

The Order 9681

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At the center of the palace complex, a colossal tower, a thousand feet tall, pierces the clouds. An inextinguishable ghostly fire burns atop the tower, casting an eerie dark green hue over the surrounding hundreds of miles.

This is the headquarters of the Evil Path Palace—Netherworld Mountain.

At this moment, within the main hall atop the tower, the atmosphere is so heavy it's almost frozen.

Above the hall, on a massive throne constructed from countless skulls, sits a figure shrouded in thick black mist.

The black mist churns, revealing only a pair of blood-red eyes that radiate a chilling aura that freezes the soul.

This is Zhan E, the Palace Master of the Evil Path Palace.

Below, dozens of powerful high-ranking members of the Evil Path Palace stand on either side, the lowest being at the seventh rank of the Heavenly Immortal Realm. Several of them are unfathomable, clearly elders of the Evil Path Palace.

Everyone lowered their heads, not daring to breathe.

Just now, Elder Shadow Fiend, in charge of intelligence, reported news that shocked everyone.

Chen Ping, the guy who killed so many disciples of the Evil Path Hall, had actually arrived at the Eleventh Heaven!

“Is the news confirmed?”

Zhan E's voice came from within the black mist, hoarse and icy, like a chilling wind from the deepest hell.

"Confirmed."

Elder Shadow Fiend bowed and said, "The images and aura transmitted from the Sand Rock City stronghold confirm it is indeed Chen Ping. He is accompanied by a demonic cultivator. They were inquiring about 'Earth Core Jade Marrow Milk' as soon as they entered Sand Rock City."

"Earth Core Jade Marrow Milk..."

Zhan E repeated in a low voice, "That's a sacred object for strengthening the foundation, nourishing the vital energy, and locking the soul. What is he looking for? Is it to heal someone? Or... to counter our hall's Soul Devouring Technique?"

"This subordinate doesn't know."

Elder Shadow Fiend shook his head, "But according to intelligence transmitted from the Sixth Heaven, Chen Ping seems to have a close relationship with a rogue cultivator named Hu Mazi."

"The Hu clan members were once subjected to our soul-binding and soul-refining techniques, and Chen Ping once..." He declared he would seek justice for him.

"Hmph, an ignorant brat." Zhan E sneered, his bloodshot eyes blazing with murderous intent. "I originally thought he would stay in the lower worlds for decades, but I didn't expect him to dare come to the Eleventh Heaven so soon. Good, saves me the trouble of searching."

He looked down at a thin, sinister-looking old man: "Elder Poison Heart, the northern region of the Eleventh Heaven is your responsibility. This matter is entrusted to you. You must kill this brat in the shortest possible time and bring his head to me!"

Elder Poison Heart, one of the seventy-two Earthly Fiend Elders of the Evil Path Hall, possessed an eighth-grade Heavenly Immortal cultivation. He was proficient in poison and assassination, his methods ruthless and vicious, and he was infamous within the Evil Path Hall.

“Rest assured, Palace Master.”

Elder Poison Heart bowed, his voice shrill as a needle. “A mere junior at the first rank of the Heavenly Immortal Realm, even with some trump cards, is nothing but an ant before absolute power. I will personally arrange for his disappearance without a trace.”

“Don’t be careless.”

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Zhan E shook his head. “This boy, with his Human Immortal Realm cultivation, has repeatedly thwarted our palace’s plans, even managing to kill several Heavenly Immortal Realm members of our palace—he is no ordinary person.”

“I suspect he may be hiding his true strength, or perhaps possessing other earth-shattering secrets.”

He paused, then continued, “Furthermore, this Chen...” “There might be some powerful force behind Chen Ping, so killing him must be swift but clean, leaving no evidence. Ideally, it should be an accident, or he should die in a revenge killing or a treasure-hunting conflict.”

“The Palace Master is wise.” Elder Poison Heart’s eyes flashed with understanding. “This subordinate understands what to do.”

“Go.”

Zhan E waved his hand. “I need to hear good news within a month. Also, the clue about the Earth Core Jade Marrow Milk can be used as bait... perhaps he will willingly walk into the trap.”

“Yes!” Elder Poison Heart accepted the order, his figure slowly merging into the shadows and disappearing.

Silence returned to the hall, broken only by the crackling of the Netherworld Ghost Fire.

Zhan E sat on the throne, his crimson eyes gazing into the void, as if piercing through layers of space to see that young figure far away in the Sandstone City of the Eleventh Heaven.

...

After leaving the Myriad Treasures Pavilion, Chen Ping and the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord didn't immediately return to the inn. Instead, they strolled around Sandstone City, familiarizing themselves with the surroundings and trying to inquire about the Earth Core Jade Marrow Milk through other channels.

They visited several smaller shops and stalls, but the answers were all similar: they'd heard of it, but never seen it, and didn't know its exact location.

"It seems the Earth Core Jade Marrow Milk is indeed rare,"

the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord sighed. "Even cultivators at the eleventh level of the Heavenly Realm know very little about it."

Chen Ping nodded: "After all, it's a rare treasure that only yields a drop every ten thousand years. Perhaps only top-tier forces or ancient monsters who have lived for countless years would know the exact clues."

"We're new here; it's indeed not easy to find out."

Just as the two were somewhat discouraged and preparing to return to the inn to discuss their next move, a voice sounded behind them:

"Fellow Daoists, are you searching for the Earth Core Jade Marrow Milk?"

Chen Ping's heart skipped a beat, and he turned around abruptly.

The speaker was a scholar in a blue robe who appeared to be around thirty years old. He was fair-skinned and beardless, with an ordinary appearance, but his eyes were exceptionally bright, carrying the shrewdness characteristic of a merchant.

His aura was calm, and his cultivation was at the fifth rank of the Celestial Immortal Realm. He was currently smiling at Chen Ping and his companion, his attitude friendly.

“And you are?”

Chen Ping asked calmly, while simultaneously scanning the man with his divine sense.

He detected no obvious malice or unusual aura, but his intuition, honed over many years of experience, kept him vigilant.

“My name is Liu Wenyuan, the manager of the Listening Wind Pavilion in Sandstone City.”

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The scholar in the blue robe cupped his hands and smiled, “Just now, outside the Myriad Treasures Pavilion, I overheard you two inquiring about the Earth Core Jade Marrow Milk from Elder Liu. I apologize for the intrusion.”

Listening Wind Pavilion? Chen Ping had never heard of this organization.

Seemingly sensing Chen Ping’s confusion, Liu Wenyuan smiled and explained, “Listening Wind Pavilion is a small local organization in Sandstone City, mainly engaged in information trading and brokerage. They have some connections in Sandstone City and the surrounding area.”

“Manager Liu, do you know about the Earth Core Jade Marrow Milk?” the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord couldn’t help but ask.

Liu Wenyuan smiled slightly, “I know a little. This isn’t the place to talk. If you two don’t mind, why don’t we move to Listening Wind Pavilion to discuss this in detail?”

“Don’t worry, it’s just business. Whether it succeeds or not depends entirely on your willingness.”

Chen Ping and the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord exchanged a glance, both seeing interest in each other’s eyes. The clues about the Earth Core Jade Marrow Milk were too important to them; even a sliver of hope couldn’t be ignored.

“Then I’ll have to trouble Manager Liu,” Chen Ping nodded.

“Please follow me.” Liu Wenyuan’s smile widened, and he turned to lead the way.

Tingfeng Tower, located in the heart of Shayan City, is a three-story wooden building. While its facade isn’t luxurious, its location is excellent.

The interior is elegantly furnished. The first floor is a reception hall, the second floor has private rooms, and the third floor appears to be office space.

Liu Wenyuan led the two directly to a private room by the window on the second floor. After instructing a maid to serve tea, he closed the door.

“Please, fellow Daoists, have a seat.”

Liu Wenyuan gestured for them to sit, then sat down himself, getting straight to the point, “Earth Core Jade Marrow Milk is produced from the Earth Core Jade Vein at the deepest part of the Lava Demon Abyss in the Flame Domain. Only one drop is obtained every ten thousand years. It has miraculous effects of strengthening the foundation, nourishing the vital energy, and locking the soul. Even in the Eleventh Heaven, this is a legendary treasure, and it’s indeed difficult to obtain through ordinary channels.”

“Since Steward Liu knows about this, you must have some leads?” Chen Ping asked.

“There are indeed some clues.”

Liu Wenyuan nodded, but then changed the subject, "However, I'm sure you two understand the value of such precious information..."

"Name your price," Chen Ping said directly.

Liu Wenyuan held up five fingers: "Five thousand top-grade immortal stones. Or treasures or materials of equivalent value."

Five thousand top-grade immortal stones!

Chen Ping frowned.

This price was almost several times his entire fortune.

Although he had accumulated some wealth in the Ninth and Tenth Heavens, the value of those high-grade immortal stones and materials had greatly diminished in the higher-level worlds.

Five thousand top-grade immortal stones were equivalent to five hundred thousand high-grade immortal stones.

Chen Ping couldn't obtain that many top-grade immortal stones right now.

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"That's too high."

Chen Ping shook his head. "We're new to the Eleventh Heaven and don't have that many top-grade immortal stones."

Liu Wenyuan seemed to have anticipated this, and smiled, "If you don't have enough immortal stones, you can pay in other ways. For example... do something for Tingfeng Tower."

"What is it?"

Chen Ping's vigilance deepened.

There's no such thing as a free lunch. If the other party made this request, it was probably not a simple matter.

"Actually, it's not that difficult."

Liu Wenyuan lowered his voice. "Three thousand miles east of Shayan City, an ancient cultivator's cave is about to emerge. According to our information, the cave's owner is an ancient True Immortal, and it likely contains rare cultivation techniques and treasures."

"We, Tingfeng Tower, want a share, but we lack manpower, especially powerful allies."

"You two fellow Daoists were able to travel all the way from the lower realm to the eleventh heaven; your strength must be extraordinary."

"If you can lend us a hand, I, Liu, will offer you the clues to the Earth Core Jade Marrow Milk with both hands, without taking a single penny."

"Moreover, the proceeds from the cave will be distributed according to contribution; you two will definitely not be at a disadvantage."

An ancient cultivator's cave?

Chen Ping's mind was filled with doubt.

Why would such a good thing be so easily offered to two strangers?

And how did they know they were extraordinary?

Just because they came from the lower realm?

“Why did Manager Liu choose us?”

Chen Ping asked directly, “Sand Rock City shouldn’t lack experts, right?”

Liu Wenyuan sighed, “To be honest, news of this cave has already leaked to a small circle, and the other two major forces in Sand Rock City, the Mad Sand Gang and the Iron Rock Society, are also eyeing it.”

“Our Listening Wind Pavilion is slightly weaker. If we act alone, we probably won’t even get a taste. As for why we chose the two of you...”

He looked at Chen Ping, then at the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord, “Firstly, you two are unfamiliar faces, making it less likely to attract the attention of the other two parties;”

“Secondly, I observe that you two possess a composed demeanor, especially you. Although you appear to be only at the first rank of the Heavenly Immortal Realm, your eyes are sharp, and your aura is restrained, far surpassing that of ordinary first-rank cultivators.”

“Sometimes, when exploring such caves, what’s needed isn’t the person with the highest cultivation level, but rather the most reliable and cautious partner.”

This explanation sounded reasonable, but Chen Ping’s doubts weren’t completely dispelled.

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He felt that Liu Wenyuan’s appearance was too opportune, and his attitude too enthusiastic.

“We need to consider this matter,” Chen Ping said, not immediately agreeing.

“Of course.”

Liu Wenyuan didn't press the matter, taking out a jade slip and handing it to Chen Ping. "This contains general information about the cave and the meeting point. Three days from now, at noon, in Black Wind Valley, three hundred li east of the city."

"If you two are interested, you may come and meet me. Also, to show my sincerity, I can reveal some information about the Earth Core Jade Marrow Milk."

"Although the location of the Lava Demon Abyss is hidden, in Crimson Flame City of the Flame Domain, there is a force called the Earth Fire Pavilion, which has studied earth fire and earth veins for generations. They may possess more detailed clues."

Crimson Flame City, Earth Fire Pavilion.

Chen Ping silently memorized these two names.

"Thank you for informing me, Steward Liu."

Chen Ping put away the jade slip. "We will give you an answer in three days."

"We await good news." Liu Wenyuan rose to see him off.

Leaving Tingfeng Tower and walking back to the inn, the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord couldn't help but ask, "Chen Ping, do you think this Liu Wenyuan is trustworthy?"

"It's hard to say."

Chen Ping pondered, "I glanced at the information about the cave he gave me, and it doesn't seem fake. The clues about the Earth Fire Pavilion might also be valuable. But all of this is too coincidental, unsettlingly so."

"You suspect... this is a trap?"

“I can’t rule out that possibility.”

A cold glint flashed in Chen Ping’s eyes, “However, we can’t give up on the clues about the Earth Core Jade Marrow Milk. In three days, we’ll go to Black Wind Valley. But we must be fully prepared, and if things go wrong, we must escape immediately.”

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord nodded: “I’ll listen to you.”

Back at the inn, Chen Ping immediately began studying the jade slip Liu Wenyan had given him.

The jade slip detailed the location of the ancient cultivator’s cave in Black Wind Valley, the characteristics of its outer restrictions, and the potential dangers, even including a rudimentary map.

The information was detailed and didn’t seem hastily fabricated.

“Could it be that we’ve been overly suspicious?” Even the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord wavered after reading the jade slip.

Chen Ping remained silent, simply memorizing its contents.

Whether it was a trap or not, having decided to go, they had to prepare for the worst.

He took out a pile of materials and began setting up arrays in the room.

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Concealment arrays, early warning arrays, simple teleportation bases... various arrays were layered upon each other. Although limited by materials and the environment, their power wasn’t particularly strong, but they might play an unexpected role at crucial moments.

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord wasn’t idle either, carefully checking his magical treasures and pills, adjusting his condition to its best.

The little fire qilin seemed to sense the tense atmosphere, quietly lying at Chen Ping's feet, golden flames slowly flowing across its body.

Time passed quietly as they prepared.

Unbeknownst to Chen Ping, deep underground in Sandstone City, in a hidden chamber, Liu Wenyuan stood respectfully before an old man in black robes.

"Elder Poison Heart, the fish have taken the bait."

Liu Wenyuan bowed and said, "They accepted the jade slip and should be heading to Black Wind Valley in three days."

The black-robed elder was none other than Elder Poison Heart, one of the seventy-two Earthly Fiend Elders of the Evil Path Hall.

He had completely concealed his aura, appearing as an ordinary, sinister old man, but the occasional flash of green light in his triangular eyes sent chills down one's spine.

"Well done."

Elder Poison Heart's voice was hoarse. "Is everything arranged at Black Wind Valley?"

"Everything is ready."

Liu Wenyuan said, "The 'Blood Refining Soul Array' has been set up. As soon as they step into the core area, the array will activate, enough to trap and kill cultivators below the eighth rank of the Heavenly Immortal Realm."

"In addition, the three 'Ghost Fiend Envoys' are also in position and ready to act at any time."

Ghost Fiend Envoys are elite assassins trained by the Evil Path Hall, specializing in assassination missions. They work in groups of three, specializing in coordinated attacks, and all possess strength above the seventh rank of the Heavenly Immortal Realm.

“Not enough.”

Elder Poison Heart shook his head. “The Palace Master specifically instructed that this boy is no ordinary person; he must be killed with swift and decisive action, without giving him any chance to recover.”

“Notify the Three Ghost Envoys to use the ‘Netherworld Three Killing Formation’ directly, ensuring a fatal blow!”

Liu Wenyuan’s heart skipped a beat.

The Netherworld Three Killing Formation—that’s a forbidden killing formation that requires burning one’s essence blood to activate, its power enough to threaten even a peak ninth-grade Heavenly Immortal!

Is such a method necessary to deal with a mere first-grade Heavenly Immortal junior?

Liu Wenyuan dared not ask further and quickly replied, “Yes! I will go and inform them immediately.”

Elder Poison Heart gazed at the flickering candlelight in the secret chamber, a cruel smile curving his lips.

“Chen Ping...this elder will see how many breaths you can withstand under the Netherworld Three Killing Formation. After you die, your soul will become nourishment for this elder...hehehe...”

A chilling laugh echoed in the secret chamber, like the hiss of a venomous snake.

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Three days passed in the blink of an eye.

When Chen Ping and the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord stood once again outside the east gate of Sandstone City, both were fully prepared.

Chen Ping had changed into a practical cyan outfit, with several storage bags and small array plates hanging from his waist.

His outward aura remained that of a first-grade Celestial Immortal, but chaotic immortal power flowed slowly within him, ready to unleash a thunderous strike at any moment.

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord, on the other hand, wore a dark red robe with demonic patterns, his demonic energy concealed, but his eyes were sharp as an eagle's. He carried several bottles of secret medicine to stimulate life potential, his trump card for the worst-case scenario.

Chen Ping stored the little fire qilin in his storage ring; otherwise, it would attract too much attention.

"Let's go," Chen Ping said, looking eastward towards Black Wind Valley.

The two took to the air, transforming into two streaks of light, flying towards Black Wind Valley, three hundred miles away.

The space of the eleventh heaven was more stable, and the air resistance was greater.

Chen Ping estimated that his maximum speed was about 40% lower than in the tenth heaven.

This meant that if they encountered a powerful enemy, escaping would be much more difficult.

About half an hour later, a black canyon appeared ahead.

The canyon was flanked by steep black rock walls, and a strange black gale constantly blew through it, whipping up sand and stones, making visibility extremely low.

This was the origin of the name “Black Wind Valley.”

Following the instructions in the jade slip, the two landed at the valley entrance.

At this time, more than twenty people had already gathered at the valley entrance, all with cultivation levels between the fourth and sixth rank of the Heavenly Immortal Realm.

Liu Wenyuan was indeed among them. Upon seeing Chen Ping and his companion, he immediately greeted them with a smile.

“You two fellow Daoists are indeed punctual.”

Liu Wenyuan warmly introduced them, “This is Fellow Daoist Kuangdao, a peak sixth-grade Heavenly Immortal, the leader of our operation. This is...”

He introduced all the main figures present.

Chen Ping observed these people discreetly. Most appeared to be experienced rogue cultivators or members of small factions, their eyes wary, maintaining a distance from one another.

Kuangdao indeed possessed a formidable aura, carrying a ghost-headed saber the size of a door panel on his back. His gaze towards Chen Ping held a hint of scrutiny and disdain.

Clearly, Chen Ping’s apparent first-grade Heavenly Immortal cultivation level didn’t earn him much respect.

“Everyone’s here, let’s set off.”

Kuangdao said gruffly, taking the lead into the valley.

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The others followed closely behind.

Upon entering Black Wind Valley, the eerie black gale immediately assaulted their senses.

Fine pebbles swirled in the wind, rustling against the protective aura.

More troublesome was the fact that this gale seemed to have an effect on spiritual sense; Chen Ping discovered that his spiritual perception range had been compressed to less than a hundred feet.

“Everyone be careful, the gale in Black Wind Valley interferes with spiritual sense. Stay close and don’t fall behind,”

Liu Wenyuan warned, walking cautiously in the middle of the group.

The group continued deeper into the canyon. The terrain was complex, with numerous branching paths, but Kuang Dao seemed very familiar with the route, leading the group through the maze-like canyon, occasionally stopping to examine certain special markings on the rock walls.

Chen Ping’s vigilance intensified.

The environment of Black Wind Valley was perfect for ambushes; if someone had set a trap here, it would be like catching a turtle in a jar.

After walking for about the time it takes for an incense stick to burn, a hidden cave entrance appeared ahead, half-hidden by several huge black rocks.

“This is it.”

“According to intelligence, there’s a restriction at the entrance to this cave. We’ll need to break it together. Everyone, get ready.”

The crowd unleashed their magical treasures, gathering their immortal power.

“Mad Blade” let out a low shout, and his Ghost Head Blade erupted with a dazzling crimson light, slashing towards the cave entrance first!

“Boom!”

The rocks at the cave entrance shattered, revealing a transparent barrier shimmering with a faint light.

The other cultivators also attacked, their various strikes landing on the barrier, creating ripples.

Chen Ping didn’t use his full strength, only symbolically unleashing a few sword strikes.

He noticed that Liu Wenyuan had also attacked, but he too was holding back.

About half an hour later, the barrier shattered with a “pop” under the combined attack of the crowd, revealing a dark cave entrance.

“Go!” Mad Blade charged in first.

The others followed in single file.

The cave was more spacious than expected, with winding passages leading downwards. Faded ancient murals, depicting flames, lava, and strange creatures, were carved into the rock walls on either side.

A scorching heat filled the air, a stark contrast to the chill of Black Wind Valley.

“The owner of this cave might have been an ancient cultivator who practiced fire-based techniques,” someone speculated.

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Chen Ping, however, felt a strange unease.

The flame and lava patterns on the murals reminded him of the “Flame Domain” and “Lava Abyss” mentioned by Liu Wenyuan.

This was too much of a coincidence.

After continuing downwards for about fifteen minutes, the cave suddenly opened up, revealing a vast underground cavern.

In the center of the cavern stood a three-zhang-high crimson stone platform. On the platform rested an exquisite jade box, its surface shimmering with iridescent light and radiating an alluring spiritual energy.

Scattered around the platform were several skeletons and fragments of broken magical artifacts, all appearing to be ancient. “Treasure!” Someone’s eyes lit up, and they were about to rush forward.

“Wait!” Kuang Dao shouted, “Be careful, there’s a restriction!”

But his warning came too late.

The first two to rush out had just stepped within ten feet of the stone platform when countless eerie blood-red patterns suddenly lit up the ground!

“Boom!”

A blood-red light barrier, over twenty feet in diameter, shot into the sky, completely enveloping the two.

From within the light barrier came extremely shrill screams. The bodies of the two melted and vaporized at a visible speed; even their souls couldn't escape, utterly annihilated!

“Blood Refining Soul Array!”

A knowledgeable old cultivator exclaimed in shock, “This is an ancient demonic array! Retreat!”

Everyone's expression changed drastically, and they frantically retreated.

Chen Ping also retreated immediately, but he already fully understood that this was indeed a trap!

Moreover, the person who set up this trap was extremely malicious; they not only wanted to kill but also refine souls!

Just as everyone was still reeling from the shock, more than a dozen figures silently emerged from the shadows around the cave.

They were all dressed in uniform black, their faces adorned with hideous demon masks, exuding a chilling and murderous aura.

The three leaders possessed auras that had reached the seventh rank of the Celestial Immortal Realm!

The remaining dozen or so were all experts at the fifth or sixth rank of the Celestial Immortal Realm.

They had completely blocked everyone's escape route.

“The Evil Path Hall!”

Kuang Dao's face was ashen as he gritted his teeth and spat out these three words.

Liu Wenyuan had already retreated to the side of the Evil Path Hall members, bowing to the leader of the black-clad men, saying, "Lord Ghost Fiend Envoy, the person has been brought."

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The leader of the black-clad men nodded, his gaze sweeping over the trapped group, finally landing on Chen Ping, his voice hoarse and icy: "You are Chen Ping?"

Chen Ping's heart sank. Sure enough, they were after him!

"It's me."

Chen Ping stepped forward, his expression calm. "The Evil Path Hall's intelligence network is truly impressive. I've only just arrived at the eleventh heaven, and you're already eager to die."

"Die?"

The man in black sneered as if he'd heard a joke. "A first-grade Celestial Immortal, daring to spout such nonsense?"

"Boy, the Hall Master has ordered that whoever takes your head will be rewarded with a million high-grade immortal stones and promoted to elder. We three brothers will accept this generous reward."

He looked at his two companions: "Third brother, you go and deal with the others, leave no survivors."

"Second brother, come with me to capture this brat. Remember, alive; the Hall Master needs his soul."

"Yes!" The other two men in black responded. One lunged at the trapped cultivators like Mad Blade, while the other, along with the leader, slowly approached Chen Ping.

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord roared, blocking Chen Ping's path, his dark red demonic energy surging forth.

"A demonic cultivator? Interesting, but not enough."

The leader of the men in black sneered, raising his hand and waving it. "Attack!"

Before his words even finished, he and another man in black attacked simultaneously!

One wielded a short, jet-black dagger, its tip gleaming with a ghostly blue poisonous light, silently aiming for Chen Ping's throat!

The speed was like a viper's flick of its tongue!

The other held a pair of metallic, ghostly claws, the claws tearing through the air, aimed straight for Chen Ping's heart!

The force was immense, accompanied by a piercing shriek!

The two worked in perfect coordination, one fast and one ruthless, one skillful and one heavy, sealing off all of Chen Ping's escape routes. Clearly, they intended to defeat him in one move, a swift and decisive victory.

In their view, dealing with a mere first-grade Celestial Immortal was a trivial matter for the two of them working together; there was absolutely no possibility of failure.

The trapped cultivators, including Kuangdao, were currently being besieged by a third man in black and his men, their situation precarious, leaving them no time to spare.

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord wanted to help, but was entangled by several fifth- or sixth-rank cultivators from the Evil Path Hall, unable to break free.

Seeing Chen Ping about to perish on the spot—

Chen Ping moved.

He neither dodged nor defended.