

## **The Order 8701**

Chapter: 8701

You Wuji's expression darkened. "He's my younger brother. He joined the Evil Path Hall, but I haven't seen him in a long time!"

"No wonder your two names are so similar!" Chen Ping suddenly realized.

A complex expression flashed in You Wuji's eyes. "Mr. Chen, although the Evil Path Hall has taken the Hu family's spirit souls, they may not have refined them all. They may have been imprisoned."

"What?" Hu Mazi was immediately excited upon hearing this. "What are you saying? Does this mean the spirit souls of my people are still there?"

You Wuji nodded. "That should be the case. The cultivation techniques used in the Evil Path Hall are quite special, allowing them to refine the spirit souls of others for their own use."

"He took so many spirit souls from the Hu family, I'm afraid they couldn't refine them all at once. It's possible that some spirit souls are still imprisoned."

Hu Mazi's eyes filled with tears of excitement. "Great... Great... As long as the spirits remain, there's still hope for my people's resurrection!"

Chen Ping also breathed a sigh of relief. He patted Hu Mazi on the shoulder and said, "Master Hu, don't worry. We will definitely rescue the spirits of our people and let them rest in peace."

"I can help, too. I can find a chance to ask my brother about the whereabouts of the Hu family's spirits."

"As you know, the Evil Path Hall has branches everywhere, collecting souls and spirits. Without help, it's difficult for you to find them," You Wuji said hurriedly.

He said this purely to save his own life. Only by being useful could he save his life!

Chen Ping glanced at You Wuji, who looked like a lost dog, and said coldly, "I'll spare your life for now, but if you dare try anything, I guarantee you'll be annihilated and never reborn."

You Wuji kowtowed furiously, "I wouldn't dare! I wouldn't dare! Mr. Chen, rest assured. I'll do my best to gather information and won't dare tell a single lie!"

He had already been terrified by Nan Batian. He was incredibly lucky to be alive, so he couldn't think of anything else. He breathed a long sigh of relief, his back drenched in cold sweat.

Hu Mazi, listening nearby, felt his teeth clenched. The deep hatred for his clan members surged in his heart. He looked at the trembling Youyue Witch beside him, a fierce glint in his eyes.

He stepped towards Youyue, whose face paled with fear and she crouched behind You Wuji.

"Father, save me!" Youyue cried, her voice filled with fear.

You Wuji's eyelids twitched wildly, but he kept his head firmly down, not daring to look at Hu Mazi.

With his own life in someone else's hands, how could he possibly care about his daughter's fate? He could only pretend he didn't hear, digging his nails deep into his palms to mask his inner humiliation.

Hu Mazi dragged You Yue out from behind You Wuji and dragged her like a dead dog into the adjacent side hall.

You Yue's cries quickly turned into suppressed sobs, followed by moans of pleasure.

Outside the side hall, You Wuji's body trembled slightly, but he dared not utter a single word.

Chen Ping watched coldly, not trying to stop him. Some debts must be repaid.

But he did admire Hu Mazi; his skills in bed were incredible!

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Half an hour later, Hu Mazi emerged from the side hall, a look of satisfaction on his face. You Yue followed behind him, looking at Hu Mazi with a look that betrayed neither anger nor hatred, but rather a hint of satisfaction.

This clearly shows he's enjoying the moment, reaping the rewards.

"Chen Ping, let's go," Hu Mazi said.

Chen Ping nodded and looked at You Wuji: "I'll give you three days. I need to know the exact whereabouts of the Hu family's spirit. I'll come back to you in three days."

"Yes, yes!" You Wuji replied quickly.

As the three of them left the Black Evil Palace, Nan Batian said in a deep voice: "Most of these forces in Jiupan Mountain are in cahoots with the Black Evil Palace. Many were even involved in the annihilation of the Hu family. Why not seize this opportunity and wipe them out altogether!"

A cold glint flashed in Chen Ping's eyes: "That's exactly what I meant! Since we're going to take action, let's eliminate them completely to avoid future trouble."

Hu Mazi rubbed his hands in anticipation: "It's time to deal with them!"

The three of them immediately began to deal with the forces in Jiupan Mountain. With Nan Batian around, even smaller forces were easily wiped out with a wave of their hand.

In less than a day, the majority of the dozens of factions, large and small, on Jiupan Mountain were wiped out. Rivers of blood flowed, and wails filled the air.

Those forces that had once relied on the Black Demon Palace for their arrogance were now completely annihilated without even a chance to beg for mercy.

The stench of blood still lingered in the Black Demon Palace's main hall.

You Wuji looked at the corpses scattered across the ground, then glanced toward the side hall. The reverence in his eyes had long since given way to a sinister look.

He slowly stood up, his fingers white from the exertion beneath his black robe. The servility he had shown to Chen Ping vanished.

"Dad..." You Yue approached timidly, stains still lingering on her skirt.

She lowered her head, not daring to meet You Wuji's gaze.

You Wuji turned sharply, his crimson gaze piercing You Yue's entire body.

He took a few steps forward and grabbed his daughter's wrist, his voice filled with suppressed anger. "Humiliation! This is the greatest humiliation my Black Demon Palace has ever seen! I, your incompetent father, allowed you to be treated like that vile old devil..."

"Dad, please don't do this."

You Yue, on the other hand, calmed down. She raised her head, a strange blush on her face. "Although Hu Mazi is old, he's far superior to your disciples. Besides... he truly gave me a taste I've never experienced before."

"You!"

You Wuji trembled with anger, but the wanton glint in his daughter's eyes choked him, leaving him speechless.

He shook off Youyue's hand, turned his back, and stared at the dark clouds swirling outside the hall. He uttered a few words through gritted teeth: "Chen Ping... Hu Mazi... This feud is irreconcilable!"

Youyue straightened her disheveled clothes and walked over to her father. Her voice turned cold: "Dad, this is not the time for verbal sparring. Chen Ping has the backing of that Nan Batian. There's no place for us in the Fourth Heaven."

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"I know."

You Wuji took a deep breath, a fierce glint in his eyes. "Chen Ping thinks he can control everything by sparing me? He underestimates me, You Wuji! Since he has a grudge against the Evil Dao Hall, then we should go to the Evil Dao Hall!"

"You mean to go find Second Uncle?" Youyue's eyes lit up.

"Indeed."

You Wuji nodded. "Your second uncle, You Wuxie, holds a high position in the Evil Dao Palace. Although Chen Ping claims he only has a wisp of soul left, given the Evil Dao Palace's strength, your second uncle could easily rebuild his body. If we combine our forces, we'll surely make sure Chen Ping's body is utterly destroyed!"

He walked to the corner of the wall, groped under a loose tile for a moment, and pulled out a black storage bag. "These are treasures accumulated by our Black Evil Palace over the generations. They're enough for us to open up the Fifth Heaven. Pack up, we're leaving now!"

You Yue responded and turned to gather her belongings.

You Wuji gazed at the empty hall, a sinister grin curling his lips. "Chen Ping, do you think I'll help you uncover the Hu family's souls? Just wait. It won't be long before I'll let you witness your own soul being refined by the Evil Dao Palace!"

Taking advantage of the night, the father and daughter quietly left the Black Evil Palace, avoiding the patrolling cultivators. Before leaving, You Wuji deliberately erased all traces, as if no one had ever been there.

Meanwhile, Chen Ping, Nan Batian, and Hu Mazi stood outside the Chi Lian Sect's mountain gate.

The Chi Lian Sect nestled against the mountainside, its gates adorned with giant snake totems carved on either side, exuding a sinister aura.

At this moment, the guards at the gate had already sensed the disturbance and drew their weapons, eyeing the three men warily.

"Who are you? How dare you trespass upon the Chi Lian Sect!" the leading guard shouted.

Hu Mazi stepped forward, a sinister grin on his face. "Tell your master that Grandpa Hu has come to seek revenge! Send that Chi Lian Fairy out to die!"

The guards' expressions changed; they naturally recognized Hu Mazi.

Chen Ping and Hu Mazi's names had become household names throughout Jiupan Mountain recently.

"So it's you, a remnant!"

A guard sneered, "Just the three of you, you think you can challenge our Chilian Sect? You're simply overestimating yourselves!"

"Stop talking nonsense!" Chen Ping's eyes flashed with a fierce look. "If you don't want to die, get out of the way!"

"How arrogant! Charge!" The leading guard shouted, charging forward first.

Nan Batian laughed heartily and charged forward.

With a flicker of his body, he weaved through the guards like a ghost, his fists raining down like meteors.

“Bang, bang, bang!”

Screams echoed one after another. The guards were no match for Nan Batian’s blows, one after another being crushed to death.

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“Untouchable!” Nan Batian curled his lips in disdain and kicked open the Chi Lian Sect’s gate. “Mr. Chen, Master Hu, let’s go in!”

The three of them entered the Chi Lian Sect side by side. Disciples they encountered along the way tried to stop them, but were all slain by Chen Ping’s Dragon Slaying Sword.

Although the Chi Lian Sect’s disciples were skilled in poison and snake manipulation, these methods were nothing compared to absolute strength.

Soon, the three arrived at the Chi Lian Sect’s main hall.

The Chi Lian Fairy sat on the throne in the center of the hall, gazing at them grimly.

Beside her stood dozens of Earthly Immortal Realm masters, clearly well prepared.

“Chen Ping, Hu Mazi, how dare you trespass upon my Chi Lian Sect!”

The Chi Lian Fairy said coldly, “It seems I was too careless when I let you escape last time at Shepan Mountain.”

“Chi Lian Fairy, stop talking nonsense.”

Hu Mazi's eyes gleamed with the fire of revenge. "You participated in the extermination of my Hu clan back then, and today I will make you pay with blood!"

"Just you?"

The Chi Lian Fairy sneered. "Don't forget, I'm now a fourth-rank Earth Immortal, and I still have so many subordinates. None of you will escape alive today!"

"Really?"

Nan Batian stepped forward, his aura suddenly erupting. "Then I want to see just how powerful a fourth-rank Earth Immortal you are!"

The aura of the peak seventh-rank Earth Immortal descended upon the Chi Lian Fairy and the masters around her, like a mountain bearing down on them. Their faces suddenly paled, and they began to breathe hard.

"Earth... Earth Immortal Realm Seventh Stage?"

Fear filled the Red Snake Fairy's eyes. She had never imagined that Chen Ping and Hu Mazi had found such a powerful ally.

"Attack!" Nan Batian commanded, charging forward first.

With incredible speed, he instantly reached a Third Stage Earth Immortal Realm expert and sent him flying with a single punch.

Other experts, seeing this, rushed forward to attack, but were easily repelled by Nan Batian.

Chen Ping then confronted the Red Snake Fairy. Knowing she was no match for him, she attempted to flee, but was stopped by Chen Ping's Dragon Slaying Sword.

“Where are you running!” Chen Ping snorted coldly, and the Dragon Slaying Sword, brimming with golden energy, slashed towards the Red Snake Fairy.

The Red Snake Fairy could only barely hold her own, quickly falling into a disadvantage.

Wounds continued to appear on her body, and blood stained her red robes.

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Hu Mazi gathered up the remaining disciples. His talisman was like the Grim Reaper’s scythe, each swing taking a life. He would make those who had participated in the war of genocide pay a heavy price.

The battle was quickly over.

Nan Batian single-handedly slew all of the Chilian Sect’s Earthly Immortal Realm masters.

Crimson Snake Fairy, severely wounded by Chen Ping, collapsed to the ground, nearing death.

Hu Mazi walked up to the Red Snake Fairy, a cruel smile on his face. “Red Snake Fairy, I never thought you’d end up like this, did you? When you utterly exterminated my entire Hu clan, did you ever consider the retribution?”

Red Snake Fairy raised her head with difficulty, her eyes filled with resentment and fear. “Hu Mazi, you... you can’t kill me! I’m an outer disciple of the Fifth Heaven’s Ten Thousand Poisons Valley. If you kill me, the Ten Thousand Poisons Valley will not let you go!”

“Ten Thousand Poisons Valley?”

Hu Mazi scoffed. “Once I’ve avenged myself, I’ll naturally go after them! You should worry about yourself first!”

You Wuji had said that when dealing with the Hu clan, the Fifth Heaven's Ten Thousand Poisons Valley was also involved. He hadn't expected this Red Snake Fairy to be a disciple of the Ten Thousand Poisons Valley.

He grabbed the Red Snake Fairy and dragged her into the side hall like a dead dog.

For the next few hours, the Red Snake Fairy's screams and pleas for mercy continued to echo from the side hall, becoming fainter and fainter until they vanished completely.

When Hu Mazi emerged from the side hall, a satisfied smile on his face, his body stained with blood.

"Done," Hu Mazi said. "This female devil has finally avenged her people."

Chen Ping nodded. "Alright, we've annihilated the Chilian Sect. Now, we'll await news from You Wuji."

The three of them left the Chilian Sect and found a secluded valley before entering the Demon Suppression Tower to rest.

The battles of the past few days had drained a considerable amount of their spiritual energy, and they needed to recover.

Hu Mazi, excited at the thought of revenge, was unable to sleep and dragged Nan Batian into a drink.

Chen Ping, meanwhile, meditated nearby, consolidating his cultivation.

He knew that reaching the Fifth Heaven would bring even greater challenges, and he needed to rapidly improve his strength.

Three days passed quickly.

Chen Ping, Hu Mazi, and Nan Batian returned to the Black Demon Palace.

However, when they arrived at the palace gate, they found it unusually quiet, with not a single guard on duty.

“Something’s wrong,” Chen Ping frowned. “Why is it so quiet?”

Hu Mazi also sensed something was amiss. He stepped forward, kicked the gate open, and shouted, “You Wuji! Get out! Your Grandpa Hu is here!”

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The hall was deserted, not a soul in sight.

The blood on the ground had dried, and the corners were covered in cobwebs, as if no one had lived there for a long time.

“Where are they?” Hu Mazi asked doubtfully. “Did they run away?”

Chen Ping walked into the hall and carefully observed his surroundings.

He noticed that the treasures and files within were gone, clearly deliberately taken away.

“We’ve been tricked!”

Chen Ping’s face darkened. “You Wuji didn’t even help us gather information. He’s already escaped!”

“What?”

Hu Mazi was instantly enraged. “That old bastard! How dare he trick us! I’ll find him and skin him alive!”

He howled in the hall, trembling with rage.

Nan Batian's face darkened. "I didn't expect You Wuji to be so cunning. He actually dared to trick us."

Chen Ping took a deep breath and forced himself to calm down. "Don't be angry. There's no point getting angry now. You Wuji's gone. We'll have to go to the Fifth Heaven to gather information ourselves."

"That's right!"

Hu Mazi gritted his teeth. "Let's go to the Fifth Heaven now, find the branch of the Evil Dao Hall, and rescue the souls of my people!"

Nan Batian nodded. "That's good. The Fifth Heaven is more prosperous than the Fourth Heaven, and the cultivation resources are more abundant. It's a good opportunity to improve our strength."

The three of them immediately decided to head for the Fifth Heaven.

They tore through the void from the Southern Tyrant Heaven and flew towards the Fifth Heaven.

Passing through the spatial rift, the three of them arrived at the Fifth Heaven.

The spiritual energy of the Fifth Heaven was several times richer than that of the Fourth Heaven, instantly making them feel refreshed.

The mountains here were even more majestic, the sky was a faint purple, and the air was filled with rich spiritual energy.

Chen Ping nodded: "Let's find a place to stay first, and then inquire about the Evil Dao Hall branch."

Just as Chen Ping and his companions were searching for a place to stay in the Fifth Heaven, deep within the Divine King Palace, in an elegant palace, the Fourth Palace Master stood by the window.

She wore a plain white dress, her long black hair flowing like a waterfall. Her face was beautiful, and her brows held a calmness that belied her age.

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“Palace Master, the Seventh Palace Master has sent word that Chen Ping has left the Third Heaven. Chen Ping’s strength is unfathomable, and the Seventh Palace Master is no match for him. Furthermore, Chen Ping clashed with the Evil Path Palace and killed members of their ranks,” a maid reported softly.

The Fourth Palace Master turned, fiddling with a jade pendant, a flicker of surprise in his eyes. “A fifth-grade Loose Immortal Realm cultivator could defeat the Seventh Palace Master? This Chen Ping is an interesting twist.”

The maid bowed and said, “The Seventh Palace Master also said that, following the Palace Master’s instructions, he hasn’t completely broken off relations with Chen Ping; he’s merely testing the waters.”

“Well done.”

The Fourth Palace Master nodded. “The Divine Temple has been plagued by problems for a long time. Those old conservatives are only too stubborn to cling to the status quo. If we could gain the help of someone like this, perhaps the road to reform would be smoother.”

She pondered for a moment, then said to the maid, “Yunxiu, go to the Fourth Heaven yourself. If the Evil Dao Hall is causing trouble for Chen Ping, offer some assistance, but don’t offend the Evil Dao Hall too much.”

“Our Divine Temple, and indeed the entire Divine Clan, have too many enemies. It’s difficult to provoke a force like the Evil Dao Hall. From now on, we must learn to be low-key. Without absolute strength, acting superior will only lead to us getting beaten.”

“Yes, Palace Master.” A maid named Yunxiu responded.

The Fourth Palace Master instructed, "Find Chen Ping and tell him that bygones are bygones. The Temple is willing to make peace with him. If he needs anything, the Fourth Palace will provide assistance."

Yunxiu's eyes flickered slightly. "Palace Master, the Third Palace Master..."

"Ignore it."

The Fourth Palace Master's tone turned cold. "If he wants to commit suicide, I won't stop him, but don't try to drag the entire Temple down with him."

Meanwhile, inside the Third Palace Master's palace, a completely different scene unfolded.

The Third Palace Master, clad in a golden robe and with a sinister expression, slammed the table after hearing his subordinates' report and roared, "Useless! He can't even reach the fifth rank of the Loose Immortal Realm. I don't think he should even be the Seventh Palace Master!"

The messenger monk below trembled in fear and whispered, "Palace Master, the Seventh Palace Master is the Fourth Palace Master's man. The Fourth Palace Master only sent him to test him. I guess he's not really working hard. Now that Chen Ping has left the Third Heaven, what should we do?"

The Third Palace Master took a deep breath, his eyes flashing with ruthlessness. "Chen Ping? He's just a clown! How dare he challenge the majesty of the Divine Temple!"

"Pass my order. Have the Sixth Palace Master of the Sixth Heaven immediately lead his men to find Chen Ping. Kill him at all costs!"

"If Chen Ping is allowed to leave the Sixth Heaven alive, I will be relinquishing the position of Sixth Palace Master!"

"Yes!" The messenger monk nodded and quickly withdrew.

The Third Hall Master gazed at the empty hall, a sneer curling his lips. "Fourth Hall Master, you're trying to win over Chen Ping? How naive! Such an unpredictable force must be eliminated as soon as possible!"

"Our temple is the elite of the God Clan, already superior to those human cultivators. Yet you choose to lower your status. Don't blame me for being rude!"

The Third and Fourth Hall Masters clashed head-on, each representing a different power within the Temple.

However, the Fourth Hall Master possessed the Divine King's Order, so the Third Hall Master dared not do anything to her!

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Fifth Heaven.

Outside a vast city called Sword Saint City, three figures slowly approached.

They were Chen Ping, Hu Mazi, and Nan Batian.

"This Sword Saint City is truly magnificent!"

Hu Mazi gazed at the hundred-foot-high walls before him, engraved with countless sword-shaped runes, a wave of sword energy surging through them, and could not help but exclaim in admiration.

Nan Batian nodded and said, "Sword Saint City is a renowned sword cultivation sanctuary in the Fifth Heaven. Every cultivator here is a master of the sword, and the city is teeming with experts, including quite a few sword cultivators of the seventh rank in the Earthly Immortal Realm."

Chen Ping's gaze swept over the city walls, sensing the soaring sword energy. A flicker of interest crossed his eyes. "Oh? All sword cultivators? Interesting."

He himself was skilled with the sword, and the Dragon Slaying Sword was a divine weapon. Naturally, he was curious about this city of sword cultivators.

“Let’s go in and take a look,” Chen Ping suggested.

Nan Batian gazed at the towering walls of Sword Saint City, his brows furrowed slightly, and he shook his head. “I won’t go in. I’ll wait for you outside.”

“Hmm?” Chen Ping paused, turning to look at him. “Why? Is there something wrong with Sword Saint City?”

Nan Batian’s eyes flickered, avoiding Chen Ping’s gaze. He said vaguely, “Nothing, just... I’m not used to the city’s rules. You can go in and gather information. I’ll meet you outside, which is safer.”

His aura seemed tense, clearly not simply a matter of being unaccustomed to the rules.

Seeing he was reluctant to speak, Chen Ping didn’t press his questions.

After spending so much time together, he knew that Nan Batian, despite his rough appearance, was actually a meticulous and thoughtful person. If he chose to stay outside the city, there must be a reason.

Perhaps there was some past conflict in Sword Saint City, or perhaps there was someone in the city he didn’t want to see.

“Okay.”

Chen Ping nodded. “We’ll get out as soon as possible. Be careful outside the city.”

“Don’t worry.”

Nan Batian grinned, revealing his snow-white teeth. "Even if an eighth-grade Earthly Immortal comes and I can't defeat him, won't I just run?"

Chen Ping said nothing more and led Hu Mazi towards the city gate.

As soon as they reached the gate, Hu Mazi was captivated by the scene on the towers.

On either side of the gate stood a figure.

On the left was a swordsman in green, his face stern. He slung a longsword across his back, his eyes slightly closed, as if in a trance.

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On the right was a woman in white, her figure slender. She held her sword pointed diagonally at the ground, her eyes ethereal, like an ethereal fairy.

The two stood facing each other from a distance, motionless, like two statues.

"What are these two doing? Standing here as punishment?"

Hu Mazi scratched his head and muttered softly, "Their posture is pretty standard, but they're just standing there motionless. Aren't they tired?"

Chen Ping narrowed his eyes, his gaze darting between the two.

He could sense an invisible sharp edge clashing between them.

The blue-robed swordsman emanated a domineering and fierce sword intent, like a blade unsheathed, ready to sever everything in the world;

The white-robed woman's sword intent was as gentle as water, yet incredibly flexible. Seemingly gentle, it could dissolve any attack.

"They're dueling," Chen Ping said slowly.

"A sword fight?" Hu Mazi was even more confused. "I didn't see them fighting?"

"This is a competition of sword intent," Chen Ping explained. "It's about understanding the way of the sword and controlling one's strength. It's more dangerous than a real fight.

Once one side's sword intent is broken, at best their Dao heart is damaged, at worst their cultivation is completely destroyed."

Hu Mazi suddenly understood and exclaimed in amazement, "Wow, they can fight without fighting? The people of Sword Saint City are truly different."

Chen Ping stopped paying attention to the two and was about to lead Hu Mazi into the city when a piercing beastly roar was heard.

"Get out of the way! Get out of the way!"

A young man in brocade clothes, riding a three-eyed beast resembling a lion, was seen galloping towards the city gate.

The beast was enormous, its hooves stomping the ground, sending up clouds of dust. It moved at an incredible speed, causing pedestrians to scream and dodge, fearing they would be hit.

Seeing the beast about to charge Chen Ping, Hu Mazi instinctively tried to pull Chen Ping away, but Chen Ping held his hand.

Chen Ping stood still, his face calm, neither dodging nor retreating. He simply watched the beast and the brocade-clad man charging at him.

“Looking for death!”

The brocade-clad man’s eyes flashed with anger when he saw Chen Ping dare to block his way. Instead of slowing down, he patted the beast’s head and said, “Hit it!”

The beast seemed to understand the command, opening its bloody maw, baring sharp fangs, and charging at Chen Ping.

At this critical moment, a figure appeared before Chen Ping like a ghost.

It was a middle-aged man in a coarse linen shirt, of ordinary build and features, like an ordinary blacksmith.

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But his attack was lightning-fast, striking the beast’s head with a simple punch.

There was no earth-shattering momentum, no dazzling brilliance, and even the spiritual energy emanating from that fist was faint.

But the ferocious three-headed lion, struck by this blow, felt as if struck by a mountain. It let out a shrill wail, its massive body abruptly halted, and it stumbled back a few steps, its eyes filled with fear.

The man in brocade clothes staggered at the sudden turn of events, nearly falling off the beast’s back.

He steadied himself, stared at the middle-aged man, and roared angrily, “Who the hell are you? How dare you interfere in my business? Do you even know who I am?”

The middle-aged man glanced at him calmly, his tone calm, "Sword Saint City has its own rules. Here, no matter who you are, you must abide by them. Rising to bully others with your family's influence? No one will tolerate you."

With that, without even a glance at the man in brocade clothes, he turned and walked away, quickly disappearing into the crowd as if he had never been there.

The man in brocade robes looked at the middle-aged man's back, then at the strange looks he was receiving from all around him. His face paled.

He snorted coldly, a disdainful smile curling his lips as he said to his attendants, "A bunch of country bumpkins, you know nothing."

He patted the three-headed lion's head and rode the beast, strutting towards the city.

As he passed Chen Ping, he stopped and looked him up and down.

The man in brocade robes was surprised to see that Chen Ping was only a cultivator from the Casual Immortal Realm!

He dismounted from the beast and, with a wave of his hand, it vanished!

"How did you, a Casual Immortal Realm cultivator, get here?" the man in brocade robes asked curiously.

"Is there a rule that Casual Immortal Realms can't come here?"

Chen Ping asked without hesitation!

The brocade-robed man was stunned for a moment, then burst into laughter. "You're brave! You might not have reached a high level, but you're quite courageous. Why didn't you hide just now?"

“I was scared, my legs were weak, and I couldn’t move...”

Chen Ping said!

The brocade-robed man was stunned for a moment, then burst into laughter. “You’re quite an interesting fellow. You’re new to Sword Saint City, right? My name is Zhao Tianyi. Join me from now on and become my little brother.”

“Do you know the origin of my name? Tianyi, Tianyi. In this celestial realm, I’m number one...”

Hu Mazi: “...”

“You’re bragging...” Chen Ping said flatly!

“You don’t believe me?” Zhao Tianyi asked!