

The Order 10081

Chapter: 10081

Obtaining the offerings and leaving as soon as possible, he could send someone to investigate the Soul Crystal incident more thoroughly later.

“Yes, yes, the offerings are ready in the storeroom. Please proceed to inspect them, envoy.”

Yu Wuji felt a slight chill, knowing this envoy wasn't so easily fooled, but his expression remained respectful.

The group turned towards the storeroom.

Meanwhile, in Yu Ranran's elegant pavilion.

Chen Ping stood by the window, his gaze seemingly piercing through layers of buildings, landing on the divine envoy who was being fawned over.

Yu Ranran had been temporarily lured to the adjacent quiet room under the pretext of researching a meditation array requiring absolute silence.

As Chen Ping had subtly observed, the guards outside the pavilion were much more lax than in the previous two days, and the intervals between patrols had lengthened.

Especially the several secluded paths leading to the storeroom area, which were now almost deserted.

“A divine envoy... a sixth-grade Upper Immortal...”

Chen Ping murmured to himself, a cold glint forming in his eyes.

This was an opportunity, a chance to contact the divine race, obtain intelligence, and perhaps even find the whereabouts of the Soul Refining Crystal! The old fox Yu Wuji suddenly relaxed his surveillance, his intentions crystal clear: to use someone else to do his dirty work, or to test the waters.

Since that's the case, then so be it!

Chen Ping's figure flickered, as if blending into the shadows, silently leaving the Xiuge Pavilion.

He didn't immediately rush to the treasury, but like the most patient hunter, he followed the deliberately relaxed paths, using his understanding of the Jade Immortal Mansion's formations and the concealment properties of chaotic power to avoid all possible eyes and ears, stealthily making his way.

The treasury was a heavily guarded area.

But at this moment, because of the arrival of the divine envoy, most attention was drawn to the area around the main entrance of the treasury where offerings were exchanged.

Chen Ping appeared like a ghost in a secluded corner at the rear of the treasury.

There was a hidden small door there, used for emergency evacuation or transporting special supplies, its restrictions complex.

But all of this was not insurmountable for Chen Ping, who possessed some of Fei Qing's memories and the power of chaos.

His fingertips flickered with chaotic gray light, like the most skillful key, gently probing into the forbidden node, silently and temporarily "paralyzing" and "assimilating" it.

The small door quietly opened a crack.

Inside the storeroom, the lights were bright.

Yu Wuji was personally accompanying the envoy Yun Ting as they inventoried piles of shimmering spirit crystals, medicinal herbs, ores, and other offerings.

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Several divine guards were scattered on guard.

Chen Ping seemed to merge into the boundary between light and darkness, his aura completely concealed, his gaze quickly sweeping across the storeroom.

His target was not these ordinary offerings, but... the location of the Soul Refining Crystals!

Based on Fei Qing's memories, and the information he had subtly obtained from Yu Ranran over the past few days, the Soul Refining Crystals should be stored in the deepest part of the treasury, in the Xuanbing Chamber, a barrier personally set up by Yu Wuji!

He moved like a slippery fish, weaving through the shadows of massive shelves and mountains of supplies, avoiding the occasional warehouse steward, and stealthily heading in the direction he remembered.

Deep within the warehouse, the temperature dropped noticeably.

A heavy, dark iron gate, engraved with ice runes, appeared before him, its surface shimmering with light and radiating a chilling aura.

It was the Xuanbing Chamber!

Chen Ping was about to try and break down the door when suddenly, he heard light footsteps and voices behind him!

It was Yu Wuji and Envoy Yun Ting, who had finished their transaction and were walking in this direction!

It seemed that Yu Wuji was showing the envoy the wealth of the treasury, or... was he deliberately leading the envoy here?

Chen Ping's heart skipped a beat. He instantly flashed behind a pile of tall ice-attribute ore, completely concealing his aura.

"Envoy, please look. This is the Xuanbing Chamber, where some special resources are stored."

Yu Wuji's voice came, carrying a hint of barely perceptible tension.

Envoy Yun Ting walked to the door of the Xuanbing Chamber, sensing the fluctuations of the protective barrier on the door, and nodded: "The defenses are adequate. Lord Yu, is the unfinished Soul Crystal being condensed here?"

"Indeed."

Yu Wuji replied, "It will take several more days before it can be retrieved."

Envoy Yun Ting stared at the door of the Xuanbing Chamber, his eyes flashing, and suddenly said: "Open it. I want to see the progress with my own eyes."

Yu Wuji's expression changed slightly: "Envoy, the condensation process cannot be disturbed, in case..."

"I know what I'm doing."

Envoy Yun Ting's tone left no room for argument, carrying the arrogance unique to the divine race, "Or is there something... that Lord Yu doesn't want me to see?"

The atmosphere suddenly tensed.

Chen Ping, hiding in the shadows, sneered inwardly.

That old fox Yu Wuji, as expected, had no good intentions. He deliberately lured the envoy to the location of the Soul Crystal's storage, wanting to use the envoy, or perhaps Chen Ping himself who might be lurking nearby, to stir up trouble!

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A flicker of struggle crossed Yu Wuji's face, but he ultimately sighed, seemingly resigned: "Since the envoy insists... so be it."

He stepped forward, his hands forming a hand seal, releasing several beams of spiritual light that landed on the door of the Xuanbing Chamber.

The runes on the door lit up one by one, the chill intensifying, emitting a low rumble as it slowly opened inward.

An even purer, colder aura, mixed with a faint, unsettling wave of resentment, emanated from within.

A hint of satisfaction flashed in the eyes of the Yun Ting envoy, and he stepped forward to enter.

Just as his foot was about to step into the Xuanbing Chamber...

A sudden change occurred!

A hazy gray sword light, without warning, erupted from the shadow of the pile of ice-attribute ores beside him!

Its speed was extreme, seemingly breaking through the limitations of space, aimed straight for the Yun Ting envoy's vitals in the back! Where the sword light passed, even the air itself emitted a faint hissing sound as if being eroded and annihilated!

This was Chen Ping's long-awaited, deadly strike!

The target wasn't Yu Wuji, but this divine envoy!

Envoy Yun Ting, as expected of a sixth-grade Upper Immortal, reacted with lightning speed!

The instant the sword light touched his body, a dazzling silver divine light erupted from his body, and a close-fitting inner armor automatically appeared. Simultaneously, he forcefully twisted his body to the side!

Sizzle!

The hazy sword light pierced through the silver divine light, leaving a deep mark on the high-grade inner armor, almost piercing it through!

The remaining chaotic power seeped into his body, causing Envoy Yun Ting to groan, his face instantly turning pale!

"How dare you!"

Envoy Yun Ting, filled with shock and anger, turned and shouted fiercely. At the same time, a flash of light appeared in his hand, and a longsword, gleaming silver and crackling with lightning, appeared. He slashed fiercely in the direction from which the sword light had come!

However, Chen Ping retreated immediately after the attack, making no attempt to entangle them.

His figure, like a ghost, once again vanished into the shadows, darting towards the outside of the storeroom!

His objective had been achieved: to attack the envoy, create chaos, and test the envoy and Yu Wuji's reactions!

“Stop him!”

Envoy Yun Ting was furious. Someone had dared to ambush him inside the Jade Immortal Mansion’s storeroom!

This was an utter disgrace!

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He moved like lightning, giving chase, his sword flashing like thunder!

Yu Wuji also shouted urgently, “Assassin! Protect the envoy! Close the storeroom! Capture the thief!”

He directed the guards who had rushed to the scene, seemingly cooperating fully in capturing the assassin, but a barely perceptible, eerie glint flashed deep in his eyes.

Chen Ping’s figure moved like a ghost, weaving through the intricate palaces, corridors, gardens, and artificial hills of the Jade Immortal Mansion.

He wasn’t fleeing aimlessly; he was intentionally using the terrain and the mansion’s array to constantly disrupt the vision and senses of the relentlessly pursuing Envoy Yun Ting.

The power of chaos granted him near-perfect stealth abilities. Had the Cloud Servant not used a divine secret technique to lock onto his faint remaining aura, he would have long since shaken him off.

After several close calls, Chen Ping even deliberately provoked the Cloud Servant’s attacks, causing chaos in several unimportant warehouses and gardens.

Finally, like a slippery eel, he narrowly escaped back into the Jade Serene Pavilion just before the Cloud Servant’s furious thunderous sword energy struck.

At this moment, the seemingly lax guards around the pavilion had already been alerted and were tensely setting up defenses.

Chen Ping, however, slipped through a tiny gap in their defenses like a wisp of smoke, instantly returning to the pavilion.

He quickly changed out of his slightly tattered outer robe, let his hair down, and pretended to have just come from studying formations in the meditation room.

Almost instantly after he finished doing this, hurried footsteps and shouts came from outside.

Yu Wuji, his face contorted with shock and rage, was followed by Yun Ting's envoy, his expression ashen and his breathing unsteady, along with a large number of guards on high alert, who surrounded the Xiu Pavilion.

"Search! Don't miss a single corner! That assassin must have escaped into this area!"

Yu Wuji ordered sharply, his gaze sweeping across the pavilion, meeting Chen Ping's eyes as he emerged from his room upon hearing the commotion. A complex, indescribable emotion flickered deep within his eyes.

The guards stormed into the Xiu Pavilion like wolves, ransacking everything, even Yu Ranran's boudoir and quiet room.

Yu Ranran, startled by the commotion, emerged from her quiet room and, seeing the scene, cried out in shock and anger, "Father! What are you doing?! This is my place!"

"Ranran, an assassin has infiltrated the treasury and attacked Yun Ting's envoy. He may have fled here. I am searching," Yu Wuji reassured her, while discreetly observing Chen Ping's reaction. Chen Ping's face showed appropriate surprise and concern: "An assassin? They attacked the envoy? Lord, is the envoy injured?"

Envoy Yun Ting clutched his chest, where the chaotic power had eroded his wound, still throbbing with pain. His face was terrifyingly grim.

His sharp gaze swept over Chen Ping like a knife, then across the entire Xiu Pavilion.

This young man looked frail, and his aura was indeed only around the eighth rank of the Heavenly Immortal Realm, completely different from the ruthless and unpredictable assassin from before.

But...for some reason, he felt something was amiss.

The guards searched for a full half hour, turning the Xiu Pavilion inside and out, naturally finding nothing.

“Lord, no trace of the assassin was found,” the guard captain reported, forcing a smile.

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“Useless trash!”

Yu Wuji feigned rage. “Continue the search! Expand the search area! Seal off the entire inner palace! Don’t let a single fly escape!”

Envoy Yun Ting raised a hand, stopping Yu Wuji’s performance.

He looked coldly at Yu Wuji, his voice filled with suppressed anger: “Lord Yu, I was attacked in your heavily guarded treasury. The assassin moved freely within your residence, finally disappearing without a trace near your daughter’s residence... Shouldn’t you give me a reasonable explanation?”

The atmosphere instantly plummeted to freezing.

All the guards fell silent, even Yu Ranran felt the suffocating pressure.

Yu Wuji took a deep breath, a helpless expression on his face: “Envoy, please calm your anger. This matter... alas, it’s shameful to admit. In recent years, there have been some... restless cultivators who harbor resentment towards the Divine Race and have often criticized my Jade Immortal Palace’s allegiance to them.”

“They dare not confront us directly, so they often cause trouble in secret, spreading rumors, stealing resources, and even... like this time, brazenly attacking the envoy, attempting to damage the relationship between my palace and the Divine Race, and placing my palace in an unjust position!”

His words were earnest, directing the blame towards the cultivators who opposed the Divine Race.

“When I was attacked, the assassin used bizarre and unheard-of power, clearly not that of an ordinary cultivator.”

Envoy Yun Ting stared at Yu Wuji, pressing him relentlessly. “Lord Yu, your treasury is heavily guarded. How did that assassin infiltrate? And how did he know my whereabouts so accurately, ambushing me in front of the Xuanbing Chamber?”

“This...”

Yu Wuji looked troubled. “The treasury’s defenses are complex. That assassin might be an expert in formations. As for his whereabouts... the envoy’s arrival was quite grand; perhaps someone with ulterior motives secretly observed him.”

“It’s all my fault for lax management and negligence, allowing the thief to take advantage! I have ordered a city-wide curfew, sealing all passages, and I will definitely find the murderer and hand him over to the envoy for punishment!”

He was respectful, taking responsibility upon himself, while reiterating that he would investigate with all his might.

Envoy Yun Ting’s eyes flickered, clearly not entirely believing Yu Wuji’s explanation.

The possibility of Jade Immortal Palace plotting something under his nose was far greater than any attempt by rebellious cultivators to infiltrate and assassinate him.

But at this moment, he was alone deep within the core of Jade Immortal Palace. Although he had some guards with him, if he truly broke ties with Yu Wuji, he might not fare well.

Moreover, he was slightly injured, and the strange gray power made him quite wary.

After a moment of contemplation, the Envoy Yun Ting coldly snorted: "Fine, I'll trust you this once. Lord Yu, I hope you can give the Divine Punishment Hall a satisfactory explanation as soon as possible."

"As for the Soul Crystal... since it hasn't been completed, I won't linger any longer. The offering has been handed over, and I will return immediately to report. Lord Yu, take care!"

He gave Yu Wuji a deep look, then glanced at the seemingly innocent Chen Ping and the disgruntled Yu Ranran beside him. He turned and, with his divine guards, left Jade Immortal Palace with a gloomy face amidst Yu Wuji's "respectful farewell."

He needed to collect the offerings elsewhere as quickly as possible, then immediately return to the Hall of Divine Punishment to report today's events, especially Yu Wuji's unusual behavior and the situation with the strange assassin, to the Venerable One.

Watching the envoy Yun Ting's carriage disappear into the horizon, the respect and sorrow on Yu Wuji's face slowly faded, replaced by a deep calm.

He dismissed his guards, leaving only a few trusted confidants to guard the outer perimeter of the Xiu Pavilion.

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"Ranran, go back to your room and rest. I have something to say to Mr. Chen."

Yu Wuji said to his daughter, his tone leaving no room for argument.

Yu Ranran glanced at Chen Ping worriedly. Seeing Chen Ping nod slightly at her, she reluctantly returned to her room.

In the small hall outside the Xiuge Pavilion, only Yu Wuji and Chen Ping remained.

The atmosphere was eerily quiet.

Yu Wuji slowly walked to the main seat and sat down, his gaze sharp as he scrutinized Chen Ping. After a long while, he finally spoke, "Mr. Chen, impressive skill."

Chen Ping's expression remained unchanged. He poured himself a cup of tea and took a small sip. "Why do you say that, Master Yu? I've been studying formations here all this time and am unaware of what's happening outside."

"Heh."

Yu Wuji chuckled, but his smile lacked warmth. "The warehouse assassin, striking and retreating in an instant, with unpredictable movements and peculiar strength, able to move freely within my residence, finally disappearing near Ranran Pavilion... Mr. Chen, do you think such a coincidence is possible?"

Chen Ping put down his teacup and looked up at Yu Wuji. "Does Master Yu suspect me?"

"Not suspect."

Yu Wuji leaned forward slightly, his eyes... The light was sharp as a knife. "It's certain. Although you concealed it well, that gray, annihilating power—in the entire Jade Immortal Mansion, besides you, I can't think of anyone else."

Chen Ping was silent for a moment, then suddenly smiled, but his smile carried a hint of coldness: "Since Lord Yu has already seen through it, why ask such a redundant question? And why deliberately relax the guards to create an opportunity for me?"

"Because I want to know who you really are, and what you want."

Yu Wuji said, enunciating each word clearly, "Now that Envoy Yun Ting is gone, it's just you and me here. Can we be frank?"

Chen Ping's smile faded, his eyes becoming deep and sharp. The aura of a powerful figure was no longer deliberately concealed; though still fluctuating at the eighth rank of the Heavenly Immortal Realm, it brought a subtle pressure to Yu Wuji.

"Since the Lord of the Manor inquires, then this junior will no longer conceal the truth."

Chen Ping slowly said, "My name is Chen Ping, and I do indeed come from the Lower Realm. I have come here to seek out two old acquaintances, seniors Mu Sha and Liu Qingyin."

Upon hearing these two names, Yu Wuji's pupils contracted slightly, and the fingers on the armrest tightened imperceptibly.

"It seems the Lord of the Manor knows them."

Chen Ping stared at Yu Wuji, "This couple was publicly beheaded at Fallen Soul Slope for trespassing and spying on forbidden matters, their souls refined into soul crystals. Was this an order personally given by the Lord of the Manor?"

Yu Wuji remained silent, not denying it.

After a long while, he let out a long breath, his eyes filled with complex emotions: "Indeed, it was my order. But the reasons are not as simple as they are publicly stated."

"I would like to hear the details."

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Chen Ping's voice was calm, yet carried an undeniable resolve.

"Musa and Liu Qingyin..."

Yu Wuji seemed to be recalling something, "They weren't just simple stowaways. They seemed to know something... about how the Divine Race truly controlled the Thirteen Heavens, and their true purpose in collecting Soul Crystals."

“They were secretly contacting some forces dissatisfied with the Divine Race, trying to do something.”

“I don’t know the specific details, but they infiltrated the vicinity of the warehouse, seemingly trying to steal or verify something, and were discovered by the formation.”

“The Divine Race quickly received the news, exerted pressure, and ordered me to deal with them immediately, to execute them at all costs, and to refine their souls into Soul Crystals using the Soul Refining Formation and hand them over.”

He looked at Chen Ping, his tone tinged with helplessness: “Although I am the lord of a palace, I have little choice before the Divine Race.”

“Disobeying the divine decree, the Jade Immortal Palace is in imminent danger of destruction. Regarding the matter of Musa and Liu Qingyin, I... feel ashamed, but I had no choice.”

Chen Ping processed this information, his heart filled with a mixture of anger and grief, but reason kept him calm. “So, where is their Soul Crystal, numbered Jiaxu 73?”

“In the Xuanbing Chamber.”

Yu Wuji said frankly, “But I cannot give it to you.”

“Why?” Chen Ping’s eyes turned cold.

“Because this is my, and also the lifeline of the Jade Immortal Palace.”

Yu Wuji said in a deep voice, “The Divine Race collects Soul Crystals periodically, according to strict rules and for specific purposes. If I were to give this Soul Crystal to you privately, how would I explain myself when the next envoy comes?”

“At that time, the Divine Race will surely be furious and investigate thoroughly. Once they discover that the loss of the Soul Crystal is related to me, no one in the entire Jade Immortal Palace will survive.”

“Young friend Chen, I understand your desire to save your old friend, but on my shoulders lies the survival of millions of lives in the entire Jade Immortal City.”

Chen Ping remained silent.

What Yu Wuji said was indeed the truth.

Forcibly taking the Soul Crystal would be tantamount to pushing the Jade Immortal Palace to its doom, and would also alert the Divine Race, making them even more vigilant.

“You killed Tu Gang, Tu Meng, and Fei Qing, right?” Yu Wuji suddenly asked.

Chen Ping nodded: “Yes. They were merely executors, but their hands were stained with the blood of my old acquaintances.”

Yu Wuji’s face showed no anger, but rather a hint of mockery: “Well done. Fei Qing, on the surface, was loyal to me, but in reality, he had long been secretly bribed by the Divine Clan; he was my biggest informant.”

“Many things I did were hindered because he was watching me. The Tu brothers were his henchmen; their deaths were no loss. By eliminating them, you’ve removed a lot of trouble for me.”

Chen Ping looked at Yu Wuji with some surprise.

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It seemed that this Lord’s resentment and wariness towards the Divine Clan were far deeper than they appeared.

“Lord Yu, you allowed me to attack the envoy today, and you’ve been so frank with me here; I’m afraid you wanted to tell me more than just this, didn’t you?”

Chen Ping, perceptive as ever, asked directly.

Yu Wuji gave Chen Ping a deep look, leaning back slightly, his eyes gleaming with a gambler's shrewdness.

"Young friend Chen, you possess extraordinary skills, boundless potential, and exceptional courage, yet you clearly have a grudge against the Divine Race. Today, you were able to injure Yun Ting, though you benefited from a sneak attack, it's enough to show you do have the ability to contend with, or even fight, the Divine Race."

"I, Yu Wuji, refuse to be the Divine Race's dog for eternity, beholden to them, and do such heinous, soul-draining deeds for them!"

"But I lack the power to resist. Those four Venerables of the Divine Punishment Hall are like four insurmountable mountains."

"Today, by helping you, I'm also helping myself. I want to take a gamble, betting that you, Chen Ping, or the power behind you, have the ability to shake the Divine Race!"

His voice was low, yet filled with determination: "The Mu Sha couple..." "Soul Crystals, I cannot give them to you for now. But I can promise that, given the right opportunity, I will definitely find a way to help you obtain them and see if I can awaken or preserve their remnant souls."

"At the same time, I can provide you with some intelligence about the Divine Race in the Eastern Region, covering your activities in Jade Immortal City and even Azure Nether Immortal Continent, and even... providing you with necessary support at crucial moments."

"In exchange,"

Yu Wuji's gaze was intense, "I want you to promise that if you truly have the ability to fight against the Divine Race, in the future... you must help my Jade Immortal Palace break free from control and gain true freedom!"

“And, you must not harm Ranran. Her devotion to you is genuine.”

Chen Ping listened quietly, her mind racing.

Cooperating with Yu Wuji was undoubtedly extremely risky; once exposed, both of them would be doomed.

But the benefits were also obvious: a powerful ally within the Divine Race’s controlled territory, an ally who understood the Divine Race’s operations, and a glimmer of hope to rescue Senior Musa and his wife.

This was indeed a high-stakes gamble. But Chen Ping had come for revenge and to uncover the truth, already disregarding life and death.

He stood up, walked to Yu Wuji, and extended his hand.

“Your Excellency’s frankness today is admirable. I will avenge Senior Mu Sha and investigate the secrets of the Divine Race.”

“If given the opportunity, I am willing to join hands with Your Excellency to fight for justice for the Jade Immortal Palace and for the oppressed beings of the Thirteen Heavens!”

Chen Ping’s hand clasped tightly with Yu Wuji’s, a fragile alliance formed.

But the flames of revenge and investigation in Chen Ping’s heart did not subside; instead, they burned even more fiercely.

Simply injuring Yun Ting was far from enough.

He needed to delve deeper, to make more direct contact with the core of the Divine Race!

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“Lord Yu...”

Chen Ping released his grip, his gaze intense. “Will Envoy Yun Ting return directly to the Divine Punishment Hall after leaving?”

Yu Wuji shook his head: “No. His trip is routine for collecting offerings and soul crystals from several forces in the Eastern Region; Yu Immortal Mansion is just one stop along the way.”

“According to custom, he will continue to the next location, which should be the Xuanbing Valley in the northern part of the Eastern Region. He will only return to the Divine Punishment Hall to report after all his missions are completed.”

“Xuanbing Valley... how long will it take to get there?” Chen Ping pressed.

“It could take half a day, or at most a day. His jade carriage isn’t slow, but carrying a large amount of offerings and following a fixed route and handover procedure, it won’t be too fast.”

Yu Wuji seemed to have guessed Chen Ping’s thoughts, frowning, “Young friend Chen, you wouldn’t happen to be...”

“That’s right.”

A cold glint flashed in Chen Ping’s eyes, “I want this Envoy Yun Ting to stay permanently. Then, I’ll use his identity for my own purposes.”

“Absolutely not!”

Yu Wuji blurted out, his expression grave, “Yun Ting is a sixth-grade Upper Immortal, and an elite member of the Divine Race, not someone to be trifled with.”

“He also has dozens of Divine Race guards with him, none of them ordinary. Although you can injure him, the odds of winning in a direct confrontation are uncertain.”

“Moreover, the Divine Race...” “The clan envoy has perished abroad; the Divine Punishment Hall will surely be enraged and will send even stronger figures to investigate. The risk is too great!”

Chen Ping, however, appeared confident: “Lord, there’s no need to worry. I’m confident in a direct confrontation.”

“As for the risks... since I’ve decided to be an enemy of the Divine Clan, I’ve already disregarded life and death.”

“If I can infiltrate the Divine Clan’s stronghold as Yun Ting, gather intelligence, and even uncover the secrets of the Soul Crystals, this risk is worth taking.”

He paused, looking at Yu Wuji: “Besides, this is the first step in our cooperation, isn’t it? If I can’t even handle an injured Yun Ting, how can I talk about shaking the Divine Clan?”

Yu Wuji looked at Chen Ping’s calm yet incredibly confident eyes, and his heart trembled.

This young man was not only incredibly audacious, but also seemed to possess some unknown trump card.

Perhaps... he really could do it?

After a long period of contemplation, a decisive glint flashed in Yu Wuji’s eyes. Since the bet had already been placed, why not go even higher! “Alright!”

Yu Wuji said in a deep voice, “After Yun Ting leaves my Jade Immortal City, his route to the Profound Ice Valley will inevitably pass through Black Wind Gorge.”

“The terrain there is treacherous, the spiritual energy is chaotic, and spatial turbulence is frequent, making it an excellent ambush location. I can give you a detailed route map.”

“However...”

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He solemnly instructed, “You must kill him in one strike, leaving no survivors or traces!”

“Furthermore, Yun Ting must possess a secret treasure or restriction for emergency communication with the Divine Punishment Hall. We must be extremely careful; ideally, we should instantly imprison his soul to prevent him from transmitting messages or self-destructing!”

“I understand.”

Chen Ping nodded.

Soul searching was originally his plan.

He not only wanted to kill, but also to obtain memories.

The two discussed in secret for a while, finalizing the details.

Yu Wuji gave Chen Ping a clearly marked route map and information about the various survival and communication methods Yun Ting might possess.

Chen Ping entered the Demon-Suppressing Tower, using the time within to further adjust his state, digest the gains from his dual cultivation with Yu Ranran, and push his combat power to its peak.

While only half a day passed outside, dozens of days had gone by inside the tower.

Chen Ping quietly left the Xiuge Pavilion, still avoiding the lax guards, like a ghost in the night, leaving the Jade Immortal Mansion and speeding towards the Black Wind Gorge indicated by Yu Wuji.

He didn't use any overly conspicuous movement techniques or magical treasures, only simulating ordinary escape light with the power of chaos, yet his speed was incredibly fast.

Black Wind Gorge is located between two towering mountain ranges, perpetually shrouded in black gales.

The gorge is deep and rugged, with eerie black whirlwinds constantly howling around it. These winds can not only disrupt divine sense but also interfere with spatial stability and communication fluctuations to a certain extent, making it a natural treasure trove for murder, robbery, and ambush.

Chen Ping arrived ahead of time, carefully surveying the terrain. He chose a spot where the canyon bend was steep, flanked by precipitous cliffs, and where the black whirlwind was most violent and chaotic.

He didn't set up a complex array. Instead, he subtly merged his own chaotic power with the surrounding disordered spiritual energy and the raging black whirlwind, becoming one with the canyon environment, his aura completely disappearing.

Like the most patient hunter, he lay in wait.

About two hours later, the familiar cry of a phoenix and the sound of a chariot cutting through the air drifted from the horizon.

A magnificent chariot pulled by a three-headed jade phoenix, escorted by dozens of silver-armored guards, was flying towards Black Wind Canyon along a predetermined route.

Inside the chariot, Envoy Yun Ting's face remained grim. Although he had temporarily suppressed the injury to his chest caused by the chaotic power using a divine secret technique, it still ached faintly, making him extremely depressed.

The details of the attack on Jade Immortal Mansion replayed in his mind, along with Yu Wuji's seemingly respectful yet subtly cunning demeanor, fueling his growing suspicions.

“Speed up, get through the canyon ahead,” Yun Ting commanded in a deep voice. The Black Wind Canyon was a harsh environment, and he instinctively didn’t want to linger.

The carriage accelerated, rushing into the canyon.

Just as the carriage reached the narrowest point of the canyon, where the black whirlwind was at its most violent, another unexpected event occurred!