

The Order 9961

Chapter: 9961

Countless cultivators gathered from all directions, establishing temporary camps on the outskirts of the mountain range.

These people, with their mixed auras and varied clothing, all wore expressions of fervor and anticipation. They were all cultivators drawn by the blessings bestowed by the Gate of Reincarnation, coming to join the Evil Path Hall, or waiting for the next opportunity for blessing.

The Evil Path Hall was clearly aware of the Alliance's remnants' hiding place, but instead of rushing to wipe them out, it was loudly proclaiming the miracles of the Gate of Reincarnation to attract more followers and consolidate its power.

When Chen Ping and his group appeared on the outskirts of the mountains, they immediately caused a sensation.

"It's Jin Buhuan from the Five Elements Sect!"

"And Li Baichuan from the Valley of Ten Thousand Beasts, and Dugu Ao from the Heavenly Sword Pavilion!"

"They actually dared to show themselves? Aren't they afraid of being wiped out by the Evil Path Hall?"

"Who is that young man leading them? His aura is terrifying..."

Amidst the discussions, Chen Ping continued walking without stopping, heading straight towards the depths of the mountains, towards the headquarters of the Evil Path Hall.

Wherever Chen Ping went, not a single cultivator who had pledged allegiance to the Evil Path Palace dared to stop him. The chaotic pressure emanating from Chen Ping was like an invisible mountain, suffocating them and preventing them from even getting close.

Soon, the news reached the depths of the Evil Path Palace.

In the Evil Path Palace, on the massive Reincarnation Altar.

Xue Youming and Zhan E sat cross-legged on the edge of the blood pool, their auras much stronger than before, but their faces were still somewhat pale.

The damage to their Dao foundation caused by the God-King Bow was not so easy to heal.

Behind them, three pale-skinned, expressionless “Reincarnation Guardians” stood silently, like statues.

A black-robed elder rushed onto the altar in a panic: “Palace Master! Ancestor! It’s terrible! The remnants of the Five Elements Sect, the Valley of Ten Thousand Beasts, and the Heavenly Sword Pavilion have come to attack! The leader is that Chen Ping!”

“Chen Ping?”

Zhan E suddenly opened his eyes, a flash of resentment and suspicion in them. “He actually dared to come here willingly? How many people are there?”

“N-not many, only a few dozen. But...but Chen Ping’s aura seems much stronger than before!”

Xue Youming also opened his eyes, his crimson demonic pupils flashing with blood-red light: “Stronger? In just over a month, how much stronger could he be?”

“It’s just a bluff. Perfect, I was just looking for...” “He’s seeking revenge!”

Zhan E, however, became even more cautious: “We mustn’t be careless. This boy is strange; his rapid recovery from the backlash of the Divine King Bow suggests he’s had a fortuitous encounter. Moreover, his willingness to come to us suggests he has something to rely on.”

He pondered for a moment, then sneered: "However, his arrival is just in time. The three Reincarnation Guardians bestowed by the Lord need a real-world test."

"Pass down the order: activate the mountain-protecting formation, and have all cultivators who have pledged allegiance to us gather outside the mountain gate. I will crush these traitors in front of everyone, letting everyone in the Twelve Heavens know the consequences of opposing the Gate of Reincarnation!"

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"Yes!"

Half an hour later, outside the gates of the Evil Path Palace.

A dense mass of cultivators gathered like a tide, numbering no less than ten thousand.

These were cultivators from all sides drawn by the Gate of Reincarnation, now forming a human wall under the command of the Evil Path Palace.

Above the mountain gate, Zhan E and Xue Youming stood suspended in mid-air, behind them three Reincarnation Guardians and dozens of elite elders remaining from the Evil Path Hall.

The phantom of the Gate of Reincarnation flickered above the altar, casting a greyish-white halo that amplified their imposing aura.

When Chen Ping and his group arrived, appearing outside the mountain gate, a stark contrast emerged.

One side was an army of ten thousand, their imposing presence overwhelming and filled with murderous intent.

The other side consisted of only a few dozen people, each exuding a calm and collected aura, especially Chen Ping at the head. Despite being only a seventh-grade Celestial Immortal, he seemed to be the center of the entire world.

All light, sound, and even the laws of nature seemed to tilt slightly towards his position.

“Chen Ping!”

Zhan E’s voice, like a venomous snake’s hiss, echoed across the sky. “I didn’t expect you to have the audacity to willingly offer yourself up! It seems the backlash from the Divine King’s Bow last time failed to kill you, giving you an unwarranted illusion.”

Xue Youming sneered, “Boy, my new arm just happens to need a sacrifice. Your head is perfect.”

Faced with their mockery, Chen Ping’s expression remained as calm as an ancient well, not even glancing at them.

Instead, he turned his gaze to the three Reincarnation Guardians behind them, and the faintly visible phantom of the Gate of Reincarnation on the altar in the distance.

“Only three puppets?”

He spoke calmly, his voice not loud, but clearly reaching everyone’s ears. “The Lord of Reincarnation seems to not value you much.”

“Insolence!”

Zhan E’s face darkened. “You dare to speak so arrogantly even when death is imminent! Today, I’ll let you witness the divine power bestowed by the Lord!”

He waved his hand: “Reincarnation Guardians, kill!”

Buzz!

The three previously motionless Guardians of Reincarnation simultaneously emitted a grayish-white light in their eyes.

Without roars or howls, they simply took a step forward in unison.

Boom!

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Three grayish-white beams of light shot into the sky from their bodies, intertwining in the air to form a massive triangular light array!

Within the light array, the Qi of Reincarnation surged like a tidal wave, transforming into countless grayish-white phantoms of chains, swords, and giant hammers, crashing down upon Chen Ping like a tidal wave!

Each attack contained the terrifying power of a second-grade Upper Immortal, and carried the unique “erosive” and “assimilative” properties of the power of Reincarnation.

Even a trace of it from an ordinary cultivator would be invaded by the Qi of Reincarnation, gradually losing their self and becoming a puppet.

The myriad cultivators watching below gasped in unison.

This is the power of the Guardians of Reincarnation?

Too terrifying!

No wonder the Evil Path Palace dared to be so arrogant!

Jin Buhuan and the others also wore solemn expressions, instinctively gripping their magical weapons.

The combined attack of these three puppets was approaching the power of a fourth-grade Upper Immortal!

However, facing this earth-shattering attack, Chen Ping merely raised his right hand.

His five fingers spread, and the faint chaotic vortex mark on his palm glowed slightly.

“Disperse.”

A single, simple word.

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

Simply, centered on Chen Ping’s palm, a layer of gray ripples, almost imperceptible to the naked eye, rippled outwards.

Where those ripples passed, a bizarre scene unfolded.

The countless gray-white chains, swords, and giant hammer phantoms raining down, upon touching the gray ripples, melted and disintegrated silently, like ice and snow under the sun!

They weren’t shattered, not neutralized, but rather seemed to be fundamentally “erased” from existence!

Even the surging reincarnation energy within the triangular light array rapidly thinned and dissipated under the sweeping gray ripples!

“What?!”

Zhan E and Xue Youming exclaimed simultaneously, their eyes nearly popping out of their sockets.

That was a combined attack from three second-grade Upper Immortal Reincarnation Guardians!

Even at their peak, they would have to take it seriously.

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Chen Ping had simply neutralized it with a single, casual word?

How could this be?!

The myriad cultivators watching below were utterly dumbfounded, a deathly silence falling.

Many cultivators who had initially been full of confidence in the Evil Path Palace began to waver.

Chen Ping withdrew his hand, his gaze finally settling on Zhan E and Xue Youming, his tone still calm: "If this is your reliance, then it can end here."

With that, he moved.

Without using the Dragon-Slaying Sword, he simply pointed his fingers like a sword and lightly slashed in the air towards the three Reincarnation Guardians.

"Chaos – Dividing Light."

Sizzle...

A slender gray ray of light shot from Chen Ping's fingertip.

The light appeared slow, but in reality, it was incredibly fast, seemingly transcending the constraints of time.

It silently pierced through the void, leaving a lingering black crack in its wake, with chaotic energy flowing around its edges.

The three Reincarnation Guardians seemed to sense a deadly threat, simultaneously unleashing their strongest Reincarnation Qi, erecting layers of gray-white barriers before them.

The light in their eyes flickered wildly, attempting to lock onto the gray ray and counterattack.

But it was useless.

The gray ray touched the first barrier.

Pfft.

The barrier shattered like paper.

The second layer, the third layer, the fourth layer...

A series of soft "poof" sounds rang out as the gray light, unstoppable, pierced through all the barriers, then floated lightly across the center of the three Reincarnation Guardians' bodies.

Time seemed to freeze for a moment.

The next moment!

Crack!

Crack!

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Crack!

The three Reincarnation Guardians froze simultaneously.

They looked down at their bodies, only to see a fine gray crack extending from their foreheads to their abdomens.

Then, the crack widened.

Boom!

Boom!

Boom!

The three powerful Reincarnation Guardians, comparable to second-grade Upper Immortals, exploded simultaneously!

Not an explosion, but rather, like weathered sand sculptures, they disintegrated into countless gray-white specks of light, which were then completely annihilated by the invisible power of chaos, leaving not even a speck of dust.

Silence.

Deathly silence. Inside and outside the mountain gate, tens of thousands of cultivators, including elders of the Evil Path Hall and Jin Buhuan, were all gaping, speechless.

Three puppets at the second rank of the Upper Immortal Realm... just like that... gone?

One move?

No, it couldn't even be considered one move, just a casual slash?

What kind of strength was this?

Third rank of the Upper Immortal Realm?

Fourth rank?

Or even higher?

The expressions on Zhan E and Xue Youming's faces froze completely, from shock to horror, then to uncontrollable fear.

They finally understood what Chen Ping meant by "It can end now."

This wasn't arrogance, but a statement of fact.

"It's your turn."

Chen Ping's gaze turned to the two, his eyes still calm, yet sending Zhan E and Xue Youming plummeting into an ice cave.

“Impossible! This is absolutely impossible!”

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Xue Youming roared hysterically, “You must have used some evil magic! Playing tricks! Die!”

He had completely lost his mind, no longer caring about his injuries, and pushed the seventy percent of his recovered Nine Nether Demonic Art to its limit!

“Nine Netherworlds – Ten Thousand Ghosts Devouring the Heavens!”

Rumble!

Behind Xue Youming, a dark, phantom-like Netherworld unfolded, countless ferocious ghostly figures surging forth, emitting shrill howls, and overwhelming Chen Ping!

Each ghostly figure contained a terrifying power that corroded the soul and devoured life force. This was Xue Youming’s trump card; once unleashed, he himself would suffer a backlash, but at this moment he couldn’t care less.

At the same time, Zhan E also realized that he was at a critical juncture and dared not hold back in the slightest.

“Reincarnation’s Annihilation – All Laws Return to Emptiness!”

His hands formed a hand seal, and the illusory image of the Gate of Reincarnation behind him trembled violently, spewing forth a massive amount of grayish-white reincarnation energy.

This reincarnation energy condensed into a gigantic grayish-white eyeball before him. The eyeball opened, and a beam of destructive light, imbued with the true meaning of “annihilation” and “return to emptiness,” shot towards Chen Ping!

Where it passed, even space itself began to decay and collapse!

The combined attack of two powerful Immortal Realm experts was far more powerful than the combined attack of the three Reincarnation Guardians!

The heavens and earth changed color, the sun and moon lost their light, and the entire Reincarnation Peak trembled!

Faced with this world-destroying attack, Chen Ping finally became serious.

He took a step forward.

Just one step.

Buzz!

A gray domain with a diameter of one hundred feet, centered on him, suddenly unfolded!

Within the domain, chaotic energy flowed, earth, fire, water, and wind evolved, the five elements cyclically changed, and a pale golden dragon hovered and roared!

This was no simple protective domain, but a miniature, nascent “chaotic world”!

It was none other than the supreme divine power, the “Chaotic Realm,” recorded in the *Primordial Qi Refining True Scripture*!

Although only in its nascent form, its essence far surpassed that of ordinary immortal realms.

Countless ghostly figures rushed into the Chaotic Realm, like moths to a flame, instantly pulverized and assimilated by the chaotic energy, becoming nourishment for the realm’s growth.

The pillar of annihilation light shot into the realm, causing only a slight ripple before being swiftly decomposed by the Five Elements cycle, purified by the Earth Fire True Flame, and devoured by the chaotic energy.

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“My turn.”

Chen Ping’s voice echoed within the realm, calm as ever.

He raised his right hand, index and middle fingers together, and pointed in the direction of Xue Youming and Zhan E.

“Chaos Return to One Finger.”

A point of gray light condensed at his fingertip.

That wasn’t ordinary gray light; it was the ultimate concentrated power of chaotic origin, containing the immense power of creation and the evolution of all things, as well as the destructive power of returning to chaos and annihilating everything.

The gray light left his finger, silently.

But wherever it passed, space utterly vanished, revealing the unfathomable darkness behind it.

Time distorted around it, light was devoured, and even the laws of nature trembled before it.

Xue Youming and Zhan E’s pupils contracted to their limit, the shadow of death looming over them.

They frantically activated all their defenses: the Nine Nether Demon Shield, the Reincarnation Barrier, their natal magic treasures... layers of protective spiritual light shone forth as if they were free.

But before the “Chaos Returning to One Finger,” all was in vain.

Poof.

A light, airy sound.

The gray light pierced through all defenses, like a hot knife through butter, without any resistance.

Then, it entered Xue Youming’s brow, exited through the back of his head, and shot into Zhan E’s chest, exiting from his back.

Time seemed to stand still.

The madness, ferocity, and fear on Xue Youming’s face all froze.

He looked down at his chest; there was no wound there, but between his brows, a tiny gray dot was rapidly spreading.

Wherever the gray dot passed, his physical body, demonic soul, magical power, life force... everything was irreversibly reduced to nothingness, transformed into the most primordial chaotic energy.

“No... impossible...” he managed to utter three words as his body began to turn to ash, inch by inch, from head to toe, scattering in the wind.

The patriarch of the Nine Nether Palace, a fourth-rank Immortal Realm expert, Xue Youming, had fallen!

His body and soul were annihilated!

Beside him, Zhan E was in an even more miserable state.

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As the gray light pierced his chest, the Reincarnation Technique within his body automatically activated, attempting to resist and transform the energy with the power of reincarnation.

But this only accelerated his demise. The chaotic energy and the reincarnation energy clashed and annihilated violently, triggering a complete rampage of power within him!

“Ahhh!”

Zhan E let out a shrill, inhuman scream. His body swelled up like an inflating balloon, countless grayish-white streams of energy surging beneath his skin, and foul blood mixed with fragments of internal organs gushed from his seven orifices. His foundation for reincarnation was being eroded and destroyed at its very core by the power of chaos!

Chen Ping took a step forward, arriving before Zhan E, his chaotic domain retracting into his body.

He extended his hand, a gentle surge of chaotic power temporarily stabilizing Zhan E's collapsing body.

“Are the souls of the Hu clan still there?”

Chen Ping stared into Zhan E's eyes, his voice as cold as ice.

Zhan E was now completely broken, his cultivation utterly destroyed, his life force fading, leaving him only a last breath.

He gave a bitter laugh, his eyes filled with resentment and madness: “The Hu clan? Hahaha... the souls of those ants... were long ago taken away by the Master... Want them? Go find them in the Gate of Reincarnation... But once you enter the Gate of Reincarnation... you'll become just like them... a puppet... Hahaha...”

His laughter abruptly stopped.

Chen Ping's eyes turned cold. Without another word, he drew his fingers like a sword and lightly slashed.

Swoosh. Zhan E's head flew into the air, his headless body plummeting from the sky.

Even in death, his face bore that twisted, crazed smile.

Zhan E, the Lord of the Evil Path Hall, a third-grade Upper Immortal, had fallen!

Silence.

Deathly silence reigned inside and outside the mountain gate.

Tens of thousands of cultivators who had pledged allegiance to the Evil Path Hall stared blankly at the two slowly dissipating ashes in the air and the falling headless corpse, then at the young figure standing in mid-air, his robes fluttering. Their minds were blank.

Dead?

Two powerful Upper Immortals, the leaders of the Evil Path Hall and the Nine Nether Palace, dead just like that?

Crushed to death by a young man of the seventh-grade Heavenly Immortal, as easily as crushing two ants?

This wasn't a battle; this was a massacre!

It was crushing!

It was a dimensional attack from a completely different level!

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Someone knelt down first, and then, like toppled dominoes, tens of thousands of cultivators outside the mountain gate knelt in unison!

Many were so terrified they wet themselves, trembling like leaves.

“Spare us! Senior, spare us!”

“We were forced by the Evil Path Hall! We are willing to repent and reform!”

“Please, Senior, have mercy! Please, Senior, have mercy!”

The cries and pleas for mercy rang out.

The remaining elders of the Evil Path Hall were ashen-faced; some collapsed to the ground, while others secretly slipped away, trying to escape this nightmarish place.

Jin Buhuan, Li Baichuan, Dugu Ao, and the others finally recovered from their extreme shock.

They stared at Chen Ping’s retreating figure, their eyes filled with complex emotions.

There was shock, awe, ecstasy, and a strange sense of disorientation.

Just over a month ago, this young man needed their protection, and the Earth Fire Ancestor had to sacrifice his life to save him.

Now, he stood at the peak of the twelfth heaven, effortlessly slaying a giant they could only look up to.

This speed of advancement, this terrifying strength, was completely beyond their comprehension.

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord flew to Chen Ping's side, looking at the kneeling cultivators below, and grinned, "What to do with these opportunists?"

Chen Ping's gaze swept across the crowd, his eyes indifferent: "The ringleaders have been executed; those who were coerced will be spared. Those willing to repent will have their cultivation techniques related to the Gate of Reincarnation abolished and be expelled from the Netherworld Mountains. Those who resist will be killed without mercy."

His voice wasn't loud, but it clearly reached everyone's ears, like a divine decree.

"Thank you, Senior, for sparing our lives! Thank you, Senior, for sparing our lives!"

Tens of thousands of cultivators kowtowed repeatedly, as if granted a pardon.

Chen Ping ignored them, turning his gaze to the summit of Reincarnation Peak, to the massive Reincarnation Altar, and above it, the illusory image of the Gate of Reincarnation, which had rippled violently since Zhan E's fall but hadn't disappeared.

"The Gate of Reincarnation... the soul of the Hu clan..."

He muttered to himself, a cold glint in his eyes.

Killing Zhan E and Xue Youming was merely the first step in his revenge.

The true mastermind, that eerie Gate of Reincarnation, and the so-called "Lord of Reincarnation" behind it, were the ultimate targets.

And, the soul of the Hu clan, must be reclaimed!

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Chen Ping took a deep breath, suppressing the killing intent and urgency in his heart.

He knew that the Gate of Reincarnation involved the fundamental laws of this realm, unpredictable and mysterious. With his current strength, recklessly entering would be unwise.

He needed more preparation, a more thorough understanding of the *Primordial Qi Refining Scripture*, and the cultivation of the Chaos Realm to a higher level. But that day isn't far off.

He turned to the still-shocked Jin Buhuan and the others, a faint smile appearing on his face: "Seniors, the Evil Path Palace has been destroyed. The situation in the Twelve Heavens should be reshuffled."

Jin Buhuan took a deep breath, suppressing his turmoil, and solemnly cupped his hands: "Fellow Daoist Chen Ping... no, Senior Chen Ping! From this day forward, the Twelve Heavens will revere you! We are willing to follow you, senior, to restore order and sweep away the remnants!"

Li Baichuan, Dugu Ao, and the others also bowed, their hearts filled with admiration.

Chen Ping shook his head: "The title of 'senior' is unnecessary. I am still Chen Ping. The future of the Twelve Heavens still requires your joint protection."

He gazed into the distance, his gaze seemingly piercing through layers of void, seeing a more vast world.

"I'm going to the Gate of Reincarnation to find the Lord of Reincarnation!"

Chen Ping decided to personally go to the Gate of Reincarnation to see just who this Lord of Reincarnation was.

As Chen Ping finished speaking, the air in the valley seemed to freeze for a moment.

“No!”

“Absolutely not!”

Jin Buhuan, Li Baichuan, Dugu Ao, and the others objected almost in unison, even the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord frowned.

“Chen Ping, are you crazy?”

Jin Buhuan exclaimed anxiously, “The Gate of Reincarnation is unpredictable, and the Lord of Reincarnation is even more unfathomable. Zhan E and Xue Youming are merely its pawns. Although your strength has greatly increased, it’s too dangerous to rashly enter its territory!”

Li Baichuan also advised, “Boy, the soul of the Hu clan is important, but there’s no need to rush. We can plan carefully and first understand the details of the Gate of Reincarnation.”

Dugu Ao said in a deep voice, “At least wait until we have reorganized the Twelve Heavens and mobilized all our forces before heading there together.”

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord remained silent for a moment before speaking, “Chen Ping, the Lord of Reincarnation is definitely not a benevolent being. Senior Mu Sha also said that it might be a projection of an ancient will, possessing some of the laws of reincarnation.”

“Although your current chaotic power is strong, the outcome against such an existence is uncertain.”

Faced with everyone’s dissuasion, Chen Ping remained calm but firmly shook his head.

“I appreciate your kindness,” he said slowly.

“But the longer the Hu clan’s souls remain within the Gate of Reincarnation, the greater the risk of complete assimilation. The Hu clan’s souls must be saved. This is something I promised Master Hu, and I must do it.”

He gazed at the faintly visible phantom of the Gate of Reincarnation in the distance, a complex light flashing in his eyes: “Moreover, I possess the Chaos Origin Seed within me, which subtly restrains the power of reincarnation.”