

The Order 9471

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“Senior is absolutely right!”

Shi Yan nodded hurriedly, his face pleading. “Senior, Elder Li Yan has perished, and Rock Valley has been destroyed. We must immediately return to the Ten Thousand Beasts Sect headquarters to report this.”

“Senior has shown us immense kindness, we implore you to accompany us to headquarters!”

“Headquarters is filled with powerful experts; they will certainly be able to better receive you, and the Sect Master will also be aware of your kindness and strength!”

Ying Wu also nodded vigorously, her vertical pupils filled with anticipation.

Having witnessed Chen Ping’s true combat prowess, they knew that if they could persuade this mysterious expert to go to headquarters,

it could bring a turning point, both for them personally and for the Ten Thousand Beasts Sect, which was currently engaged in fierce conflict with the Ten Thousand Souls Demon Sect.

Chen Ping pondered for a moment.

He needed to find a place to stay to gather information about the Ten Thousand Souls Demon Sect and the Soul Devouring Venerable. The Ten Thousand Beasts Sect, as the local power and an enemy of the Ten Thousand Souls Demon Sect, was undoubtedly the best choice.

Although their initial encounter at Rock Valley was unpleasant, Shi Yan and Ying Wu’s sincerity meant they shouldn’t be completely rejected because of Li Yan alone.

“Alright,” Chen Ping replied succinctly.

Shi Yan and Ying Wu were overjoyed. They immediately gathered the belongings of their fallen comrades and set fire to all the corpses in the valley to prevent them from being used by the Demonic Sect.

Then, without daring to delay, the group, led by Shi Yan and Ying Wu, hurried deeper into the Ten Thousand Beasts Mountain Range towards their headquarters under the cover of night.

Leaving the scorched Rock Valley, the group traversed even denser and more dangerous primeval forests.

The deeper they went into the mountains, the denser the spiritual energy in the air became, even condensing into a faint spiritual mist, but this also meant that the lurking demonic beasts were more powerful.

If it weren't for Chen Ping, this formidable figure, being there to oversee things, Shi Yan and his injured disciples would never have been able to venture this far.

Along the way, they encountered a swarm of Bloodwinged Bats, their strength generally at the second or third rank of the Celestial Immortal realm, which attacked like a dark cloud;

They also alerted a Xuanbing Flood Dragon, lurking deep within a frigid pool, whose strength was comparable to a seventh-rank Celestial Immortal, capable of freezing everything within a hundred miles with a single breath.

But these dangers were all insignificant before Chen Ping.

A flash of sword light, and the bats fell like rain; a punch, imbued with the supreme yang power of chaotic immortal energy and fire-based laws, shattered the Xuanbing Flood Dragon's scales, sending it howling and burrowing back to the bottom of the pool, never daring to show its face again.

Chen Ping's actions were swift and decisive; often, before anyone could react, the threat was already eliminated.

This earned him even greater awe and respect from the surviving beastmen disciples, their eyes filled with admiration and trust.

The little fire qilin also feasted heartily during this process. The essence of the powerful demonic beasts' flesh and blood, along with their inner cores, were highly nourishing for it. Its size subtly increased, and its body shimmered with crimson-gold light, making it exceptionally majestic.

Shi Yan and Ying Wu seized the opportunity to introduce Chen Ping to the Ten Thousand Beasts Mountain Range and the Ten Thousand Beasts Sect.

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The Ten Thousand Beasts Mountain Range stretches for millions of miles and is one of the largest demonic beast settlements in the Tenth Heaven, as well as a crucial foundation for the beast race.

The Ten Thousand Beasts Sect is not a strictly unified sect, but rather a vast alliance formed by numerous beast tribes, worshipping a common totem and jointly governed by a few of the strongest elders and the sect leader.

Disciples of the sect cultivate different beast soul combat techniques based on their bloodline and talent, enabling them to communicate with demonic beasts and even transform into beast forms to fight, making them formidable forces.

Their mortal enemy, the Ten Thousand Souls Demon Sect, is entrenched in the Crimson Blood Plains beside the Ten Thousand Beasts Mountain Range. Its cultivators are skilled in devouring souls and refining demonic heads, and their actions are ruthless and vicious.

Over the past thousand years, their activities have become increasingly rampant, relentlessly eroding the resources of the Ten Thousand Beasts Mountain Range, leading to escalating conflicts between the two sides.

Chen listened calmly, taking notes of all this information.

He noticed that when the Ten Thousand Souls Demon Sect was mentioned, Shi Yan and the others' eyes held not only hatred but also a subtle hint of worry, clearly indicating immense pressure from the sect.

After traveling for three days and three nights, traversing several treacherous canyons and swift rivers, the group finally arrived at the main peak area of a magnificent mountain range.

The peaks here pierced the sky like sharp swords, shrouded in swirling mist.

Countless grand buildings built into the mountainsides were faintly visible, their style rugged and ancient. Huge animal bones and totem poles were scattered everywhere, and the air was filled with a vast and powerful primordial aura.

Before a massive mountain gate, carved with a pattern of galloping beasts, the group was stopped by guards.

The guards, all burly beastmen, were taken aback by the disheveled state of Shi Yan and his sparse numbers.

“Shi Yan? Ying Wu? Weren’t you stationed at Rock Valley? How come...”

The guard captain, a burly man with a rhinoceros horn on his forehead, asked in a deep voice, his gaze warily sweeping over Chen Ping, the unfamiliar human, and the strange little fire qilin beside him.

“Captain Xi Wu, Rock Valley... is gone!”

Shi Yan’s voice was filled with grief as he quickly recounted the events: the ambush by the elite forces of the Myriad Souls Demon Sect, the death of Elder Li Yan, the near annihilation of the valley’s disciples, and their eventual rescue by Chen Ping.

“What?! Elder Li Yan...”

Captain Xi Wu’s body trembled, his eyes filled with horror and anger.

He looked at Chen Ping again, his gaze different now, less wary, more suspicious and scrutinizing.

Seventh Rank Human Immortal?

He single-handedly defeated an elite force led by two fifth-rank Celestial Immortals of the Demonic Sect?

This sounded utterly unbelievable!

“This matter is of utmost importance; I must report to the Sect Master and all the elders immediately! Follow me!”

Captain Xi Wu dared not delay and immediately led the group through the massive mountain gate, along the winding stone steps, towards the most magnificent and imposing Beast Hall atop the mountain.

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Along the way, many Beast Sect disciples cast curious glances, especially upon seeing Chen Ping, a seemingly weak human, being personally led by Captain Xi Wu, which sparked much discussion.

Stepping into the Beast Hall, an even more ancient and heavy pressure washed over them.

The interior of the hall was extremely vast, constructed from countless enormous beast bones and rocks, with the walls carved with lifelike images of various ancient divine beasts.

The atmosphere in the main hall was heavy. A powerful lion-clan member, with a towering physique, a resolute face, and an aura of terror, sat in the main seat—this was Sect Master Lie Tian.

Below him sat several elders with profound auras, clearly discussing important matters.

“Sect Master! Elders!”

Captain Xi Wu stepped forward, knelt on one knee, and reported in a deep voice, “Disciples Shi Yan and Ying Wu, stationed at Pan Shi Valley, have returned to report that Pan Shi Valley... was breached by the Ten Thousand Souls Demon Sect three days ago. Elder Li Yan fought valiantly and died in battle. Only thirteen disciples remain in the valley!”

“What?!”

A murmur of astonishment rippled through the hall!

Sect Master Lie Tian abruptly stood up. A terrifying, almost tangible pressure instantly enveloped the entire hall, almost suffocating the surviving disciples like Shi Yan. Even Chen Ping felt a slight pressure.

“What exactly happened? Tell me in detail!”

Sect Master Lie Tian’s voice echoed like thunder throughout the hall.

Shi Yan, enduring the oppressive aura, recounted the events once more.

This time, he was more detailed, especially emphasizing Chen Ping’s miraculous intervention at the crucial moment, swiftly slaying the demonic cultivators and saving them. He also mentioned Chen Ping’s claim of a past grudge against the Myriad Souls Demonic Sect.

All eyes instantly focused on Chen Ping.

The elders’ gazes were sharp as lightning, filled with scrutiny, suspicion, and even a hint of barely perceptible contempt.

“Seventh Rank Human Immortal?”

An elder named Yu Sha, clad in feathered robes with eagle-like eyes, spoke first, his tone carrying undisguised skepticism.

“Shi Yan, are you sure you didn’t see wrong? Elder Li Yan, a fifth-grade Heavenly Immortal, fought fiercely against the Martyr Valley. You’re saying this kid routed the Demon Sect’s forces and even killed two fifth-grade Heavenly Immortal leaders? That’s utterly ridiculous!”

Another elder of the Bear Clan, Xiong Tuo, a plump man with a kind face but shrewd eyes, stroked his chin and slowly said, "Young man, it's not that we don't believe it, it's just that this matter is too astonishing. Do you have any proof? Or rather, what special magic weapon or secret technique did you use?"

Clearly, like the deceased Elder Li Yan, they simply couldn't believe that a seventh-grade Heavenly Immortal could possess such heaven-defying combat power.

Shi Yan and Ying Wu were sweating profusely, wanting to argue, but were stopped by a single glance from Elder Yu Sha.

The Lord of the Rift Heaven Sect remained silent, only staring intently at Chen Ping, as if trying to see through him.

Faced with numerous questioning and disdainful gazes, Chen Ping's expression remained calm, as if everything around him was irrelevant.

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He didn't even have the desire to explain, merely glancing indifferently at the Lord of the Rift Heaven Sect.

This silence and calmness, in the eyes of some elders, seemed more like a sign of guilt.

Elder Yu Sha snorted coldly: "Sect Master, this matter is suspicious. This person's origins are unknown, his cultivation is low yet he claims such combat power; he is likely a spy sent by the Demonic Sect."

"This is an attempt to infiltrate our headquarters using a self-inflicted injury ruse; we must be on guard! In my opinion, we should capture him first and interrogate him thoroughly!"

Upon hearing this, the atmosphere in the hall immediately became tense.

Several elders nodded slightly, clearly agreeing with Yu Sha's view.

Shi Yan and Ying Wu's faces turned pale; they wanted to speak, but were intimidated by the powerful pressure and unable to utter a sound.

Just as the atmosphere was about to become tense, the little fire qilin on Chen Ping's shoulder seemed to sense malice, letting out a disgruntled growl, and its crimson-gold flames suddenly surged high.

A pure and majestic aura of auspicious beast permeated the air, subtly diminishing the oppressive aura emanating from the elders.

"Hmm? This is... a Fire Qilin?!"

Elder Xiong Tuo's eyes lit up, revealing surprise. "And its bloodline seems extremely pure!"

The Lord of the Rift Heaven Sect also shifted his gaze slightly, looking at the little Fire Qilin, a strange light flashing in his eyes.

Chen Ping finally spoke, his voice calm yet clear, reaching everyone's ears: "I have come here for two reasons. First, to settle old scores with the Myriad Souls Demon Sect. Second, to rest here temporarily and gather some information. If your sect does not welcome me, I will leave."

His tone was completely unwavering, showing neither anger at being questioned nor pleading to stay, as if he were discussing a trivial matter unrelated to himself.

This detached attitude, however, made some elders unsure of what to do.

"Hmph, easy for you to say! Who knows if you are..." Elder Yu Sha wanted to say more.

"Enough."

The Lord of the Rift Heaven Sect finally spoke, his voice low yet carrying an undeniable authority, interrupting him.

His gaze sharpened, and he gave Chen Ping another deep look, seemingly making a decision.

“Shi Yan, Ying Wu, and the others were indeed saved by you. Our Ten Thousand Beasts Sect acknowledges this debt of gratitude.”

The Lord of the Rift Heaven Sect slowly said, “As for your strength... words are insufficient proof. Our Ten Thousand Beasts Sect respects the strong and believes in seeing is believing.”

He paused, his gaze sweeping over the elders present, finally returning to Chen Ping: “Three days from now, there will be a core disciple advancement assessment within the sect, which includes a challenge involving the Beast Soul Battle Array.”

“If you can single-handedly break the Three Talents Beast Soul Array composed of three core disciples at the fourth rank of the Heavenly Immortal Realm, it will prove your words are true, and our Ten Thousand Beasts Sect will treat you as an honored guest.”

“Any information you wish to inquire about, as long as it doesn’t involve core sect secrets, will be provided without reservation. If not...”

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The Lord of the Rift Heaven Sect didn’t finish his sentence, but the meaning was clear.

Elder Yu Sha’s lips curled into a cold smile upon hearing this.

The Three Talents Beast Soul Formation, executed by three perfectly coordinated fourth-grade Heavenly Immortal core disciples, was powerful enough to trap and kill an ordinary fifth-grade Heavenly Immortal cultivator!

He absolutely refused to believe that this seventh-grade Heavenly Immortal brat could break the formation.

Elder Xiong Tuo narrowed his eyes, lost in thought.

Chen Ping raised his eyes, meeting the gaze of the Rift Heaven Sect Master. Without any hesitation, he uttered a single word: "Alright!"

The Rift Heaven Sect Master was slightly taken aback by Chen Ping's immediate agreement.

"Won't you reconsider? Our Beast Soul Formation is life-threatening; it's not child's play." The Rift Heaven Sect Master said.

"No need!" Chen Ping shook his head.

"Boy, it seems you don't know the power of our Myriad Beasts Sect. Once you experience the Beast Soul Formation, it'll be too late for tears." Elder Yu Sha sneered.

"Is the Myriad Beasts Sect really that powerful?" Chen Ping chuckled.

"What? You look down on our Myriad Beasts Sect?" Elder Yu Sha frowned.

"If your Myriad Beasts Sect is so powerful, how come you were utterly thrashed by the Myriad Souls Demon Sect, not daring to retaliate at all?" Chen Ping questioned.

"You..."

Elder Yu Sha was speechless with anger.

The Rift Heaven Sect Master also frowned, coldly saying, "Alright, enough with the empty words. Whether you have real skill or not, let's see in three days."

"I can promise you, I'll break that Beast Soul Formation and show you my strength, but you must also promise me one thing," Chen Ping said.

“Speak,” the Rift Heaven Sect Master asked.

“If I break that Beast Soul Formation, you must give me one million immortal stones. Otherwise, I saved your people, and you question my strength? Wouldn’t that be incredibly humiliating?”

Chen Ping said calmly.

“What? A million immortal stones? Why don’t you just rob me?” Elder Yu Sha roared.

“What? Didn’t you say you were sure I didn’t have the strength to break the formation? Why don’t you dare gamble with me?” Chen Ping sneered.

Elder Yu Sha fell silent, instead looking at the Lord of the Rift Heaven Sect.

After a moment’s thought, the Lord of the Rift Heaven Sect nodded and said, “Alright, if you can truly break the Beast Soul Formation, I promise to give you a million immortal stones, and I’ll even make an exception and appoint you as a senior elder of our Myriad Beasts Sect.”

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“I don’t care. See you in three days!”

After Chen Ping finished speaking, he turned and left.

After Chen Ping left the Myriad Beasts Hall, Shi Yan and Ying Wu hurriedly chased after him.

“Senior! Senior, please wait!”

Shi Yan’s face was filled with apology and anxiety. “We are truly sorry. We didn’t expect the Sect Master and Elders to question you so... so vehemently. We’ve wronged you.”

Ying Wu also whispered, “We will never forget your life-saving grace, Senior, but to have you suffer such criticism in the hall is truly unsettling.”

Chen Ping stopped, looking at the two sincere young beastmen before him, a slight softening of his indifference.

He smiled slightly, as if the doubts and provocations in the hall were merely a gentle breeze, completely unconcerned.

“It’s alright.”

His tone was calm. “Most things in this world are best seen with one’s own eyes. Their disbelief is understandable. As for the Beast Soul Array...”

He paused, a barely perceptible smile playing on his lips, “...the time will tell.”

Seeing Chen Ping’s nonchalant attitude, Shi Yan and Ying Wu’s admiration deepened.

This was the true demeanor of a master!

The difference in their demeanor compared to Elder Li Yan and Elder Yu Sha was immediately apparent.

However, they couldn’t help but worry. They knew the power of the Three Talents Beast Soul Formation; it was far beyond the capabilities of ordinary fifth-grade Heavenly Immortals.

“Senior, that Three Talents Beast Soul Formation is indeed extraordinary. With the combined power of the three of us, enhanced by the beast souls, its power is multiplied...”

Shi Yan wanted to offer a few more words of advice.

Chen Ping waved his hand, interrupting him: “I know what I’m doing. Find me a secluded place. Don’t let anyone disturb me for the next three days.”

Seeing that Chen Ping had made up his mind, Shi Yan and Elder Yu Sha didn't say anything more.

They quickly arranged for Chen Ping to stay in the best private courtyard in the Ten Thousand Beasts Sect's guest quarters, a tranquil environment with abundant spiritual energy.

After Chen Ping and the little fire qilin checked in, he remained secluded. Meanwhile, the discussions about him outside were boiling over like hot water.

"Have you heard? A mere seventh-grade Immortal Realm brat dared to boast that he could break our Three Talents Beast Soul Formation!"

"Haha, what a joke! I think he doesn't even know the meaning of death!"

"It's said he saved Senior Brother Shi Yan and the others, but Elder Li Yan is already dead. How could he, a mere seventh-grade Human Immortal, possibly turn the tide? He must have used some shady methods, or maybe it was just pure luck!"

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"Elder Yu Sha is right, he might be a spy for the Demonic Sect!"

"Just wait, the assessment in three days, let's see how he makes a fool of himself! He probably won't even dare to touch the edge of an array!"

Rumors filled every corner of the Ten Thousand Beasts Sect. Almost no one had any faith in Chen Ping; everyone was waiting to see this arrogant human brat make a fool of himself.

Even some disciples who had initially been skeptical of Shi Yan and Ying Wu's words completely sided with the doubters after hearing that Chen Ping was only a seventh-grade Human Immortal.

Elder Yu Sha secretly instructed the disciple responsible for setting up the assessment formation, "Make sure the Three Talents Beast Soul Formation is kept at its strongest, let that human brat taste some real suffering, and expose his true colors!"

Time flew by, and three days passed.

The Ten Thousand Beasts Sect's core disciple advancement assessment was solemnly held in the sect's largest training ground—the Ten Thousand Beasts Altar.

The Ten Thousand Beasts Altar was constructed from a single massive piece of azure stone, surrounded by hundreds of totem poles carved with various ferocious beasts.

At this moment, the beast cores embedded at the top of the poles emitted a shimmering light, forming a powerful barrier to prevent the assessment energy from leaking out.

Below the altar, a sea of people stood.

Not only were there core disciples awaiting the assessment, but almost all the inner disciples and deacons from the headquarters, and even many elders, had come to witness the ceremony.

Sect Master Lie Tian sat in the main seat, flanked by Elders Yu Sha, Xiong Tuo, and others.

The assessments proceeded one by one, the fierce battles and dazzling beast soul techniques drawing cheers from the audience.

However, many people's minds weren't entirely on the assessments; their eyes frequently glanced towards the entrance, anticipating, or rather, waiting for that figure to appear.

However, even as the most crucial challenge of the core disciple assessment—the Three Talents Beast Soul Array challenge—began, Chen Ping still hadn't shown himself.

Elder Yu Sha, who was presiding over the assessments, watched the disciples about to take on the array challenge, his cold smile growing even more pronounced.

He announced loudly, "It seems that some of those who only know how to spout empty boasts have finally chickened out. Knowing the power of my Ten Thousand Beasts Sect's Beast Soul Array, they dare not make a fool of themselves!"

"Hahaha!" A burst of laughter immediately erupted from the audience.

"I knew that kid was just bragging!"

"Seventh-grade Human Immortal? He's not even good enough to fill my teeth, let alone break the formation?"

"It's a shame Senior Brother Shi Yan and the others spoke up for him; they really misjudged him!"

Shi Yan and Ying Wu stood in the crowd, listening to the surrounding mockery, their faces flushed, fists clenched, yet unable to refute.

A hint of doubt rose in their hearts: Could it be that their senior really... encountered some trouble? Or, in the end, did he feel he wasn't confident and chose to avoid it?

The Rift Heaven Sect Master remained expressionless, his eyes deep, lost in thought.

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Elder Xiong Tuo stroked his beard, his small eyes narrowed, examining the formation in the arena, deep in thought.

The Beast Soul Formation Challenge officially began.

Three core disciples at the fourth grade of the Heavenly Immortal realm, each representing the three beast soul characteristics of "Strength," "Speed," and "Defense," stepped into the center of the Myriad Beast Altar.

As they activated their secret technique, three enormous phantom beast souls soared into the sky behind them—a ferocious, powerful demonic ape, a lightning-fast, wind-splitting leopard, and a remarkably defensive, armored rhinoceros!

The three powerful auras merged and intertwined, forming a stable triangular area. Beast roars echoed, demonic energy surged, and the immense pressure even caused ripples to appear within the barrier itself.

The challengers trapped within the formation not only faced attacks from three well-coordinated disciples but also endured the suppression of three different elemental beast soul powers, making their progress extremely difficult.

Two disciples at the peak of the fourth rank of the Celestial Immortal realm entered the formation to challenge it, but both were blasted out of the formation in less than the time it takes for an incense stick to burn, blood spilling from their mouths, clearly seriously injured.

This gave everyone a direct understanding of the power of the beast soul formation, and their contempt for Chen Ping, who had fled the scene, deepened even further.

“It seems this farce should end soon.”

Elder Yu Sha, seeing the last challenger struggling to stay afloat, prepared to announce the formation challenge was nearing its end.

Just then—

“Wait.”

A calm voice, not loud, yet clearly pierced through the clamor of the martial arts arena and the roars of the beast souls, reaching everyone’s ears.

Everyone turned to look.

At the entrance to the Ten Thousand Beast Altar, a figure in a green robe was slowly approaching.

His steps were unhurried, his expression indifferent, as if he hadn't come to participate in a test of honor and strength, but merely to stroll leisurely after a meal.

It was Chen Ping!

Beside him, the little fire qilin followed closely, its golden eyes curiously surveying the surrounding crowd and the shimmering beast soul formation.

"He's here?! He actually dared to come?"

"Coming now? The assessment is almost over!"

"Hmph, putting on an act! He probably saw the others fail to break the formation and thought it was almost depleted, so he's trying to leech off them, right?"

The mocking and questioning voices rose again, but compared to their previous arrogance, they lacked some confidence and were filled with more surprise and doubt.

After all, he really had appeared.

Shi Yan and Ying Wu were overjoyed, their hearts finally at ease.

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The senior was indeed not one to back down!

Chen Ping ignored the surrounding discussions, walking straight to the altar. His gaze swept over the shimmering light and roars of the Three Talents Beast Soul Formation, and his brows furrowed slightly, seemingly somewhat...disappointed?

He raised his head, looking at the Rift Heaven Sect Master and the elders on the high platform, and spoke calmly, "This, is this the powerful Three Talents Beast Soul Formation you all spoke of?"

Elder Yu Sha was enraged by his attitude and sneered, "Boy, you've only just arrived? Are you scared? If you are, kowtow and admit your mistake, confessing that you were just spouting nonsense before, and perhaps you'll save some face!"

Chen Ping shook his head, seemingly ignoring Yu Sha's sarcasm, and said to himself, "This formation... seems a bit too simple. Dealing with a formation of this level is rather boring."

He paused, and amidst everyone's astonished gazes, he made a request that caused an uproar:

"Does your Myriad Beasts Sect have any more difficult formations? Bring them out and let's play with them."

Everyone: "....."

In an instant, the entire Myriad Beasts Altar fell into a deathly silence.

Everyone stared at Chen Ping as if he were a madman.

Too simple?

Boring?

"Just showing it off to play with?"

Does he even know what he's saying?

This is the Three Talents Beast Soul Formation, which even a peak fourth-grade Celestial Immortal could easily defeat!

He, a mere seventh-grade Celestial Immortal, actually thinks it's too easy?

He wants something even harder?

After a brief silence, an even more violent outburst erupted!

"Arrogant! Utterly arrogant!"

"I've never seen such a reckless person!"

"Has he lost his mind? Or is he deliberately trying to humiliate my Ten Thousand Beasts Sect?"

Elder Yu Sha trembled with rage, pointing at Chen Ping: "You brat, how dare you insult my Ten Thousand Beasts Sect like this! This Beast Soul Formation is a secret technique of our sect, how dare you underestimate it! If you have the ability, break this formation first before spouting such boastful words!"

Even the Sect Master of the Rifting Heaven Sect frowned slightly, feeling that Chen Ping's words were somewhat overconfident.

Elder Xiong Tuo narrowed his eyes even more, seemingly reassessing this young man.

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Upon hearing this, Chen Ping sighed softly, seemingly helpless: "Very well, since you insist..."

He said no more. Under countless gazes filled with anger, disdain, and curiosity, he took a step forward, his figure as ethereal as a ghost, lightly landing within the infamous Three Talents Beast Soul Formation.

"It's activated! He's in!"

"Let's see how long he can last!"

“He’s brought shame upon himself!”

The three core disciples within the formation, seeing Chen Ping enter, though they also felt he was arrogant, dared not be negligent and immediately unleashed their full power.

The phantom of the Giant Demon Ape roared, unleashing a punch with the force to shatter mountains and split rocks;

The phantom of the Rending Wind Leopard transformed into a streak of light, its claws tearing through the air, aiming straight for Chen Ping’s throat;

The phantom of the Mysterious Armored Rhinoceros emitted a barrier as thick as a mountain, sealing off Chen Ping’s retreat.

The combined power of the three beast souls was earth-shattering, causing the disciples below the altar to feel a chill run down their spines.

However, facing this overwhelming attack, powerful enough to make even a fifth-grade Celestial Immortal cultivator pale, Chen Ping simply stood still, not even drawing his Dragon-Slaying Sword.

Just as the ferocious attack was about to strike—

Chen Ping moved.

He merely raised his right hand, fingers forming a sword shape, and lightly slashed at the energy core in front of him, which contained the power of three beast souls.

There was no earth-shattering aura, no dazzling brilliance.

Only a faint, almost imperceptible stream of five-colored light flashed from his fingertip.

The next moment—

“Buzz—!!”

The entire Three Talents Beast Soul Array trembled violently. The three roaring beast soul phantoms, as if struck by an invisible giant hammer, let out a shrill and unwilling howl, then instantly collapsed and vanished like bubbles!

And the three core disciples who served as the array’s core were struck as if by lightning.

He coughed up a mouthful of blood, his face deathly pale, and staggered backward, collapsing to the ground with a thud. His eyes, fixed on Chen Ping, were filled with boundless fear and bewilderment.

The formation was broken.

From Chen Ping entering the formation, to him raising his hand, to the formation collapsing, the entire process took no more than three breaths.

Fast!