

The Order 9491

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He avoided the main passages, choosing instead secluded paths, his divine sense fully activated, sensing patrols and sentries ahead.

When encountering unavoidable restrictions, he used his finger as a sword, gathering a barely perceptible wisp of chaotic immortal power, severing the energy nodes of the restriction with surgical precision, temporarily disabling it, and then quietly restoring it after he passed through.

His movements were fluid and graceful, his control over timing and power flawless, like that of a master assassin strolling leisurely through a den of wolves.

Soon, he arrived at the first ore warehouse.

Two disciples at the second rank of the Celestial Immortal realm stood guard at the entrance, seemingly dozing off.

Chen Ping's eyes turned cold. With a flick of his finger, two thin, five-colored sword energies shot out, precisely piercing the two guards' brows, instantly shattering their souls.

The two men collapsed to the ground without even uttering a sound.

Chen Ping swiftly pushed open the warehouse door. Inside, various refining materials, such as demonic iron and Yin Soul Stones, shimmered with an eerie light.

Without hesitation, he waved his hand, and his chaotic immortal power transformed into a massive vortex, like a whale sucking in water, drawing all the mountain of materials from the warehouse into his storage ring.

The entire process took only three to five breaths.

Following the same method, he raided two more semi-finished warehouses, acquiring a large quantity of sword, spear, and halberd embryos, as well as components for magical artifacts.

Finally, he arrived at the most heavily guarded finished product warehouse.

Located underground, the warehouse was guarded not only by four disciples at the third rank of the Celestial Immortal realm, but also by a black light gate emanating a dangerous aura—clearly a powerful attack barrier.

A direct assault would inevitably alert the sixth-rank Celestial Immortal guardian.

Chen Ping pondered for a moment, then an idea came to him.

He quietly retreated to a distance and retrieved a “Blazing Flame Talisman” containing raging fire energy from his storage ring.

With a flick of his finger, the Blazing Flame Talisman transformed into a streak of light, shooting towards the blazing Earth Fire Furnace in the distance!

“Boom!!!”

A deafening roar erupted as the Earth Fire Furnace exploded, sending raging flames and debris shooting into the sky! The entire valley trembled violently!

“Enemy attack!!”

“Protect the workshop!”

Instantly, alarms blared, and chaos erupted within the valley!

All the guards’ attention was drawn to the explosion.

Even the sixth-rank Celestial Immortal guarding the Obsidian Palace snapped his eyes open, his powerful divine sense sweeping towards the blast.

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Now!

Taking advantage of the brief chaos, Chen Ping moved like lightning, rushing towards the entrance of the finished goods warehouse!

The four guards, still reeling from the explosion, hadn't even reacted when a flash of green light appeared, and four sharp sword fingers were already aimed at their chests!

"Pfft pfft pfft pfft!"

The four guards fell to the ground with thuds.

Facing the black light gate barrier, Chen Ping neither dodged nor evaded. The Dragon-Slaying Sword instantly appeared in his hand, and he uttered a low shout: "Break!"

A five-colored sword aura, condensed to its extreme and containing the chaotic intent to shatter all laws, struck directly at the light gate!

"Swoosh!"

Like tearing cloth, the black light gate shattered, revealing a heavy, dark iron gate behind it.

Chen Ping unleashed a punch, his chaotic immortal power exploding, directly blasting the gate open!

Inside the storeroom, a dazzling light shone!

On the shelves were neatly arranged hundreds of finished demonic weapons, gleaming with cold light and swirling with demonic energy!

Swords, blades, whips, hammers, banners... a wide variety, the lowest quality being at least low-grade Heavenly Rank, with several even radiating the aura of powerful spiritual treasures!

A glint of joy flashed in Chen Ping's eyes. Without hesitation, he swept his hand across the storeroom like a whirlwind, clearing it of all its weapons!

"You little thief! How dare you!!"

Just then, a deafening roar echoed from the direction of the obsidian palace, accompanied by a terrifying pressure from a sixth-grade Heavenly Immortal, sweeping in like a tsunami!

The guardian elder finally reacted, noticing the anomaly in the finished goods warehouse. Enraged, he attacked, a gigantic black demonic claw tearing through the void and lunging towards the warehouse!

Chen Ping was prepared. The instant he collected the last weapon, he slammed backward, crashing through the warehouse's back wall, and simultaneously swung his sword!

"Five Elements Rotation, Space Folding!"

As the sword light passed, the space behind him seemed to fold and distort. The gigantic demonic claw, gripping this distorted space, abruptly halted, as if sinking into quagmire.

Taking advantage of this precious opening, Chen Ping transformed into a streak of light, shooting headlong out of the valley without hesitation!

He pushed his speed to the limit, merging with spatial escape techniques, and in a few flashes, he had already burst out of Black Flame Valley, disappearing into the vast night.

The seventh-rank Celestial Immortal elder, who had chased after Chen Ping outside the valley, only saw a fleeting streak of light disappear into the distance. Enraged, he dared not pursue, fearing a diversionary tactic, and could only watch helplessly as Chen Ping vanished.

...

Several days later, Chen Ping quietly returned to the headquarters of the Myriad Beasts Sect.

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When he dumped the mountain of demonic weapons and materials into the council hall, the entire leadership of the Myriad Beasts Sect was stunned!

Looking at the hundreds of high-quality demonic weapons gleaming with a chilling light and exuding a sinister demonic aura, especially the several spirit-treasure-level demonic artifacts, the eyes of the Rift Heaven Sect Master and the elders widened in disbelief!

“This...this was all stolen from Black Flame Valley?” Elder Xiong Tuo’s voice trembled.

“Senior’s divine might!!” Shi Yan and Ying Wu were overjoyed.

Elder Yu Sha blushed deeply, both ashamed and excited, bowing deeply to Chen Ping: “Senior’s methods are extraordinary, Yu Sha...is utterly convinced!”

Chen Ping smiled faintly: “This was merely a trial run. Next, it’s time to tend to their herb garden.”

With the successful experience of Black Flame Valley, the entire Ten Thousand Beasts Sect had no more doubts about Chen Ping’s strategy, and their harassment operations proceeded even more vigorously, causing unrest on the border of the Ten Thousand Souls Demon Sect.

After a brief rest and intelligence analysis, Chen Ping set his sights on one of the Ten Thousand Souls Demon Sect’s most important resource points, located in the heart of the Crimson Blood Plains, guarded by three Celestial Immortal elders: the Yin Soul Herb Garden.

This Yin Soul Herb Garden did not cultivate ordinary spiritual herbs, but rather various strange demonic herbs that required the absorption of Yin Soul Qi to grow.

It was the main source of the Ten Thousand Souls Demon Sect's elixirs for enhancing soul power and cultivating demonic arts, its importance even surpassing that of Black Flame Valley!

This time, Chen Ping's plan was far more meticulous.

First, he had the Myriad Beasts Sect intensify their harassment efforts in the opposite direction of the Yin Soul Herb Garden, creating the illusion that the Myriad Beasts Sect intended to launch a major operation there, successfully diverting some of the attention of the Myriad Souls Demon Sect's higher-ups.

Then, he chose a full moon night.

When the moon's power was at its peak, it had a certain degree of suppression over demonic herbs with Yin Soul attributes, and it also better concealed his movements.

The Yin Soul Herb Garden was located in a valley perpetually shrouded in gray mist. The valley was filled with howling winds, and countless vengeful spirits could be vaguely seen drifting within the mist.

The defenses here were even more stringent than those in Black Flame Valley.

Not only was it enveloped by the powerful Myriad Ghosts Devouring Soul Array, but the disciples patrolling the valley were of higher cultivation, and there were numerous sentries. The divine senses of the three guarding elders were like a spiderweb, constantly covering the core area of the herb garden.

Chen Ping lay in ambush outside the valley, observing carefully.

This time, both forcing their way in and creating chaos were significantly more difficult.

"The formation is stronger, the guards are denser, and the divine sense surveillance is flawless..."

Chen Ping frowned slightly, but then he looked at the little fire qilin on his shoulder, a smile flashing in his eyes.

“Little guy, it’s up to you this time.”

The little fire qilin seemed to understand Chen Ping’s meaning, affectionately nuzzling his cheek, letting out a low growl, its crimson-gold flames swirling around it, revealing an eager excitement.

Chen Ping’s plan was simple, yet very effective—a feint, adding fuel to the fire!

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First, he set up a small spirit-gathering array and an explosive array on a cliff in a valley far from the entrance to the herb garden. At the array’s core, he placed several immortal stones containing pure yang power and a wisp of the little fire qilin’s natal fire.

Then, he led the little fire qilin, silently circling to the other side of the herb garden.

As soon as the appointed time arrived, Chen Ping’s mind stirred, and the distant array was instantly detonated!

“Boom!!”

The pure Yang power and the Qilin True Fire exploded together, generating an extremely Yang and powerful energy fluctuation that, like a beacon in the darkness of this Yin Soul Land, instantly attracted everyone’s attention!

“Enemy attack! On the eastern cliff!”

“Such intense pure Yang energy! It’s the Qilin Fire of the Ten Thousand Beasts Sect!”

“Quick! Support the east flank!”

Chaos erupted within the valley! Patrolling disciples surged towards the east, and even the divine senses of the three guarding elders were instantly drawn to the intense explosion and pure Yang aura!

Amidst this chaos, Chen Ping moved!

He, accompanied by the little fire Qilin, moved like two streaks of light, heading straight for the relatively weak western side of the medicine garden!

“Roar!”

The little fire qilin unleashed its power first, its size instantly expanding to the size of a small mountain. Crimson-gold flames roared around it, and it unleashed a massive torrent of qilin true fire at the Myriad Ghosts Devouring Souls Formation that enveloped the valley!

Qilin true fire, supremely yang and powerful, was the nemesis of these yin spirits and malevolent energy!

“Sizzle sizzle sizzle—!”

Like a scorching iron melting into butter, the resilient Myriad Ghosts Devouring Souls Formation was rapidly melted, a huge hole appearing in it under the scorching heat of the qilin true fire!

Countless vengeful spirits within the formation, upon touching the true fire, let out shrill screams and instantly vanished into ashes!

“Go!”

Chen Ping shouted, and he and the little qilin transformed into two streaks of light, one blue and one red, rushing through the hole into the herb garden like lightning!

Upon entering the herb garden, a rich fragrance of herbs mingled with the stench of yin spirits assaulted their senses.

The valley was divided into countless medicinal fields, planted with all sorts of bizarre and eerily glowing magical herbs: flowers resembling ghostly faces, vines flowing with black sap, and ghostly grasses covered in frost...

“Move! Pick the older ones, the ones with the most energy!”

Chen Ping transmitted his voice to the little Qilin, while he himself moved like a ghost through the medicinal fields.

He used both hands simultaneously, his chaotic immortal power transforming into two invisible hands. Wherever they passed, those precious magical herbs that had grown for at least hundreds, even thousands of years, were uprooted as if plowed through, and thrown into his storage ring.

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He specifically selected those top-tier magical herbs with immense potency—perhaps useless to him, but definitely enough to make the Myriad Souls Demon Sect ache.

The little fire Qilin wasn't idle either. Although it disliked these ghostly herbs, it was ruthless in its destruction.

It opened its maw wide, not to devour, but to spew flames, specifically targeting the medicinal herbs it deemed unpalatable or of slightly lower quality. Where the crimson flames passed, only scorched earth remained!

It even playfully chased after the low-level demonic cultivators tending the herbs in the garden, scaring them into running for their lives, crying and screaming.

Human and beast, one precisely plundering, the other wantonly destroying, their cooperation was seamless and highly efficient!

“Who dares to destroy my medicinal garden!!”

Three powerful auras swept in from the depths of the medicinal garden like a whirlwind!

The three guardian elders, finally freed from the interference on the east side, discovered the true intruder on the west side and charged in, filled with shock and rage!

The leader's aura had reached the sixth rank of the Celestial Immortal Realm!

Chen Ping sensed the powerful aura and knew he couldn't defeat it.

Without hesitation, he grabbed the still-excited, fire-breathing little fire qilin and shouted, "The wind's getting strong, get out of here!"

Before his words even finished, the spatial power around him fluctuated violently, his figure instantly blurring, and the next moment, he appeared hundreds of feet away.

In another flash, he had already rushed out of the array hole melted by the qilin's true fire, disappearing into the darkness without looking back!

The three elders chased after him out of the herb garden, only to see a devastated field, a fading point of light on the distant horizon, and the lingering aura of pure yang flames in the air.

Looking at the high-grade demonic herb area that had been completely looted and the second-grade herb fields burned to ashes, the three elders trembled with rage. The elder, especially the sixth-rank Celestial Immortal, let out a shrill roar:

"The Myriad Beasts Sect!! My Myriad Souls Demonic Sect will never forgive you!!!"

...

When Chen Ping returned to the Myriad Beasts Sect with his abundant harvest, he was greeted by a deafening roar of cheers. When news of the Black Flame Valley's looting and the destruction of the Yin Soul Herb Garden reached the headquarters of the Myriad Souls Demon Sect, Sect Master Soul Fiend stared at the list of losses: hundreds of exquisite demonic weapons were missing, mountains of materials piled high, and countless precious demonic herbs plundered and burned...

“Pfft—!”

This seventh-rank Celestial Immortal demonic giant was so enraged that he spat out a mouthful of blood, his face deathly pale, his demonic energy surging uncontrollably, shattering the tables and chairs in the hall!

“Chen Ping! Chen Ping! If I don’t extract your soul and refine your spirit, I swear I am not human!!!”

Soul Fiend’s roar shook the entire headquarters of the Myriad Souls Demon Sect, filled with boundless anger, resentment, and... a trace of fear that even he himself was unwilling to admit.

Upon the throne built of piled bones, Soul Fiend, the leader of the Myriad Souls Demon Sect, stood like a frozen statue of a demon god.

However, the uncontrollably surging, pitch-black demonic energy surrounding him revealed the boundless rage within him.

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The demonic energy, like living tentacles, coiled around the throne’s armrests, emitting a sizzling, corrosive sound.

The armrests, forged from the hard, thousand-year-old cold ironwood and the bones of giant beasts, slowly melted under the erosion of this demonic energy, dripping a viscous black liquid.

Inside the hall, the light was dim, with only a few eerie green soul lamps flickering, illuminating the terrified faces below.

The elders of the Demon Sect stood with their hands at their sides, heads bowed, even their breathing deliberately suppressed, fearing that the slightest sound would ignite the thunderous rage of the demon god on the throne.

The air was stagnant, like millennia-old ice, so heavy that it felt as if one’s heart would stop beating.

“Black Flame Valley... a resource-rich area that our sect has cultivated for hundreds of years, has been completely looted, with less than a tenth of its treasures remaining!”

The Soul Fiend’s voice finally rang out, low and hoarse, as if squeezed from the cracks of the deepest hell, each word carrying a bone-chilling coldness and bloodlust.

“The Yin Soul Herb Garden... nurtured countless rare demonic plants, the very foundation of our sect’s ‘Ten Thousand Soul Pill,’ now reduced to scorched earth, centuries of painstaking effort wasted!”

He abruptly raised his head, his eyes blazing with blood-red light, like two bloodthirsty crescent moons, sweeping over the trembling crowd below: “And those ubiquitous attacks! Squads wiped out, strongholds destroyed, disciples in a state of panic, morale at rock bottom!”

“In such a short time, my Ten Thousand Soul Demon Sect has suffered such a humiliating disgrace! This Chen Ping... this Ten Thousand Beasts Sect... do they really think my Soul Fiend Sect is made of clay? Do they really think the blade of my Ten Thousand Soul Demon Sect has rusted away?!”

“Boom!”

Soul Fiend slammed his palm onto the armrest of the throne, the entire hall trembling violently. The already severely corroded armrest shattered into dust.

A surge of violent demonic energy erupted from its center, spreading outwards in a black shockwave. Several elders nearby were thrown back by the force of the shockwave, their faces deathly pale.

“This cannot continue!”

Hun Sha abruptly rose to his feet, his towering figure casting a massive shadow in the dim light, seemingly capable of engulfing the entire hall. “Pass on my orders!”

His voice boomed like thunder, resounding in everyone’s ears.

“Assemble! Assemble all fighting forces of the sect! Except for those necessary to remain behind, guard the Soul Hall, and maintain the basic formations, all elders, deacons, and inner disciples above the Heavenly Immortal realm, assemble!”

“I will personally lead the charge to raze the Ten Thousand Beasts Sect! I will extract Chen Ping’s soul and refine it, forever imprisoning his spirit under the Netherworld Ghost Fire!”

“I will tear that old man Lietian’s bones apart, one by one, and grind them into powder!”

“I will ensure that the Ten Thousand Beasts Mountain Range is utterly desolate, barren and lifeless! With their blood and souls, I will rebuild the supreme prestige of my Ten Thousand Souls Demon Sect!”

A frenzied flame of vengeance burned in Hun Sha’s eyes, a destructive desire that would stop at nothing.

“Sect Master! Think it over!”

An elder, the most senior among them, with thinning hair and a withered face, stepped forward, his voice trembling, to offer his advice. “Such a massive mobilization will leave the sect utterly vulnerable.”

“The situation in the Tenth Heaven is complex. There are many forces coveting our sect. If someone with ulterior motives takes advantage of this weakness, the consequences will be unimaginable! It would be better to plan carefully and proceed gradually...”

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“No ‘if only’! And certainly no ‘gradually’!” Soul Fiend abruptly interrupted him, his killing intent almost tangible, causing the elder to feel as if he had fallen into an ice cave, swallowing back the rest of his words.

“In the Ten Heavens today, who doesn’t know the ferocity of the Myriad Souls Demon Sect? Who dares to easily provoke us? Those petty scoundrels wouldn’t dare offend our sect even if they had ten times the courage!”

“This battle is to crush the Myriad Beasts Sect with overwhelming force, only then can I quell my hatred and awe all! Anyone who dares to dissuade us, undermining morale, will be considered a traitor and executed without mercy!”

His chilling gaze swept across the entire area like an icy blade. Under his overwhelming authority, no one dared to voice any objection.

All the elders and deacons bowed in unison, their voices trembling slightly, yet they had no choice but to show absolute obedience: “We obey the Sect Master’s decree!”

The order spread like wildfire throughout the entire Myriad Souls Demon Sect.

Above the Crimson Blood Plains, beams of demonic light, radiating powerful auras, rose from various strongholds, mines, and secret cultivation grounds, converging on the Demon Sect headquarters like crows returning to their nests.

The weapon-forging workshops were forging demonic weapons and armor day and night, while the alchemy rooms distributed all their remaining combat elixirs. One after another, tamed, ferocious demonic beasts were saddled and bridled, emitting restless roars.

The colossal machine of the Myriad Souls Demonic Sect, born for war, began operating at unprecedented speed, its chilling aura soaring into the sky, stirring the perpetually shrouded crimson clouds above the Crimson Blood Plains, its target fixed on the distant Myriad Beasts Mountain Range!

...

Myriad Beasts Sect, Council Hall. Panic was spreading.

Unlike the Myriad Souls Demonic Sect’s proactive attack, the Myriad Beasts Sect’s council hall was filled with a pervasive sense of impending doom.

The joy and confidence gained from previous victories seemed so fragile in the face of such an overwhelming disparity in strength.

“Sect Master! Urgent intelligence! The Myriad Souls Demon Sect is mobilizing on a massive scale! That old demon, Soul Fiend, has declared he’ll personally lead an all-out attack to raze our Myriad Beasts Sect to the ground!”

A disciple in charge of intelligence stumbled into the main hall, his voice distorted by extreme fear.

This news, like a meteorite crashing onto a calm lake, instantly stirred up a monstrous wave.

“An all-out attack?! Have they...have they gone mad?”

“Soul Fiend is personally attacking...a ninth-grade Celestial Immortal...how can we possibly stop them?”

“And so many Demon Sect elders, dozens of Celestial Immortal experts...we’re finished!”

“If only...if only we hadn’t provoked them...”

Despair spread like a plague through the crowd. Some of the more resolute disciples turned pale, their bodies trembling uncontrollably.

Even some seasoned elders, their lips pressed tightly together, their eyes dim, as if they could already see the sect’s destruction and rivers of blood. All eyes finally focused on the silent young man in blue robes seated at the head of the table.

Shi Yan and Ying Wu stood beside Chen Ping, their fists clenched so tightly their nails almost dug into their flesh. They placed all their hopes, even the very survival of the Ten Thousand Beasts Sect, on this seemingly ordinary yet miraculously successful senior.

The Sect Master of the Rending Heaven Sect was ashen-faced, his throat dry. He turned to Chen Ping, his voice heavy as lead: “Senior, the Demonic Sect is coming with overwhelming force, their strength far surpassing ours. A direct confrontation would be tantamount to throwing an egg against a rock.”

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“Do you think... we should temporarily avoid their advance, break up our forces, and retreat into the depths of the mountains?”

Chen Ping slowly opened his eyes. His gaze was deep and still, like an ancient, deep pool, utterly undisturbed, as if the earth-shattering crisis outside had not stirred any emotion within him.

He tapped his fingertips lightly on the armrest of his chair, producing a rhythmic and steady “tap-tap” sound. This sound seemed to possess a strange magic, gradually calming the growing commotion and whispers within the hall.

“What’s the panic?”

Chen Ping spoke calmly, his voice not loud, but clearly reaching everyone’s ears, carrying an undeniable power of composure.

“When the enemy is powerful, avoid their sharpest attack. They’ve mobilized their entire force, leaving their home base vulnerable. This is common sense; what is there to fear?”

He turned his gaze to Lie Tian and asked, “Lie Tian, the Myriad Souls Demon Sect has roamed the Tenth Heaven for many years, arrogant and domineering. Hasn’t it made any mortal enemies?”

“Or rather, is there any force with serious conflicts of interest with them, a mutual wariness, even occasional friction, only maintaining a facade of peace due to their comparable strength?”

Lie Tian paused slightly upon hearing this, then fell into deep thought.

Elder Xiong Tuo, standing beside him, suddenly brightened up, as if seeing a ray of dawn in endless darkness. He quickly stepped forward, his voice hurried with excitement: “Yes! Of course there are! The Myriad Souls Demon Sect acts tyrannically and has made many enemies! But if we’re talking about the deepest grudges, the closest in strength, and the one that could threaten its foundation, it has to be the Profound Heaven Sword Sect!”

“The Profound Heaven Sword Sect?”

Chen Ping raised an eyebrow, revealing an expression of interest.

“Indeed!”

Lie Tian, also enlightened, nodded affirmatively, his speech quickening: “The Xuan Tian Sword Sect is located in the Ten Thousand Swords Mountain Range, forming a tripartite balance with my Ten Thousand Beasts Mountain Range and the Crimson Blood Plain of the Demon Sect.”

“Most of the Sword Sect cultivators are upright and unyielding, cultivating the supremely yang and powerful Xuanmen sword path. Although they don’t have deep ties with my beast race, they generally keep to themselves.”

“However, they are natural enemies with the Ten Thousand Souls Demon Sect, which specializes in Yin Soul Demonic Arts and acts in a treacherous and cruel manner! Their techniques clash, and their ideologies are contradictory!”

Xiong Tuo eagerly added details, as if pouring all his hopes into this name: “According to reliable records, about three hundred years ago, the two sects fought an unprecedented war over the ownership of an ancient sword cultivator’s cave dwelling.”

“Both sides lost several Heavenly Immortal Realm elders, and countless disciples were killed or wounded. Although...” “A ceasefire agreement has been signed, maintaining peace on the surface, but behind the scenes, friction, probing, and sabotage have never ceased.”

“To compete for newly discovered spirit stone veins and rare medicinal fields, conflicts of varying sizes occur almost every few years.”

“However, the two sides are evenly matched, neither having absolute certainty of defeating the other, thus creating a fragile balance, mutually wary yet unable to overcome each other.”

“The Xuan Tian Sword Sect... sword cultivators... supremely yang and strong, restraining Yin Soul Demonic Arts, their strength is comparable, and they are wary of each other...”

Chen Ping's eyes flashed with wisdom, and the corners of his mouth slightly turned up, outlining an arc of complete control. "Very good, absolutely perfect, they are the ones."

"Senior, what do you mean?"

Lie Tian seemed to have guessed Chen Ping's thoughts, his heart pounding, finding the idea both audacious and insane.

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"It's simple."

Chen Ping stood up, hands behind his back, his gaze seemingly piercing through the barriers of the hall, traversing mountains and rivers, to see the Myriad Swords Mountain Range, like countless sharp swords pointing to the sky.

"They're going to launch a full-scale attack, aren't they? Then we'll cut off their supply lines. In their supposedly secure homeland, we'll light a fire—a fire bright enough to attract attention."

"We'll make the Xuantian Sword Sect attack them, forcing the Soul Fiend Sect to retreat and defend, even... making these two tigers tear each other apart, resulting in mutual destruction!"

"Make the Xuantian Sword Sect attack the Myriad Souls Demon Sect?" The elders below gasped. This plan was even more shocking than they had imagined!

This was practically dancing on a knife's edge, playing with fire between two giants!

"Indeed."

Chen Ping's tone was resolute, carrying an unquestionable confidence. "As long as the conflict created is sharp enough, the evidence left behind is conclusive enough, and the situation is urgent enough, the Xuan Tian Sword Sect Master, Ling Yunzi, will have no choice but to act."

“Sometimes, a seemingly solid balance only needs a perfectly timed spark to ignite the entire powder keg.”

...

That night, the moon was dark and the wind was high, the perfect opportunity for stealth and concealment.

Chen Ping quietly left the Ten Thousand Beasts Sect, without alerting anyone, even leaving behind his beloved little fire unicorn.

He transformed into a barely perceptible, faint blue shadow, as if blending into the night wind, unleashing his spatial escape technique to its fullest extent, speeding towards the Ten Thousand Swords Mountains, which stood alongside the Ten Thousand Beasts Mountains and the Crimson Blood Plains.

His speed far exceeded the imagination of ordinary Celestial Immortal Realm cultivators; space seemed to shrink beneath his feet, mountains and rivers rushing past.

Several days later, the outline of a magnificent, towering mountain range appeared on the horizon. In stark contrast to the vast, ancient Beast Mountain Range and the blood-soaked, eerie Crimson Blood Plains, the Ten Thousand Swords Mountain Range immediately strikes one as extremely sharp and aloof.

Mountain peaks rise abruptly from the ground, steep and sheer, resembling countless giant swords thrust upside down into the earth, piercing the clouds. A chilling sword aura seems to linger, causing the clouds above the mountains to be sliced into wisps by an invisible force.

Even before approaching, one can feel the faint yet pervasive sharpness in the air; ordinary cultivators here would likely find even breathing painful.

Chen Ping did not rashly enter the core area of the Xuan Tian Sword Sect, but instead stopped at a sizable market town on its outskirts.

This market town, named Qingfeng Town, is the most important center for cultivator transactions and information gathering under the jurisdiction of the Xuan Tian Sword Sect.

The buildings within the town are mostly constructed of bluestone, with sharp angles, exuding the simplicity and coldness unique to sword cultivators.

The market was bustling with people, most of whom were sword cultivators carrying longswords, their steps steady, their eyes sharp. They spoke softly, but their words were clear and decisive.

Chen Ping activated a secret technique, suppressing his own qi fluctuations to a minimum, revealing only the ordinary aura of someone at the seventh rank of the Human Immortal Realm.

Like any ordinary rogue cultivator, he silently blended into the crowd.

He first strolled seemingly casually through the market, his eyes scanning the shops and stalls on both sides, but his ears, like the most sophisticated radar, were diligently capturing fragments of sound from all directions, sifting through them for useful information.

“Have you heard? The other day, that newly discovered small spirit stone vein in Black Wind Gorge was harassed again by those bastards from the Myriad Souls Demon Sect! This time it’s even worse; they destroyed several of our main mines and injured several of our junior brothers guarding them!”

“Hmph! Those cowardly rats are getting more and more arrogant! They must be trying to take advantage of our distraction lately!”

“That’s right! It’s said they’ve been very active on the edge of the Crimson Blood Plains lately, gathering a large number of people and supplies, their murderous aura is overwhelming, I wonder what kind of conspiracy they’re brewing.”

“What kind of conspiracy could they be plotting? They’re definitely planning something big again! I think their target is probably still our Myriad Swords Mountain Range! We need to remind the sect to strengthen our defenses!”

Hearing these discussions filled with resentment and vigilance, Chen Ping nodded slightly.

Excellent. The hostility and suspicion among the lower-level disciples have already deepened so much; this provides extremely fertile ground and a good foundation for his next plan.

Next came the core of the plan: creating irrefutable evidence to convince the Xuan Tian Sword Sect's higher-ups and spur them into decisive action.

Chen Ping took out several blank, high-quality jade slips from his storage ring, along with a rather peculiar type of Thousand Illusion Spirit Mud that could simulate various energy auras.

And several broken magical artifacts that clearly bore the chilling, corrosive aura characteristic of the Myriad Souls Demon Sect's techniques.

The jade slips and the Thousand Illusion Spirit Mud were gifts from Hu Mazi.

As for the Myriad Souls Demon Sect's magical artifacts, Chen Ping possessed many of them, all stolen from the sect, and all genuine.

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After making preparations, Chen Ping did not linger in Qingfeng Town but quickly left, finding a desolate valley on the outskirts of the Ten Thousand Swords Mountain Range, far from human habitation and sparse in spiritual energy.

His first task was to forge a convincingly authentic Demonic Sect secret order.

Taking out the highest quality blank jade slip, Chen Ping sat cross-legged, immersing his divine sense within it.

He mobilized his vast, boundless spiritual power, meticulously simulating the unique, cold, eerie, and soul-fluctuating demonic aura of the Ten Thousand Souls Demonic Sect.

He carefully inscribed the information he had already conceived into the jade slip.

He meticulously recalled all the details about the Ten Thousand Souls Demonic Sect—its writing style, language habits, internal organizational structure, etc.—that he had gleaned from Shi Yan, Ying Wu, and from the Demonic Sect items and texts he had previously seized.

He strived to ensure that every word and phrase conformed to the Demonic Sect's style, leaving no flaws.

The contents of the jade slip were meticulously crafted to appear as a top-secret order personally issued by Sect Master Hun Sha to a mole codenamed "Shadow," a long-time undercover agent within the Xuan Tian Sword Sect's territory:

"Shadow, heed my command: The sect has decided to launch a full-scale attack on the Xuan Tian Sword Sect to avenge our past humiliation and completely seize the spiritual veins and resources of the Ten Thousand Swords Mountain Range!"

"Your unit is hereby ordered to closely monitor the Sword Sect's movements and, at midnight three days from now, coordinate with the sect's main force to launch a surprise attack on the Sword Sect's protective formation, the 'Big Dipper Sword Formation,' specifically on the 'Yao Guang' array eye!"

"This is one of the seven core nodes of the 'Big Dipper Sword Formation,' and the key to breaking the formation..." "At that time, we must destroy or temporarily paralyze it at all costs!"

"I will personally lead the main force of the sect in a frontal assault, attacking from both inside and outside. We will surely break through the Xuan Tian Sword Sect's mountain gate in one fell swoop, laying an unshakeable foundation for our eternal dynasty! This battle concerns the rise and fall, survival and destruction of the sect; only success is allowed, failure is not permitted! Anyone who dares to delay the opportunity or leak information will face my head!"

The "Big Dipper Sword Formation" and the "Yao Guang Formation Eye" were among the most likely key nodes of the sect's protective formation, deduced by Chen Ping based on scattered information circulating in the market, miscellaneous notes about the Xuan Tian Sword Sect's history purchased, and his own profound understanding of formations.

Choosing to launch a surprise attack on the core of the sect's protective formation was an absolutely blatant declaration of war that no sect could tolerate, enough to instantly ignite all conflicts.

After inscribing the contents of the secret order, Chen Ping's work was not finished.

The most crucial step lay in that unique soul imprint.

He took out the Thousand Illusion Spirit Mud, using it as a medium, and mixed in a trace of refined primordial demonic energy extracted from the broken demonic sect artifacts.

Then, he mobilized his divine soul power, meticulously simulating and constructing the unique and powerful soul imprint fluctuations of the Soul Fiend.

This process required an extremely precise control over energy and soul fluctuations; the slightest mistake would render the entire effort futile.

Chen Ping was completely focused, his fingertips wreathed in spiritual light, as if performing the most intricate carving. It took him a full half hour, until a pure, chilling soul imprint, carrying the unique pressure of the Soul Fiend, was finally perfectly imprinted at the end of the jade slip.

Having completed this, Chen Ping let out a long sigh of relief. He carefully examined the jade slip several times, confirming that from its material, information content, writing style, to the most crucial soul imprint, everything was almost flawless, indistinguishable from the real thing.

Unless the Soul Fiend himself personally examines the jade slip repeatedly, it would be extremely difficult to detect that it was a forgery.

Having the secret order alone is not enough; actual action is needed to prove its authenticity.

Chen Ping's figure once again blended into the night, like an invisible ghost, silently infiltrating a relatively secluded outpost on the outskirts of the Xuan Tian Sword Sect's mountain gate, where the guards were not particularly strong.