

## **The Order 10091**

Chapter: 10091

From the seemingly empty pile of rocks below, a figure shot into the sky without warning!

There was no elaborate spellcasting, no massive energy fluctuations, only a condensed, almost ethereal, gray finger strike, silent yet lightning-fast, aimed directly at the core of the carriage!

The target was none other than Yun Ting, the envoy seated within!

This single finger strike contained all of Chen Ping's current energy and spirit, as well as the purest annihilation properties of chaotic power!

This attack was several times more powerful than the previous ambush in the warehouse!

"Enemy attack!"

Envoy Yun Ting's hair stood on end, his sense of crisis instantly overwhelming him!

He roared, unleashing his divine power without reservation. Layers of defensive divine light instantly illuminated the carriage, and he retreated rapidly, trying to break through the carriage to escape!

However, he was still a fraction too slow!

That hazy gray finger force seemed to ignore spatial distance, carving a path through the layers of divine light defense, and precisely striking Envoy Yun Ting's brow!

\*Poof!\*

A soft sound.

Envoy Yun Ting's retreating figure abruptly froze!

His eyes widened, his face filled with disbelief, horror, and despair.

At his brow, a tiny gray dot rapidly spread, and wherever it passed, flesh, bones, and even the soul hidden within, silently turned to ashes like a weathered sand sculpture! He didn't even have a chance to crush the emergency communication jade talisman in his robes!

One move, and he instantly killed a sixth-grade Immortal Realm divine envoy!

"Envoy!"

The surrounding silver-armored guards were utterly horrified, but their reaction was lightning-fast. They instantly formed a battle formation, unleashing a barrage of divine light, magical treasures, and spells upon the figure that had appeared!

Chen Ping didn't even glance at the attacks. With a flicker of his body, he appeared beside the slowly falling corpse of Envoy Yun Ting, his hand resting on its head.

Soul Search!

A massive amount of memory fragments, carrying the divine race's cultivation methods, intelligence on various forces in the Eastern Region, some information about the Divine Punishment Hall, and some vague understanding of the collection and use of Soul Crystals, flooded into Chen Ping's sea of consciousness like a tidal wave.

He quickly filtered and extracted the key information, while simultaneously using the power of chaos to protect his own soul from any potential backlash from the divine race's soul-binding restrictions.

At the same time, the chaotic power around him spread out like an invisible domain. The divine light and magical treasures that bombarded him disappeared as soon as they entered the domain, quickly dimming and dissipating, unable to get close at all!

“A monster...a monster!”

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The silver-armored guards were terrified.

Their attacks were completely ineffective against the enemy?!

Chen Ping had completed the initial soul-searching of Yun Ting’s memories, a knowing and cold glint in his eyes.

He raised his head, looking at the terrified divine guards.

To cut the weeds, one must nip them in the bud.

He moved again, transforming into a gray streak of light, weaving through the silver-armored guards’ battle formation.

Wherever he passed, chaotic energy surged, and whether it was sturdy silver armor, fierce attacks, or vibrant life, all were rapidly annihilated and dissipated under the gray light.

There were no screams, no fierce resistance, only a silent and efficient massacre.

In just a dozen breaths, the canyon returned to calm.

Chen Ping hovered in mid-air, holding several storage rings and several key tokens from Yun Ting’s envoy.

He closed his eyes, light and shadow swirling around him, his bones crackling slightly, and his face, figure, and aura began to rapidly change.

A few breaths later, another Yun Ting envoy appeared in the same spot.

Wine-white star-patterned robes, an arrogant and sinister face, the fluctuations of a sixth-grade Upper Immortal, even the haughtiness of a god and the trace of lingering melancholy from injury in his eyes were perfectly imitated.

Chen Ping stretched his neck, sensing this new identity.

From Yun Ting's memories, he learned the complete route of this inspection tour, the handover between various forces, some of the rules of the Divine Punishment Hall, and even... some chilling speculations about the ultimate use of Soul Crystals.

His original plan was to impersonate Yun Ting and go directly to the Divine Punishment Hall to investigate.

But the information obtained from the soul search made him change his mind.

The Hall of Divine Punishment was heavily guarded, with four Venerables stationed there year-round. His sudden departure would be extremely risky; a single misstep could expose him.

Furthermore, Yun Ting's memories indicated that the Divine Race had special methods for verifying the identities of envoys, not merely relying on appearance and tokens, but also requiring the verification of a unique divine imprint.

Although Chen Ping could mimic auras, he couldn't completely replicate this imprint, which involved the core of the Divine Race, and a forced attempt would easily expose him.

"Since I can't go to the Hall of Divine Punishment for the time being..."

A cold smile curled at the corner of Chen Ping's lips. "Then I'll make good use of this identity and do something else."

His gaze fell upon the list of forces Yun Ting was about to visit, as recorded in his memories.

The Profound Ice Valley, the Blazing Sun Sect, the Azure Wood Sect... these were all powerful sects in the Azure Nether Immortal Continent of the Eastern Region, requiring them to pay huge tributes to the Divine Race every year. "Including massive amounts of elemental crystals, rare medicinal herbs, rare mineral deposits, and... those chilling soul crystals.

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'Cultivation resources are always better in abundance.'

Chen Ping muttered to himself, his eyes gleaming.

He had just arrived in the Thirteenth Heaven, and although his opportunities were good, resources were paramount to quickly improve his strength and prepare for potential future battles.

The Jade Immortal Palace's resources were limited, and using too much would easily arouse suspicion.

Now, with the guise of a divine envoy, he could openly...collect some.

This wasn't just about amassing wealth; it was also a further test of the various forces' attitudes towards the divine race. Perhaps he could even discover those like Yu Wuji who outwardly obeyed but inwardly resentful, and maybe even find clues about more secrets of the divine race.

With the plan set, Chen Ping didn't delay any longer.

The magnificent jade phoenix chariot, with its three jade phoenix steeds, remained as before.

" Meanwhile, he transformed the corpses of the dozens of silver-armored guards into puppets, each one expressionless, awaiting Chen Ping's commands!

Chen Ping boarded the carriage, mimicking Yun Ting's usual demeanor, and lazily leaned against the soft couch, ordering the void, "Depart, to Xuanbing Valley."

The carriage turned around and, surrounded by dozens of silver-armored guards, flew off towards Xuanbing Valley with great pomp.

A special journey, ostensibly undertaken by a divine envoy but in reality for plunder and reconnaissance, had begun.

The carriage sped along, piercing through clouds and mist.

Chen Ping sat upright inside the carriage, eyes closed in meditation, but in reality, he was rapidly digesting and consolidating the information extracted from Yun Ting's memories, adjusting his aura and demeanor to ensure a flawless performance.

The journey from Jade Immortal Mansion to Xuanbing Valley was not far.

In less than half a day, the chill intensified ahead, and the outline of a vast valley covered in pristine snow and millennia-old ice appeared on the horizon.

At the valley entrance, a large contingent already stood in solemn anticipation.

Led by the Valley Master of Xuanbing Valley, Hanming Shangren, several elders and core disciples, dressed in their finest attire, eagerly awaited their arrival amidst the biting wind.

When they saw the familiar jade carriage and silver-armored guards on the horizon, everyone's spirits lifted, and their faces immediately beamed with the most respectful and fervent smiles.

The carriage slowly descended, and Hanming Shangren immediately led everyone forward, bowing deeply, his voice loud and resonant with respect: "The entire Xuanbing Valley warmly welcomes Envoy Yunting! Envoy, you have had a long journey!"

Chen Ping, mimicking Yunting's arrogant and indifferent demeanor, nodded slightly, not even bothering to glance at Hanming Shangren.

He merely grunted a soft “hmm” and, led by the bowing Venerable Hanming, walked towards the most magnificent main hall in the valley, carved from a single block of black ice.

Along the way, all the Xuanbing Valley disciples stood with their heads bowed, barely daring to breathe, their eyes filled with awe for the divine envoy and a hint of barely concealed fear.

Upon entering the main hall, the temperature plummeted, yet the atmosphere became even more solemn and luxurious.

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The hall was already prepared with the finest ice marrow jade table, upon which were displayed crystal-clear spiritual fruits and fragrant ice-attribute immortal wine.

“Envoy, please take a seat!”

Venerable Hanming personally pulled out the main ice chair for Chen Ping, his attitude utterly humble.

Chen Ping sat down without ceremony, his gaze sweeping over the slightly tense crowd in the hall. He cut to the chase, his tone carrying the unquestionable authority characteristic of the divine race: “Valley Master Hanming, my time is limited. Are the offerings and soul crystals ready?”

“Ready! Ready long ago!”

Master Hanming quickly replied, waving his hand. Immediately, disciples brought in several jade boxes exuding a chilling aura and a specially crafted cold jade box inscribed with sealing runes.

The jade boxes were opened, revealing neatly arranged, high-quality ice-attribute elemental crystals, along with many rare spiritual herbs and ores grown in extremely cold lands, their spiritual energy radiating.

Inside the cold jade box lay a soul crystal, numbered Yi Hai 18, emitting a faint blue light and containing what appeared to be icy, flocculent fluids.

Chen Ping scanned the area with his divine sense, confirming the quantity and quality were correct. He was particularly struck by the Soul Crystal; the icy soul power and resentment it contained chilled him slightly, but he showed no sign of it on his face.

He lightly tapped the ice table with his fingers and said calmly, "Counted correctly. Offering, I will take the Soul Crystal with me."

His tone was calm, yet carried an invisible pressure.

"Yes, yes, yes!"

Master Hanming felt as if he had been granted a pardon. He quickly ordered his men to put away the jade box and personally presented the sealed Frost Jade Box to Chen Ping.

Chen Ping casually put it away, not giving it much of a look. This was merely a formality.

However, the main event was just beginning.

Seeing that the envoy had accepted the item and his expression seemed acceptable, Master Hanming immediately gave a signal.

An elder understood and presented an even more exquisite and smaller Frost Jade Box.

He bowed and said, "The envoy has traveled a long way, you must be very tired. This is a Mind-Clearing and Spirit-Concentrating Pill, refined from the Ten-Thousand-Year-Old Ice Heart Lotus, a specialty of my Xuanbing Valley. It is greatly beneficial to cultivation. I offer it to the envoy as a small token of my appreciation, and hope the envoy will accept it."

Chen Ping raised an eyebrow, took the ice jade box, and opened it. A refreshing chill and medicinal fragrance wafted out. Inside were three pills, each the size of a longan, ice-blue in color, with clear pill patterns.

Indeed, a good thing. It has miraculous effects on stabilizing the mind and aiding in the cultivation of ice-attribute techniques.

Outside the world, it would be enough to cause a frenzy.

“Valley Master Hanming is too kind.”

A very faint smile finally appeared on Chen Ping’s lips as he put away the ice jade box.

This was a personal tribute.

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Seeing the envoy accept the gift, Hanming Shangren felt relieved, his smile widening. He pressed his advantage, saying, “The envoy must be weary from his journey. Why not rest in the valley for a couple of days?”

“I have already ordered the most secluded Ice Soul Cave to be prepared, and selected several female disciples skilled in ice dance, knowledgeable in music, and whose primordial yin has not been lost, to attend to the envoy’s needs and relieve his fatigue...”

As he spoke, he clapped his hands lightly.

The beaded curtain beside the hall fluttered, and four beautiful young women, dressed in light, flowing ice silk, with exquisitely beautiful features and a cold yet alluring demeanor, gracefully entered. They bowed gracefully to Chen Ping, their voices soft and sweet: “Greetings, Your Excellency the Envoy.”

These young women were all at the fourth rank of the Upper Immortal level, clearly carefully cultivated by Xuanbing Valley to curry favor with important figures.

If it were the real Yun Ting, perhaps he would gladly accept them.

Chen Ping sneered inwardly, but his face betrayed a hint of impatience: "I have important matters to attend to; how can I indulge in pleasure? The cave dwelling is sufficient; all other personnel, please leave."

Chen Ping feared that being with these female cultivators would expose his identity.

Han Ming Shangren's heart tightened. He quickly waved for the girls to leave, inwardly cursing himself for perhaps having flattered the wrong person; the envoy seemed to be in a truly bad mood today.

So he quickly tried to salvage the situation: "Yes, yes, yes, the envoy's diligence in his duties is admirable. The cave dwelling is ready; it will be absolutely quiet, and no one will disturb the envoy's cultivation!"

That was exactly what he wanted—absolute quiet and undisturbed!

Chen Ping's expression softened slightly, and he nodded: "Lead the way."

Deep within the Xuanbing Valley, a cave dwelling located at the core of a giant ice marrow mine, where the spiritual energy was so dense it manifested as tangible ice mist, and which was reinforced with multiple layers of isolation arrays, was respectfully offered to Chen Ping.

Chen Ping entered the cave, carefully scanning it with his divine sense to confirm there were no surveillance or spying arrangements. He immediately activated the cave's built-in and his own added concealment and protection formations.

Then, with a thought, the ancient Demon-Suppressing Tower appeared in his palm, rapidly enlarging to a suitable size.

The tower door opened, and Chen Ping slipped inside.

Inside the Demon-Suppressing Tower.

Chen Ping carefully sealed the Soul-Refining Crystal, numbered Yi Hai 18, in a specially made jade box and affixed a talisman.

He couldn't save the soul within now, but he had to at least safeguard it.

Then, he took out the Mind-Clearing and Spirit-Concentrating Pills given to him by Venerable Hanming, as well as some cultivation resources he had plundered from Yun Ting that originally belonged to the Divine Punishment Hall.

"Let's begin."

Chen Ping sat cross-legged and circulated the \*Chaos Dao Scripture\*.

The dense chaotic energy resonated with his own power, and he swallowed the three Mind-Clearing and Spirit-Concentrating Pills, their medicinal effects dissolving.

Not only did it nourish his soul, but it also subtly harmonized with the power of chaos, making its operation more harmonious and smooth.

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The rudimentary understanding of the divine race's cultivation system he had gained from Yun Ting's memories now became nourishment.

He analyzed and absorbed it using the Dao of Chaos, taking its essence and discarding its dross, further refining his understanding of higher-level power.

Time quietly passed within the tower.

While only two hours passed outside, several days had gone by inside the tower.

The medicinal power of the three precious pills had been completely absorbed and refined. Chen Ping's aura became more solid and profound, and his control over the power of chaos had improved slightly.

He hadn't broken through to a higher realm, but his foundation had become increasingly solid, and his application of power was more refined.

"Time to go to the next stop."

Chen Ping opened his eyes, his inner light concealed.

He left the Demon-Suppressing Tower, put away the pagoda, dispelled the formation, and walked out of the cave.

Outside the cave, Venerable Hanming was already respectfully waiting. Upon seeing Chen Ping emerge, he immediately stepped forward to inquire, "Envoy, are you well? Please do not hesitate to ask if you require anything."

Chen Ping simply nodded slightly, "I am alright. I am heading to the Blazing Sun Sect. You all should take care of yourselves."

"Respectfully seeing off the Envoy!"

The entire Xuanbing Valley once again poured out to respectfully escort the jade carriage into the sky until it disappeared from sight. Only then did many breathe a sigh of relief, wiping away non-existent cold sweat from their brows.

The next stop was the Blazing Sun Sect.

Compared to the icy cold of Xuanbing Valley, the Blazing Sun Sect was situated atop several active fire veins, filled with scorching lava lakes and crimson rocks.

The Blazing Sun Sect Master, Chi Yan, was a burly man with a red face and a seemingly fiery temper, but before the divine envoy, he was as docile as a lamb.

The same grand welcome, the same respectful awe.

The offerings were counted; the soul crystal, numbered Yi Hai 22, containing scorching soul power, was collected. Then came the personal offerings.

Master Chiyan presented three Earthfire Blood Corals growing deep within magma, and a pot of Fiery Immortal Wine brewed from ten-thousand-year-old Fire Dates—both top-tier treasures for tempering the body and nourishing fire-attribute immortal power.

“I heard the envoy was somewhat disturbed at the Jade Immortal Mansion the other day?”

Master Chiyan, well-informed, asked cautiously, presenting the gifts along with his offerings. “These small items may help the envoy calm his mind and consolidate his cultivation.”

Chen Ping snorted coldly, tacitly acknowledging the attack. He accepted the gifts, but his expression darkened further, perfectly displaying the displeasure of an envoy who had suffered a loss.

Seeing this, Master Chiyan dared not say more, quickly assuring him, “Rest assured, envoy, my Blazing Sun Sect is absolutely loyal, and our offerings have never been lacking!”

“We have also prepared the most secure secret chamber for you; no outsiders can disturb you!”

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As for offering beautiful women?

Seeing the envoy’s expression, True Immortal Crimson Flame tactfully refrained from mentioning it, only hinting that arrangements could be made at any time if the envoy was interested.

Chen Ping wanted the secret chamber.

After entering the secret chamber provided by the Blazing Sun Sect—located deep within a volcano, surrounded by scorching lava yet remarkably stable—he set up an array and entered the Demon-Suppressing Tower.

He refined the Earth Fire Blood Coral with chaotic power. The pure fire-attribute energy within didn't clash with his physique; instead, it was transformed by the chaotic power into the most primal vitality and strength, nourishing his meridians and acupoints.

After drinking the flaming immortal wine, it was like swallowing a warm current, spreading throughout his limbs and bones, further tempering his physique.

He spent another considerable amount of time cultivating inside the tower.

Chen Ping's physical strength subtly increased.

When leaving the Blazing Sun Sect, True Immortal Crimson Flame, along with the entire sect, practically knelt to see the envoy off, praying that this seemingly displeased ancestor wouldn't cause any trouble on their turf.

Next stop: Qingmu Sect.

Qingmu Sect is situated within a vast ancient forest, its buildings largely coexisting with giant trees, brimming with life.

The sect leader, Fairy Qingye, is a still-charming middle-aged beauty, gentle in demeanor yet possessing an exceptionally delicate mind.

After the routine business, Fairy Qingye presented a personal gift: a small bottle of ten-thousand-year-old Qingmu spiritual essence and several Life-Creating Pills, all priceless treasures for healing, prolonging life, and strengthening one's foundation.

"The envoy's complexion seems even better than before, and his cultivation has improved considerably; truly a cause for celebration."

Fairy Qingye smiled charmingly, her words perfectly timed. "This is a small token of our Qingmu Sect's appreciation; we earnestly hope the envoy will accept it. We have prepared a 'Yi Wood Spiritual Cave' for you within the sect, a most tranquil and peaceful place, conducive to regulating your energy."

She had also heard of the Jade Immortal Mansion, but remained silent, only offering the best possible resting environment.

Chen Ping accepted everything without question. In the tranquil spiritual cave provided by the Green Wood Sect, located within the heart of an ancient spiritual tree, he once again entered the Demon-Suppressing Tower.

The ten-thousand-year-old Green Wood Spiritual Marrow contained boundless life essence, and the Life-Creating Pill was a precious medicine for nourishing the soul and body.

Using these resources, Chen Ping completely eliminated the potential instability in his foundation caused by his rapid cultivation and continuous absorption of resources of different attributes over the past few days. His soul became increasingly crystalline and translucent, his physical body vibrant with life, achieving a more beautiful balance with the chaotic power filled with destructive energy.

When he left the Green Wood Sect, his cultivation had firmly established itself at the ninth rank of the Celestial Immortal Realm, only a hair's breadth away from the Upper Immortal Realm.

His aura was perfectly smooth and unimpeded, without the slightest sense of emptiness that comes with rapid advancement.

Qingye Fairy sensed the increasingly unfathomable and innate aura emanating from Chen Ping, and her awe deepened. She graciously bid him farewell.

Thus, Chen Ping, disguised as Yun Ting, traveled like an emperor on a royal tour.

Wherever he went, all forces trembled with fear, doing everything in their power to curry favor.

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Precious cultivation resources, rare natural treasures, and even stunning female cultivation vessels... all sorts of tributes were continuously presented to him.

He, utilizing the privileges granted by his envoy status, requested an absolutely secluded and secure retreat in each faction before entering the Demon Suppression Tower to efficiently convert the resources he gained into his own strength.

The time difference within the Demon Suppression Tower gave him seemingly unlimited cultivation time.

The accumulation of massive resources, coupled with the all-encompassing nature of the Chaos Dao, allowed his cultivation to steadily and solidly improve at an unimaginable speed.

Throughout this process, Chen Ping's strength actually reached the peak of the ninth rank of the Celestial Immortal Realm!

With continued effort, he would soon reach the Upper Immortal Realm!

"This strength is sufficient. It's time to meet those four Venerables of the Divine Punishment Hall!"

Chen Ping felt the surging power within his body, his heart filled with unparalleled confidence!

Chen Ping drove the Jade Phoenix Chariot towards the Divine Punishment Hall!

The Jade Phoenix Chariot was put away by Chen Ping when it was thousands of miles away from the Divine Punishment Hall.

Dozens of silver-armored puppet guards were easily annihilated by him. While these puppets could provide a show of force, in a heavily guarded place like the Divine Punishment Hall, a slight mishap would expose their true nature.

Chen Ping alone mounted his escape light and flew towards the magnificent complex of buildings shrouded in pale golden divine light.

The closer he got, the stronger the oppressive aura emanating from the divine race's majesty became.

The entire Divine Punishment Hall complex resembled a lurking behemoth, exuding an aura that sent shivers down one's spine.

The towering palaces were arranged according to some profound pattern, vaguely forming a peerless array covering a radius of a thousand miles, resonating with the laws of heaven and earth.

Chen Ping felt a chill run down his spine, but his face maintained the arrogance unique to the Envoy of Cloud Thunder, along with a trace of the gloom lingering from his injuries sustained in the attack.

He carefully concealed the fluctuations of chaotic power, perfectly mimicking Yun Ting's divine power characteristics. This was a precious technique he had gained from soul searching; while it couldn't completely replicate the divine imprint, it was enough to deceive most inspections.

Upon arriving at the majestic palace gates, two divine generals clad in golden armor, their auras reaching the peak of the third rank of the Upper Immortal Realm, stood solemnly like two gatekeepers.

Their gazes were like lightning, scanning each approaching individual, their eyes carrying the unique arrogance and indifference of the divine race.

Seeing Chen Ping fly in, the cold-faced divine general on the left stepped forward and routinely barked, "Halt! State your identities!"

Chen Ping stopped his escape, his face immediately plastered with Yun Ting's usual obsequious smile, and he bowed slightly: "Both divine generals have worked hard. I am Yun Ting, the envoy on patrol. I have completed this round of collection missions in the Eastern Region and have come to report to Your Excellency."

As he spoke, he revealed a token representing his envoy status and several other tokens.

The divine general accepted the token, infused it with divine power to verify it, and then carefully examined Chen Ping's face and aura.

After a moment, he nodded and handed the token back: "Identity confirmed. Go in; Venerable Xuanbing should be in the side hall right now."

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Chen Ping felt a slight relief and was about to step forward.

"Wait."

The divine general on the right, who had been silent until now but whose eyes had become even sharper, suddenly spoke.

He stared at Chen Ping, his gaze like a blade: "Envoy Yun Ting, why didn't you send back the record jade slip of your collection trip beforehand via the communication array? According to the rules, an envoy must immediately send back a backup record after completing each collection."

Chen Ping's heart skipped a beat. Yun Ting's memories did indeed contain this detail, but it wasn't absolutely strict; sometimes delays could occur due to various reasons.

He immediately feigned perfectly measured shame and lingering fear: "Reporting to the Divine General, this trip... encountered some unexpected events. We were attacked by unknown assassins at Jade Immortal Mansion, and the communication jade slip was damaged in the battle."

"Subsequent collections at several locations were also rushed due to the assassins' harassment, and we didn't have time to repair the communication in time. This matter... I need to report to the Venerable One in detail."

"Attacked?"

The two Divine Generals exchanged a glance, their eyes now scrutinizing him.

The Divine General on the left said coldly, "In that case, open your storage bag. I need to verify the quantity of offerings and soul crystals. Only after verification can you enter and report back."

This was an extra layer of obstruction.

According to normal procedure, the envoy only needs to report to their direct Venerable One for handover; the gatekeeper Divine General has no right to inspect the specific supplies.

Chen Ping's smile froze, then turned into a suppressed anger.

This was precisely Yun Ting's typical reaction when being obstructed.

He straightened his back, his tone hardening: "Two generals, according to the palace rules, envoys only need to hand over and inspect supplies to their direct superior. Have you overstepped your authority? Do you suspect me of embezzling?"

He deliberately raised his voice, drawing the attention of several patrolling divine guards nearby.

The general on the right's face darkened: "Yun Ting! Mind your place! It's my duty to inspect; what's wrong with that? Your hesitation suggests some shady business."

The atmosphere instantly became tense.

Chen Ping sneered inwardly, but outwardly displayed resentment at being humiliated.

He took a step forward, staring at the general, and said, word by word, "I was attacked on this mission, risking my life to complete it, and rushed back with injuries."

"You show no compassion for your comrade's hardships, yet you still make things difficult for me without reason! Do you think I'm made of clay?"

"You!" The general on the right roared, golden light surging from his body. Just then, Chen Ping moved!

Fast!

Extremely fast!

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The two divine generals only saw a blur before Chen Ping's figure approached like a ghost.

Without using any divine power or magic, he simply raised his hands.

\*Slap!\*

\*Slap!\*

Two crisp, resounding slaps landed squarely on the faces of the two divine generals!

The force was perfectly controlled, neither triggering their protective divine light's automatic counterattack, yet striking with tremendous force, causing their heads to tilt to the side, their cheeks visibly swelling and reddening!

This left not only the two divine generals stunned, but even the nearby patrolling guards were dumbfounded, watching this scene in disbelief.

The envoy...slapped the gatekeeper divine generals?

At the entrance to the Hall of Divine Punishment?

This was utterly outrageous!

"You...you dare hit us?!"

The left-hand general clutched his face, his eyes blazing with fury. His terrifying aura as a peak third-grade Upper Immortal erupted, ready to strike.

“So what if I hit you?!”

Chen Ping advanced instead of retreating, unleashing his terrifying pressure without reservation, his cultivation level firmly surpassing the two generals.

His eyes were icy cold as he swept over them, his voice like a biting winter wind:

“I am a direct envoy of Venerable Xuanbing, carrying out a mission personally assigned by the Venerable!”

“You are nothing but gatekeepers, daring to point fingers at me? These two slaps today are to teach you a lesson!”

“If you dare obstruct me again, delaying my important mission to report to the Venerable...can you bear the consequences?!”

His words alluded to the Venerable and the mission, hurling accusations at them relentlessly.

The two generals trembled with rage, but seeing Chen Ping’s cold, murderous gaze...

Feeling the suppression of the opponent’s cultivation level, and considering the unimaginable consequences of delaying the envoy’s report to the Venerable... their burning anger was forcibly suppressed.

The divine race was strictly hierarchical, with a clear distinction between superior and inferior.

Although Yun Ting was merely an envoy, as a confidant of Venerable Xuanbing, his status was indeed higher than theirs as gatekeeper generals.

Normally, everyone was polite, but if things really came to a head, they might not fare well.