

The Order 9461

Chapter: 9461

The attacker's strength was definitely at the seventh rank of the Celestial Immortal Realm, perhaps even higher!

"Not good! It's a top expert from the Myriad Souls Demon Sect! They actually planted such a powerful tracking and counterattack restriction in the souls of these disciples!"

Chen Ping's heart was filled with utter horror, his soul nearly leaving his body!

He had no doubt that if this ethereal hand pressed down on him, he would be utterly annihilated, leaving not even ashes!

Escape!

He had to escape!

All his thoughts converged into this single word in an instant!

He couldn't muster the slightest will to resist!

"Go!"

Chen Ping let out a low roar, his ultimate fire igniting, activating his Fire Control Step, and his indestructible golden body protecting him!

His left hand suddenly grabbed, a gentle force sweeping up the terrified Shi Yan and the leopard-tailed woman Ying Wu, while his right hand pulled the frightened little fire qilin into his arms!

"Spatial Folding, Escape!"

He unleashed the pinnacle of his current understanding of the laws of space, forcibly distorting the space before him, his figure transforming into a blurry, indistinct blur.

Like a stream of light existing between reality and illusion, he fled desperately towards the open area beyond the forest, in the opposite direction of the descending ethereal hand!

His speed was almost beyond the limits of visual perception!

The very next instant after his figure vanished...

“Boom—!!!!”

The enormous hand finally slammed down.

There was no earth-shattering explosion as expected, only a chilling sound of annihilation, as if everything had been reduced to nothingness!

The area where the hand pressed down shattered like a broken mirror, then collapsed and contracted, ultimately forming a bottomless, absolute void about ten zhang in diameter!

The light, air, soil, rocks, even the most basic spiritual energy and fragments of the laws of heaven and earth, all vanished, leaving only the most essential, deathly silence!

A terrifying shockwave, like an invisible tsunami, relentlessly pursued the direction Chen Ping had fled!

Its passage carved deep furrows into the ground, turning vegetation to dust!

Even though Chen Ping had already fled a great distance, the edge of the pursuing shockwave still slammed into his indestructible body!

Chapter: 9462

“Pfft—!”

Chen Ping was struck as if by a heavy blow, his body staggering, and the blood spurting from his mouth drew a tragic arc in the air.

He endured the excruciating pain, as if his internal organs had shifted, and the tremor in his soul. Using the force of the impact, his speed surged again, and he raced recklessly without looking back!

He dared not stop for a moment, pushing his speed to its limit.

He even disregarded the consumption of energy and continuously used short-range spatial teleportation until he felt the terrifying, clinging feeling of being locked on gradually dissipate, and the chilling aura of annihilation behind him recede into the distance. Only then did he dare to slow down slightly. Like a meteorite, he crashed into a narrow, secluded cave covered in vines.

“Thump!”

He landed heavily on the cave floor, coughing up blood, his face ashen, his breathing erratic.

The desperate escape had nearly exhausted most of his immortal power and mental strength.

The two were also dazed from the fall, but fortunately, Chen Ping had protected them, resulting in only superficial injuries.

The little fire qilin anxiously licked the blood from Chen Ping’s lips, emitting a mournful whimper.

It took Chen Ping a full incense stick’s time to calm his churning blood and shaken soul, but the internal injuries and depleted immortal power wouldn’t heal quickly.

He recalled the scene with lingering fear; the powerful Wanhun Demon Sect expert who had attacked from afar possessed unfathomable cultivation!

This Tenth Heaven is indeed a place teeming with hidden dragons and crouching tigers, fraught with peril!

“S-Senior, how are you?”

The tiger-striped man struggled to sit up, looking at Chen Ping’s pale face, asking with worry, his tone filled with gratitude and lingering fear.

The leopard-tailed woman also cast a concerned glance.

“I’m fine, I’ll be alright after a short rest.”

Chen Ping waved his hand, his voice slightly hoarse. He looked out of the cave, his gaze grave.

“The person who attacked just now was extremely powerful, probably a high-ranking member of the Myriad Souls Demon Sect, perhaps even the sect leader.”

Upon hearing this, both the tiger-striped man and the leopard-tailed woman showed fear on their faces.

The sect leader of the Myriad Souls Demon Sect—that was a monstrous demon infamous throughout the entire Tenth Heaven!

“Senior, why would you...”

The tiger-striped man hesitated, clearly puzzled by Chen Ping’s sudden intervention and the formidable enemy he had incurred.

Chen Ping looked at them and said in a deep voice, “I have some old grudges with the Myriad Souls Demon Sect. You call this place the Myriad Beasts Mountain Range, who are you?”

Chapter: 9463

“We are disciples of the Myriad Beasts Sect!”

The tiger-striped man said, "This junior is Shi Yan, and this is Ying Wu. We are both patrol disciples of the Myriad Beasts Sect, responsible for guarding this outer area, preventing outsiders from trespassing, and... dealing with harassment from the Myriad Souls Demon Sect."

His tone lowered at the end.

Chen Ping nodded.

The Myriad Beasts Sect sounded like the indigenous force of this vast mountain range, an enemy of the Myriad Souls Demon Sect.

This suited him perfectly.

He needed to learn more about the Tenth Heaven, especially about the Myriad Souls Demon Sect, and these two local beastmen disciples were undoubtedly a good starting point.

At the same time, saving them would also establish a good relationship with the Myriad Beasts Sect.

He looked at the two still-shaken individuals, and the little fire unicorn beside him looking at him dependently, his mind racing.

The Soul Devourer is hiding within the Myriad Souls Demon Sect, a powerful sect teeming with experts. For him, going there rashly with his current strength would be tantamount to throwing an egg against a rock.

Perhaps, the Myriad Beasts Sect could serve as a temporary foothold and a source of information.

"This place is not safe to linger. Although that powerful figure hasn't personally pursued us, there's no guarantee they won't have follow-up plans."

Chen Ping stood up. Although his face was still pale, his eyes had regained their calm and sharpness. "Let's leave here first and find a safe place to discuss this further. Do you know of any hidden hideouts nearby?"

Shi Yan and Ying Wu exchanged a glance, both seeing hope in each other's eyes.

Chen Ping was powerful and had a grudge against the Myriad Souls Demon Sect. Gaining his help would undoubtedly be a good thing for the Myriad Beasts Sect.

"Senior, we know of a few hidden strongholds. Please follow us!"

Shi Yan struggled to his feet. Although his injuries were serious, his familiarity with the terrain allowed him to act as a guide.

Chen Ping nodded, then, with the little fire qilin, disappeared into the darkness deep within the cave.

Led by Shi Yan and Ying Wu, Chen Ping led the little fire qilin through rugged mountain paths and hidden trails.

Although both were seriously injured, they were extremely familiar with the terrain, avoiding several areas where dangerous monsters might lurk.

After traveling for about half a day, as the setting sun painted the sky orange-red, they arrived at a secluded valley nestled between two mountain peaks.

The valley entrance was obscured by dense vines and illusion arrays, making it extremely difficult to spot without a guide.

Passing through the illusion arrays, the valley's interior suddenly opened up.

There were dozens of houses built of massive stones and timber, nestled against the mountainside. In the center stood a relatively tall stone hall, and in the plaza before it stood a blurry stone sculpture of a colossal beast, exuding an ancient and desolate aura.

Chapter: 9464

Some cultivators with distinct beast-like features were active in the valley, some cultivating, some patrolling, and some processing materials from the monsters they had hunted.

This was the Rock Valley, an important stronghold of the Ten Thousand Beasts Sect located on the outskirts of the Ten Thousand Beasts Mountain Range.

Seeing Shi Yan and Ying Wu return with an unfamiliar human youth and a Qilin cub with an extraordinary aura, the beast-like cultivators in the valley cast curious and scrutinizing glances at them.

Especially upon sensing Chen Ping's mere seventh-grade Human Immortal aura, many gazes held a hint of disdain and subtle rejection.

In the dog-eat-dog world of the Tenth Heaven, especially among the beast race where strength reigns supreme, those of lower cultivation levels are often disregarded.

Shi Yan and Ying Wu, without offering any explanation, led Chen Ping directly towards the largest stone hall in the center.

Inside the hall, an elderly man clad in brown leather armor, with gray hair, a dignified face, and a ferocious claw mark on his forehead, sat in the main seat, listening to a disciple's report.

The old man possessed a powerful aura; he was clearly a fifth-grade Celestial Immortal, Elder Li Yan, who oversaw this place.

"Elder Li!"

Shi Yan and Ying Wu stepped forward and respectfully bowed.

Elder Li Yan raised his eyelids, glanced at the two men, and frowned slightly upon seeing their injuries. “What happened? Did you run into those scum from the Myriad Souls Demon Sect again?”

His voice was like the grinding of sand, carrying an undeniable air of authority.

“Reporting to the Elder, it was indeed so!”

Shi Yan quickly recounted how he had been ambushed by a squad from the Myriad Souls Demon Sect, nearly losing his life, and being saved by Chen Ping.

He emphasized Chen Ping’s lightning-fast attacks and astonishing strength in instantly killing five Demon Sect disciples.

However, when Elder Li Yan’s sharp, hawk-like gaze fell upon Chen Ping,

and he carefully sensed that Chen Ping was indeed only at the seventh rank of the Human Immortal Realm, the slight seriousness on his face instantly transformed into undisguised suspicion and disdain.

“Seventh-grade Human Immortal? He instantly killed five Demon Sect disciples, including a fifth-grade Celestial Immortal?”

Elder Li Yan scoffed, his voice dripping with sarcasm. “Shi Yan, Ying Wu, are you two suffering from severe injuries and hallucinating? Or have you been deceived by this person using some kind of illusion?”

He simply didn’t believe it!

A Human Immortal challenging a Celestial Immortal is already incredibly difficult, let alone instantly killing multiple opponents of higher cultivation levels?

This was utterly a fantasy! In his view, this stranger must have used some trick or scheme, managed to help by chance, and then exaggerated, trying to take advantage of the Ten Thousand Beasts Sect.

“Elder, it’s absolutely true! This junior is willing to guarantee it with my life!”

Shi Yan said urgently, while Ying Wu nodded vigorously beside him.

“Hmph!”

Elder Li Yan snorted coldly, ignoring Shi Yan and the other two. His gaze arrogantly fell on Chen Ping, as if he were appraising a piece of merchandise. “Boy, no matter what methods you used, since you saved my Ten Thousand Beasts Sect disciple, my Ten Thousand Beasts Sect will not treat you unfairly.”

He casually took out several low-quality, spiritually weak immortal stones from his storage bag and tossed them at Chen Ping’s feet like charity to a beggar.

Then, in a detached tone, he said, “Take these immortal stones and leave Rock Valley. This is not a place for you. The Ten Thousand Beasts Mountain Range is fraught with danger; be careful not to lose your life here.”

Chapter: 9465

The few immortal stones rolled to the ground, covered in dust. The spiritual energy they contained was utterly useless to Chen Ping in his current state.

This almost insulting expression of gratitude made Shi Yan and Ying Wu blush with embarrassment.

Chen Ping glanced at the immortal stones at his feet, then looked up at the aloof and disdainful Elder Li Yan. His eyes remained calm and unwavering, showing no sign of anger.

Having endured the beating from the Soul Devouring Venerable and the trials of the early tenth level of the Heavenly Realm, his temperament had long since matured. He wouldn’t lose his composure due to such contempt.

He didn’t even bother to bend down and pick up the immortal stones. He simply spoke calmly, his voice steady: “No need for thanks. I have an old grudge against the Myriad Souls Demon Sect. Saving them was merely a favor.”

With that, he didn't look at Elder Li Yan again and turned to walk out of the hall.

The little fire qilin growled, glared at Li Yan, and quickly followed Chen Ping.

"Senior!"

Shi Yan and Ying Wu called out anxiously, trying to stop him, but were stopped by a cold look from Elder Li Yan.

"Ignorant brat!"

Watching Chen Ping's departing figure, Elder Li Yan sneered, "A seventh-grade Human Immortal dares to boast of having old grudges with the Myriad Souls Demon Sect? He probably hasn't even seen their outer disciples! Let him go; staying here is just a burden!"

Chen Ping walked out of the stone hall, feeling the curious, sympathetic, or equally disdainful gazes of the surrounding beastmen cultivators. He remained expressionless and walked straight out of the valley.

He hadn't planned to stay long anyway; Li Yan's attitude was merely a way of telling him to leave early.

The Ten Heavens were vast; there was bound to be a place for him to find shelter and gather information.

Less than an hour after Chen Ping stepped out of the illusion array of Rock Valley and disappeared into the surrounding mountains,

Night quietly fell. The bright moonlight draped the valley in a silver veil, and scattered lights illuminated the valley, creating a tranquil scene.

Elder Li Yan was meditating in the hall, while Shi Yan and Ying Wu were applying medicine to heal their injuries. Most of the disciples had returned to their residences.

Suddenly—

“Buzz!!!”

The illusion array enveloping the valley emitted a violent buzzing sound, then shattered like broken glass!

Thick black smoke billowed up from outside the valley like smoke from a wolf’s beak, instantly enveloping the entire Rock Valley!

A cold, evil, and resentful pressure of souls swept down like a tidal wave, covering every corner of the valley!

“Enemy attack! It’s the Myriad Souls Demon Sect!!”

Chapter: 9466

The piercing alarm instantly shattered the tranquility of the night!

Elder Li Yan abruptly opened his eyes, his gaze flashing with a terrifying light. In a flash, he appeared in the plaza outside the hall.

From the direction of the valley entrance, dozens of black-robed cultivators surged in. The two leading figures possessed auras that were both at the fifth rank of the Heavenly Immortal Realm, on par with him!

One wielded a white bone mourning staff, while the other manipulated three skulls encircled by green flames.

Behind them were more than twenty demonic cultivators at the third and fourth ranks of the Heavenly Immortal Realm, and a large number of early-stage Heavenly Immortal disciples, surging forward like a tide!

“Form ranks! Prepare for battle!”

Elder Li Yan roared, his hair and beard bristling, but his heart was filled with icy coldness.

The enemy had deployed two experts of equal rank and so many elite troops; clearly, they had come prepared and were determined to win!

Although the beastmen disciples within Rock Valley were panicked, their long history of fighting against the Demonic Sect had honed their skills, and they quickly assembled into battle formations.

A cacophony of beastly roars erupted, demonic energy surging into the sky, clashing violently with the chilling aura of the demonic cultivators!

A fierce battle instantly broke out!

The light of spells, the clash of weapons, the roars of demonic beasts, the wails of vengeful spirits... all these sounds intertwined into a bloody symphony of death!

The Myriad Souls Demonic Sect’s techniques were bizarre and vicious, specializing in attacking the soul, and they had come prepared.

As the white bone mourning staff swung, countless soul-snatching demonic sounds ignored physical defenses, penetrating directly into the sea of consciousness. Many weaker beastmen disciples immediately clutched their heads, screaming in agony, bleeding from their seven orifices, and died.

The three green fire skulls spewed viscous ghostly fire, igniting anything that touched it, not only scorching the flesh but also corroding the soul!

Elder Li Yan fought alone against two demonic cultivators of the same level. Although incredibly brave, his tiger claws tearing through the void and repelling attacks, he quickly fell into a disadvantageous position due to the opponents’ tacit cooperation and the interference of their strange magical artifacts. Several deep, bone-revealing wounds marred his body, and his left arm, grazed by ghostly flames, hissed and throbbed with excruciating pain.

Shi Yan and Ying Wu, back to back, fought several demonic cultivators. Their injuries were still fresh, and they were now in grave danger.

Shi Yan's giant axe was entangled in the chains of one of the demonic cultivators, while another seized the opportunity to thrust a poisoned dagger straight at his back!

Ying Wu wielded her twin daggers with lightning speed, desperately parrying, but was struck in the shoulder by a sudden soul-piercing dagger. She groaned, her movements faltered, and she was on the verge of death!

The entire Rock Valley had become a battlefield!

Houses collapsed, flames soared into the sky, and the ground lay littered with the corpses of disciples from both sides, their blood staining the earth red.

Although the beastmen disciples were fierce, under the absolute advantage of superior strength and techniques, their defeat was only a matter of time.

Elder Li Yan's eyes were bloodshot with rage as he watched his familiar disciples fall one by one, his heart filled with despair and regret.

Was Rock Valley about to be massacred today?

Chapter: 9467

Just as Shi Yan and Ying Wu closed their eyes to await their deaths, and Elder Li Yan himself felt despair—

A clear and chilling sword cry, like the roar of a dragon from the heavens, suddenly echoed from outside the valley, drowning out all the noise of the battlefield!

Immediately afterward, a dazzling, multicolored sword aura, seemingly condensing all the light in the world, shot forth.

Like a meteor tearing through the night sky, it traversed the heavens with unparalleled speed, striking with perfect accuracy the demonic cultivator who was about to plunge his dagger into Shi Yan's back!

"Pfft!"

The demonic cultivator, whose strength was at the third rank of the Heavenly Immortal Realm, didn't even have time to react. His protective demonic aura was pierced like paper, leaving a gaping, bloody hole between his brows.

The sinister smile in his eyes froze instantly, replaced by endless terror and bewilderment, before his body slumped to the ground.

This sudden sword strike silenced the entire chaotic battlefield!

Everyone instinctively looked in the direction from which the sword light had come.

Under the moonlight, at the shattered illusion array at the valley entrance, stood a figure in a green robe, hands clasped behind his back, his garments fluttering gently in the night breeze, his expression calm, as if he were merely strolling leisurely.

It was Chen Ping, who had returned!

Behind him stood the majestic little fire qilin, its body wreathed in crimson flames, making it appear like a mythical beast.

He hadn't actually gone far; he had been meditating in the nearby mountains and forests. Sensing the violent energy fluctuations and soaring demonic energy erupting from the direction of Rock Valley, he knew something was wrong and immediately rushed back.

"It's...it's Senior!"

Shi Yan, having escaped death, looked at the figure, his voice trembling with excitement.

Yingwu's beautiful eyes widened, filled with unbelievable surprise.

Elder Li Yan was even more shaken, watching the young man he had previously looked down upon, even insulted, and dismissed, now appear like a divine warrior descending from the heavens, rescuing Shi Yan and his companion from certain death with a single sword strike.

His facial muscles twitched violently, his heart churning with turbulent emotions: "How is this possible?! It really is him?!"

"Who are you?! How dare you interfere in the affairs of my Ten Thousand Souls Demon Sect!"

The demonic cultivator leader, wielding a white bone mourning staff, shouted angrily.

Chen Ping completely ignored his shouts.

His gaze swept across the ravaged valley, littered with the dead and wounded, finally settling on the ferocious black-robed demonic cultivators, his eyes instantly turning icy cold.

"Those who harm my subordinates, die."

Chapter: 9468

His words, though simple, contained an undeniable resolve and killing intent.

He moved.

With a single step, his figure vanished like a ghost, appearing the next instant at the most densely packed spot among the demonic cultivators!

"Five Elements Sword Domain, full power!"

“Buzz—!”

The five-colored sword domain, several times larger and more solid than when dealing with the previous small teams, roared out, instantly covering an area of nearly a hundred feet in radius!

Countless fine and sharp sword energies materialized within the domain, slicing wildly! The flow of time slowed drastically, and the spatial structure distorted slightly!

The demonic cultivators trapped within the sword domain, whether at the early stage of the Heavenly Immortal Realm or the fifth rank, felt as if they were trapped in viscous amber, their movements becoming incredibly sluggish.

The circulation of their demonic energy became sluggish, and they had to constantly defend against the omnipresent, incomparably sharp Five Elements sword energies!

Screams immediately erupted!

“Time Acceleration! Space Folding!”

Chen Ping’s figure flashed within the sword domain as if teleporting, his Dragon-Slaying Sword transforming into streaks of deathly light.

His sword was faster than the eye could perceive; with each appearance, a demonic cultivator perished!

Throat pierced, head severed, or shredded into a bloody mist by the violent sword energy!

He specifically targeted the core members of the Celestial Immortal realm.

A third-grade Celestial Immortal demonic cultivator attempted to block with a soul shield; a flash of sword light, and the shield, along with the cultivator himself, was cleaved in two.

A fourth-grade Celestial Immortal demonic cultivator used the Ghostly Shadows technique, but under the time-slowing domain, his movements were riddled with flaws. Chen Ping pierced his heart with a single sword strike, his soul scattered.

The little fire qilin wasn't idle either. It let out a majestic roar, spewing forth qilin true fire like a torrent of lava, specifically targeting the demonic cultivators attempting to attack from the outside or escape the sword domain.

The blazing flames contained a holy power to purify evil spirits; the demonic cultivators who touched them instantly ignited, turning to ashes amidst their agonizing screams!

Man and qilin, like tigers among sheep, were unstoppable!

The once-mighty demonic sect's force was instantly routed, their formation thrown into chaos!

The two fifth-grade Celestial Immortal leaders, both shocked and enraged, attempted to join forces to attack Chen Ping and break the sword domain.

How could Elder Li Yan allow them to succeed?

Chapter: 9469

His spirits soared. Ignoring his injuries, he roared and entangled the leader controlling the green fire skeleton.

Meanwhile, Chen Ping proactively approached the leader wielding the white bone mourning staff.

"Die, you brat! A thousand souls howl to the heavens!"

The demonic cultivator leader wielded his mourning staff like a windmill, unleashing countless vengeful spirits that formed a powerful soul shockwave that slammed towards Chen Ping.

"Nonsense."

Chen Ping's eyes were icy cold. His Dragon-Slaying Sword thrust forward seemingly effortlessly.

This sword strike, though appearing slow, seemed to contain the ultimate principles of space, ignoring the soul shockwave and striking directly at the staff's core.

"Crack!"

The high-quality demonic treasure couldn't withstand this sword strike imbued with chaotic immortal power and spatial cutting force, shattering in two!

The demonic cultivator leader suffered a backlash, spitting out a mouthful of black blood, his eyes filled with horror.

Chen Ping's sword momentum didn't stop. With a flick of his wrist, a condensed sword aura, like a venomous snake emerging from its hole, instantly pierced the demonic cultivator's heart. The sword energy exploded, shredding his internal organs and soul together!

Seeing their companion killed instantly, the other leader was terrified and tried to flee after a feint.

Chen Ping snorted coldly, his fingers forming a sword-like shape as he slashed through the air.

"Spatial Rift!"

A thin, black spatial rift appeared silently in the path the demonic leader had taken.

By the time he noticed, it was too late; half his body was instantly swallowed by the rift, letting out a short, drawn-out scream before vanishing completely!

With their leader dead, the remaining demonic cultivators crumbled. Pursued by Chen Ping and the little fire unicorn, and counterattacked by Elder Li Yan and the remaining beastmen disciples, they were quickly wiped out.

The battle ended, leaving the valley deathly silent, save for the crackling of burning embers and the groans of the wounded.

A thick stench of blood and acrid smells filled the air.

The once orderly Rock Valley was now a ruin. Less than a third of the beastmen disciples had survived, and all of them were wounded. Elder Li Yan, leaning on his half-broken battle sword, stood with difficulty. He looked at Chen Ping, who was slowly approaching, his eyes filled with complex emotions.

There was the relief of surviving a calamity, the shock at Chen Ping's strength, but even more so, an endless, gnawing regret!

He recalled his previous arrogant attitude, the few low-grade immortal stones he had thrown on the ground, and his merciless dismissal.

Each scene was like a resounding slap, striking his face and his heart!

If he hadn't judged him by his appearance and underestimated him, if he had treated this unfathomably powerful young man with courtesy and kept him in the valley, how could Rock Valley have suffered such heavy losses?

Chapter: 9470

How could so many excellent disciples have died in vain?

"Senior..."

Elder Li Yan opened his mouth, a hoarse voice escaping his dry throat. His face burned; his previous arrogance had vanished, replaced by a humble plea. "Thank you... thank you so much for saving me, senior... I was blind and offended you before. I beg you... please save me! I'm willing... willing to pay any price..."

He felt his meridians, corrupted by the Netherworld Ghost Fire, rapidly deteriorating, his life force draining away.

Without a powerful figure to expel the demonic fire, he was certain to die.

This young man before him was his only hope.

Chen Ping stopped, looking at him calmly, his eyes like a deep, still pool, utterly undisturbed.

He saw regret, fear, and pleading in Li Yan's eyes, but nothing more.

Chen Ping felt no pity for such a hypocritical person, so arrogant before and so obsequious, only realizing his mistake at the brink of death.

He saved Shi Yan and Ying Wu because of a promise and his conscience;

He killed the demonic cultivator because of an old grudge with the Myriad Souls Demon Sect; but what did Elder Li Yan's life or death have to do with him? He didn't speak, not even bothering to offer a mocking glance, simply shifting his gaze to Shi Yan and Ying Wu as they approached quickly.

This indifference caused Elder Li Yan more despair and pain than any insult or revenge!

"Pfft—"

Overwhelmed by rage and the flare-up of his injuries, Elder Li Yan violently coughed up a mouthful of blood mixed with fragments of internal organs, his body trembling violently.

He stretched out his hand, as if trying to grasp at a last straw, his eyes filled with resentment, regret, and hatred for his past actions.

Finally, his outstretched hand fell limply, his eyes glazed over, and his massive body collapsed to the ground, his breath fading completely.

Even in death, his eyes remained wide open, filled with utter regret.

A fifth-grade Celestial Immortal elder, reduced to such a fate because of a moment of arrogance and prejudice—a truly lamentable end.

Elder Li Yan's body lay at the feet of those he had scorned.

His wide-open eyes were frozen in endless regret and despair, forming a poignant picture against the backdrop of the carnage surrounding him.

The surviving beastmen disciples watched this scene with complex emotions, a mixture of sorrow for their elder's passing and, more so, awe for Chen Ping's unfathomable strength and ruthless decisiveness.

Shi Yan and Ying Wu looked at the dead Elder Li Yan, their feelings complex, but primarily filled with gratitude and reverence for Chen Ping.

They approached Chen Ping and bowed deeply once more: "Thank you again for saving our lives, Senior! If it weren't for your timely return, we...we would have already..."

Chen Ping waved his hand, his gaze sweeping over the ravaged valley and the few survivors, his tone remaining calm: "This place is no longer safe. Since the Myriad Souls Demon Sect has already dispatched such forces, they will likely have even stronger reinforcements following."