

The Order 9481

Chapter: 9481

Fast beyond everyone's reaction time!

So fast that the mockery and doubt still lingered on everyone's faces were completely shattered by this unbelievable scene before them!

The entire Ten Thousand Beasts Altar fell into an even more deathly silence than before.

You could hear a pin drop.

Everyone stared wide-eyed, mouths agape, as if witnessing the most absurd and unbelievable sight in the world.

He...he really broke it?

Just like that...with a casual flick of his wrist?

Seventh-grade Human Immortal Realm?

Breaking the Three Talents Beast Soul Formation in an instant?

How is this possible?!

Shi Yan and Ying Wu trembled with excitement, their fists clenched, wanting to shout out loud.

“See that? This is the power of our senior!”

On the high platform, the Rift Heaven Sect Master suddenly stood up, his eyes flashing with a terrifying light. His previous composure vanished, replaced by deep shock.

Elder Xiong Tuo was oblivious to the few strands of his beard being snapped in his hand; his fat face was filled with horror.

Elder Yu Sha's cold smile froze completely, as if he had put on a clumsy mask. He pointed at the arena, his fingers trembling, his lips quivering, but he couldn't utter a single word.

"No...this is impossible!"

After a long while, Elder Yu Sha screamed like a cat whose tail had been stepped on. He couldn't accept this fact. "It must be that the formation, after being challenged multiple times, consumed too much energy, greatly reducing its power, allowing him to gain an advantage! Yes! That must be it!"

This explanation, though far-fetched, gave some disciples who couldn't accept reality a reason to comfort themselves.

"Yes! Elder Yu Sha is right! The formation must have weakened!"

"He's really lucky, he caught the formation at its weakest!"

"If he's so capable, challenge the formation at its peak!"

Chen Ping listened to the surrounding commotion, remaining expressionless.

He looked at the somewhat flustered Elder Yu Sha and said calmly, "Oh? Is that so? Then what kind of formation do you think I wouldn't have gotten away with?"

Elder Yu Sha, already furious, was provoked by Chen Ping's nonchalant attitude and almost without thinking, roared, "If you really have the ability, dare to challenge my Ten Thousand Beasts God-Slaying Formation?!"

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The moment the words “Ten Thousand Beasts God-Slaying Formation” were uttered, everyone present was shocked!

Even the sect leader of the Rift Heaven Sect paled slightly, and said in a deep voice, “Yu Sha! Be careful what you say! The Myriad Beasts God-Slaying Formation is a simplified version of the sect’s protective formation; how can it be used so lightly!”

Shi Yan and Ying Wu’s faces turned deathly pale, and they hurriedly transmitted their voices to Chen Ping, “Senior, you mustn’t! The Myriad Beasts God-Slaying Formation is one of our Myriad Beasts Sect’s most treasured battle formations. Although it’s a simplified version, it still requires at least nine core disciples of the fourth rank of the Heavenly Immortal Realm or higher to preside over it. Its power is immense; it’s said to have trapped and killed a powerful enemy of the sixth rank of the Heavenly Immortal Realm! It’s extremely dangerous!”

The Myriad Beasts God-Slaying Formation, as its name suggests, is powerful enough to slay gods!

Although it’s a simplified version, it’s far superior to the Three Talents Beast Soul Formation.

In everyone’s eyes, Elder Yu Sha’s proposal of this formation was clearly an attempt to use this opportunity to either completely force Chen Ping to back down and lose face, or... to use the formation’s power to severely injure or even kill him!

Everyone believed that Chen Ping would never dare to accept the challenge.

This went beyond proving one’s strength; it was practically playing with fire! Elder Yu Sha calmed down somewhat, realizing he had impulsively said something he shouldn’t have.

But the words were already out, so he could only steel himself and look at Chen Ping with a hint of provocation: “What? Scared? If you are, it’s not too late to admit defeat now and admit that your previous success was just a fluke!”

The Lord of the Rift Heaven Sect also looked at Chen Ping and said in a deep voice, “Young friend Chen, Elder Yu Sha was just speaking in anger. You have already broken the Three Talents Beast Soul Formation; your strength has been proven.”

“One million immortal stones, I will offer immediately, and the position of elder will be vacant. This Myriad Beast God-Slaying Formation is extremely dangerous and not child’s play; there’s no need to force it.”

Everyone thought Chen Ping would accept the offer.

After all, he had already proven himself, gained enough leverage and respect, and there was no need to take any more risks.

However, Chen Ping’s reaction once again exceeded everyone’s expectations.

He seemed oblivious to the Heavenly Rift Sect Master’s dissuasion, unconcerned by Shi Yan Yingwu’s anxious telepathic message, and even ignoring Elder Yu Sha’s provocative gaze.

His gaze drifted deeper into the Myriad Beasts Altar, where an even more powerful energy seemed to be stirring.

A barely perceptible smile returned to his lips, carrying a hint of...interest?

“The Myriad Beasts God-Slaying Array?” He repeated softly, then nodded, his tone still calm, yet carrying a chilling confidence:

“Sounds interesting. Then...let’s try it.”

Everyone: “.....!!!”

He’s insane!

This man is absolutely insane!

This was the only thought in the minds of all the Myriad Beasts Sect disciples at that moment.

He actually agreed! He's going to challenge that terrifying Myriad Beasts God-Slaying Array!

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After a brief moment of astonishment, Elder Yu Sha's heart surged with wild joy and ruthlessness.

Boy, you've chosen death! He immediately cupped his hands to the Sect Master of the Rending Heaven Sect and said, "Sect Master! This boy is extremely arrogant, daring to underestimate our Ten Thousand Beasts Sect's supreme battle formation! Please grant permission to activate the Ten Thousand Beasts God-Slaying Formation, so he can see what true power is!"

The Sect Master of the Rending Heaven Sect looked deeply at Chen Ping. In Chen Ping's eyes, he saw no madness or fear, only an unfathomable calm and indifference.

He was shaken, and finally, slowly nodded.

"Granted!"

With the order given, the entire Ten Thousand Beasts Sect mobilized.

Nine core disciples with powerful auras, at least at the fourth rank of the Heavenly Immortal Realm, quickly entered and took their positions in the profound mysteries.

Their expressions were solemn, clearly aware of the critical importance of this formation.

As they simultaneously activated their secret techniques, nine beast soul phantoms, far larger, more solid, and more ferocious than the previous Three Talents Beast Soul Formation, roared and soared into the sky!

Dragon, Tiger, Lion, Phoenix, Python, Eagle, Bear, Wolf, and Tortoise! Nine powerful ancient beast soul phantoms swirled and intertwined, drawing in the spiritual energy of heaven and earth to converge wildly!

In an instant, the sky above the Myriad Beasts Altar changed color, and a massive light barrier suddenly formed, covering the entire altar area.

Within the light barrier, myriad beasts roared, their murderous aura soaring to the heavens. An invisible pressure, like Mount Tai pressing down, made the disciples watching from outside the barrier feel their breath quicken and their minds waver!

This was the true strength of the Myriad Beasts Sect!

A powerful battle formation capable of killing even gods beyond their level!

A disciple at the center of the formation looked at Chen Ping, who still stood calmly within, and said in a deep voice, "Fellow Daoist, this formation is dangerous. It's not too late to admit defeat and withdraw!"

Elder Yu Sha outside the formation sneered repeatedly, as if he could already see Chen Ping being torn to pieces by the myriad beasts.

Chen Ping looked up at the nine ferocious, roaring beast souls in the air, feeling the terrifying pressure that would make even a sixth-grade Celestial Immortal cultivator tremble with fear. Finally, he nodded slightly.

"That's more like it."

The moment the words left his mouth, he moved.

Unlike his previous arrogance, this time, the Dragon-Slaying Sword emitted a clear, resonant dragon's roar and automatically fell into his hand.

With the sword in hand, Chen Ping's entire aura changed drastically!

His previous composure vanished instantly, replaced by an unparalleled sword intent that seemed to cleave the heavens and survey the world!

He seemed to transform into a divine sword drawn from its sheath, its sharpness fully revealed, its light chilling the nine provinces!

“Five Elements Sword Domain, open!”

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“Buzz—!”

A five-colored sword domain, larger, more solid, and more perfect than in the Rock Valley, roared out!

This time, the sword domain’s range even faintly rivaled the light barrier of the Myriad Beasts God-Slaying Array!

Within the domain, the sword energy was no longer as fine as rain, but transformed into countless solid, five-colored light swords!

The intertwining of the laws of time and space created a bizarre and fantastical scene within the Sword Domain, as if it were a world unto itself!

“Ten Thousand Swords, Return to the Source!”

Chen Ping uttered a low shout, his Dragon-Slaying Sword pointing towards the heavens.

Within the Sword Domain, countless five-colored swords, as if receiving a command, emitted joyful sword cries, then converged like rivers flowing into the sea, forming a magnificent torrent of sword energy, incomparably dazzling, imbued with the meaning of the five elements’ birth and death, and the rotation of time and space!

This torrent of sword energy was no longer a simple energy surge; it seemed to possess life, a will!

Where it passed, space was cleaved into fine black cracks, and time itself became chaotic!

The nine incomparably ferocious ancient beast soul phantoms, before this torrent of sword energy containing the ultimate principles of heaven and earth, actually let out terrified cries!

Their power was suppressed by the laws of the Sword Domain, their attacks were easily shredded by the torrent of sword energy!

“Roar!”

“Screech!”

“Awooo!”

The torrent of sword energy, with overwhelming force, instantly shattered the combined defense of the nine beast souls, crashing heavily into the light shield of the Myriad Beasts God-Slaying Array!

“Crack... Boom!!!”

Like shattered glass, like exploding stars!

The powerful light shield, said to be capable of slaying gods, shattered in less than a breath!

It turned into countless specks of light, dissipating into nothingness!

The nine core disciples who were in charge of the array simultaneously coughed up blood, flying backward like kites with broken strings, crashing heavily to the ground, unconscious!

The array was broken again!

Moreover, it was forcibly broken in a more domineering, more direct, and more crushing way!

Silence!

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Deathly silence!

If the breaking of the Three Talents Beast Soul Array was shocking and unbelievable...

At this moment, the forced breach of the Myriad Beasts God-Slaying Array brought everyone utter soul-shaking shock and terror!

What...what kind of monster is he?!

Seventh-grade Human Immortal?! This is a seventh-grade Human Immortal?!

Even a seventh-grade Celestial Immortal is probably no more than this?!

Shi Yan and Ying Wu were too excited to speak, only staring at the figure in green robes holding a sword in the center of the arena with fervent and worshipful eyes.

Elder Xiong Tuo's mouth gaped open, big enough to fit an egg.

The Lord of the Rift Heaven Sect leaned forward slightly, the shock in his eyes turning into horror, and a hint of...fanaticism?

Elder Yu Sha's expression completely collapsed, as if he had seen a ghost, his face ashen white.

Staggering back a few steps, he plopped down in a chair, utterly dejected, muttering repeatedly, "Impossible...this can't be..."

Chen Ping slowly sheathed his sword, the overwhelming sword intent emanating from him instantly vanishing, and he reverted to the seemingly ordinary young man in a blue robe.

His gaze swept across the entire arena, and everyone whose eyes met his, disciples and elders alike, instinctively lowered their heads, unable to meet his eyes.

Finally, his gaze settled on the Sect Master of the Rift Heaven Sect on the high platform.

The Lord of the Rift Heaven Sect took a deep breath, forcibly suppressing the turmoil in his heart. He stood up, his voice trembling slightly, and spoke with utmost solemnity: "Young friend Chen... no, Senior Chen! Your divine abilities are unparalleled, Rift Heaven admires you! One million immortal stones will be offered immediately! We humbly request that you condescend to accept the position of Elder of the Myriad Beasts Sect! The Myriad Beasts Sect is willing to honor you as its esteemed elder!"

At this moment, in his heart, Chen Ping's strength had long surpassed the realm of "young friend," and he deserved to be called "senior."

He was even willing to accept the title of Sect Lord and honor Chen Ping as his esteemed elder!

However, Chen Ping shook his head again.

He seemed to have no interest in the so-called position of Elder.

"I will accept the immortal stones, but I will pass on the Elder position," he said calmly.

"I have no interest in it."

Upon hearing this, a hint of disappointment flashed in the Lord of the Rift Heaven Sect's eyes, but he dared not insist.

Elder Yu Sha's face turned ashen. He knew he had utterly offended this terrifying being.

Just then, Chen Ping seemed to realize something. He looked at the Rift Heaven Sect Master and the countless beastmen cultivators below the stage, their gazes filled with awe, fear, and curiosity, and sighed softly.

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“You all seem to value bloodline and imposing aura?”

Before anyone could answer, Chen Ping slowly closed his eyes.

The next moment, a terrifying aura, completely different from his previous sword intent—ancient, vast, noble, and supremely majestic—was released, like a primordial sovereign awakening after countless ages of slumber, slowly emanating from his body!

At first, it was just a wisp, but soon, like a volcanic eruption, a dam bursting!

“Roar—!!!”

A dragon’s roar, seemingly from the primordial era, traversing endless time and space, suddenly resounded from within Chen Ping, echoing deep within everyone’s soul!

Then, to everyone’s utter astonishment, an enormous, shimmering golden dragon phantom soared into the sky from behind Chen Ping, hovering above the Myriad Beasts Altar!

The golden dragon phantom was almost tangible, its scales and claws flashing, its majestic gaze sweeping across the crowd like a king surveying his subjects!

Pure, vast, and supreme dragon might, like a cascading silver river, enveloped the entire Myriad Beasts Altar, encompassing everyone present!

Under this absolute pressure originating from the deepest recesses of their bloodlines and the pinnacle of their life force—

“Thump!”

“Thump!”

“Thump!”

Like a tidal wave, starting from the outermost disciples, whether they were first-grade or fifth-grade Heavenly Immortals, whether ordinary disciples or elders, everyone’s legs involuntarily buckled, and they involuntarily knelt down!

Even Elder Xiong Tuo on the high platform, and the distraught Elder Yu Sha, knelt without exception, their bodies trembling—a tremor and submission originating from their very souls and bloodlines!

Finally, even the strongest among them, the sect leader Lie Tian, could only hold on for a moment longer before the vast, star-like, and emperor-like majesty of the dragon’s might.

He felt his soul tremble, his blood stagnate, and an irresistible will to submit surged from the depths of his heart. With difficulty, filled with immense shock and awe, he knelt on one knee, lowering his proud head!

On the Ten Thousand Beasts Altar, everyone knelt!

Only the figure in green robes stood with his hands behind his back, his expression calm.

A golden dragon shadow circled and roared above his head, making him appear like a deity descended to earth.

His gaze calmly swept over the kneeling crowd below, taking in the boundless shock, fear, and profound, blood-deep reverence on their faces, his heart remaining as still as a deep well.

After a long while, the vast dragon’s might and golden dragon shadow slowly subsided, finally dissipating without a trace.

The oppressive aura dissipated, but the shock in the hearts of the crowd lingered.

They remained kneeling, none daring to rise first, their gazes towards Chen Ping now filled with the fanatical awe and reverence one would show to a god.

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A dragon!

And the noblest of the dragons, the golden dragon!

No wonder he was so powerful!

No wonder he looked down on the position of elder of the Ten Thousand Beasts Sect!

Before the revered golden dragon, they, the beastmen, were indeed no different from subjects!

The Lord of the Rift Heaven Sect slowly raised his head, his voice trembling with utmost respect, and asked, "Senior...you...who exactly are you...?"

Chen Ping looked down and finally spoke, his voice calm yet carrying a decisive power:

"My name is Chen Ping."

"I have a blood feud with the Myriad Souls Demon Sect."

"From today onward, if the Myriad Beasts Sect is willing to help me annihilate the Demon Sect, I can guarantee you a place in the Tenth Heaven."

His words, spoken casually, resonated like thunder in everyone's hearts.

At this moment, no one questioned, no one mocked, no one dared to show the slightest contempt.

Only absolute submission and...the boundless yearning to follow the strong and achieve glory!

The scene of thousands kneeling on the Myriad Beasts Altar lingered for a long time.

The supreme pressure originating from the Golden Dragon bloodline was deeply engraved into the souls of every beast cultivator like a brand.

All previous doubts, contempt, and resentment vanished, replaced by a deep-seated awe and submission to the absolute powerhouse.

Chen Ping's mind stirred, completely withdrawing the vast dragon's might into his body, and the golden dragon phantom behind him slowly dissipated.

He remained composed in his blue robes, but in everyone's eyes, he was no different from a god.

"Rise, all of you," Chen Ping said calmly, his voice gentle yet carrying an undeniable power.

The crowd felt as if they had been granted a reprieve, and only then dared to stand cautiously, still bowing slightly, not daring to look directly at Chen Ping.

The Sect Master of the Rending Heaven Sect, Elder Xiong Tuo, and even Elder Yu Sha, who had previously made things difficult for them, now stood respectfully below, like disciples listening to instruction.

The Lord of the Rift Heaven Sect took a deep breath, stepped forward, and asked with utmost respect, "Senior possesses the bloodline of the Golden Dragon, unparalleled in nobility. We were blind and ignorant before, offending the majesty of Heaven. Please forgive us."

"What are your orders, Senior? Our entire Ten Thousand Beasts Sect will gladly go through fire and water, even unto death!"

Chen Ping's gaze swept over the still somewhat chaotic Ten Thousand Beasts Altar below, and the beastmen cultivators whose faces held sorrow yet also a hint of expectation.

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He then slowly spoke, "Let me ask you, the Myriad Beasts Sect, guarding the Myriad Beasts Mountain Range, possesses considerable strength. Why, then, were you constantly on the defensive in your battle against the Myriad Souls Demon Sect, even suffering the bloodshed of Rock Valley and the death of Li Yan?"

The Sect Master of the Rending Heaven Sect showed a bitter expression, sighed, and bowed, replying, "Reporting to Senior, it is not that our Myriad Beasts Sect is cowardly, but rather that we have no other choice."

"The Myriad Souls Demon Sect occupies the Crimson Blood Plains, possessing immense power. The number of Heavenly Immortal Realm experts within its sect far exceeds ours, and its Sect Master, Soul Fiend, is a peak seventh-grade Heavenly Immortal Realm expert, reportedly already approaching the threshold of the eighth grade."

He paused, then continued, "More importantly, our Myriad Beasts Sect..." "Our sect's foundation lies in the Ten Thousand Beasts Mountain Range, stretching for tens of thousands of miles. The spiritual veins, medicinal gardens, mineral deposits, and numerous tribal strongholds dependent on us are scattered throughout the area, requiring our protection."

"And the Ten Thousand Souls Demon Sect, like a leech, attacks everywhere, burning, killing, and looting, specifically targeting our weakest points."

"If we concentrate our forces, they will avoid our strength and attack our rear; if we divide our forces to defend, they will gather their elite troops, overwhelming us with numbers and defeating us one by one."

"For a long time, we have been constantly on the move, our resources continuously plundered, and our disciples suffering heavy casualties. That's why... that's why we are constantly constrained and forced to take the beatings."

Lie Tian's voice was filled with frustration and helplessness.

The other elders and disciples also lowered their heads, their faces showing resentment, clearly understanding the situation deeply.

Chen Ping listened, his expression unchanged, merely nodding slightly, as if he had already expected this.

He pondered for a moment, then spoke, "The enemy is strong and we are weak, our territory vast, our defenses naturally riddled with holes. In that case, why not change our tactics?"

"Change our tactics?"

Lie Tian and the elders were all taken aback.

"That's right."

Chen Ping's gaze was profound as he slowly uttered sixteen words: "When the enemy advances, we retreat; when the enemy camps, we harass; when the enemy is exhausted, we attack; when the enemy retreats, we pursue."

These sixteen words struck like a resounding bell, echoing in the hearts of Lie Tian and the others.

Although they had never heard such a concise strategic summary before, upon careful consideration of it in the context of their own situation, they immediately felt that the wisdom it contained was unfathomable!

When the enemy advances, we retreat, avoiding their sharpest attack!

When the enemy camps, we harass, making them uneasy!

When the enemy is exhausted, we attack, catching them off guard!

When the enemy retreats, we pursue, expanding our gains!

This...this was practically a tailor-made solution to break the deadlock for them!

The Lord of the Rift Heaven Sect's eyes blazed with astonishing light, his body trembling with excitement: "Senior...this...this sixteen-character mantra is exquisite! It hits the nail on the head! We...we are so foolish, we never even thought of it!"

Elder Xiong Tuo also slammed his fist on the table in admiration: "Brilliant! In this way, we can turn the tables and drag the Myriad Souls Demon Sect into our rhythm!"

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Elder Yu Sha was now completely convinced, his gaze towards Chen Ping filled with awe, no longer daring to harbor any other thoughts.

Seeing their expressions of sudden understanding, Chen Ping continued, "Strategy alone isn't enough; you need to know your enemy and yourself."

"The Ten Thousand Souls Demon Sect's advantage lies in its concentrated manpower and powerful attack, but they also have weaknesses. They need resources to maintain the sect's operation, weapons and magical artifacts to arm their disciples, and spiritual herbs and pills to improve their cultivation. Their resource points are their lifeline."

A cold smile curled at the corner of his lips: "They like to rob, so... we'll give them a taste of their own medicine."

A bold and astonishing plan took shape in Chen Ping's mind.

In the following days, the entire Ten Thousand Beasts Sect began operating at high speed, like a precisely tuned machine.

At Chen Ping's behest, the Sect Master of the Rending Heaven Sect divided his disciples into dozens of elite squads.

These squads had only one mission—harassment!

Instead of holding their positions, they moved like ghosts, using their familiarity with the terrain to appear and disappear unpredictably at the border between the Beast Mountain Range and the Crimson Blood Plain.

Today, a small team disguised themselves as demonic beasts and launched a surprise attack on a patrol of the Demonic Sect, leaving the disciples in a sorry state as they snatched storage bags and fled.

Tomorrow, another team, under cover of darkness, will sneak up to a temporary camp of the Demonic Sect, but will not launch a direct assault.

They will simply bang drums and gongs, creating a deafening noise, or bombard the camp's barrier with ranged spells, keeping the Demonic Sect disciples awake all night and demoralized.

The day after tomorrow, yet another team will discover a Demonic Sect transport convoy. They will not engage in direct combat, but will instead sabotage the roads and set traps beforehand.

Once the convoy is thrown into disarray, they will attack from a distance with arrows and darts, targeting the demonic beasts pulling the carts or the lower-level disciples, seizing some supplies and fleeing without lingering in battle.

For a time, chaos erupted in the Crimson Blood Plains near the Beast Mountain Range. The disciples of the Myriad Souls Demon Sect were overwhelmed and exhausted by these slippery beastmen squads.

They wanted to pursue, but the beastmen had already made their escape using the terrain;

They wanted to ambush, but the beastmen wouldn't fall for it, their attack locations constantly shifting.

The Demon Sect disciples complained bitterly:

"These damned beasts! Come out and fight me fair and square!"

“Damn it, I haven’t slept well for three days!”

“My storage bag was stolen! It contained the pills I just received!”

When the news reached the Myriad Souls Demon Sect headquarters, Sect Master Hun Sha was furious, but helpless.

The Beastmen Sect suddenly changed tactics, leaving him with nothing.

He ordered increased patrols and vigilance, and deployed more manpower to the border, attempting to crush these flies with overwhelming force.

However, this was exactly the effect Chen Ping wanted.

While the Ten Thousand Souls Demon Sect’s attention was drawn to the border raids, leaving its internal defenses relatively weak, Chen Ping made his move.

His first target was a hidden stronghold called Black Flame Valley, deep within the Crimson Blood Plains.

According to intelligence gathered by the Ten Thousand Beasts Sect over many years, it was an important weapon-forging workshop for the Ten Thousand Souls Demon Sect, specializing in crafting demonic weapons and magical artifacts for inner and elite disciples.

On this dark and windy day,

the outskirts of Black Flame Valley were shrouded in demonic energy, and the number of patrolling disciples was several times greater than usual, clearly intimidated by the recent raids.

Within the valley, flames soared into the sky, and the clanging of forging filled the air, a dense mixture of malevolent and fiery spiritual energy.

Chen Ping's figure, like a wisp of smoke blending into the night, silently appeared on a cliff face beside Black Flame Valley.

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He concealed all his aura, even temporarily storing the little fire qilin in his storage ring.

His sharp gaze swept across the valley below.

A powerful demonic array was set up at the valley entrance, its detection hampered by a distorted force field.

A direct assault was not the best course of action.

"The array... interesting."

Chen Ping's lips curled slightly.

He didn't rush to break the array, but patiently observed the patrol's shift changes and the subtle gaps in the energy flow of the demonic array.

Meanwhile, he sent a wisp of his divine sense cautiously into the valley.

With his divine soul power far exceeding that of his peers and his keen perception of energy fluctuations, he avoided the array's core detection points, slowly and methodically assessing the situation within the valley.

In the core area of the valley stood a massive obsidian palace, its interior engulfed in raging flames.

Dozens of weapon refiners were busy at work. Deep within the hall, several powerful energy fluctuations emanated, clearly from the demonic sect experts guarding the area. The strongest among them had reached the sixth rank of the Celestial Immortal realm!

Besides these, there were three warehouses storing ores and semi-finished weapons, and a heavily guarded underground chamber radiating intense light—the finished product warehouse!

“A sixth-rank Celestial Immortal...that’s a bit troublesome, but not insurmountable,” Chen Ping calculated in his mind. His goal was resources, not killing.

As long as he acted quickly enough, he could grab the goods and run before the seventh-rank Celestial Immortal could react.

He waited quietly for about an hour, until the darkest hour before dawn, when the guards were most likely to be lax.

The opportunity arrived!

A patrol of disciples changed shifts, creating a brief lull.

At the same time, the demonic array enveloping the valley, due to the periodic fluctuations of the earth fire, showed an extremely subtle, fleeting energy ripple.

Now!

Chen Ping moved!

He didn’t rush directly to the valley entrance. Instead, he flickered, using a teleportation technique infused with spatial laws, appearing instantly in a shadowy corner inside the valley.

The entire process was silent and stealthy; even the slightest spatial fluctuation was cleverly concealed.

Upon entering the valley, a dense wave of demonic energy and heat washed over him.

Chen Ping held his breath, simulating his own aura as a fiery, malevolent force blending seamlessly with the surrounding environment, moving like a ghost through the shadows of the buildings.