

## **The Order 10011**

Chapter: 10011

Chen Ping frowned slightly: "Then how will you believe me, fellow Daoist?"

Lianxing turned and looked at the grove of green bamboo: "Come with me, let's talk somewhere safe."

She led the way into the bamboo forest. Chen Ping and Mingli exchanged a glance and followed.

The monkey wanted to follow, but was stopped by Leopard's gaze.

The bamboo forest seemed ordinary, but upon entering, Chen Ping immediately felt the space slightly distort, and the flow of spiritual energy became peculiar.

After walking about a dozen steps, Lianxing's figure suddenly blurred and vanished into thin air!

At the same time, the surrounding bamboo swayed without wind, its leaves rustling, instantly becoming a dense, overcast canopy, as if transforming into a giant green cage.

A powerful binding force surged from all directions, and streaks of azure array patterns rose from the ground, like living vines, wrapping around Chen Ping and Ming Li's feet.

"Hmph, as expected, harboring ulterior motives!"

Lianxing's voice came from all directions of the bamboo forest, carrying a cold mockery, "You dare to spy with such paltry tricks? Today, I'll make sure you don't leave alive, a perfect opportunity to unleash my newly refined Thousand Bamboo Soul-Locking Array!"

Ming Li's ghostly energy surged, ready to resist.

But Chen Ping raised his hand to stop him.

His expression remained calm as his gaze swept over the shifting bamboo forest and the moving array patterns on the ground. He shook his head.

“The array is not bad, drawing upon the spirit of the bamboo and wood, fusing the three elements of illusion, confinement, and destruction. The one who set it up is quite accomplished in wood-based array formations.”

Chen Ping’s voice was soft, yet it clearly pierced through the rustling of the bamboo leaves. “Unfortunately, while following the way of nature, it has lost its true essence. Forcing change only creates stagnation.”

As he spoke, he took a light step forward.

This step, seemingly casual, landed precisely on a weak node where several moving array patterns converged.

The instant his foot touched the ground, there was no earth-shattering roar, only a soft “crack,” like glass shattering.

Centered on his foot, the moving azure array patterns trembled violently, then, like a long snake stripped of its sinews, rapidly dimmed and disintegrated.

The wildly swirling bamboo around them abruptly stopped, the illusory bamboo leaves receding like a tide, revealing the bamboo forest’s true form.

Chen Ping took another step, his figure seemingly piercing through an invisible curtain of water, already appearing on the other side of the bamboo forest.

Lianxing stood beside a thick purple bamboo stalk, her hands forming a hand seal, her face still showing astonishment and disbelief.

Her proud Thousand Bamboo Soul-Locking Array, which had once trapped and killed several Upper Immortal Realm cultivators, had been broken so easily, in a single step!

She hadn't even seen how he had done it!

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In that instant of astonishment, Chen Ping's figure appeared like a ghost, three feet in front of her.

There was no overwhelming aura, no dazzling magical light, just a simple gesture: he pointed his fingers like a sword towards her brow.

Before his fingertips, the space slightly collapsed, a wisp of chaotic gray light flickering, emanating a terrifying aura that froze her very soul. The protective aura surrounding her was as fragile as paper before this fingertip. Instinct told her that if this finger touched her, she would surely die!

Lianxing's pupils contracted sharply, her whole body went cold, and she didn't even have time to think of dodging or blocking!

The fingertip stopped steadily half an inch in front of her brow.

Chen Ping withdrew his finger, stood with his hands behind his back, and calmly looked at her: "Now, can we talk properly?"

The bamboo forest was silent.

The killing formation and illusions from before seemed as if they had never happened.

Only a bead of cold sweat on Lianxing's forehead and her slightly trembling fingers testified to the life-or-death terror of that instant.

Leopard Brother, Monkey, and the others rushed in from outside the formation at this moment, and seeing this scene, they all stood frozen in place.

Lianxing took a deep breath, forcibly suppressing the turmoil in her heart. When she looked at Chen Ping again, her eyes were completely different, filled with shock, fear, and a glimmer of... hope.

The person who could break the formation so easily, the one who posed such a death threat to her, could not possibly be a lackey of the Jade Immortal Palace.

If the Jade Immortal Palace had such a figure, they would have been eradicated long ago.

“Senior... your supernatural powers are astonishing. Lianxing was blind and has been very rude.”

Lianxing cupped her hands, her tone becoming respectful. “Please come with me, let’s... talk in detail.”

She paused, looking at the dumbfounded monkey beside her, her eyes filled with complex emotions: “Monkey, you come along too. This time... you’ve truly brought a remarkable person.”

Upon hearing this, the monkey was first bewildered, then overjoyed, his gaze towards Chen Ping filled with awe and excitement.

Chen Ping nodded slightly, following Lianxing deeper into the bamboo forest towards a refined dwelling entirely constructed of emerald bamboo.

Lianxing led Chen Ping and Mingli into the dwelling, the monkey cautiously following behind.

The hermitage was simply furnished with only a few bamboo chairs and a bamboo table, but the spiritual energy was much richer and purer than outside, clearly indicating the presence of a spirit-gathering array.

“Senior, please sit.”

Lianxing gestured for Chen Ping to take a seat, then sat opposite him, her expression solemn.

Chen Ping sat down and, without beating around the bush, asked directly, "Fellow Daoist Lianxing, what do you know about the male and female cultivators beheaded at Fallen Soul Slope? What were their crimes? And who carried out the execution?"

Lianxing sighed and shook her head, saying, "To be honest, senior, this matter is a closely guarded secret within Jade Immortal City. Although we have some channels, we've only managed to glean some superficial information."

Chapter: 10013

"Jade Immortal Prefecture publicly stated that these two were executed for breaking through the barrier without authorization, leaving the Thirteenth Heaven to travel to the lower realm, thus violating the divine decree."

"Traveling to the lower realm without authorization?"

Chen Ping frowned. "Are there any similar precedents? What was the punishment?" "Is this really so serious?"

"That's precisely the suspicious point."

A sharp glint flashed in Lianxing's eyes. "In the past, it wasn't uncommon for cultivators to secretly venture into the lower realms; most were fined, imprisoned, or given minor punishments as a warning."

"To do it so openly, and to be beheaded in a perilous place like Fallen Soul Slope, using a Soul Refining Array... this is unprecedented."

"Therefore, we suspect that those two seniors weren't merely guilty of crimes committed in the lower realms, but rather that they knew some secrets they shouldn't have known, or perhaps they touched upon the fundamental interests of the Jade Immortal Palace, or even the divine race behind it, thus incurring their wrath, and even having their souls refined to eliminate any future threat."

Chen Ping's heart sank heavily.

This matched his guess.

Senior Mu Sha was knowledgeable, and his wife was no ordinary cultivator. Their sudden return to the Thirteenth Heaven, and their appearance in the Azure Nether Immortal Continent where the divine race's influence had infiltrated, might indeed indicate that they had discovered something.

"Do you know when they were captured? Where were they captured? Did they resist or leave any words?" Chen Ping pressed.

Lianxing shook her head again: "The exact time and place are unknown. All we know is that they suddenly appeared on the Jade Immortal Prefecture's wanted list a month ago, accused of trespassing and spying on forbidden areas."

"The capture seemed swift, without causing much of a stir."

"There are rumors that they initially intended to infiltrate the vicinity of the City Lord's Mansion, but for unknown reasons, they disappeared without a trace, reappearing at the execution ground at Fallen Soul Slope."

"As for whether they left any words..."

She paused, "The execution ground has an isolation array; no sound can be heard from the outside. Our people were too far away at the time; they only saw the execution, not what they said."

Chen Ping remained silent for a moment, suppressing the surging anger within him, and said in a deep voice: "Then, who gave the order? And who carried out the execution?"

Lianxing's expression turned solemn: "The one who gave the order was most likely the current City Lord of Jade Immortal City, the Lord of Jade Immortal Prefecture, Yu Wuji."

"He is one of the representatives of the Divine Race here, with profound cultivation..." "Unfathomable, at least a seventh-rank Immortal, and wielding considerable power."

"Such severe punishments must be personally ordered by him, or at least approved by him."

“As for the specific executor...”

Lianxing glanced at Leopard Brother beside her. Leopard Brother immediately stepped forward and whispered, “We’ve inquired extensively and confirmed that the one who led the team to Fallen Soul Slope to oversee the execution and preside over the Soul Refining Array that day was Fei Qing, the chief steward of the City Lord’s Mansion.”

“This person is Yu Wuji’s confidant, and his cultivation is at the Upper Immortal Realm...” “Around the fifth rank, skilled in formations and executions, ruthless and vicious.”

“But the ones who actually carried out the beheadings were two senior executioners from the City Lord’s Mansion’s execution hall, brothers named Tu Gang and Tu Meng. Both were fourth-rank Upper Immortals, specializing in executions, their methods cruel.”

Chapter: 10014

“Tu Gang, Tu Meng...”

Chen Ping slowly uttered these two names, his eyes icy cold, devoid of any warmth, “Where are they now?”

Lian Xing sensed the almost tangible killing intent emanating from Chen Ping, and her heart skipped a beat.

However, he still replied, “These two usually reside in the executioner’s quarters west of the City Lord’s Mansion, taking turns on duty. Today... according to our observation, Tu Meng should be on duty, while Tu Gang is off duty.”

“Tu Gang is addicted to drinking and gambling. On his days off, he often goes to the Drunken Immortal Pavilion in the West District to drink, and then gambles a few rounds at the Thousand Gold Pavilion. It’s getting late now, so he’s likely at the Drunken Immortal Pavilion.”

Chen Ping stood up and cupped his hands to Lian Xing, saying, “Thank you for informing me, fellow Daoist. This information is crucial to us.”

Lian Xing quickly returned the courtesy, "Senior is too kind. The Jade Immortal Mansion and the Divine Race have been oppressing us for a long time. Senior's cultivation is extraordinary; if you can shake them, it would be our great fortune."

"However... although Tu Gang is an executioner, he is still a member of the Jade Immortal Mansion. Making a move within the city will likely attract the attention of patrols and experts from the City Lord's Mansion. Senior must be cautious."

"I know what I'm doing." Chen Ping's tone was calm, yet contained an undeniable determination. "Ming Li, you stay here with Fellow Daoist Lian Xing and continue to gather more detailed information, especially regarding Yu Wuji and Fei Qing's movements, preferences, and weaknesses. Monkey..."

The monkey straightened up, startled. "Senior, please give your orders!"

"Take me to the Drunken Immortal Pavilion. Identify Tu Gang."

Chen Ping glanced at him. "Afterwards, there will be a reward, and I can also arrange for you to temporarily leave this dangerous place."

A struggle flashed across the monkey's face, but thinking of the bag of high-grade Yuan Crystals and Chen Ping's unfathomable cultivation, he steeled himself. "Yes! This junior will lead the way! I'd recognize Tu Gang even if he were ashes!"

Chen Ping nodded and said to Lian Xing, "Do not spread today's events. We'll discuss the follow-up when I return."

Having said that, he said no more, gesturing for the monkey to lead the way, and his figure disappeared into the deepening night.

Lianxing gazed in the direction Chen Ping had disappeared for a long time before softly saying to Mingli, "Senior Mingli, what exactly is Senior Chen's cultivation level? Just now, with a single finger strike to break the formation, I couldn't muster the slightest power to resist."

Mingli's gaze was deep and unfathomable as he slowly replied, "Mr. Chen's cultivation level is beyond our comprehension. You only need to know that Jade Immortal Mansion... has probably really bitten off more than it can chew this time."

...

Drunken Immortal Pavilion was the largest restaurant in the West District, brightly lit and bustling with activity.

Cultivators, merchants, and even some prominent rogue cultivators gathered here, creating a distorted kind of prosperity amidst the noise.

The monkey, familiar with the place, led Chen Ping to a shadowy spot across from the restaurant, pointing to a burly, bald man on the second floor by the window. The man was shirtless, revealing muscular physiques and several menacing scars, and was drinking heavily.

"Senior, that's Tu Gang. He's easily recognizable with a scar on his right eyebrow," the monkey whispered, his voice trembling slightly.

Chen Ping looked up.

Tu Gang was a massive, muscular man with a face full of scars. He was drinking and playing drinking games with several equally imposing companions, his voice booming and his manners crude.

His cultivation level, fourth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm, was undisguised, radiating a murderous aura.

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This was the man who had personally beheaded Senior Mu Sha?

Chen Ping's eyes were calm and expressionless, but his aura seemed to blend completely with the surrounding shadows. Even the monkey, standing close by, couldn't sense his presence, only feeling a strange chill.

"Go back and find Ming Li. The rest is none of your business," Chen Ping said to the monkey.

The monkey, relieved, nodded hastily and silently retreated into the darkness.

Chen Ping didn't act immediately. He simply stood quietly in the shadows, like a patient hunter, watching the noisy window on the second floor.

Time passed slowly.

When the moon was high in the sky, Tu Gang, seemingly having had his fill of drinking, staggered to his feet, exchanged a few laughs and curses with his companions, and went downstairs alone.

Then he headed towards a quieter alley, seemingly heading to the next casino.

Chen Ping moved.

He followed silently, like a wisp of smoke in the night.

The alley deepened, the light dim, with only a few lights in the distance.

Tu Gang hummed a vulgar tune, completely unaware of death's approach.

Just as he reached the middle of the alley, at a corner piled high with clutter, the shadow before him suddenly came to life.

Without warning, a slender hand seemed to emerge from thin air, gripping his throat.

All of Tu Gang's drunkenness instantly turned to cold sweat!

His eyes widened, and the surging Yuan energy within him was about to erupt when he was horrified to discover that an indescribable power, seemingly capable of annihilating everything, surged into his body from that hand, binding all his meridians, dantian, and even his soul!

He couldn't move a single finger, and could only watch in terror as the figure slowly emerged from the shadows.

It was a young, calm-faced man, but his eyes were like an icy pool, coldly staring at him.

"You...who are you..."

Tu Gang managed to squeeze out a few words from his throat.

Chen Ping didn't answer, but leaned close to his ear and calmly asked in a voice only the two of them could hear:

"A month ago, at Fallen Soul Slope, were you the one who killed that man and woman?"

Tu Gang froze, disbelief and a deeper fear flashing in his eyes.

The other party had come for that matter!

Chapter: 10016

And so directly, so... terrifying!

He wanted to deny it, but under the gaze of those double pupils, he didn't even have the courage to lie, and could only nod with difficulty.

"Who gave the order? Yu Wuji? Or Fei Qing?"

Chen Ping continued, his voice flat.

"It was...it was Steward Fei...with the city lord's order...to order us brothers...to carry out the execution..."

Tu Gang felt like he was suffocating.

"Did they say anything before they died?" Chen Ping's fingers tightened slightly.

"No...no...the formation blocked it...they seem...very angry...glaring at Butler Fei..."

Tu Gang felt his soul being frozen and shattered by the icy power. "I...I was just following orders...spare..."

Before he could utter the word "spare,"

\*Crack.\*

A faint, almost inaudible cracking sound.

The light in Tu Gang's eyes instantly froze and dimmed.

All his life force, along with his soul, was completely annihilated by the surging chaotic power, leaving no trace.

Chen Ping released his grip, and Tu Gang's burly body slumped to the ground like mud. Then, under the erosion of the chaotic power, it rapidly turned into ashes, leaving not even his clothes behind, completely dissipating in the night wind.

The alley remained silent, as if nothing had happened.

A fourth-grade Immortal was, in Chen Ping's eyes, as easy as slaughtering a dog...

Chen Ping stood rooted to the spot, the night shrouding his calm face.

The first one.

He raised his head, looking towards the City Lord's Mansion, brightly lit, a symbol of the supreme power of Jade Immortal City.

Chen Ping's gaze pierced the night, locking onto the relatively isolated, heavily guarded complex of buildings to the west of the City Lord's Mansion—the Executioner's Quarters.

The lights there were noticeably sparser, exuding a cold, murderous aura.

According to Lian Xing's intelligence, the one on duty now should be Tu Gang's elder brother, Tu Meng.

Killing Tu Gang was only the beginning.

Chapter: 10017

Tu Meng, too, must die.

Neither of these executioner brothers, stained with the blood of Senior Mu Sha and his wife, would escape.

His figure once again merged into the darkness, moving like a ghost through the rooftops and alleys of Jade Immortal City. His speed was extreme, yet he caused no fluctuation of spiritual energy, not even a ripple in the wind.

His control over his own power had reached a state of perfection.

The closer he got to the core area of the City Lord's Mansion, the tighter the security became.

On the surface, squads of Jade Immortal Mansion guards, clad in blue Daoist robes and exuding a powerful aura, patrolled along fixed routes.

In the shadows, countless concealed detection barriers and warning arrays, like a dense spiderweb, covered the area.

However, in Chen Ping's eyes, these were not without flaws.

His divine sense, like invisible mercury, spread out silently, precisely avoiding the conventional detection points and penetrating the subtle gaps in the array's operation.

The characteristics of chaotic power allowed him to perceive and manipulate energy to an unfathomable degree.

What he saw was not merely the external form of the formation, but also the flow of its energy and the nodes where laws intertwined.

The Executioner's Residence was located inside the west wall of the City Lord's Mansion, separated from the core inner area by several courtyards and gardens. It was considered a relatively peripheral functional area, but its defenses were still considerable.

A pale blue light membrane enveloped the residence, a basic protective and alert barrier capable of withstanding attacks of a certain intensity and sensing unauthorized intruders.

Chen Ping stopped in the shadow of a rockery, several dozen feet away from the barrier.

He didn't rashly touch the barrier, but observed it carefully.

The energy flow of the barrier followed a fixed pattern, rising and falling like breathing.

At the moment of each "breath," there was an extremely brief energy "blind spot," an unavoidable momentary delay during the formation's self-adjustment.

This blind spot was so subtle as to be almost imperceptible, lasting less than one-hundredth of a breath. Ordinary cultivators' divine sense couldn't detect it, let alone utilize it.

But Chen Ping could.

He silently calculated the frequency of the barrier's energy fluctuations, patiently waiting.

A night breeze rustled through the garden, and a patrol of guards passed by in the distance, their footsteps fading into the distance.

Now!

In that one-in-a-billionth of a second, as the barrier's energy reached its peak and was about to turn to its trough, Chen Ping moved.

Without afterimage, without a sound of air being torn apart, he seemed to transform into a wisp of smoke, passing through that fleeting "gap" with perfect precision, and entering the interior of the barrier.

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Throughout the entire process, the barrier's light membrane didn't even ripple.

Entering the courtyard, the oppressive feeling intensified.

A faint stench of blood and a malevolent aura formed from long-term immersion in killing permeated the air.

The courtyard's architectural style was rugged and cold, primarily constructed of black stone, clashing sharply with the celestial atmosphere of the other areas of the Jade Immortal Mansion.

Chen Ping's divine sense cautiously extended like tentacles.

The academy grounds were quite large, comprising dozens of independent courtyards, most of which were dark, with only a few illuminated.

However, the central "guardhouse" was brightly lit, with two guards of considerable strength standing watch at its entrance.

Based on the rough layout provided by Lianxing and his aura sensing, Chen Ping quickly located a relatively secluded courtyard near a corner, which now faintly emanated the unique blood and qi fluctuations of a fourth-grade Upper Immortal Body Cultivator.

That blood and qi carried the same origin as Tu Gang's, but was more condensed and ferocious; it must be Tu Meng.

As expected, the courtyard's perimeter was also protected by a separate warning array, even more sophisticated than the outer perimeter barrier.

The array was connected to several key points within the courtyard; once triggered, it could not only issue an alarm but also likely launch an attack or trap the enemy.

Chen Ping held his breath, his gaze falling on several inconspicuous rune imprints on the ground near the courtyard entrance and on the surrounding wall.

This is a complex "Earthbound Spirit Net Array," combining sensing, binding, and earth spike attacks.

The array's core should be underground in the center of the courtyard.

A forced entry or violent breakthrough would inevitably alert those inside, potentially even affecting the entire dormitory.

Chen Ping once again demonstrated his astonishing mastery of array formations.

He extended his right index finger, a point of chaotic gray light condensing at its tip, extremely subtle, almost imperceptible.

He pointed in the air, and the gray light at his fingertip transformed into several threads thinner than a hair, silently disappearing into the key rune nodes on the ground.

The power of chaos, the source of all laws, can also assimilate and annihilate all laws.

The thread-like chaotic power precisely cut into the energy flow channels of the array, without damaging its structure, but rather performing an operation that was almost "paralyzing" and "misleading."

They temporarily severed the array's "sensory" transmission to intruders, creating several tiny, self-circulating "dead ends" within its internal energy cycle.

The entire process was silent, like the most skilled physician performing the most delicate surgery.

After a mere three breaths, the array at the courtyard entrance was still operating, its light flickering, but under Chen Ping's manipulation, it had become blind and deaf, oblivious to everything that was about to happen.

Chen Ping's figure blurred, drifting over the courtyard wall like a wisp of smoke and landing in the courtyard.

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The courtyard was small, with three black stone houses in the center. To the left was a stone platform for cultivation, and to the right was a small weapon rack, hanging several heavy ghost-headed swords and chains, reeking of blood.

A dim light shone from the window of the main house in the center, where a burly figure sat cross-legged on a futon, seemingly meditating, but his breathing was slightly disordered, and his brows were furrowed.

It was Tu Meng. His face bore a striking resemblance to Tu Gang's, about seven or eight parts similar, but was far more somber, a deep scar on his left cheek making him appear particularly menacing.

At this moment, his chest heaved slightly, a fine sheen of sweat appearing on his forehead; he was restless.

Just moments ago, Tu Meng, who was circulating his internal energy, had his heart suddenly pound violently, an indescribable chill instantly running down his spine, as if he were being watched by some extremely dangerous being.

This feeling came and went quickly, but it prevented him from entering a state of deep meditation.

He and Tu Gang were twin brothers; though not perfectly aligned, there was a subtle connection between them.

At this moment, he felt a vague sense of unease and emptiness, as if he had lost some important link.

“What’s going on?”

Tu Meng opened his eyes, a fierce glint in them, filled with doubt and wariness. “Could it be that kid A-Gang has gotten into trouble again? Or...”

He recalled the execution at Fallen Soul Slope a month ago, the hateful and defiant eyes of the man and woman before their deaths, especially the man. Despite his cultivation being suppressed, his gaze seemed to see right through people, giving him nightmares afterward.

He shook his head, trying to dispel the unease: "Hmph, two fools who didn't know their own mortality. Even their souls were refined after death. What could they possibly do? They must have been too hasty in their cultivation lately."

Although he comforted himself with this thought, he still decided to go out and patrol, and check the security situation at the inn tonight.

He stood up, walked to the door, and prepared to push it open.

Just as his hand was about to touch the door,

a sudden change occurred!

A very faint ripple silently spread across the space behind him, like an invisible pebble thrown into a calm lake. A figure seemed to step directly from the void, abruptly appearing within three feet of him!

There was no killing intent, no wind, not even a change in temperature.

It wasn't until that hand, as gently as a lover's caress, touched his vital point on the back of his heart that Tu Meng realized it in horror!

"Who?!"

His soul nearly left his body. His muscles tensed instantly, his protective aura surged instinctively, and he lunged forward, opening his mouth to shout to alert the guards outside.

However, it was all too late.

The hand on his back suddenly emitted an indescribable, terrifying suction force and destructive energy!

It wasn't ordinary spiritual power, nor was it chilling ghostly energy or blazing true fire; it was a chaotic void that seemed to devour, disintegrate, and annihilate all things in heaven and earth!

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His powerful protective aura, before this force, was as fragile as ice and snow under the sun, instantly melting and disintegrating. The force penetrated his body, shattering and disintegrating his meridians wherever it passed.

His dantian, like a punctured balloon, released its accumulated primordial energy, cultivated over hundreds of years, which was relentlessly devoured by the chaotic power.

Even more terrifying, this force surged into his consciousness, imprisoning his terrified soul—which was just beginning to coalesce in an attempt to self-destruct or transmit a message.

Then, like a millstone, it slowly crushed and disintegrated him!

“Ugh... Heh heh...”

Tu Meng's eyes bulged, bloodshot, his mouth gaping open, but he could only utter hoarse, leaky hoarse sounds, unable to utter a single word.

He felt his consciousness being dragged into boundless darkness and nothingness, all his power, all his senses, rapidly slipping away from him.

He wanted to turn around, to see who was killing him, but his neck was stiff, unable to even turn it an inch.

Through his blurred vision, he only saw the outline of a long, steady hand, seemingly containing the ultimate truths of heaven and earth.

A voice, calm to the bone, seemed to resonate directly within his soul:

“Sending you down to join your brother.”

Brother?

Ah Gang?

A final flicker of extreme fear and disbelief flashed in Tu Meng's eyes before his consciousness completely sank.

\*Thud!\*

A muffled sound, like a bag full of sand bursting open.

Tu Meng's burly body, starting from the inside out, rapidly turned into a cloud of gray-black dust, falling away like weathered rock.

Even his clothes and storage ring were eroded by the chaotic power, vanishing completely into the air.

Chen Ping withdrew his hand, a fleeting flash of chaotic gray light in his palm.

He stood silently, his divine sense scanning the entire courtyard like the most sophisticated radar, confirming that no trace was left behind and no residual warning mechanisms were triggered.

The entire process, from appearing to killing and then disposing of the body, took only two breaths.

Fast, accurate, ruthless, and silent.

He walked to the window and listened intently to the sounds outside.

The courtyard remained quiet, with only the faint sounds of conversation from the distant guardhouse and the footsteps of patrolling guards further away.

