

## **The Order 10001**

Chapter: 10001

“Mr. Chen, are we really going to Qingming Immortal Continent?”

Ming Li asked, somewhat worried. “That place is now a den of dragons and tigers controlled by the God Clan.”

“We must go.”

Chen Ping looked eastward, his gaze resolute. “Not only do we want to find Senior Mu Sha, but we also want to see just how arrogant the God Clan really is.”

“Besides, with you here, what am I afraid of? You can just reincarnate those God Clan cultivators directly.”

Upon hearing this, Ming Li’s face immediately turned embarrassed: “Mr. Chen, don’t joke around. I’m only at the fifth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm. If it weren’t for the Gate of Reincarnation, I’m afraid I wouldn’t be your match.”

Chen Ping was speechless. So this guy was just showing off with the Gate of Reincarnation, even calling himself the Lord of Reincarnation. He really dared to call himself that.

However, the fifth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm was still a top-tier existence in the Twelfth Heaven.

“Thank you for saving my life, fellow Daoist...”

At this moment, an old man arrived with many cultivators, kneeling before Chen Ping upon meeting him.

These were all people who were supposed to be beheaded, but thanks to Chen Ping, their lives were saved.

“Fellow Daoists, don’t be so polite. You were wronged. I will investigate thoroughly when I go to Qingming Immortal Continent and give you justice.”

Chen Ping helped the group up and said.

“Fellow Daoist, I know you are a good person, but you still shouldn’t go to Qingming Immortal Continent. You’ll lose your life.”

“These days, everyone in the sects of Qingming Immortal Continent is living in fear. Not long ago, two cultivators were publicly beheaded for breaking through the barrier and going to the Twelfth Heaven without permission.”

The old man advised Chen Ping.

“Beheaded? Two cultivators went to the Twelfth Heaven?” Chen Ping’s heart sank.

“May I ask, sir, were those two cultivators a man and a woman?”

Chen Ping asked nervously.

“How did you know?”

The old man was somewhat surprised.

Chen Ping’s body trembled slightly involuntarily. He thought of Mu Sha and his wife; the two of them had gone to the Twelfth Heaven for his sake, but returned shortly after.

Could it be them?

Were they also in the Azure Nether Immortal Continent?

Chapter: 10002

“Mr. Chen, do you know those two cultivators?” Ming Li, seemingly noticing Chen Ping’s unease, asked.

“I don’t know, I don’t know if they’re people I know.”

Chen Ping shook his head, then looked at the old man and asked, “Old man, do you know where in the Azure Nether Immortal Continent those two were beheaded?”

“Of course, in Jade Immortal City in the Eastern Azure Nether Immortal Continent. That’s the Jade Immortal Palace’s territory. We escaped from there.”

The old man said.

“Then, old man, do you know who beheaded those two cultivators?”

Chen Ping asked anxiously.

The old man shook his head: “Then I don’t know. I’ve only heard about it; I haven’t seen it with my own eyes.”

“Thank you!” Chen Ping cupped his hands in thanks to the old man, then looked at Ming Li and said, “Ming Li, let’s go to Jade Immortal City in Qingming Immortal Continent immediately...”

As soon as Chen Ping finished speaking, he transformed into a streak of light and disappeared.

Ming Li quickly followed.

At this moment, Chen Ping was extremely anxious, and at the same time, he hoped that the two cultivators were not Mu Sha and his wife.

Otherwise, he would raze the entire Qingming Immortal Continent and annihilate all the gods.

Chen Ping and Ming Li traveled at full speed, traversing the vast buffer zone between the Northern Ice Plains and Qingming Immortal Continent, and finally arrived at Jade Immortal City on the western edge of Qingming Immortal Continent seven days later.

Jade Immortal City was completely different in style from Hanyuan City.

Instead of ice and snow, it boasted a beautiful, spring-like landscape all year round.

The city walls, constructed of pure white jade, soared into the clouds, their surface shimmering with a pale blue spiritual light.

Within the city, a rich spiritual atmosphere permeated the air, with magnificent palaces and pavilions standing side by side, and cranes and mythical birds soaring among them—a scene of celestial grandeur.

However, upon entering the city, Chen Ping keenly sensed a tense and oppressive atmosphere beneath this peaceful facade.

Although there were many cultivators on the streets, most were in a hurry, exchanging few words, their eyes filled with wariness and aloofness.

Occasionally, small teams of cultivators, dressed in uniform blue Daoist robes and exuding a powerful aura, could be seen patrolling. The words “Jade Immortal” were embroidered on their chests, and their sharp eyes scanned passersby—these were the enforcement disciples of the Jade Immortal Palace.

Chen Ping, preoccupied with the safety of Mu Sha and his wife, had no time to observe the city’s scenery. He immediately stopped a passing middle-aged cultivator, cupped his hands, and asked, “Fellow Daoist, may I ask if, recently, there was... was there any public beheading of cultivators in the city? A man and a woman, no less?”

Upon hearing this, the middle-aged cultivator's face changed drastically, as if he had seen a ghost. He waved his hands repeatedly, "I don't know, I've never heard of it! Fellow Daoist, you've come to the wrong person!"

With that, he hurried away without looking back, as if avoiding a plague.

Chapter: 10003

Chen Ping frowned, and asked several more cultivators, with the same result.

The mere mention of "beheading" or "a man and a woman" would elicit either a vehement denial or a look of terror as the other person hastily departed, as if the topic were some kind of taboo.

"It seems this matter is a closely guarded secret in Jade Immortal City; ordinary cultivators dare not discuss it," Ming Li said in a low voice.

"Mr. Chen, this place is not like Cold Abyss City. Under the influence of the Divine Race, everyone is probably living in fear."

"Then how can we inquire?" Chen Ping asked anxiously.

"Every major city where cultivators gather has its shady dealings."

A glint of cunning flashed in Ming Li's eyes. "Information selling, black market transactions, underground gambling... in these places, as long as you have money or sufficient power, you can always find something. As far as I know, in the dark alleys of the western district of Jade Immortal City, there is a place called Zhiwen Pavilion that specializes in buying and selling information."

"Lead the way!" Chen Ping said without hesitation.

The two traversed streets and alleys, avoiding the bustling main streets, and arrived at a relatively secluded area in the western part of the city, with low and cluttered buildings.

The streets here were narrow and damp, the air thick with a strange stench of mustiness mixed with the smells of cheap medicine and blood.

The pedestrians were dressed plainly, even somewhat tattered, their eyes mostly filled with mercenary, wary, or fierce expressions, a stark contrast to the mystical atmosphere of the main city.

At the end of the deepest alley, there was an inconspicuous little shop. A faded wooden plaque hung above the door, bearing the three characters "Zhiwen Pavilion" in blurred, dark red paint.

There was no one guarding the entrance, but Chen Ping could sense that several hidden security measures and barriers were in place around the shop.

Pushing open the door, he found the interior dimly lit, with only a single, flickering oil lamp casting a yellowish glow on the counter.

Behind the counter sat a hunched old man with a scarred face, squinting as he wiped a black dagger in his hand with a dirty cloth.

The old man's aura was concealed, but Chen Ping could sense that his cultivation was at least at the third rank of the Upper Immortal Realm.

"Buying information, or selling information?"

The old man didn't even raise his head, his voice hoarse like a broken gong.

"Buying information."

Chen Ping stepped forward. "Regarding the recent public beheading of two cultivators in Jade Immortal City, a man and a woman. I need the details, who the executioners were, and where their bodies are."

The old man paused slightly in wiping his dagger, raising his eyelids. His cloudy eyes scrutinized Chen Ping and Ming Li, lingering particularly on Chen Ping for a moment, seemingly surprised by his Heavenly Immortal Realm cultivation.

“This information... is very expensive,” the old man said slowly.

“How much?” Chen Ping asked.

The old man held up three fingers: “Thirty thousand high-grade Yuan Crystals.”

Chapter: 10004

“Thirty thousand?”

Ming Li gasped. Even in the Thirteenth Heaven, high-grade Yuan Crystals are a valuable currency. Thirty thousand high-grade Yuan Crystals are enough to buy a decent high-grade magic weapon, or to support an ordinary cultivator’s luxurious cultivation for decades!

This is simply outrageous!

Chen Ping frowned deeply.

The Yuan Crystals he possessed were donated by True Person Han Yuan, and combined with the spirit stones and immortal stones he brought from the Twelfth Heaven, he only had a little over five thousand high-grade Yuan Crystals in total, far from enough.

“Can I use other treasures as collateral?” Chen Ping asked.

The old man shook his head: “This shop only accepts Yuan Crystals; we do not offer credit or collateral.”

A cold glint flashed in Chen Ping’s eyes, and the chaotic power within his body subtly fluctuated.

He was extremely anxious at this moment, and being treated so difficult, he almost couldn't suppress the urge to forcefully demand answers.

"Mr. Chen!"

Ming Li quickly transmitted his voice to stop him, "This place is heavily fortified. This old fellow's cultivation level is unknown, and he may have powerful backers. Forcing a move could lead to unforeseen circumstances, possibly even alerting the Jade Immortal Palace or the Divine Race!"

Chen Ping took a deep breath, forcing himself to calm down.

Ming Li was right. This was territory controlled by the Divine Race; caution was necessary.

Just then, the curtain on the inside of the shop was suddenly lifted, and a young cultivator with a bruised face and tattered clothes was kicked out, staggering and falling to the ground.

"Get out! If you dare try to fool me with false information again, I'll break your legs next time!"

A rude voice came from behind the curtain.

The young cultivator, his face contorted in a grimace, scrambled out of the shop.

Chen Ping's heart stirred. He said to the old man, "We'll discuss the information later."

With that, he pulled Ming Li and turned to leave.

The two men quickly caught up with the young cultivator who had been knocked out and stopped him at the corner of the alley.

The young cultivator was startled, looking warily at Chen Ping and Ming Li: "You... what do you want? I have no money!"

“Fellow Daoist, please don’t be alarmed.”

Chen Ping tried to soften his tone, taking out a small bag of Yuan Crystals, containing about a few dozen mid-grade Yuan Crystals. “We just want to ask you something; this is our payment.”

Seeing the Yuan Crystals, the young cultivator’s eyes lit up, but he immediately looked around warily, lowering his voice: “This isn’t the place to talk. Follow me.”

Chapter: 10005

He led Chen Ping and Ming Li through a maze of turns, arriving at an even more dilapidated, almost collapsing abandoned hut.

“What do you two want to ask?”

The young cultivator closed the door and asked eagerly, his eyes frequently glancing at the bag of Yuan Crystals in Chen Ping’s hand.

“What do you know about the two cultivators, a man and a woman, who were beheaded in Jade Immortal City not long ago?” Chen Ping asked directly.

The young cultivator’s face turned deathly pale in an instant, and he shook his head repeatedly: “I don’t know! I don’t know anything! You can’t ask about this, it’ll cost you your head!”

Chen Ping handed him the bag of spirit crystals: “Just tell me, and these are yours. And we guarantee we won’t reveal that you told us.”

The young cultivator looked at the spirit crystals, his eyes filled with even more struggle.

He clearly needed the money, but he was even more afraid of getting into trouble.

Chen Ping added fuel to the fire: “We just want a general idea, like... the execution location? That shouldn’t be considered top secret, right? Once we know the location, we’ll find out ourselves.”

The young cultivator gritted his teeth, grabbed the Yuan Crystal Bag, and said rapidly, “The execution location is at Fallen Soul Slope, three hundred miles east of the city! That’s where the Jade Immortal Palace deals with serious criminals; it’s incredibly sinister!”

“Those killed there are said to have their souls imprisoned, never to be reincarnated! That’s all I know; I really don’t know anything else! Please, please stop asking!”

With that, he flung open the door like a startled rabbit and ran away without looking back.

“Falled Soul Slope... soul imprisonment...”

Chen Ping chewed on those words, his unease growing stronger.

Senior Mu Sha and his wife were highly skilled; if it were an ordinary beheading, their methods might have offered a sliver of hope.

But in this kind of perilous place specifically targeting the soul...

“Mr. Chen, what do we do now?” Ming Li asked.

“To Fallen Soul Slope!”

Chen Ping said decisively, “I want to see them alive or dead... I want to find their trace!”

The two didn’t delay any longer and immediately left the city, speeding eastward.

Three hundred li was just a short distance for them.

When Chen Ping saw the place called Fallen Soul Slope, his heart sank.

It was a low-lying slope between two barren mountains, not large in area, but permeated with a thick, impenetrable aura of death.

A layer of gray mist shrouded the slope year-round, preventing sunlight from penetrating.

Chapter: 10006

No grass grew on the ground, the soil an ominous dark red, as if stained countless times with blood.

In the air, countless mournful, desperate wails and curses could be faintly heard—the unwilling cries of countless souls who had perished here over the years, their spirits imprisoned.

In the center of the slope stood several bloodstained black stone pillars, bound with thick chains engraved with runes.

That was clearly the execution ground.

Suppressing the trembling and anger in his heart, Chen Ping landed on the slope.

The soil beneath his feet was soft and sticky, as if he were stepping on rotting flesh.

The omnipresent wails of the ghostly spirits became even clearer, piercing his soul like needles, but were easily blocked by the power of chaos.

He walked to the black stone pillars and examined them carefully.

On the pillars, besides old bloodstains, there were many recent marks.

There were drag marks on the ground, scorch marks from magical attacks, and... several fragments of broken, unusual-textured clothing. Chen Ping picked up a fragment of fabric.

It was woven from extremely tough celestial silkworm silk mixed with some kind of ice-attribute spiritual silk, still retaining a faint but pure aura.

This aura... was somewhat similar to the weathered, gentle, and peaceful magical aura emanating from Senior Mu Sha, but it seemed weaker and more chaotic.

The other fragment carried a gentle, tranquil wood-attribute life force, matching the feeling Mu Sha's wife gave off.

"It's them...it really is them..."

Chen Ping's hand holding the fragment trembled slightly, his nails almost digging into his palm.

Although he had a premonition, the piercing pain and overwhelming rage when he finally confirmed it still nearly overwhelmed him.

Senior Musa, the one he saved on the Heavenly Ladder, who appeared at a crucial moment in the Twelfth Heaven, guiding him to the ancient Qi Refiner's cave and revealing the secrets of the Heavenly Realm, a gentle and unfathomable senior... and his wife, recently resurrected and full of hope for the future...

actually, in this filthy, eerie Fallen Soul Slope, he was...

"Where's the body? Why isn't there a body?"

Ming Li asked, puzzled, after carefully searching the surroundings.

Even if beheaded, the body should still remain.

Even if disposed of, there should be traces.

Chen Ping forced himself to calm down, unleashing his divine sense, scanning the entire Fallen Soul Slope inch by inch.

Soon, he discovered an extremely subtle spatial fluctuation beneath the base of a stone pillar.

Chapter: 10007

This fluctuation was concealed by dense death energy and resentment; if not for his keen divine sense and possession of chaotic power, it would have been almost impossible to detect.

“There’s something down there.”

Chen Ping said in a deep voice, his fingers forming a sword shape, condensing chaotic power, and he lightly sliced towards the base.

\*Swoosh!\*

The sturdy black stone pillar base was easily sliced open, revealing a deep, narrow opening extending downwards, barely wide enough for one person to pass through.

A more concentrated and pure aura of death and resentment, mixed with a trace of... strange spatial power, surged out of the opening.

The edges of the opening were protected by extremely sophisticated concealment and sealing restrictions; if Chen Ping hadn’t violently broken through with chaotic power, ordinary cultivators would never have noticed it.

“Is this... a passage leading underground? Or... an entrance to some kind of space?” Ming Li asked, filled with doubt.

Chen Ping didn’t answer. He took a deep breath and leaped into the opening first.

Ming Li followed closely behind.

The opening wasn't vertically downwards, but rather a narrow, sloping passageway with smooth walls, as if eroded by some force over a long period.

The deeper one descends, the heavier the deathly aura and resentment become, and the more pronounced the strange spatial fluctuations become.

After descending approximately a hundred feet, the space suddenly opens up, revealing a vast underground space.

At the center of this space is a circular pool of blood, about ten feet in diameter.

The liquid in the pool is viscous like paste, dark red in color, constantly bubbling, emitting a nauseating stench and overwhelming resentment.

Above the pool, countless faint, distorted grayish-white specks of light float—fragments of divine souls imprisoned here, unable to be reborn. They struggle and wail silently, radiating endless pain and despair.

And directly above the pool, in the dome of this space, is embedded a fist-sized, constantly rotating grayish-white rhomboid crystal.

The crystal exudes a rich aura of the laws of reincarnation, originating from the same source as the Gate of Reincarnation that Ming Li previously controlled, but far purer and more powerful!

It was this crystal, combined with the unique terrain of the Blood Pool and Fallen Soul Slope, that formed a terrifying "Soul Refining Array," constantly extracting, refining, and imprisoning the souls of those who died there!

Chen Ping's gaze was fixed on the edge of the Blood Pool.

There, scattered were fragments of clothing and belongings.

A broken, ancient-style longsword. It was an item that Senior Mu Sha never parted with.

A warm, smooth jade hairpin, still retaining a trace of gentle wood spirit aura, belonged to Mu Sha's wife.

There were also other scattered items and fragments of clothing, all bearing the unique aura of Mu Sha and his wife.

Chapter: 10008

However, there was no corpse.

"The corpse...was thrown into the Blood Pool to be refined?" Ming Li's voice was dry.

Chen Ping didn't answer. He walked step by step to the edge of the blood pool. With each step, his killing intent intensified, and the chaotic aura around him surged uncontrollably, annihilating all approaching deathly resentment.

He bent down and picked up the broken longsword.

On the broken sword, the last faint trace of Mu Sha's divine will remained, conveying a brief, angry, resentful, and desperate worry for his wife in her final moments, before... abruptly ceasing.

"Aaaaah—!!!"

Chen Ping roared to the sky, a suppressed scream, like a wounded beast!

Boundless rage, grief, self-reproach, and killing intent erupted within him like a volcano!

His eyes instantly turned bloodshot, and the chaotic aura around him surged violently. A hazy current swept through the entire underground space, causing the blood pool to churn violently!

“The Divine Race... Jade Immortal Palace... Good! Very good!”

Chen Ping’s voice was as cold as the ice of the deepest hell, each word seemingly carrying a deep-seated hatred and a blood oath.

“Senior Mu Sha... if I don’t avenge this, I, Chen Ping, swear I will not be human!”

“I want this Jade Immortal City, not a single chicken or dog left alive! I want this Azure Nether Immortal Continent, all the lackeys of the Divine Race, to be buried with you!”

A violent killing intent soared into the sky, even breaking through the ground, forming a gray vortex of killing intent above Fallen Soul Slope!

Ming Li watched in horror.

He had never seen Chen Ping so out of control, so enraged. That terrifying killing intent even made him, a fifth-grade Upper Immortal, feel a chill.

He knew that Chen Ping was truly enraged this time.

Azure Nether Immortal Continent was likely about to be engulfed in an unprecedented bloodbath.

And all of this was just the beginning.

Chen Ping slowly straightened up and carefully put away the belongings of Mu Sha and his wife.

The crimson in his eyes gradually faded, but the coldness and killing intent within them deepened, becoming even more terrifying.

“Ming Li,” he said calmly, yet with an undeniable command.

“Yes!” Ming Li replied hastily.

“Investigate!”

Chen Ping enunciated each word clearly, “Use all means at your disposal to find out who from the Jade Immortal Palace carried out the execution that day, and who gave the order.”

“What connection do they have with the Divine Race? Find out every single participant, leave no one out!”

“Yes!” Ming Li solemnly accepted the order. He knew that Chen Ping at this moment was like a volcano about to erupt.

“This harmful thing, it’s best not to let it live...”

Chen Ping stared at the secret passage before him, his eyes filled with murderous intent.

“Mr. Chen, we shouldn’t move here, otherwise we’ll attract attention quickly.”

“To find out the identity of the beheaded man and who gave the order, we need to unite with other forces.”

Ming Li advised Chen Ping.

Chen Ping slowly regained his composure. He knew that anger was useless.

“What forces should we contact?” Chen Ping asked.

“Now that Qingming Immortal Continent is in this state, everyone is living in fear. It’s impossible that no one is secretly rebelling.”

“If we find a resistance organization and unite with them, having them gather information for us, wouldn’t that be twice as effective?”

Ming Li said.

“That’s right. Then let’s go find that kid who sold information.”

Chen Ping knew that to contact such a force, they needed an intermediary; otherwise, they would have no chance of meeting them.

And that kid who dared to sell false information at the Zhiwen Pavilion was a good choice!

Chapter: 10009

Chen Ping and Ming Li returned to the dark alley in the western district of Jade Immortal City and found the abandoned hut.

The young cultivator was hiding inside, counting his Yuan Crystals. Seeing the two return, he was so startled he nearly scattered them all over the floor.

“You two...you two seniors, I really only know that much. Asking further is useless!”

He said tremblingly.

Chen Ping didn’t speak, but simply took out a larger cloth bag and placed it on the ground.

The bag was slightly ajar, revealing at least five hundred high-grade Yuan Crystals shining brightly, along with several bottles of excellent healing and cultivation pills.

The young cultivator's eyes widened instantly, and his breathing became rapid.

"We're not here to make things difficult for you."

Chen Ping's voice was calm, yet carried an undeniable authority. "We're looking for the forces within Jade Immortal City that are secretly rebelling against the Divine Race and the oppression of the Jade Immortal Palace."

"Since you've been mingling here, making a living by selling information, you must have connections."

The young cultivator's eyes struggled. He glanced at the Yuan Crystal, then at Chen Ping's deep, sharp eyes.

Then he licked his dry lips: "Senior... this kind of thing could really cost you your head, and even your soul could be taken to Fallen Soul Slope."

"That's precisely why we're looking for them."

Ming Li interjected, "We share a common goal. These Yuan Crystals and pills are your reward, and also a thank you for the introduction. After the deed is done, there will be an even greater reward."

A generous reward always attracts brave men.

The young cultivator gritted his teeth, grabbed the cloth bag, stuffed it into his robes, and whispered, "Follow me. Don't make a sound, and don't look around."

He led Chen Ping and the other man through a maze of dark alleys, sometimes climbing over ruins, sometimes slipping into hidden tunnels.

After walking for a full half hour, they arrived at what appeared to be the courtyard of an abandoned wealthy family.

The houses here were tall, but mostly dilapidated, overgrown with vines, and lifeless.

The young cultivator stopped in front of a courtyard with a half-broken door hanging open, and rhythmically knocked on the doorframe three long knocks and two short knocks.

After a moment, the door creaked open a crack, and a pair of wary eyes peered out.

“Monkey, is that you? Who are they?”

A deep voice came from behind the door.

“Brother Leopard, it’s...it’s someone I found. They want to join us, and they’re tough enough.”

Chapter: 10010

The young cultivator called Monkey lowered his voice. “They brought generous gifts. They’re genuinely interested in doing big things.”

There was a moment of silence inside. The door slowly opened, and a wiry man with a scar on his face stepped aside. “Come in, quickly.”

The courtyard was large, surprisingly a hidden world inside, quite neatly maintained, with faint traces of array fluctuations isolating the aura and sound from the outside.

A few cultivators were meditating or polishing their weapons in a corner. Seeing them enter, they all cast scrutinizing glances.

Brother Leopard, the scarred man, led them through the front courtyard to a more secluded courtyard at the back.

Standing in the courtyard was a tall woman dressed in a light blue outfit, her back to them, gazing at a clump of green bamboo.

The woman slowly turned around, revealing a beautiful yet spirited and aloof face. Her eyes were sharp as an eagle's, and her cultivation was clearly at the fourth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm.

"Boss, Monkey brought two people, saying they want to join us," Brother Leopard said respectfully.

The woman's gaze swept over Chen Ping and Ming Li, lingering briefly on Chen Ping.

Chen Ping deliberately concealed his cultivation level, while Ming Li's fifth-rank Upper Immortal Realm cultivation was not completely hidden; this combination seemed somewhat peculiar.

"Who are you? Why are you looking for us?"

The woman spoke, her voice cold and clear.

The monkey hurriedly stepped forward, bowing and scraping, "Sister Lianxing, these two seniors want to inquire about the Jade Immortal Mansion and the Divine Clan, especially... especially about the matter at Fallen Soul Slope a while ago. They offered a high price, and I don't think they're spies, so..."

The woman called Lianxing interrupted the monkey with a cold glint in her eyes, "The matter of Fallen Soul Slope is not something you can inquire about? Monkey, you're becoming increasingly ignorant of etiquette."

The monkey trembled in fright.

Chen Ping stepped forward, cupping his hands, "Fellow Daoist, please don't blame him. I am Chen Ping, and this is Ming Li. We inquired about Fallen Soul Slope because the two who were beheaded are likely my old acquaintances."

"This enmity is irreconcilable. There is no turning back for me with the Jade Immortal Mansion and the Divine Clan behind them. I heard there are like-minded people here, so I came to seek them out, not to spy, but only to cooperate."

Lianxing stared at Chen Ping, seemingly trying to discern the truth from his eyes.

Chen Ping's gaze was calm, though he tried his best to conceal the deep sorrow and icy killing intent within, a trace of which still escaped, causing Lianxing, a veteran of life-and-death battles, to feel a slight chill.

"Words are meaningless,"

Lianxing said calmly. "Who knows if you're just bait sent by the Jade Immortal Palace to lure us out? We've lost quite a few brothers lately."

"We can swear an oath to the Heavenly Dao," Mingli said.

"An oath to the Heavenly Dao?"

Lianxing's lips curled into a mocking smile. "In the Azure Nether Immortal Continent, where the influence of the Divine Race is deepening, whether the Heavenly Dao is still as impartial as before is still unknown. Besides, there are loopholes in oaths."