

The Order 8891

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Zi Yuan finished, her face flushing red as a monkey's bottom!

"It's just a small matter. If the toxins in Miss Ziyuan's body haven't been completely cleared, I can help you," Chen Ping said nonchalantly!

Ziyuan shook her head and said, "Maybe it's not completely cleared. Lately, I've been feeling a tingling sensation, like little bugs crawling around. It's like the toxins are about to erupt."

"In that case, I'll help you suck out all the toxins!" Chen Ping said, leaning forward!

Ziyuan closed her eyes and allowed Chen Ping to manipulate her, not resisting at all, simply enjoying it.

After a long moment, Chen Ping finally stopped, looked at Ziyuan, and asked, "Miss Ziyuan, how are you feeling?"

"Much better," Ziyuan nodded. "Let's hurry back to the Divine Capital. I'm worried that Liu Kun might harm the King."

"Okay!" Chen Ping nodded.

With that, he raised his hand, opened the tower door, and helped Ziyuan out.

After Chen Ping and his companions left, the Demon-Suppressing Tower instantly shrank and returned to Chen Ping's grasp.

At this moment, the sky outside was just beginning to brighten. Chen Ping gazed towards the Divine Capital, his eyes gleaming with determination.

The two men concealed their presence and quickly headed towards the Divine Capital.

In the Divine Capital Imperial Palace, the Hall of Supreme Harmony was filled with curls of incense, and the atmosphere was solemn.

The three-day deadline had arrived. Princess Wu Yue, dressed in an elaborate crimson wedding gown and a seven-tailed phoenix crown, was adorned with pearls and jade. Her beautiful face showed no trace of joy, only a firmness that belied her age.

Wu Hao sat upright on the dragon throne, his gaze on his daughter with a complicated expression.

He stood up and descended the imperial steps, personally adjusting the tassels on Wu Yue's phoenix crown. His voice was low and solemn: "Yu'er, this trip to the Third Palace is nominally for a marriage alliance, but in reality, we're investigating for evidence of collusion between the Third Palace Master and the Evil Path Palace. I know I've wronged you, but the safety of the Divine Nation depends on me. You..."

"Father, I understand."

Wu Yue interrupted Wu Hao, her tone calm but resolute. "Before, I was ignorant and always tried to escape the engagement. Now I understand your earnest intentions.

Evil Path Palace Thief They've taken the Thunder Sound Bell and coveted the Demon Soul Seal. If the Third Palace Master is truly colluding with them, it would be a grave threat to the Sixth Heaven. My daughter must act with caution and live up to my father's trust."

A flicker of relief flashed in Wu Hao's eyes, and he added, "Liu Kun will personally escort you to the Third Palace. He's a man of great cunning, so you must be extremely cautious and not trust him. If anything goes wrong, immediately crush this jade talisman, and I will dispatch troops immediately."

As he spoke, he pressed a jade talisman engraved with a dragon into Wu Yue's hand.

Wu Yue gripped the talisman tightly and nodded heavily, "My daughter has made a note."

At this moment, the eunuch's voice echoed from outside the hall: "Prime Minister Liu Kun, with the ceremonial guard, awaits orders outside—"

Wu Hao took a deep breath and patted his daughter's shoulder: "Go. Remember, safety first, evidence second."

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Wu Yue bowed, turned, and followed the guards out of the Hall of Supreme Harmony.

Outside the palace, a ceremonial guard of a thousand soldiers from the National Defense Corps had already formed up, their flags fluttering and their armor gleaming.

Liu Kun, dressed in purple official robes, stood at the front of the procession. Seeing Wu Yue emerge, a gentle smile immediately spread across his face. "Your Highness, the ceremonial guard is ready, and we are ready to depart."

Wu Yue nodded calmly without further comment, and with the help of her maids, she boarded the prepared imperial carriage.

The carriage was pulled by eight snow-white horses. The carriage was intricately carved with phoenix designs, and a veil hung around the perimeter, obscuring the view from within.

Seeing this, Liu Kun bowed to Wu Hao and said, "Rest assured, Your Majesty. I will protect the princess and ensure the marriage is a success."

Wu Hao examined Liu Kun and said slowly, "Thank you, Prime Minister."

He felt something was amiss with Liu Kun's smile today, but he couldn't put his finger on it. He could only mentally instruct the Secret Service to follow closely and monitor the honor guard's movements.

Liu Kun sneered inwardly, but remained respectful on the surface. "It's my duty. Let's depart!"

With his command, the honor guard slowly moved toward the south gate of the Divine Capital.

On both sides of the street, citizens stopped to watch, discussing the situation, mostly speculating about the marriage and expressing their concerns about the future of the Divine Kingdom.

Inside the imperial carriage, Wu Yue lifted a corner of her veil and gazed out the window, a flicker of worry in her eyes.

She knew the journey would be anything but peaceful. Neither Liu Kun nor the Third Palace Master were good men. She had to proceed with caution to complete the mission entrusted to her by her father.

At this moment, Liu Kun rode beside the imperial carriage, seemingly commanding his troops, but in reality, observing their surroundings from the shadows.

He had already arranged for his confidants to set up an ambush in the “Soul-Breaking Valley” outside the Divine Capital. Once the ceremonial guard entered the valley, they would proceed as planned to “kidnap” the princess, staging a “Evil Dao Palace kidnapping” drama.

Thinking of the sacrificial tome he was about to acquire, and the grand ambitions he would realize after unlocking the seal of the Demonic Soul, Liu Kun’s eyes flickered with greed and madness.

After leaving the Divine Capital’s south gate, the ceremonial guard headed towards the Third Palace.

After traveling for approximately two hours, they arrived at a treacherous valley ahead—the very location Liu Kun had chosen for his ambush, the “Soul-Breaking Valley.”

The valley was flanked by sheer cliffs, with only a narrow passageway running through it. Looking up, one could only see a sliver of sky.

Liu Kun reined in his horse and winked at his deputy.

The deputy understood, stepped forward, and shouted to the troops, “The valley ahead is narrow. There might be an ambush. Everyone, proceed with caution!”

The soldiers immediately raised their weapons and vigilantly observed their surroundings.

Liu Kun urged his horse to the side of the imperial carriage and said with feigned concern, "Your Highness, the Valley of Broken Souls is a treacherous place. Please exercise extreme caution within the carriage and do not look out of your head."

Wu Yue, who was inside the carriage, felt a pang of anxiety. She had heard that, despite its dangers, the Valley of Broken Souls was rarely visited by bandits. Liu Kun was so nervous. Could there be something fishy going on? She calmly replied, "Thank you, Prime Minister, for your concern."

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At that moment, a sudden clang of clappers rang out from the cliffs on either side of the valley. Immediately afterwards, countless black-robed monks leaped down from the cliffs, weapons in hand, charging towards the honor guard.

Each of these black-robed monks exuded a powerful aura. The lowest among them had reached the eighth level of the Earthly Immortal Realm, while the leading few had even reached the ninth level, the same level as Zi Yuan.

"Oh no! They're from the Evil Path Hall!"

Liu Kun feigned panic and shouted, "Protect the princess! Repel these bandits!"

The soldiers of the State Guarding Corps immediately engaged the black-robed monks.

For a moment, the valley was filled with the clashing roar of swords and the clash of spiritual energy.

The black-robed monks' attack was fierce, clearly well-prepared. Although the soldiers of the State Guarding Corps were well-trained, they were quickly at a disadvantage under the enemy's surprise attack, and casualties continued to mount.

"Prime Minister, the bandits are too strong! We can't hold them back!" the deputy general shouted anxiously.

Liu Kun's face was grim. He winked at several of his trusted confidants and whispered, "Protect the princess! I'll go and hold them back!"

With that, he channeled his spiritual energy, exuding the aura of a first-grade human immortal realm cultivator. He charged towards the leading black-robed monk.

The confidants, understanding his intention, quietly approached the imperial carriage and, taking advantage of the chaos, violently smashed open its compartments.

Wu Yue was horrified by this. Just as she was about to retrieve the jade talisman for communication, one of the confidants covered her mouth, forcibly abducted her, and fled deeper into the valley.

"The princess has been abducted!"

A soldier shouted.

Liu Kun, enraged, exchanged a few moves with the leading black-robed monks. Then, deliberately exposing himself, he was struck on the shoulder by a palm strike. He stumbled back a few steps, a trickle of blood oozing from the corner of his mouth.

"Damn it! How dare you kidnap the princess!" he shouted to the soldiers. "Follow them! We must rescue the princess!"

However, the black-robed monks held the soldiers tightly, preventing them from pursuing.

The leading black-robed monk sneered, "Prime Minister Liu, don't waste your energy! We'll take the princess away first. If you want her, ask Wu Hao to exchange the sacrificial manual!"

With that, he led the black-robed monks in a feint, retreating deeper into the valley, quickly disappearing into the dense forest.

Liu Kun watched the black-robed monks' departure, a subtle glint of pride in his eyes, then a look of anxiety. He shouted to the soldiers, "Quick, clean up the battlefield and return to the Divine Capital immediately to report this to the King!"

The soldiers, not wanting to delay, quickly cleared the battlefield, carried the wounded, and hurriedly followed Liu Kun back to the Divine Capital.

Along the way, Liu Kun deliberately feigned a state of distress, coughing intermittently, looking seriously injured.

The abducted Wu Yue was quickly taken to a secluded cave.

When the cultivator who had covered her mouth released his grip, Wu Yue immediately demanded, "Who are you? Are you really from the Evil Dao Hall?"

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The leading cultivator was none other than Liu Kun's trusted advisor. He sneered, "Princess, stop pretending! Don't you know who we are?"

Wu Yue's heart sank. "Did Liu Kun send you? What does he want?"

"Your Highness will know the Prime Minister's intentions in the future."

The advisor said calmly, "Until then, please bear with me for a few days. Once the Prime Minister obtains the Sacrificial Manual, he will release you." With that, he and his men retreated from the cave, leaving only two cultivators to guard it.

Wu Yue sat in the cave, filled with confusion and uneasiness.

Liu Kun had kidnapped her and demanded the Sacrificial Manual in exchange; it was clearly a premeditated plan.

The Sacrificial Manual contained methods for strengthening and breaking the Demon Soul Seal. Could Liu Kun's goal be the Demon Soul Seal?

At this thought, Wu Yue shuddered. She had to tell her father this news as soon as possible.

Liu Kun, leading his remaining troops, fled in disarray back to the Divine Capital, heading straight for the Imperial Palace.

At that moment, inside the Hall of Supreme Harmony, Wu Hao was anxiously awaiting news from the honor guard. Seeing Liu Kun enter, covered in wounds, his heart skipped a beat.

"Prime Minister, what happened? Why are you in such a state?" Wu Hao asked hurriedly.

Liu Kun fell to his knees with a thud, weeping bitterly, "Your Majesty! I am guilty! I failed to protect the Princess!"

"What? What happened to Yue'er?" Wu Hao abruptly stood up, his face darkening.

"When we reached the Valley of Broken Souls, we were suddenly ambushed by bandits from the Evil Path Hall."

Liu Kun wept. "Those bandits were formidable. I fought back desperately, but they still abducted the Princess.

Before leaving, they told you, Your Majesty, to exchange the sacrificial manual for the Princess, or else..." Just kill the princess!"

"Evil Path Hall! It's the Evil Path Hall again!"

Wu Hao was trembling with anger. He slammed his palm on the imperial desk, shattering it. "First they stole the Thunder Sound Bell, and now they've kidnapped the princess. This is simply too much!"

“Lord, calm down!”

Liu Kun advised. “The most urgent task is to rescue Her Royal Highness.

Since the Evil Path Hall wants the Sacrificial Book, why don’t we first agree to their terms and exchange it for the princess? Then, we can join forces with the Divine Temple to defeat the Evil Path Hall and avenge the princess.”

“No!”

Wu Hao flatly refused. “The Sacrificial Book is crucial to the safety of the Demon Soul Seal. If it falls into the hands of the Evil Path Hall, they will surely attack us. If the seal is broken and the demonic spirit is released, the entire Sixth Heaven will be plunged into chaos, with disastrous consequences!

Yue’er is my daughter, how could I not feel heartache? But I am the ruler of the Divine Kingdom, and I cannot, for my own selfish reasons, disregard the safety of the entire Sixth Heaven!

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“Lord, the princess’s life is in danger!”

Liu Kun said hurriedly, “The Evil Path Hall is ruthless. If we don’t agree to their terms, they will indeed attack the princess.

Furthermore, we can feign agreement and then set up an ambush during the exchange, reclaiming the princess and the sacrificial manual while simultaneously eliminating the Evil Path Hall bandits. Wouldn’t that be killing two birds with one stone?”

Wu Hao frowned, lost in thought. Liu Kun’s words seemed reasonable, but he sensed something was amiss.

If the Evil Path Hall truly wanted the sacrificial manual, why didn’t they simply send people to infiltrate the palace and steal it, instead of going through the trouble of kidnapping the princess?

Furthermore, Liu Kun's behavior today struck him as deliberate.

Just then, a guard hurried in with a report: "Your Majesty, a black-robed monk is outside the palace, requesting an audience. He claims to be a messenger from the Evil Path Hall, with a letter for you."

"Let him in!" Wu Hao said gravely.

Soon, a black-robed monk followed the eunuch into the Hall of Supreme Harmony, handed Wu Hao a letter, and then turned and left without a word.

Wu Hao opened the letter, only to see the following: "Wu Hao, you have three days to deliver the sacrificial manual to the Soul-Breaking Valley. If you fail to do so, or if there is an ambush, we will collect your daughter's body! – Evil Path Hall"

The letter was written in sloppy handwriting, exuding an air of arrogance and dominance.

After reading it, Wu Hao's expression darkened even further. "How dare the Evil Dao Hall be so arrogant!"

Seeing this, Liu Kun urged again, "Lord, there's no time to lose. Accept their terms. Within three days, we can secretly mobilize our forces and set an ambush in the Valley of Broken Souls. We will definitely rescue the princess and reclaim the Sacrificial Manual."

Wu Hao was silent for a moment, then slowly said, "Let me think about this. You should go down and heal your wounds first."

Liu Kun knew Wu Hao still had doubts, so he gave no further urges. He bowed and withdrew.

After leaving the Hall of Supreme Harmony, a hint of a sneer crossed his lips. "Wu Hao, I'll see how long you can hold out. Once you lose your patience, you'll naturally surrender the Sacrificial Manual."

Returning to the Prime Minister's Mansion, Liu Kun immediately summoned his trusted subordinates.

“Sir, what should we do next?” the counselor asked.

“Don’t be impatient,” Liu Kun said. “Although Wu Hao is stubborn, he loves the princess most. If we add fuel to the fire, he will surely compromise.”

Immediately send troops to Broken Soul Valley to disguise it as a base of the Evil Path Hall. At the same time, have people closely monitor the movements in the palace. If Wu Hao decides to hand over the sacrificial manual, report to me immediately.”

“Yes!” The strategist took the order and left.

Liu Kun sat in his study, sipping a glass of immortal wine.

He could already see himself obtaining the sacrificial manual, breaking the seal of the Demonic Soul, and gaining control of the entire Sixth Heaven.

Meanwhile, Chen Ping and Zi Yuan were galloping towards the Divine Capital.

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They concealed their auras and dared not delay. In less than a day, they reached the Divine Capital’s north gate.

Just then, the sound of hurried horse hooves suddenly came from the front. A column of thousands of imperial guards was marching towards the city, led by none other than Wu Hao, the Lord of the Divine Kingdom.

“It’s the King!” Zi Yuan exclaimed in surprise.

Chen Ping’s heart stirred, and he immediately led Zi Yuan to meet him. “King!”

Wu Hao was pondering how to rescue the princess when he heard someone calling out. He looked up and saw Chen Ping and Zi Yuan, overwhelmed with surprise and delight: "Fellow Daoist Chen! Zi Yuan! Why are you back? Where have you been?"

"King, this is a long story."

Chen Ping said, "Let's find a place to discuss it."

Wu Hao nodded and led Chen Ping and Zi Yuan to a nearby inn.

After entering the inn's wing, Wu Hao eagerly asked, "Fellow Daoist Chen, what on earth have you been up to these days? Why did you suddenly disappear?"

Chen Ping then recounted the details of Liu Kun's trap at the Prime Minister's Mansion, his attempt to seize the Dragon Slaying Sword and the Golden Dragon Bloodline, as well as how he and Zi Yuan had broken through the encirclement and entered the Demon Suppression Tower to recover and achieve breakthroughs in their cultivation.

"What? Liu Kun is so audacious!"

Wu Hao was furious after hearing this. "I always thought he was just power-hungry, but I didn't expect he had such wicked ambitions!"

"Lord, Liu Kun's ambitions go far beyond that."

Zi Yuan added, "We've heard Liu Kun's confidants talking about wanting the Sacrificial Manual and wanting to ally with the Evil Path Hall to open the Demonic Soul Seal and control the entire Sixth Heaven!"

"Sacrificial Manual? Demonic Soul Seal?"

Wu Hao's face changed drastically. "No wonder Liu Kun kept urging me to trade the Sacrificial Manual for the princess. It turns out this was all his scheme! I'm afraid he orchestrated the princess's abduction!"

"Lord, you are wise."

Chen Ping said, "Liu Kun kidnapped the princess simply to force you to hand over the Sacrificial Manual. Once he gets the Sacrificial Manual, he'll... The consequences are disastrous."

Wu Hao took a deep breath and forced himself to calm down. "Thanks to Fellow Daoist Chen's timely return, otherwise I would have fallen prey to Liu Kun's scheme. What should we do now? The princess is still in his hands, and he might have ambushed her in the Divine Capital."

"Lord, the most urgent task is to return to the Divine Capital immediately and take control of the situation."

Chen Ping said, "Since Liu Kun orchestrated all this, he must have a backup plan in the Divine Capital. If we delay, he might seize control of the Divine Capital. As for the princess, we can first send someone to secretly investigate her whereabouts, and then find a way to rescue her."

Wu Hao nodded. "Okay! Let's do as Fellow Daoist Chen says! Pass the order to turn around and return to the Divine Capital immediately!"

The Imperial Guards, not wanting to delay, immediately turned their horses and galloped towards the Divine Capital's north gate.

Chen Ping and Zi Yuan followed Wu Hao, keeping a vigilant eye on their surroundings.

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Soon, the Divine Capital's north gate was within sight.

However, as they approached the north gate, they found it firmly shut. The city walls were filled with soldiers from the National Defense Corps, led by none other than Liu Kun's trusted lieutenant-general.

“The Lord has returned! Open the city gates!” shouted Ao Lie, the commander of the Imperial Guards.

The lieutenant-general on the wall sneered, “Lord? The Divine Capital is now under the control of the Prime Minister. No one may enter the city without the Prime Minister’s order!”

“What?”

Wu Hao’s face suddenly changed. “Liu Kun dared to betray me!”

“Lord, at this point, are you still stubborn?”

The lieutenant-general replied, “The Prime Minister is destined to rule the Sixth Heaven. Sooner or later, he will control the entire Sixth Heaven. You’d better surrender, and perhaps the Prime Minister will spare your life!”

“Bullshit!”

Wu Hao shouted angrily. “Liu Kun has evil ambitions and has betrayed the Divine Kingdom. He deserves death! If you know what’s good for you, open the city gates and surrender immediately, or I’ll show you no mercy!”

“You’re welcome?”

The deputy general scoffed, “Lord, do you think you still have a chance? The National Defense Corps has already taken control of every gate and vital department of the Divine Capital. The Imperial Guards are no match for us. If you know what’s good for you, surrender immediately, or we’ll show you no mercy!”

Wu Hao, trembling with anger, was about to order a storming of the city gates.

Chen Ping quickly stopped him, “Lord, don’t be impulsive. The Guardian Corps has the advantage of terrain; a forceful attack will only result in casualties. We should retreat to a nearby town, gather our forces, and then attempt to retake the Divine Capital.”

Wu Hao knew Chen Ping had a point, so he suppressed his anger. "Okay! Let's retreat! Liu Kun, I will avenge this!"

Just then, the deputy commander on the city wall suddenly gave the order: "Shoot!"

Countless arrows flew towards the Imperial Guards, who quickly formed a shield around themselves.

Chen Ping and Zi Yuan immediately protected Wu Hao, channeling their spiritual energy to block the incoming arrows.

"Retreat!" Wu Hao shouted.

The Imperial Guards fought and retreated, fleeing towards the distant town.

Seeing this, the Guardian Corps soldiers on the city wall did not pursue them. Instead, they re-closed the city gates and increased their security.

Wu Hao and his imperial guards retreated to a town called Qingfeng Town before stopping.

At this moment, his face was gloomy enough to spit out tears.

The Divine Capital had been occupied, the princess abducted, and Liu Kun had rebelled—a series of events had left him overwhelmed.

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"Fellow Daoist Chen, what should we do now?" Wu Hao looked at Chen Ping, his eyes filled with anticipation.

Chen Ping pondered, "Lord, although Liu Kun has taken control of the Divine Capital, his rebellion is unpopular. Many in the Guardian Corps will undoubtedly be unwilling to follow him.

Furthermore, if word spreads of his plot to kidnap the princess and obtain the sacrificial manual, it will inevitably cause resentment among the people of the Divine Capital and other factions.

What we most need to do now is stabilize the morale of the army, align with forces loyal to the Divine Kingdom, and then seize the opportunity to retake the Divine Capital.”

Inside the temporary headquarters in Qingfeng Town, candlelight flickered. Wu Hao sat upright in the main seat, his expression still solemn, but his earlier panic was gone.

Chen Ping stood to the side, Zi Yuan beside him. A topographical map of the Divine Capital’s surroundings lay spread out before the three of them.

“Fellow Daoist Chen is absolutely right. Right now, the only way to break the impasse is to rally our people.”

Wu Hao pointed at several strongholds on the map. “Zhao Qing, the commander of ‘Luoxia Pass’ west of the Divine Capital, is a direct descendant of mine who was personally promoted back then.

Lin Yue, the commander of the ‘Bishui Camp’ to the southeast, whose family was once favored by the imperial family, will certainly be unwilling to align himself with Liu Kun.

Also, although Ying Sha, the commander of the Secret Investigation Division, is in the Divine Capital, his secret letter has just arrived, claiming that he has secretly taken control of half of the secret forces. “We will investigate and launch the rebellion when the time is right.”

Chen Ping nodded: “Your Majesty, all you need to do is write a few letters, and have Fellow Daoist Ziyuan deliver them personally.

She has now reached the ninth level of the Earthly Immortal Realm. Ordinary checkpoints won’t stop her, and her special status won’t likely alert Liu Kun.”

Ziyuan immediately complied: “Please rest assured, Your Majesty. I will fulfill my mission!”

Wu Hao no longer hesitated. He fetched pen and ink, sealed it with a dragon-patterned jade seal, and handed the three secret letters to Ziyuan.

Ziyuan hid them close to her body, then transformed into a streak of green rainbow and vanished into the night.

Outside the headquarters, Chen Ping gazed at Ziyuan's direction, praying for her in his heart.

Having experienced life and death in the Valley of Broken Souls and healing in the Demon-Suppressing Tower, he would not allow Ziyuan to suffer any more misfortunes. After all, she was also the woman he had licked.

"Lord, I need to return to Leiyin Temple. Although the Dragon-patterned Bell is temporarily suppressing the situation, I'm afraid something unexpected might happen, allowing those demonic spirits to break free."

After Zi Yuan left, Chen Ping said to Wu Hao.

"Fellow Daoist Chen, be careful along the way. Would you like me to send the Imperial Guards with you?" Wu Hao said!

"No, Your Majesty still needs to be wary of Liu Kun, so it's better to keep the Imperial Guards with you."

With that, Chen Ping leaped up, maximizing his Fire Control Step. In just a few hours, he arrived at Leiyin Temple!

But upon arriving at Leiyin Temple, Chen Ping discovered it was enveloped in a thick demonic aura. Taoist Wuji and his disciples were all stationed before the Dragon-patterned Bell, their faces flushed red as they continuously channeled their spiritual energy into it.

Hu Mazi was also sweating profusely as he placed his talismans one by one on the Dragon-patterned Bell. However, as soon as he applied a single talisman, it was immediately eroded by the demonic aura.

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It was clear that the Dragon-Patterned Bell was about to lose its ability to suppress these demonic spirits, and they were about to break free.

“Chen Ping, what’s going on? Have you found the Thunder Sound Bell?”

Seeing Chen Ping, Hu Mazi hurriedly asked!

Daoist Wuji also looked at Chen Ping, but he didn’t even have the strength to speak, and he didn’t dare to relax even a little.

Chen Ping shook his head: “No...”

With that, Chen Ping instantly injected streams of divine dragon power into the Dragon-Patterned Bell. A dragon roar erupted from the bell, followed by a flash of golden light, temporarily suppressing the demonic energy!

But no one dared to relax, exerting all their might to suppress the demonic spirits.

Meanwhile, in the secret room of the Prime Minister’s Mansion in Shendu, Liu Kun stood face to face with a dark figure.

A thick black aura enveloped the figure, and his face was invisible. Only a pair of scarlet eyes flickered in the darkness. It was none other than Xue Wuying, the Grand Elder of the Evil Dao Hall.

“Prime Minister Liu, you summoned me here just to ‘forcibly open the Demon Soul Seal’?”

Xue Wuying’s voice was hoarse as a broken gong, dripping with undisguised sarcasm. “The Sacrificial Codex is an ancient artifact, containing the core key to the seal. Without it, our efforts alone are simply wishful thinking!”

Liu Kun’s face darkened, suppressing his displeasure. “Elder Xue Wuying, why are you so eager to deny it? That old man Wu Hao is adamant and clearly won’t hand over the Sacrificial Codex.

The princess is in my hands. While I can contain him, I can't delay him—" The Third Lord of the Temple has sent someone to inquire about the marriage. If there's no response, he'll surely become suspicious.

If the Temple joins forces with Wu Hao, you and I will both be annihilated!"

He paused, then pulled a black token from his storage bag. Engraved with twisted demonic patterns, it exuded a sinister aura. "This is the 'Demon Summoning Token' I found among the late emperor's relics. It's said to be able to channel the power of the sealed demonic spirits.

Add to that the 'Soul-Eroding Formation' of your Evil Path Hall, and the blood and essence sacrificed by three hundred Earth Immortal Realm cultivators, we might be able to break the seal!"

Xue Wuying's gaze fell on the Demon Summoning Token, a glint of greed flashing in his crimson eyes.

He pondered for a moment, then finally nodded. "Alright! I'll trust you this once. We'll meet tomorrow at 'Nine Nether Abyss,' where the Demon Soul is sealed.

If this doesn't work out, don't blame me for being ruthless!"

With that, Xue Wuying transformed into a black aura and vanished through the wall.

Liu Kun gazed at the direction he disappeared in, a sinister smile curling his lips. "Xue Wuying, when the Demon Soul emerges, the first one it will devour will be you, old ghost!"

The next day, Nine Nether Abyss.

This was the most secret forbidden area of the Divine Kingdom. The bottomless abyss was filled with a biting cold. A massive golden shield hovered in the center, covered in ancient runes, the seal that suppressed the Demon Soul.

Beyond the shield, Liu Kun and Xue Wuying had already set up a formation.

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Three hundred black-robed monks sat cross-legged at the center of the formation, their faces expressionless, clearly death warriors controlled by Liu Kun's secret technique.

Xue Wuying stood in the formation, forming hand seals and muttering something. As he chanted, the essence and blood of three hundred cultivators were forcibly drawn out, transforming into streams of blood that flowed into the center of the formation. The Soul-Erosion Formation instantly activated, and a black mist surged toward the golden seal like a tide.

Liu Kun, holding the Demonic Induction Token, leaped above the seal and pressed it firmly against the light shield.

The magic patterns on the Demonic Induction Token collided with the runes on the seal, creating a sizzling sound, and a tiny crack appeared in the golden light shield.

"It worked!" Liu Kun exulted, increasing his spiritual power output. The black aura surrounding the Demonic Induction Token grew even thicker.

Seeing this, Xue Wuying grinned and summoned even more Soul-Erosion power: "Prime Minister Liu, push harder! Just a crack, and the demonic spirit will break free of the seal!"

However, just as the crack in the seal was about to widen, the ancient runes on the shield suddenly illuminated with brilliant golden light. As if coming alive, the runes flowed across the shield's surface, instantly repairing the crack.

Furthermore, a golden shockwave erupted from the seal, sending Liu Kun and Xue Wuying retreating. The golden light also dispelled much of the dark energy surrounding the Soul-Erosion Formation.

"How is that possible?"

Liu Kun clutched his chest, spitting out a mouthful of blood, his eyes filled with disbelief. "The Demonic Summoning Token clearly can communicate with demonic spirits, so why has the seal become even stronger?"

Xue Wuying's expression also grimaced. "This seal imbues it with ancient divine power. My Soul-Eroding Formation simply can't completely destroy it.

The essence and blood of those three hundred cultivators are already depleted. To sacrifice more, we'd need at least a thousand Earth Immortal Realm cultivators of the eighth rank or higher. Can you spare that?"

Liu Kun fell silent.

Although he controlled the Divine Capital's National Defense Legion, the majority of his forces needed to remain in the city. Deploying a thousand Earth Immortal Realm cultivators of the eighth rank or higher would inevitably cause unrest in the legion, potentially even leading to internal unrest within the Divine Capital.

"Does the Sacrifice Manual really have to be used?"

Liu Kun gritted his teeth, a flicker of retreat rising within him, but the allure of controlling the Sixth Heaven forced him to suppress it. "Elder Xue Wuying, your Evil Path Hall is immensely powerful. Could you please dispatch a few more men? Once the seal is opened, we can split the power of the demonic spirits!"

Xue Wuying sneered, "Split? Prime Minister Liu has a brilliant plan. Honestly, without the Sacrifice Manual, there's no way we can open the seal! Besides, the Evil Path Hall's elite aren't in the Sixth Heaven. If we lose thousands of cultivators just for these demonic spirits, the Hall Master will never allow it."

Xue Wuying's words left Liu Kun at a loss for words. He gritted his teeth and said, "It seems we'll have to work harder on the princess. I'll personally take the princess to Wu Hao for a talk. If he doesn't hand over the Sacrifice Manual, I'll rape his daughter right in front of him!"

With that, Liu Kun stormed off, intending to take the princess to Wu Hao.

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In the main hall of Leiyin Temple, the air was as stagnant as if it were solid.

Chen Ping's divine dragon power, combined with the spiritual energy of Taoist Wuji, Hu Mazi, and a group of disciples, continuously poured into the Dragon-patterned Bell. The golden light emanating from the bell collided violently with the demonic energy enveloping the hall, creating a buzzing sound, as if it would shatter at any moment.

"No! The demonic energy is growing stronger!"

Hu Mazi wiped the sweat from his forehead and placed the last talisman in his hand on the Dragon-patterned Bell. The black energy instantly corroded it into ash. "These demonic spirits seem to have been summoned by some kind of force, and they're becoming increasingly restless!"