comes to their aid, they can't remove them on their own. And even if they do, they'll be no match for us."

"Who could have done this?" Mo Xuanzi asked doubtfully.

A serious look flashed in Mo Tianxiong's eyes. "I suspect someone has intruded into our Yuande Realm, and they're quite powerful. Take the elite members of the law enforcement team and investigate. Make sure you find out what happened. If you encounter a strong enemy, don't fight head-on; report back immediately."

"Yes!" Mo Xuanzi replied respectfully.

"Wait," Mo Tianxiong called out to him. "Take this."

Mo Tianxiong pulled a black token from his storage ring and handed it to Mo Xuanzi. "This is a communication token. If you encounter any unsolvable problems, crush it immediately and I'll be there as soon as possible."

"Thank you, Sect Master." Mo Xuanzi took the token and carefully put it away.

Then Mo Xuanzi immediately summoned the twenty elite disciples from the law enforcement team. These disciples were all at or above the mid-stage Immortal Realm and were the backbone of the Moshi Sect.

"Everyone, listen up! There's something unusual happening at Quarry No. 7. We're going to investigate immediately!"

Mo Xuanzi said in a deep voice. "Remember, if you encounter anyone suspicious, kill them without mercy!"

"Yes!" The disciples from the law enforcement team responded in unison.

A large group of them flew towards Quarry No. 7 at an incredible speed, disappearing into the sky in the blink of an eye.

Meanwhile, inside Quarry No. 7,

Chen Ping stood in the center of the canyon, looking at the monks who had just regained their freedom.

"Benefactor, thank you so much!"

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The middle-aged monk from earlier said excitedly, "If it weren't for your help, we would have suffered here forever."

The other monks also thanked Chen Ping, their eyes filled with gratitude.

"No need to be so polite," Chen Ping waved his hand. "I simply can't stand what those demon monks are doing."

"Benefactor, we will never forget your kindness!" the middle-aged monk said solemnly.

Chen Ping smiled slightly and then asked, "By the way, I don't know your name yet."

“My surname is Li, my given name is Qingshan, and I used to be an elder in the Human Alliance,” the middle-aged monk said.

“Li Qingshan?” Chen Ping nodded. “What a nice name. By the way, do you know where the Demon Stone Sect’s headquarters is?”

“I know.”

Li Qingshan said quickly. “The Demon Stone Sect’s headquarters is a thousand miles away, atop Demon Cloud Peak. However, it’s heavily guarded, and there are restrictions placed there by that celestial immortal. Ordinary people can’t enter.”

“Restrictions?”

A glint of disdain flashed in Chen Ping’s eyes. “In my eyes, any restrictions are just for show.”

Just then, a sudden sound of breaking air could be heard from the sky.

“Oh no! The Demon Stone Sect’s men are coming!” Li Qingshan’s face darkened, and he said nervously.

The other cultivators also looked up and saw a group of black dots in the distant sky, rapidly flying towards them.

“It seems the noise I made when I lifted the restriction was too loud, and it alerted them.”

Chen Ping smiled faintly. “That’s just right. It saves me from having to go look for them.”

“My benefactor, they’ve come in large numbers, led by Mo Xuanzi, the Great Elder of the Demon Stone Sect. He’s incredibly powerful!” Li Qingshan said worriedly.

“Mo Xuanzi?” Chen Ping’s lips curled into a sneer. “With a ninth-level Transformation Realm cultivation, he’s certainly considered a master in this world. But in front of me, he’s no match.”

Soon, Mo Xuanzi and the disciples of the law enforcement team flew over the quarry.

When they saw the scene inside, everyone was stunned.

The cultivators who were supposed to be enslaved were standing there, while the demon cultivators guarding the quarry were nowhere to be seen.

“What...what’s going on?” Mo Xuanzi frowned, a flicker of doubt in his eyes.

His gaze quickly fell on Chen Ping, for Chen Ping was the only person he didn’t recognize.

“Who are you? Why are you here?”

Mo Xuanzi asked coldly, unleashing a powerful aura in an attempt to intimidate Chen Ping.

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However, facing the overwhelming pressure of Mo Xuanzi’s aura, Chen Ping remained motionless, as if he felt nothing.

“Who I am doesn’t matter,”

Chen Ping said calmly. “What matters is that from today on, the cultivators here are free.”

“How dare you!”

Mo Xuanzi roared, "Do you even know where this is? This is the territory of our Moshi Sect! How dare you act so presumptuously here? You're courting death!"

"Could you?"

Chen Ping sneered, "With a bunch of you worthless people?"

"You... you're so arrogant!"

Mo Xuanzi chuckled in anger, "It seems you won't know your place unless I teach you a lesson!"

With that, Mo Xuanzi was about to attack.

"Wait!"

Chen Ping suddenly said, "Before we begin, I have a few questions for you."

"What qualifications do you have to ask me questions?" Mo Xuanzi said dismissively.

"I can kill all of you here," Chen Ping said calmly, his tone brimming with confidence.

Mo Xuanzi's expression changed. He sensed a dangerous aura from Chen Ping.

"Who are you?" Mo Xuanzi asked again, his tone more serious.

"My name is Chen Ping."

Chen Ping said, "I want to ask you, who is that immortal from the heavens? Why did he ask you to refine spirit stones into immortal stones?"

Hearing Chen Ping's words, Mo Xuanzi's expression changed drastically. "You... how did you know about that immortal?"

"It seems I was right." Chen Ping smiled faintly. "Can you answer my questions now?"

A hint of hesitation flashed in Mo Xuanzi's eyes. He wasn't sure whether he should tell Chen Ping these secrets.

"What? You don't dare to speak?"

Chen Ping sneered. "Or are you afraid that the immortal will kill you if you speak?"

Mo Xuanzi's face darkened even further. He was indeed very afraid of the immortal.

"I advise you to answer my questions obediently, or you will face the consequences." Chen Ping's tone turned icy.

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Just then, a disciple from the law enforcement team couldn't help but say, "Great Elder, why are you wasting time with him? Just kill him!"

With that, the disciple rushed towards Chen Ping, the demonic blade in his hand slashing towards him with a whistling sound.

"You don't know what to do!" Chen Ping snorted coldly and swung his hand casually.

The disciple felt a powerful force instantly assault him. Before he could react, he was sent flying, falling heavily to the ground, his life or death unknown.

This scene stunned everyone. They hadn't expected Chen Ping to be so powerful!

“You... what realm are you in?”

Mo Xuanzi asked tremblingly. He sensed a palpable aura from Chen Ping.

“My realm isn’t important. What’s important is that you now have two choices: answer my questions or die.”

Chen Ping said calmly.

Mo Xuanzi’s face turned pale, knowing he had faced an unprecedentedly powerful foe.

“Alright, I’ll answer your questions.”

Mo Xuanzi gritted his teeth and said, “That immortal claims to be the Yunmiao Immortal Venerable of the Celestial Realm. As for why he wants us to refine spirit stones into immortal stones, I don’t know. He simply ordered us to do so and then came to collect the immortal stones regularly.”

“Yunmiao Immortal Venerable?” Chen Ping frowned. He had never heard of that name.

Furthermore, Chen Ping noticed that when cultivators from the Celestial Realm descended into the lower realms, they liked to be called Immortal Venerables, Demon Lords, and the like. It sounded impressive, but their true strength was merely that.

Just as Chen Ping thought of this, the voice of the Red Cloud Demon Lord echoed in his mind.

“Boy, who are you teasing?”

The Red Cloud Demon Lord said with some displeasure.

Chen Ping was stunned, then he remembered that the Scarlet Cloud Demon Lord seemed to be a boaster of his own. He quickly apologized, "Senior, I was just thinking about it, I don't mean anything else."

"I know you think it's all just bragging, but you have to understand that when you're out in the world, your identity is self-given. Especially in this low-level world, it's important to give yourself a prestigious title," the Scarlet Cloud Demon Lord said!

Chen Ping thought about it and felt it made sense.

Although Chen Ping's strength was always suppressed in the Celestial Realm, here he was the master, the king of heaven.

He could call himself whatever impressive name he wanted.

"Where is Immortal Venerable Yun Miao now?" Chen Ping asked.

"I don't know."

Mo Xuanzi shook his head. "He only occasionally appears in our Demon Stone Sect, and each time he does, he takes away a large amount of immortal stones. His last appearance was a month ago."

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Chen Ping pondered for a moment. It seemed that Immortal Venerable Yun Miao must have some hidden secret.

"So how do you refine spirit stones into immortal stones?" Chen Ping continued.

"This is a secret method taught to us by Immortal Venerable Yun Miao. It requires specific formations and equipment," said Mo Xuanzi.

“Take me to see it,” Chen Ping said.

Mo Xuanzi hesitated, then finally nodded. “Okay, I’ll take you there.”

With that, Mo Xuanzi led Chen Ping towards the massive buildings at the end of the canyon.

When Chen Ping saw the massive alchemy furnaces, a flicker of surprise crossed his eyes.

“Is this the equipment you use to refine spirit stones into immortal stones?” Chen Ping asked.

“Yes,”

Mo Xuanzi nodded. “These furnaces were personally refined by Immortal Venerable Yun Miao. They’re called ‘Spiritual Transformation Alchemy Furnaces,’ and are specifically designed to refine spirit stones into immortal stones.”

Chen Ping walked over to a furnace and examined it carefully.

He found it truly unique, engraved with intricate runes and emitting a faint, immortal aura.

“It seems this Immortal Yunmiao is truly capable,” Chen Ping thought to himself.

Just then, Mo Xuanzi suddenly attacked, a beam of black demonic light shooting towards Chen Ping’s back!

“Be careful!” Li Qingshan shouted.

However, facing Mo Xuanzi’s sneak attack, Chen Ping remained motionless.

Just as the black demonic light was about to strike Chen Ping, it was suddenly blocked by an invisible barrier.

“What?” Mo Xuanzi’s face changed drastically. He hadn’t expected his sneak attack to be blocked!

“Do you think your little trick can hurt me?” Chen Ping sneered. “You’re too naive.”

With that, Chen Ping turned around, a cold murderous intent flashing in his eyes.

“Since you’re not honest, I’ll have to resort to force.”

Chen Ping waved his hand casually, and a powerful force attacked Mo Xuanzi.

Mo Xuanzi’s face changed drastically, and he quickly used his magic to resist.

However, his resistance seemed utterly powerless in the face of Chen Ping.

With a single thud, Mo Xuanzi was struck by the powerful force, sent flying backward like a kite with its string cut, landing heavily on the ground, spitting blood.

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Chen Ping refrained from killing him because he still had questions to ask him.

“Great Elder!” the disciples of the Law Enforcement Team exclaimed.

“Come on too,” Chen Ping said coldly, “so I don’t have to fight them one by one.”

The disciples of the Law Enforcement Team exchanged glances, then charged towards Chen Ping.

However, their strength was far too weak for Chen Ping.

Chen Ping simply waved his hand casually, and the charging disciples vanished in a puff of smoke.

It was as if these elite Law Enforcement disciples had never appeared.

Mo Xuanzi, stunned by this scene, paled with fear. He knew he had faced an unprecedentedly powerful foe.

“Now, can you tell me more about Immortal Yunmiao?” Chen Ping said coldly, looking at Mo Xuanzi.

“I... I’ve told you everything I know.”

Mo Xuanzi trembled as he spoke. “Immortal Yunmiao’s power is unfathomable. We dare not inquire about him.”

“Since you truly don’t know, there’s no point in living.”

Chen Ping finished speaking and turned to leave.

A powerful aura emanated from his body, and Mo Xuanzi bled to death from all seven orifices under this pressure.

Li Qingshan and the others were shocked upon seeing this, and then hurriedly followed Chen Ping towards the Moshi Sect.

Meanwhile, Mo Tianxiong was in the main hall, feeling uneasy and his eyelids twitching, as if something was about to happen.

“Someone, activate the sect’s restrictions to prevent intrusion...”

The cautious Mo Tianxiong ordered them to be lifted.

This restriction had been personally set by Immortal Yun Miao, so no one could break it.

But just as the restrictions were being activated, Chen Ping, Li Qingshan, and the others arrived.

Mo Tianxiong frowned upon seeing Li Qingshan. “Li Qingshan, why are you here when you’re not working at the quarry? Are you looking for death?”

Mo Tianxiong then turned his gaze to Chen Ping, because Chen Ping was the only one among these people he didn’t recognize.

Furthermore, he had no way of determining Chen Ping’s realm strength.

Li Qingshan was instantly enraged upon hearing Mo Tianxiong’s words. He pointed at Mo Tianxiong’s nose and cursed loudly, “Mo Tianxiong, you beast! You’ve enslaved our human and beast cultivators for centuries, inflicting untold torture and suffering on us! Today, someone is finally here to deal with you!”

Mo Tianxiong’s face darkened. “Li Qingshan, how dare you speak to me like that! It seems you haven’t suffered enough all these years!”

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“Suffering? Haven’t we suffered enough?”

Li Qingshan said excitedly, “A hundred years ago, our human and beast races shed rivers of blood under your butcher knife!

For a hundred years, our compatriots suffered in the quarry, some dying, others maimed! Do you think we’ll still let you slaughter us like before?”

Mo Tianxiong sneered, "Let you slaughter us? Just because you're worthless? If it weren't for the fact that you still have some value, I would have killed you all long ago!"

"You... you devil!" Li Qingshan trembled with anger.

At this moment, Li Qingshan turned and addressed everyone present: "Listen up! This is Chen Ping, our benefactor. He's an immortal from the heavens! He's come specifically to punish these evil demon cultivators and save us from suffering!"

The demon cultivators present were stunned by Li Qingshan's words, then burst into laughter.

"Hahaha! A celestial immortal? Just him?" Mo Tianxiong pointed at Chen Ping and said disdainfully, "Li Qingshan, have you been tortured to death? A young boy like this dares to call himself a celestial immortal?"

The other demon cultivators scoffed:

"That's right! He looks so young, I'm afraid he hasn't even reached the Immortal Transformation Realm!"

"Li Qingshan, where did you find this actor? Are you trying to scare us?"

"That's hilarious! A celestial immortal would come to our little world?"

Mo Tianxiong walked up to Chen Ping and looked him up and down, his eyes filled with disdain. "Boy, I don't care who you are or where you come from, but you dare to trespass into our Demon Stone Sect? It's a dead end!"

Chen Ping smiled faintly: "Dead end? With a bunch of you useless people?"

"You..."

Mo Tianxiong was furious at Chen Ping's words. "Boy, do you know where this place is?"

This is the headquarters of our Demon Stone Sect! We have restrictions personally set up by Immortal Yunmiao. Even if a true celestial being comes, they won't be able to break in easily!"

Mo Tianxiong paused and continued: "Furthermore, I've activated the highest level of defensive restrictions. You can't leave now, even if you want to!"

Chen Ping looked around and indeed felt the powerful force of the restrictions.

But to him, this force was nothing.

"Restriction?" Chen Ping sneered. "In my eyes, any restriction is just for show!"

"Hahaha! How shameless!"

Mo Tianxiong laughed. "Boy, I think you don't know how to spell death! Do you know who set this restriction?"

This was set by Immortal Yunmiao himself! Immortal Yunmiao is a true celestial immortal, his power is unfathomable! How dare you, a young boy, be so presumptuous here?"

Mo Tianxiong's words intensified the demon cultivators present: