

The Order 9061

Chapter: 9061

He hadn't expected Chen Ping to suddenly appear, like a ray of light in the darkness, bringing him hope of life.

Chen Ping didn't answer first, his gaze sweeping coldly over the three people surrounding Hu Mazi.

His eyes were like ice, emitting a biting chill that made the three people shiver involuntarily.

Seeing this, the white-robed monk clenched his sword and lunged at Chen Ping. A ferocious expression etched on his face, he shouted, "Another meddler! Kill them all!"

The sword flashed with a cold light, like a venomous snake, darting straight at Chen Ping's face.

But before he could reach the sword, Chen Ping's two fingers grasped it firmly.

Chen Ping's fingers were as hard as steel, and no matter how hard the white-robed monk tried, the sword could not move forward an inch.

Chen Ping's lips curled up slightly, a hint of disdain on his face: "With this little skill, you dare to draw your sword in front of me?"

With that, he applied a slight pressure with his fingers, and with a "crack," the sword instantly snapped in two.

The broken sword arced through the air and fell to the ground with a crisp sound.

Then, a ball of fire erupted from his palm, radiating a blazing light like a burning sun.

He gently patted the white-robed monk's chest. Before he could even utter a scream, his body was enveloped in a sea of flames.

The flames instantly engulfed him, burning him beyond recognition. His body twisted and thrashed within the flames, like a flying insect trapped in a sea of fire.

Soon, he was reduced to a pool of ash, leaving behind only a pungent smell of burning.

Scarface and his men were terrified. Their faces turned pale, their legs trembling, as if they would collapse at any moment.

They turned and tried to run, their steps frantic and hurried, as if pursued by countless evil spirits.

But Chen Ping casually swung out two flaming chains. Like two nimble serpents of fire, the chains instantly entwined their limbs.

They struggled desperately, unable to break free from the chains, and could only cry out in despair.

"Want to run? Did you ask me?"

Chen Ping stepped forward and placed a foot on Scarface's back. His power was like a mountain bearing down on Scarface, suffocating him.

Scarface's face flushed crimson, his eyes filled with fear and pain.

"Tell me, what exactly are you trying to achieve by colluding with the Temple of the Evil?"

Chen Ping's voice was cold and stern, like a sharp sword piercing Scarface's heart.

Strangled to the point of suffocation, and having witnessed Chen Ping's terrifying power, Scarface dared no longer hide anything.

His body trembled uncontrollably, tears welling in his eyes. He cried out, "I'll tell you! I'll tell you! The Temple helped us collect souls, and we gave them immortal stones! I really don't know anything else!"

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His voice was tinged with tears, filled with fear and helplessness.

Chen Ping's eyes froze, and fire erupted from his palms. The flames surged like a surging tide, instantly reducing Scarface and his men to ash.

A pungent smell filled the air: the scent of death.

Then, he turned to look at Hu Mazi, his face darkening. "Master Hu, you're quite capable! You ran off to the Seventh Heaven without even saying goodbye? With your limited strength, you almost lost your soul just now!"

There was a hint of reproach in his tone, but more of it was concern for Hu Mazi.

Hu Mazi scratched his head, his face thick with guilt. "I'm just worried you'd worry, and I want to find the souls of my people as soon as possible..."

His voice trailed off, like a child who had done something wrong.

"Worried I'd worry? You coming to such a dangerous place all by yourself is what really worries me!"

Chen Ping sighed, his tone softening. "First, tell me what you found out. What exactly happened?"

His eyes were filled with concern, hoping Hu Mazi would explain the details of what had happened.

Hu Mazi quickly recounted everything he'd heard in the teahouse and seen at the altar, especially the story of the temple using the opening of the altar to steal the monks' souls. He spoke with gritted teeth, "Those monks thought they were going to listen to teachings and practice, but they didn't realize they were going to die! If we had discovered this a few days later, who knows how many more would have had their souls siphoned away!"

His voice was filled with rage, like an enraged lion.

Chen Ping's expression grew increasingly solemn.

The Temple, a divine organization, had actually colluded with demonic cultivators and persecuted cultivators. If word spread, the entire Celestial Realm would be in turmoil.

He imagined the Celestial Realm in chaos, countless cultivators perished in the flames of war, and civilians displaced.

He knew the gravity of this matter and must stop the Temple's conspiracy as soon as possible.

"Let's go to the Soul Gathering Altar. We must find out exactly how they're stealing souls."

His eyes revealed a firm resolve, like an unshakable mountain.

The two men found a ready-made clothing store, changed into the coarse black robes commonly worn by seventh-level cultivators, and used their spiritual energy to slightly alter their appearance. Pretending to be casual cultivators attending a sermon, they headed towards the Soul Gathering Altar.

Their steps were steady and resolute, each one reflecting their pursuit of truth and their unwavering commitment to justice.

The Soul Gathering Altar, built on a high platform in the heart of Black Wind City, was crowded with cultivators, most of whom were seeking to increase their cultivation or join the temple, their faces brimming with anticipation.

Their eyes revealed a thirst for cultivation, hoping to achieve a breakthrough through this sermon.

In the center of the platform stood a cultivator in golden robes, holding a jade ruyi, and preaching loudly: "Fellow Daoists, today's sermon is to draw the profound energy of heaven and earth into your bodies, helping you break through bottlenecks! Simply calm your mind and follow my guidance!"

His voice was resonant and powerful, as if possessing a magical power that captivated the surrounding cultivators.

Chen Ping quietly released a trace of his spiritual sense, sweeping across the platform.

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His spiritual sense, like an invisible hand, gently touched everything around him.

Soon, he noticed something amiss. Beneath the platform, a circle of black runes emanated an eerie aura, as if concealing countless secrets.

The runes connected to a hidden recess in the center of the platform, from which the faint aura of a soul urn emanated.

Furthermore, the jade ruyi held by the golden-robed monk was emitting a faint, hypnotic aura, gradually causing the surrounding monks to relax their vigilance.

That hypnotic aura, like an invisible thread, quietly entwined itself around the monks, lulling them into a deep slumber.

"Pay attention to the center of those monks' brows," Chen Ping said to Hu Mazi, a voice only the two of them could hear. His voice was low and mysterious, as if he feared disturbing something.

Hu Mazi peered closely and saw a pale blue soul thread slowly emanating from the brows of the monks, who had their eyes closed in concentration. It followed the direction of the jade ruyi and quietly entered the recess of the platform.

The soul thread, like a thin stream, carried the monks' soul power, slowly flowing into the dark abyss.

The monks, unaware, remained lost in the illusion of "hearing the teachings."

Their faces wore serene expressions, as if they were dreaming a beautiful dream.

"Using hypnosis to summon souls... How vicious!"

Hu Mazi lowered his voice, his fists clenched until white. His rage was like a volcano about to erupt, ready to erupt at any moment.

He thought of the innocent monks, their souls being ruthlessly ripped away by the temple, and his heart was filled with grief and anger.

The golden-robed monk seemed to sense something, his gaze sweeping across the crowd, finally settling on Chen Ping and Hu Mazi.

A flicker of vigilance flashed in his eyes, like a sharp cheetah, sensing danger.

"Fellow Daoists, why don't you close your eyes and concentrate? Do you doubt my preaching?" His voice was still loud, but a hint of threat was hidden in it.

Chen Ping's heart tightened, knowing his actions might have aroused the golden-robed monk's suspicion.

But he showed no sign of panic. Instead, he smiled faintly and said, "Fellow Daoist, your teachings are naturally profound. However, we are new here and still have some doubts about the method of drawing the spiritual energy of heaven and earth into our bodies. Therefore, we dare not concentrate rashly."

His voice was calm and steady, like an unfathomable lake.

The golden-robed monk narrowed his eyes slightly and looked Chen Ping and Hu Mazi up and down, trying to find any flaws in them.

His eyes were like two sharp knives, sweeping over Chen Ping and Hu Mazi.

“Oh? If you have any doubts, please tell me. I may be able to clarify them for you.”

There was a hint of tentativeness in his tone, as if he was waiting for Chen Ping and Hu Mazi to reveal their true intentions.

Chen Ping secretly pondered a countermeasure. He knew he couldn't let the golden-robed monk continue to doubt him, otherwise their plan would fail.

An idea struck him, and he said, “We've heard that drawing the profound energy of heaven and earth into the body requires purifying the mind and eliminating distractions. I wonder if there are any specific techniques for this?”

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His question seemed ordinary, but it cleverly diverted the golden-robed monk's attention.

The golden-robed monk nodded slightly and said, “The key to purifying the mind is to eliminate distractions and focus your mind. You might try sitting in meditation to achieve inner peace.”

His voice softened, as if he were satisfied with Chen Ping's question.

Chen Ping took the opportunity to say, “Thank you for your guidance, fellow Daoist. I will sit in meditation and follow your guidance.”

He tugged at Hu Mazi's sleeve, and the two of them closed their eyes, pretending to meditate.

But in reality, their consciousness was still closely monitoring every movement around them.

The golden-robed monk saw this, a flicker of satisfaction in his eyes, and continued his sermon.

His voice echoed in the air, like a hypnotic spell, enveloping the surrounding monks even more deeply.

And those soul threads continued to flow from the monks' brows, flowing into the grooves of the platform.

Time passed minute by minute. Chen Ping and Hu Mazi pretended to listen to the sermon, but in reality, they were secretly observing the temple's conspiracy.

They discovered that the black runes beneath the platform seemed to be constantly absorbing the power of the soul threads, then transferring this power to the soul urn.

The soul urn, like a bottomless pit, continuously devoured these souls.

"If this continues, I wonder how many monks will suffer."

Hu Mazi said in a voice that only Chen Ping could hear, his voice filled with worry.

Chen Ping nodded slightly and said, "We must find a way to disrupt this conspiracy as soon as possible, otherwise the consequences will be unimaginable."

His eyes revealed a firm determination, as if he was ready to face the challenge.

At this moment, the golden-robed monk's sermon suddenly reached its climax. His voice grew more passionate, and the jade ruyi in his hand radiated an even brighter light.

The light was like the sun, blinding the eyes.

At the same time, his golden robes fluttered without a breeze, as if supported by a mysterious force.

“Now, I will guide you to draw the profound energy of heaven and earth into your bodies and break through your bottleneck!”

The golden-robed monk shouted, his voice resonating through the air like thunder.

As his words fell, the surrounding monks began to practice their techniques, attempting to draw the spiritual energy of heaven and earth into their bodies.

Anticipation filled their faces, as if they saw hope of breaking through their bottleneck.

However, they were unaware that they were walking step by step towards the abyss of death.

On the Soul Gathering Altar, runes flickered, emitting an eerie glow, as if hiding countless unknown secrets.

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A group of monks sat cross-legged, their expressions focused and tinged with a certain frenzy. They were enveloped in a mysterious atmosphere, immersed in a strange state known as “listening to the teachings.”

A golden-robed monk muttered something, and the light of the jade ruyi suddenly grew, like a dazzling little sun, blinding anyone who could open their eyes.

Chen Ping’s heart tightened, a sense of foreboding welling up within him.

With his keen perception and rich experience, he instantly grasped the danger.

Once this wave of guidance was complete, the soul threads of the monks present would be drained away in a single stroke.

Even if they could be saved, their spiritual intelligence would be severely damaged, reducing them to a state of being like the walking corpse.

“No time to wait!” Chen Ping thought to himself, his gaze growing firm.

He suddenly opened his eyes, his gaze like a deep, cold pool, radiating an endless calm and resolve.

Black and white flames suddenly surged around him, like a surging wave, instantly enveloping him and Hu Mazi beside him.

This black and white flame, the product of Chen Ping’s unique cultivation technique, embodied immense power, capable of both defending against external enemies and attacking them.

At the same time, Chen Ping summoned the Dragon Slaying Sword, which flashed with sharp sword energy.

With a roar, a ray of sharp sword energy slashed like lightning through the groove in the center of the platform.

The groove, seemingly ordinary, held a hidden secret. It was the key to the Soul Gathering Formation, continuously absorbing the soul threads of the cultivators.

“Stop!”

The golden-robed monk’s roar resounded like thunder, shaking the entire Soul Gathering Altar.

Though he hastily blocked the sword energy with his Jade Ruyi, the black runes beneath the platform were cracked.

The soul threads that had been flowing continuously toward the groove suddenly stagnated, as if an invisible hand had gripped their throats.

The surrounding cultivators were startled awake from their “listening to the teachings” state. They opened their eyes in confusion, staring at the sudden scene before them.

They couldn’t understand why, at the critical moment of their breakthrough, someone would suddenly sabotage them.

The golden-robed cultivator, upon seeing this, immediately dropped his previous gentle demeanor, his expression instantly becoming ferocious.

His eyes widened in anger as he pointed at Chen Ping, his voice filled with incitement: “Fellow Daoists! This person is probably a demonic spy! Seeing us drawing on the profound energy of heaven and earth to help us break through, he’s now sabotaging us. It’s clear he doesn’t want us to advance!”

The moment these words were spoken, the previously confused cultivators were instantly furious.

Those who had just emerged from their hypnotic state were already resentful of the interrupted “breakthrough opportunity.”

They have waited for this breakthrough for a long time and put in countless efforts and hard work, but now they have failed. You can imagine the anger in their hearts.

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After being labeled a “demon spy” by the golden-robed monk, their eyes toward Chen Ping instantly filled with hostility, as if he were their sworn enemy.

“Who are you? Why are you ruining our plans?” A burly, bearded man stepped forward and slammed his massive axe to the ground, sending up a cloud of dust.

The axe flashed with a cold light, as if it could chop Chen Ping in half at any moment.

“I think he’s just jealous of us receiving guidance from the temple!”

Another monk in a green robe echoed, his hand already on the sword at his waist, ready to unsheathe it if Chen Ping made the slightest move.

Chen Ping frowned, inwardly lamenting the foolishness of these people.

He stepped forward and tried to explain, “Don’t be fooled! The jade ruyi in his hand is emitting a hypnotic aura. The runes beneath the platform are soul-gathering formations. Your soul threads are being drawn into the soul urns in the grooves. If you wait any longer, your souls will be taken away!”

However, as soon as he finished speaking, he was drowned out by a wave of angry curses.

“Nonsense! The Temple is the orthodox Protoss. How could they do such a thing?” a white-haired elder shouted, his eyes wide with anger.

“I think you’re fabricating lies because you’re afraid we’ll be stronger than you after our breakthrough!” another young cultivator said with disdain.

“Brothers, stop wasting time with him. Capture him first and hand him over to the Temple!”

Someone in the crowd shouted, and a dozen cultivators instantly rushed towards Chen Ping.

The magical weapons in their hands flashed with a cold light, and the spiritual energy rippled chaotically, yet it carried a force that could not be underestimated.

Most of these cultivators were independent cultivators who had long been stuck in a bottleneck. Their pursuit of a “breakthrough opportunity” had long since lost their minds, and they refused to listen to any advice.

In their eyes, Chen Ping was the culprit who had destroyed their bright future and must be brought to justice.

Seeing this, Hu Mazi quickly pulled out several defensive talismans and placed them in front of him, urgently saying, “Chen Ping, you can’t explain it to them! These people are bewildered!”

He knew full well that these cultivators were now blinded by their obsession with a “breakthrough,” and no matter how Chen Ping explained, they wouldn’t believe him.

A flicker of disappointment crossed Chen Ping’s eyes as he gazed at the charging cultivators.

He could easily defeat these people, but they weren’t evil, merely pitiful individuals who had been deceived.

In their pursuit of higher cultivation, they risked everything, unaware that they had fallen prey to a vast conspiracy.

He dodged a cultivator’s blade, which grazed the edge of his clothes, stirring up a gust of wind.

He used his spiritual energy to dislodge another person’s magical weapon, sending it flying into the distance.

Chen Ping shouted again, “Feel your brows! Do you feel a slight tingling sensation? That’s a sign of your soul threads being pulled out!”

But what he was met with was an even more frenzied attack.

A white-haired old man summoned a compass, and several golden beams shot out from it, piercing Chen Ping’s vital points.

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The beams held immense power, burning and distorting the air wherever they passed.

The old man cursed, "You are misleading the people with your lies! Today, I will enforce justice on behalf of Heaven!"

The last trace of hesitation faded from Chen Ping's eyes.

He knew these people were completely consumed by their obsession with "breaking through." Even if he rescued them now, they would likely return to the temple to "hear the teachings."

They were already deeply trapped, unable to extricate themselves.

He stopped dodging, and the black and white flames around him suddenly spread outward, forming an invisible barrier.

The barrier seemed thin, yet it held immense power, sending all the monks charging forward several steps back without harming them in the slightest.

Although Chen Ping felt anger at the monks' ignorance, he ultimately couldn't bear to harm them.

"Since you don't believe me, then leave it to yourselves."

Chen Ping's voice grew cold, no longer lingering.

A resolute look shone in his eyes, as if he had lost hope in these people.

"Master Hu, let's go," Chen Ping said to Hu Mazi beside him.

Hu Mazi was stunned for a moment, then realized that Chen Ping had given up.

He looked at the monks still cursing, shook his head helplessly, and followed Chen Ping back to a corner outside the Soul Gathering Altar.

They stood there, quietly watching the unfolding events on the Altar, their hearts awash with mixed emotions.

The golden-robed monk, seeing that Chen Ping had stopped attacking, smiled triumphantly.

He shouted to the crowd, "Did you see? This spy is guilty! Everyone, continue to concentrate and don't let him distract you. In a few moments, it will be time for a breakthrough!"

As he spoke, he raised the Jade Ruyi again, muttering something to himself.

The Jade Ruyi once again emanated a soft yet hypnotic glow, and the black runes beneath the platform also re-illuminated. The cracks were slowly healing.

The monks, shaken back, hesitated for a moment before actually closing their eyes again, sinking back into the state of "listening to the teachings."

Pale blue soul threads once again flowed from their brows, flowing towards the groove.

Those soul threads flowed like tiny streams, converging into the groove, as if speaking of their ignorance and sorrow.

Hu Mazi's teeth clenched in anger as he watched, his fists clenched. "These people... are incredibly foolish!"

He simply couldn't understand how these cultivators could be so easily deceived by the golden-robed cultivator, willing to sacrifice their souls for a fleeting "breakthrough opportunity."

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Chen Ping watched the scene in silence, his eyes calm and composed.

He could see that as the soul threads flowed into the groove, the soul urn deep within it continued to expand. He could faintly hear the clearer cries of souls within, filled with despair and pain. It must have contained the souls of many cultivators.

Those souls struggled within the urns, uttering silent cries, but no one could hear them.

As time passed, the jade ruyi's radiance grew stronger, and the black runes beneath the platform seemed to come alive, flickering with an eerie, dim light.

For those cultivators who closed their eyes in concentration, the soul threads flowing from their brows grew thicker, their originally pale blue threads gradually tinged with a grayish-white hue, a sign that their soul's essence was being drained.

The grayish-white soul threads, like polluted streams, carried an ominous aura.

About an incense stick of time passed before the golden-robed monk abruptly retracted the jade ruyi, and the runes beneath the platform instantly dimmed.

The soul urn deep within the recess had now expanded to half a person's height, its surface covered in twisted soul patterns, resembling faces in agony.

The soul cry emanating from within was muffled and agonizing, as if countless wronged souls were struggling within.

The sound echoed throughout the Soul Gathering Altar, sending a chill down one's spine.

"Fellow Daoists, congratulations on your breakthrough!" The golden-robed monk plastered a false smile and bowed to the crowd.

There was a smug and sinister quality to his smile, as if he were admiring his own masterpiece.

The monks opened their eyes one after another, feeling light and airy. The spiritual energy within them seemed to flow more smoothly than before, and they actually believed they had broken through a bottleneck.

Immersed in the joy of their breakthrough, they were completely unaware of the preciousness they had lost.

A monk in a coarse cloth and shorts excitedly pumped his fist: "Thank you, Immortal, for your guidance! I feel like my bottleneck has truly broken!"

A blissful smile filled his face, as if he envisioned a glorious future of immense advancement.

Another middle-aged monk was so overwhelmed with emotion that tears welled up in his eyes: "I've been stuck at the peak of the Earthly Immortal Realm for three years, and today I've finally broken through! Immortal, your great kindness will never be forgotten!"

He fell to his knees with a thud and kowtowed repeatedly to the golden-robed monk, as if he were his adopted parent.

For a moment, the Soul Gathering Altar was filled with cries of gratitude. The monks surrounded the golden-robed monk, eager to immediately become his disciples.

They regarded the golden-robed monk as their savior, unaware that they had fallen into an abyss of no return.

The golden-robed monk waved his hand with feigned humility, but a subtle glint of viciousness glimmered in his eyes.

These people have lost parts of their souls, and the smooth flow of spiritual energy is merely a temporary illusion. Before long, they will find their cultivation declining, even their intelligence impaired. By then, they will have become mere "nutrient" in the soul jar.

He pondered this inwardly, a smug sneer playing on his lips.

“Foolish.”

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From the corner, Chen Ping’s voice, laced with cold sarcasm, reached the ears of the crowd.

His voice, like a thunderclap, shattered the false harmony of the Soul Gathering Altar.

The cultivators instantly fell silent, turning to look at Chen Ping, their faces darkening.

The resentment of Chen Ping’s earlier “interference” surged back, and the bearded man roared, “You traitor again! What’s your business with our breakthrough? Are you jealous of us?”

Chen Ping ignored the man, staring intently at the golden-robed monk. His tone was filled with undeniable authority: “Hand over the Soul Urn.”

His gaze was like two sharp swords, piercing the golden-robed monk’s heart, causing a palpitation.

The golden-robed monk’s face changed, and then he feigned confusion: “What are you talking about, fellow Daoist? What Soul Urn? I don’t understand.”

As he spoke, he quietly retreated, his hand already reaching for the communication talisman at his waist.

Knowing Chen Ping’s strength, he had to notify the Sixth Palace Master. If he could just delay a moment longer, support from the Sixth Palace would arrive.

The golden-robed monk silently prayed that the Sixth Palace Master would arrive quickly to rescue him from this predicament.

“Don’t understand?” Chen Ping sneered, his figure suddenly vanishing from the spot.

His speed was incredibly fast, like a ghost, making it impossible to track him.

When he reappeared, he was already standing in the center of the platform, his right hand reaching directly for the groove.

His movements were clean and precise, without the slightest hesitation.

The golden-robed monk, upon seeing this, became anxious. He pulled out a folding fan and slapped Chen Ping's back, shouting, "Fellow Daoists! This traitor is trying to steal the temple's treasures! He's destroying your Daoist aspirations! Stop him!"

The cultivators who had just broken through were already resentful of Chen Ping, and the mere mention of stealing treasures instantly inflamed their wrath.

As if they had been injected with a dose of stimulant, more than a dozen cultivators simultaneously charged towards Chen Ping, their magical weapons surging. Though their spiritual energy wasn't as sharp as before, it still carried a certain ferocity.

Without even turning his head, Chen Ping suddenly emanated a powerful aura of coercion.

The overwhelming pressure, like a mountain bearing down on one's head, instantly enveloped the entire Soul Gathering Altar.

The air seemed to freeze, making it hard to breathe.

The cultivators who had rushed forward didn't even have time to raise their hands before they were pinned to the spot by the overwhelming pressure, unable to move, their faces filled with horror.

Only then did they realize that the spiritual energy within them had become extremely stagnant, unable to exert even half of their previous strength.

It was as if an invisible force was restraining them, preventing them from unleashing their abilities.

“How could this be... my spiritual energy...” a cultivator muttered in fear, instinctively rubbing his forehead.

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This time, he clearly felt not only a stinging pain, but also a sense of emptiness and emptiness, the trace left by the soul’s extraction.

His heart was filled with fear and regret, but it was too late.

The other cultivators also reacted, their faces pale. The joy of their previous breakthrough had vanished, replaced by deep fear. They finally realized the danger they had found themselves in, but they didn’t know how to escape.

Chen Ping ignored the panicked monks, his right hand already removing the half-man-high soul urn from its recess.

A wisp of black and white flame flickered from his fingertips, and he gently tapped the soul urn.

The flame seemed faint, yet it held immense power.

The soul patterns on the soul urn’s surface instantly cracked, and several pale blue soul threads drifted out. As soon as they hit the air, they flew away like frightened birds.

They were the remnants of the monks’ spirits, long since ripped from their bodies. Without their hosts, they could only wander aimlessly.

They drifted through the air, as if searching for their final destination.

“Those are... soul threads!” a white-haired old man trembled, his eyes filled with disbelief.

He finally understood that what Chen Ping had said before was true. They hadn’t achieved a breakthrough; they had clearly lost their souls!

His heart was filled with regret and self-blame, hating himself for having so easily believed the golden-robed monk's words.

"Fellow Daoist! Please release our souls!"

The middle-aged monk who had been weeping with emotion earlier collapsed to his knees and kowtowed repeatedly to Chen Ping.

His forehead hit the ground with a thud, and soon blood began to flow.

The other monks also reacted, falling to their knees and begging with tears and pleading, "We know we were wrong! Please, fellow Daoist, have mercy and return our souls to us!"

Their voices were filled with despair and pleading, hoping to undo their mistakes.

Chen Ping looked at the monks kneeling and begging, his face devoid of any pity.

Flames flared from his fingertips again, this time directly enveloping the soul urn.

As he circulated the Heart Concentration Technique within his body, the soul threads belonging to the monks of the Soul Gathering Altar within the soul urn were gradually drawn out, transforming into streams of pure soul energy that flowed through his fingertips and into his body.

Chen Ping's Concentrated Heart Technique could refine all things, so these souls could also become resources for Chen Ping's cultivation.

Since these people were ungrateful and ungrateful, there was no need for Chen Ping to save them.

His aura grew stronger at a visible rate, and the black and white flames surrounding him grew more intense.

The flames shone like burning stars, emitting a dazzling light.