

## **The Order 9631**

Chapter: 9631

Ling Shuang's voice came through the wind and snow. A layer of crystalline sword energy surrounded her, isolating her from the bitter cold and storm.

"A few thousand miles further ahead, we will gradually approach the Central Region, which is also the area usually patrolled by the Northern Underworld God Clan. We need to be even more careful."

Chen Ping nodded, lowering his altitude and speed. His divine sense, like the most sophisticated radar, swept forward in a fan shape, centered on himself, with greater detail.

The ice plains were not lifeless. He could sense faint but tenacious life forces beneath the ice layers—ice-type demonic beasts or spiritual plants adapted to the extreme environment.

He could also occasionally detect faint fluctuations of magical power belonging to other cultivators, mostly ancient and carrying an ominous sense of impending doom.

Sure enough, after traveling another two thousand miles, Chen Ping's keen senses detected several unusual auras.

These auras were cold and pure, carrying an innate nobility and aloofness. They were rapidly approaching from the side and front, their movement not simple flight, but rather gliding as if they had merged with the icy snow beneath their feet.

"Someone's coming," Chen Ping said calmly, halting his escape.

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord immediately became alert, a faint dark red demonic energy flowing around him.

Ling Shuang also gripped her sword hilt tightly, her beautiful face tense.

A moment later, three figures emerged silently from the snowstorm ahead, like ghosts.

The newcomers were all clad in ancient-style, ice-blue armor, intricately engraved with snowflakes and divine patterns.

They were tall, their skin a cold, pale white, as if deprived of sunlight for years. Their features were deep and handsome, but their eyes were like eternal ice, utterly devoid of warmth.

A faint blue ice crystal pattern, subtly glowing, was visible on their foreheads.

The leader, possessing the strongest aura, had reached approximately the third rank of the Celestial Immortal Realm. He wielded a crystal-clear ice spear, its tip pointing at Chen Ping and his companions. In a cold, flat tone, he said:

“This is the territory of the Northern Underworld Divine Clan. Unauthorized entry by outsiders is forbidden. You will retreat immediately to avoid death.”

His voice wasn't loud, yet it clearly pierced through the gale, carrying an undeniable command, as if driving away ants who had strayed into a divine realm.

The arrogance and xenophobia inherent in the divine race were vividly displayed in this single sentence.

Chen Ping looked at the three haughty Northern Underworld Divine Clan warriors before him, his brow furrowing almost imperceptibly.

He was not a bloodthirsty person. He had only come to retrieve medicine to save lives and did not wish to cause any unnecessary trouble or make enemies.

He stepped forward, speaking calmly, “Three friends of the divine race, we have no intention of offending your territory. We are simply in urgent need of tracing the Blood Soul Cold Pool to retrieve a life-saving elixir, the ‘Millennial Ice Soul Blood Lotus.’”

“This elixir concerns the life and death of our dear friends and companions. We humbly request your permission to pass through. We promise a generous reward afterward, perhaps even offering treasures of equal value as compensation.”

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord’s lips moved, as if he wanted to say something, but he ultimately held back, merely watching the three divine race members with nervousness.

Ling Shuang also sheathed her sword and bowed slightly to show her sincerity.

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However, the leading divine race warrior wielding the spear showed no emotion on his face. Instead, as if he had heard something utterly ridiculous and offensive, a cold, mocking smile curled at the corner of his mouth.

“Mortal ants, do you dare to call yourselves friends with my divine race?”

His voice was more piercing than the cold wind. “The Blood Soul Cold Pool is one of the sacred pools of my Northern Underworld Divine Race. Every blade of grass and every tree within belongs to the divine race. How dare we allow outsiders to covet and defile it?”

A divine warrior beside him sneered, “Help? What do your mortal lives have to do with my divine race? Get out of the icy plains now, or you’ll leave your lives behind and become nothing more than a skeleton on this ice plains!”

The last divine warrior raised his longbow, formed from condensed ice crystals, and a chilling arrow was locked onto Chen Ping, his killing intent palpable.

“Captain, why waste words with these inferior beings? Just kill them all, it’ll deter other fools who dare to covet the sacred land.”

The three spoke one after another, their attitude utterly arrogant, leaving no room for negotiation.

That ingrained arrogance and utter contempt for those “not of my kind” gradually chilled Chen Ping’s gaze.

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord's face drained of color, his eyes filled with despair and rage.

Ling Shuang's grip on her sword tightened again, her knuckles turning white.

"So, there's no room for negotiation?"

Chen Ping's voice remained calm, but those familiar with him, like the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord, could already sense the storm brewing beneath the surface.

"Negotiation?"

The spear-wielding Divine Clan captain seemed to have heard the biggest joke in the world. With a flick of his icy spear, he drew a chilling trail in the air. "The will of the Divine Clan is the will of Heaven. Letting you leave is already a great favor. Since you won't leave, then... die!"

The instant the word "die" was uttered, the three Divine Clan warriors moved simultaneously!

The spear-wielding captain vanished like a ghost, appearing abruptly above Chen Ping, his icy spear, carrying a chilling aura capable of freezing the soul, aimed straight for Chen Ping's crown!

The bowstring of the archer vibrated, and three arrows, entirely condensed from the ultimate laws of ice, shot in a triangular formation towards the chests of Chen Ping, the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord, and Ling Shuang. Where the arrows passed, even the space itself cracked with fine ice fissures!

The last warrior formed hand seals, and the wind and snow within a hundred-foot radius instantly raged, transforming into countless ice blade tornadoes that swept in from all directions, sealing off all escape routes!

Their coordination was impeccable, their attacks ruthless; they were clearly accustomed to such methods of driving away and killing.

“You’re asking for it!”

Chen Ping finally lost all patience, a sharp golden light suddenly flashing in his eyes!

He didn’t even use any overly complex divine abilities.

He simply raised his hand, his fingers forming a sword, and lightly slashed at the ice spear thrusting down from above.

“Clang—!”

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A clear, dragon-like sword cry resounded across the icy plains!

A chaotic sword aura, refined to its utmost, seemingly capable of cleaving the laws of heaven and earth, erupted from his fingertips!

The exceptional ice spear, imbued with the full power of a third-grade Celestial Immortal’s strike, shattered like a fragile ice crystal before this chaotic sword aura!

The spear-wielding captain’s pupils constricted in utter horror. He tried to retreat, but it was too late.

The sword aura continued its trajectory, effortlessly grazing his neck.

His face still bore the look of disbelief, terror, and bewilderment as his head flew high into the air. No blood gushed from his severed neck, for even his blood and soul were utterly annihilated by the terrifying chaotic power the moment they came into contact with the sword aura!

At the same time, Chen Ping’s left hand clenched, grasping at the three incoming ice arrows and the swirling tornado of ice blades.

A phantom dragon claw, formed from chaotic immortal power, materialized out of thin air and gently clenched.

“Crack! Crack! Boom—!”

The three incredibly powerful ice arrows instantly shattered into primordial ice-elemental spiritual energy.

The oncoming ice blade tornado collapsed as if hitting an invisible barrier, disintegrating back into harmless blizzard.

The arrogance and killing intent on the faces of the remaining two divine warriors froze instantly, replaced by boundless fear.

They never imagined that this seemingly young, calm human cultivator would possess such terrifying strength!

Their captain was a third-grade Celestial Immortal, already among the top in their team, yet he was instantly killed by a casual sword strike?

“Run!”

The two were terrified, and without hesitation, turned to flee into the blizzard.

“Trying to leave now? Too late.”

Chen Ping’s icy voice was like the pronouncement of death.

With a thought, two chaotic sword energies, thin as hair yet swift as lightning, struck first, easily piercing their protective divine light and ice-blue armor, entering from their backs and exiting through their chests.

The two divine warriors froze, their eyes quickly losing their light. They looked down in disbelief at the tiny yet deadly sword holes in their chests, which were frantically extinguishing their life force and souls. Then, they collapsed limply to the ground, lifeless.

From the moment the three attacked until they were all dead, only two breaths had passed.

The wind and snow continued to howl, but the scene was deathly silent.

“Senior, killing members of the Northern Netherworld Divine Clan will not let this go,” Ling Shuang quickly regained her composure and warned.

“I know.”

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Chen Ping said calmly, “I didn’t want to cause trouble, but trouble always seems to find me. Since we’ve made enemies, let’s settle it. As long as they don’t stop me from getting the medicine, I won’t bother with them. If they come again... I’ll just kill them.”

His tone was calm, yet it contained an undeniable, powerful confidence and decisive ruthlessness.

“Let’s go, keep going, and find the Blood Soul Cold Pool as soon as possible.”

Chen Ping no longer looked at the three corpses. He rolled up his sleeves and led the two men, continuing their rapid journey into the depths of the icy plain.

As expected, the Northern Underworld God Clan reacted even faster than anticipated.

The three of them had barely traveled a thousand miles from the three corpses of the god-warriors when a sharp whooshing sound came from behind them.

It wasn’t the sound of wind and snow, but the piercing whistle of some kind of specially made ice crystal whistles tearing through the air. The sound had extremely strong penetrating power, carrying for hundreds of miles across the vast icy plain.

“They came really fast.”

Chen Ping didn't even turn his head; his divine sense had already taken in the entire situation behind him. Five streaks of icy blue light pursued them at an astonishing speed, each carrying a fully armed warrior of the Northern Netherworld Clan.

They rode on specially crafted ice crystal skateboards, achieving near-zero friction with the ice surface, making them more than 30% faster than normal flight.

The leader was exceptionally tall, wielding a double-bladed ice axe, and his aura clearly reached the peak of the fifth rank of the Celestial Immortal Realm.

The other four were all at the fourth rank of the Celestial Immortal Realm, spread out in a fan shape, clearly a well-trained pursuit team.

“Those who trespass ahead, halt immediately and be bound!”

A furious shout echoed through the snowstorm, carrying an unquestionable command. “Murdering my clan's patrol guards is a capital offense! Surrender now, and perhaps you'll be spared a complete corpse!”

Chen Ping didn't stop, simply saying to the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord and Ling Shuang, “You continue forward, following the original route. I'll handle things.”

“Senior, be careful.”

Ling Shuang glanced at him with concern, then quickened her pace without hesitation.

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord followed; he knew Chen Ping was more than capable of dealing with these lowly soldiers.

Chen Ping then slowly turned around, standing alone in the swirling snow, his white robes and black hair fluttering in the wind, calmly watching the five approaching Divine Clan warriors.

Fifty zhang, thirty zhang, ten zhang!

The leading Divine Clan warrior, seeing that Chen Ping not only didn't flee but instead stopped to wait for them, flashed a hint of surprise in his eyes, but it was quickly replaced by anger.

Never before in the Eternal Ice Plains had any outsider dared to so blatantly challenge the majesty of the gods!

"Form the 'Mystic Ice Dragon-Trapping Formation'!" he roared, slamming his double-bladed ice axe into the ice.

"Boom!"

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The ice shattered, and five thick ice pillars shot into the sky from around Chen Ping, each pillar covered in densely packed ancient divine runes.

These ice pillars were not stationary; they began to spin at high speed, unleashing a violent storm of ice blades that trapped Chen Ping at the center.

Simultaneously, a powerful magnetic field was generated between the ice pillars, and the immense force of the field made it difficult for even an ordinary Celestial Immortal cultivator to stand within this formation.

The other four warriors each occupied a side, their hands forming hand seals, frantically pouring their ice-elemental immortal power into the formation.

The formation shone brightly, the temperature plummeted, and even the moisture in the air instantly condensed into fine ice crystals, adhering to Chen Ping's protective aura, constantly eroding and thickening, attempting to completely freeze him.

“Interesting.”

Chen Ping looked with interest at the rotating ice pillars and the complex divine runes around him.  
“However, they’re still too weak.”

He hadn’t even drawn his Dragon-Slaying Sword.

He simply raised his right index finger and gently touched the ice pillar directly in front of him.

A point of chaotic light flashed at his fingertip.

The light was initially only the size of a grain of rice, yet it seemed to contain the birth and destruction of a universe.

The next moment, the light suddenly expanded!

There was no earth-shattering explosion, no blinding light.

But centered on Chen Ping’s fingertip, an invisible wave silently swept across the surroundings.

“Crack—crack—crack—”

A series of teeth-grinding cracking sounds rang out.

The five mysterious ice pillars, imbued with the combined power of a Celestial Immortal Realm expert and inscribed with ancient divine runes, were like glass struck by an invisible giant hammer; their surfaces instantly became covered with spiderweb-like cracks.

Cracks spread rapidly, covering the entire ice pillar in the blink of an eye.

Then, with a deafening roar, all five ice pillars collapsed simultaneously, turning into a shower of ice dust!

The five divine warriors who had been controlling the formation simultaneously coughed up blood, their faces turning deathly pale, their eyes filled with horror.

The formation had been forcibly broken, and they had suffered a severe backlash!

“This is impossible! Even a sixth-grade Celestial Immortal would be trapped by the ‘Mysterious Ice Dragon-Trapping Formation’ for a short while...” the leading double-axe warrior exclaimed in disbelief.

The answer he received was Chen Ping’s indifferent gaze, and five sword energies drawn through the air with his fingers like swords.

The sword energies were invisible, yet faster than thought.

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The five divine warriors felt a chill on their necks, and their vision spun.

They saw their headless bodies standing still, their blood frozen into crimson icicles before it could even spurt, and then their consciousness sank completely into darkness.

Chen Ping didn’t even glance at the five slowly falling corpses. He turned, took a single step, and was already a thousand feet away. In a few flashes, he caught up with the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord and Ling Shuang ahead.

The entire process, from stopping to killing the five and then leaving, took no more than a few breaths.

“Continue on your way,” Chen Ping’s tone was completely calm, as if he had merely swatted a few flies.

As the three continued deeper, the environment became increasingly harsh.

Ahead lay a massive, bottomless ice canyon, its sides sheer and precipitous, only a dozen feet wide. It was one of the only routes leading to the heart of the ice plains.

“Senior, this place is treacherous and easily ambushable,” Ling Shuang said warily, carefully scanning every inch of the ice with her divine sense.

Chen Ping nodded, his golden vertical pupils subtly appearing as he scanned the canyon.

In his vision, the energy fluctuations hidden within the ice walls were as clear as fireflies in the night—twelve in total!

Each spot harbored a divine warrior, the weakest being at least a fourth-grade Celestial Immortal, while the two strongest even possessed auras reaching the sixth grade of the Celestial Immortal realm!

They were almost one with the ice walls, their heartbeats, breathing, and energy fluctuations all minimized, clearly indicating they were masters of stealth and assassination.

Furthermore, beneath the ice at the canyon’s entrance and exit, three interconnected, trigger-activated ice explosion arrays were buried.

Stepping inside would trigger a chain reaction of explosions, powerful enough to severely injure a sixth-grade Celestial Immortal cultivator.

“Twelve ambushes, three ice-blast formations.”

Chen Ping calmly stated the enemy’s deployment, “Two sixth-grade Celestial Immortals, four fifth-grade, and six fourth-grade. Quite stronger than the last batch.”

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord gasped upon hearing this.

With such a lineup, combined with the advantageous terrain, even an eighth-grade Celestial Immortal could perish here if they weren’t careful.

Ling Shuang also gripped her sword hilt, preparing for a fierce battle.

“Stay close to me, don’t stray more than three zhang away,” Chen Ping ordered, stepping into the canyon first.

The instant he entered the canyon, the ambushes on the ice wall moved!

No shouts, no warnings, only pure killing intent erupted!

“Whoosh whoosh whoosh—!”

Twelve icy blue figures shot out from the ice wall like ghosts, their speed leaving afterimages in the air.

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They wielded various weapons—ice swords, ice spears, ice wheels, ice spikes—but without exception, they all exuded a deadly chill, attacking Chen Ping and his companions from all directions, sealing off all escape routes.

At the same time, three ice explosion arrays beneath the ice layer were triggered!

“Boom boom boom—!”

A terrifying explosion erupted from beneath their feet, releasing extremely compressed icy energy in an instant, forming three icy blue energy pillars, each over thirty feet in diameter, that shot into the sky, completely engulfing Chen Ping and his companions!

The shockwave from the explosions caused countless ice spikes to fall from the ice walls on both sides, and the entire canyon trembled.

The twelve ambushers all wore cold smiles.

Such coordinated attacks, such a deadly trap, even the clan elders would have to temporarily retreat. These three reckless outsiders were doomed!

However, their smiles froze on their faces the next second.

A point of golden light suddenly shone from within the icy blue energy pillar.

The golden light was initially weak, but in the blink of an eye, it expanded and spread, like the rising sun, unstoppable!

“Roar—!”

A faint dragon’s roar seemed to echo through the canyon!

Where the golden light passed, the violent ice-burst energy melted and annihilated as if spring snow had met the blazing sun!

A golden sphere, three zhang in diameter, hovered steadily in mid-air. Inside the sphere, Chen Ping stood with his hands behind his back, protecting the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord and Ling Shuang behind him, unharmed.

On the surface of the sphere, chaotic immortal power and a trace of true dragon blood intertwined and flowed, forming an absolute defense.

“What?!” The twelve ambushers paled in horror.

Their fully activated ice-blast formation couldn’t even break through the enemy’s defenses?

Chen Ping raised his eyes, his gaze sweeping over the surrounding divine soldiers in ambush. He said calmly, “A decent ambush, but unfortunately, the power is lacking.”

Before his words, he moved.

This time, he didn't use sword energy.

Instead, he formed an ancient and profound hand seal.

“Chaos—Suppressing Prison!”

“Boom!”

Embracing Chen Ping, an indescribable, immense pressure suddenly descended!

It wasn't physical pressure, but a suppression at the level of laws!

It was as if the weight of the entire world had converged here, pressing down on the twelve divine soldiers in ambush!

“Thump! Thump! Thump!”

The twelve soldiers plummeted from mid-air like dumplings being dropped into a pot, crashing heavily onto the ice.

They were horrified to discover that the flow of their ice-type immortal power had completely stopped, their bloodline abilities were completely suppressed, and they couldn't even move a single finger! They could only watch helplessly as the white-clad figure slowly approached.

“You...who exactly are you?!”

A fifth-grade Celestial Immortal leader struggled to raise his head, his eyes filled with fear and disbelief.

He had only ever felt this absolute suppression of law from a few of the clan's top elders!

Chen Ping didn't answer his question. He simply extended his hand and gently grasped the twelve men from a distance.

"Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!..."

Twelve muffled thuds followed, like twelve ice grapes being crushed.

The bodies of the twelve Divine Clan ambush soldiers exploded simultaneously, turning into twelve clouds of blood mist, which were then frozen by the extreme cold into twelve poignant ice sculptures of blood, adorning the pristine ice surface.

Chen Ping dispersed the hand seal, and the golden sphere of light vanished as well.

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"Let's go."

Chen Ping didn't even glance at the "ice sculptures," continuing forward with unhurried steps, as if he had merely taken a stroll.

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord and Ling Shuang exchanged a glance, both seeing deep awe in each other's eyes.

With a mere gesture, he had suppressed and annihilated twelve Celestial Immortal Realm experts, including two Rank Six cultivators!

Such strength was beyond their comprehension.

The three emerged from the canyon, leaving behind only twelve dazzling crimson ice flowers and the remnants of the destroyed ice explosion array, silently testifying to the brief but brutal battle that had just taken place.

After passing through the canyon, a relatively open icy basin lay ahead.

In the center of the basin grew a sparse but tall patch of "Ice Crystal Ironwood." This spiritual wood was crystal clear, yet its wood was several times harder than refined iron, making it an excellent material for forging ice-type magical artifacts.

However, at this moment, this Ice Crystal Ironwood forest had become the most dangerous killing field.

As Chen Ping and his companions stepped onto the edge of the basin, a series of low, rumbling roars echoed from the forest.

The roars were filled with ferocity and hunger, clearly not from benevolent creatures.

"It's the Ice Soul Wolf pack, and... the Xuanbing Giant Bear!"

Ling Shuang's expression changed slightly. "Both of these are the most ferocious pack beasts on the Ice Plains. Adults are at least equivalent to a fifth-grade Celestial Immortal, and their leaders can reach a seventh-grade Celestial Immortal. Judging by this commotion, their numbers are definitely considerable! The Northern Underworld God Clan can actually command them?"

Chen Ping scanned the area with his divine sense and understood.

In the Ice Crystal Ironwood Forest, over three hundred Ice Soul Wolves lurked. Twice the size of ordinary wolves, their bodies were covered in ice-blue fur, their fangs were like daggers, and their claws gleamed coldly.

Among the pack were three exceptionally powerful wolf kings, each with a single horn on their forehead, their aura reaching the seventh grade of the Celestial Immortal realm.

Behind the wolf pack lay eight colossal ice bears, each the size of a small mountain, easily five zhang tall when standing upright. Their bodies were bulging with muscles covered in thick ice armor, and a single slap of their paws could shatter mountains and split rocks.

One of them, a bear king with silvery fur, possessed an aura that clearly belonged to the peak of the seventh rank of the Celestial Immortal Realm!

These ferocious beasts were even more powerful than the major sects of the tenth heaven.

More troublesome was that these beasts were clearly enraged or controlled by some means; their eyes were bloodshot, radiating a violent aura, displaying a completely relentless, death-defying attitude.

“It wasn’t manipulation; we used some method of provocation or enticement to lure them onto our inevitable path,” Chen Ping calmly analyzed. “Using these beasts to deplete our strength is certainly more convenient.”

As soon as he finished speaking, the forest erupted with the mournful howls of wolves and the ferocious roars of bears!

“Awooo—!!!”

“Roar—!!!”

Over three hundred Ice Soul Wolves surged out of the forest like a blue tide, their speed incredible, running like the wind across the ice, stirring up clouds of snow mist.

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Eight Xuanbing Giant Bears followed closely behind, each step shaking the ice.

A beast tide!

A true beast tide!

Such a massive beast charge would force even an eighth-grade Celestial Immortal cultivator to temporarily retreat and choose to fight on the move, never daring to confront it head-on.

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord's face paled. Even if Chen Ping could handle so many ferocious beasts, he and Ling Shuang would likely struggle to protect themselves.

Ling Shuang took a deep breath, her longsword unsheathed, a chilling sword aura gathering before her.

Chen Ping, however, smiled.

“Perfect, let's try out this newly mastered technique.”

He stepped forward, facing the surging beast tide alone.

Against the backdrop of hundreds of ferocious beasts, his figure appeared so small, yet so immovable.

He slowly raised both hands, his left hand outstretched, his right hand held upright with fingers together in front of his chest.

In his left palm, a single crimson spark quietly appeared, then rapidly expanded, transforming into a slowly rotating twelve-petaled fire lotus shrouded in chaotic energy!

At the center of the fire lotus, a wisp of dark golden dragon-shaped flame could be faintly seen moving, radiating a terrifyingly high temperature capable of incinerating the heavens!

This was the “Chaotic Dragon Flame,” a fusion of the Chaotic Origin Fire and the blood of a true dragon!

At the fingertips of his right hand, an icy blue light shone, not from cold air, but from an extreme chill that froze the laws of nature and solidified spacetime!

That was the ice-elemental power that Chen Ping had simulated and evolved to its ultimate form using Chaotic Immortal Power!

Ice and fire, two extremely opposing forces, now coexisted harmoniously in his hands, and began to slowly approach and merge!

“Return to Primordial Chaos—A Dual Realm of Ice and Fire!”

Chen Ping roared, his hands surging forward!

“Boom—!!!”

Centered on him, the left half of the world instantly transformed into a crimson sea of fire!

That wasn't ordinary flame, but chaotic dragon flame; even a trace of it could incinerate magical treasures and scorch the soul!

The sea of fire churned, with faint dragon shadows flitting about. The temperature was so high that even the distant ice crystals and ironwood began to melt!

The right half of the world transformed into a frozen world of absolute zero!

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Extreme chill permeated the air, even space itself seemed frozen, fine black cracks appearing!

That was a spatial instability phenomenon that could only be caused by the freezing law reaching a certain level!

The boundary between ice and fire was clearly defined ten feet in front of Chen Ping, yet they strangely intertwined and rotated, forming a Tai Chi diagram of ice and fire with a diameter of one hundred feet!

And at this moment, the vanguard of the beast tide had already reached the edge of the Tai Chi diagram!

“Swoosh—!!!”

The Ice Soul Wolves that charged into the sea of fire didn't even have time to howl before being reduced to wisps of smoke in the crimson flames, their bodies and souls utterly destroyed!

Their icy blue fur and protective chilling aura were like paper before the Chaotic Dragon Flame.

The Ice Soul Wolves that rushed into the frozen world instantly froze into lifelike ice sculptures, remaining in their running postures, before being smashed to pieces by their companions surging from behind.

The extreme cold directly froze their life force and souls.

The Ice and Fire Tai Chi Diagram slowly advanced, melting away everything in its path, whether Ice Soul Wolves or Xuanbing Giant Bears, like snow under the blazing sun!

The three-headed wolf king attempted to bypass the Tai Chi Diagram from the side, but three chaotic sword energies unleashed by Chen Ping instantly pierced its head, and its massive corpse crashed to the ground.

The most ferocious of them all, the silver-haired bear king roared, its icy armor erupting with blinding light as it charged towards Chen Ping like a chariot, enduring the immense pressure of both ice and fire!

With each step it took, a large crater blasted into the ice, its power terrifying!

Chen Ping glanced at it, then extended his right index finger and flicked it lightly at the charging bear king.

“Clang!”

A crisp snap of the finger.

The bear king's charging figure abruptly froze. It looked down in astonishment at its chest.

There, a hole the size of a thumb had appeared, its edges smooth as a mirror. No blood flowed, for the flesh, bones, and even the soul surrounding the hole had been instantly and completely "erased" by an incomprehensible force.

"Thump."

The massive bear carcass fell to the ground, kicking up a cloud of icy dust.

The remaining ferocious beasts finally felt their instinctive fear, whimpering and retreating, disintegrating. But the Ice and Fire Tai Chi Diagram had already spread out, enveloping them all.

A moment later, the ice and fire dissipated.

The basin returned to calm.

More than three hundred Ice Soul Wolves, eight Xuanbing Giant Bears, including their king, had all vanished without a trace, leaving not even a single remains, as if they had never existed.