

The Order 8711

Chapter: 8711

Chen Ping shook his head. “I don’t believe it. Unless you can convince me with your ability, I can’t accept a boaster as my big brother.”

“Everyone knows my name, Zhao Tianyi, and you don’t believe it.”

“I have a million immortal stones here. Take them. If you’re short, tell me.”

Zhao Tianyi pulled out a storage bag. Inside was a million immortal stones!

Chen Ping took a look and realized that this guy wasn’t just bragging. He really had a million immortal stones!

To casually give someone a million immortal stones, this guy must be either an idiot or a pure second-generation tycoon.

“Big brother...” Chen Ping put the storage bag away!

A big brother in exchange for a million immortal stones—not a bad deal!

“Hahaha, in Sword Saint City, if anyone dares to bully you, just say my name, and it’ll work!”

After saying this, Zhao Tianyi turned and entered Sword Saint City.

“Chen Ping, is this guy an idiot?” Hu Mazi couldn’t help but exclaim as he watched Zhao Tianyi’s back.

Just casually accepting someone as a brother and giving them a million immortal stones—that's crazy, right?

"I don't know if I'm stupid, but at least our trip wasn't in vain!"

Chen Ping raised his lips slightly, and then followed Hu Mazi into Sword Saint City!

After entering the city, Chen Ping glanced back at the man and woman at the gate. They remained motionless, their sword intent surging to its peak. It wouldn't be long before both sides were equally devastated!

A golden light flashed in Chen Ping's eyes, and an invisible sword intent instantly erupted!

The man and woman at the gate suddenly trembled, and then both showed expressions of horror, their gazes fixed on Chen Ping!

However, Chen Ping followed Hu Mazi forward, only seeing Chen Ping's back!

Chen Ping and Hu Mazi followed the crowd into Sword Saint City. The scene inside the city was even more shocking than outside.

The wide street was paved with dark blue stone, flanked by rows of buildings, most bearing sword-related signs like "Sword Tempering Shop" and "Sword Sutra Pavilion."

Nine out of ten passersby wore swords on their waists or backs, and even those dressed in ordinary clothing exuded a sharp, fierce aura.

"Wow, this place is truly fascinating. Just walking down the street makes my body tense."

Hu Mazi shrank back, instinctively rubbing the talisman bag at his waist. Compared to the surrounding sword cultivators, his attire seemed somewhat out of place.

Chen Ping glanced around and said gravely, "Let's find a place to stay first, and then slowly gather information."

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The two walked the streets for about an incense stick's worth of time before finally settling on an inn called "Yingkelou."

The inn was quite large, with a model of two crossed giant swords hanging at the door, exuding a sense of grandeur.

As soon as they entered the inn, a waiter greeted them warmly: "Please come in, gentlemen. Are you staying overnight or staying here?"

"We'll stay here. We'd like two upper rooms," Chen Ping said.

"Okay!" The waiter quickly took their information and led them upstairs.

The room was clean and tidy, with a window facing the street, offering a clear view of the scenery outside.

After settling in, Hu Mazi plopped down on a chair and took a long sip of tea. "Chen Ping, with so many sword cultivators in Sword Saint City, are there any members of the Evil Path Hall?"

"It's hard to say." Chen Ping walked to the window, gazing at the bustling crowd on the street. "The Evil Path Hall operates in secrecy. Since this is a sacred place for sword cultivators, even if they have branches, they might not be so public. We must proceed cautiously. Let's find a local to inquire about the situation first."

Just then, Chen Ping's brows furrowed slightly. He sensed a faint presence that had been following them secretly since they entered the city.

"What's wrong?" Hu Mazi asked, noticing something strange about Chen Ping.

“We’re being followed,” Chen Ping whispered. “They’ve been following us from the city gate.”

Hu Mazi suddenly grew nervous. “Is it that man in brocade clothes, Zhao Tianyi? Or someone from the Evil Dao Hall?”

“Neither.” Chen Ping shook his head. “It’s a female cultivator. Her aura is very familiar. It must be the woman in white at the city gate.”

Hu Mazi was stunned. “Why is she following us? Is it because you just interrupted her sword intent competition?”

“Possibly.”

Chen Ping’s eyes flickered. “Her sword intent is very pure, and she’s quite powerful. Let’s not alert her yet and see what she’s up to.”

The two of them stayed in the room for about half an hour. Chen Ping stood up and said, “Let’s go out for a walk and see if there’s any place to gather information.”

Hu Mazi nodded and followed Chen Ping out of the inn.

As they turned a corner, a figure in white suddenly appeared before them, blocking their path.

It was the female cultivator who had been competing with the male cultivator at the city gate. The previous ethereal expression on her face was gone, replaced by a scrutinizing gaze as she stared intently at Chen Ping.

“Who are you? Why are you interfering with my sword competition with Qin Feng from the Divine Sword Villa?”

The female cultivator spoke directly, her voice cold and questioning.

Chen Ping looked at the female cultivator before him. She was tall, with a stunningly beautiful face, clad in spotless white. The longsword in her hand radiated a faint, cold light.

“I was just passing by, unintentional,” Chen Ping said calmly.

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“Unintentional?”

The female cultivator was clearly unconvinced. “Although your sword intent is obscure, I can sense a very special charm within it. It’s definitely not accidental. Who are you? Why do you possess such a pure sword intent?”

“My name is Chen Ping. As for my sword intent, I’ve just been practicing blindly.”

Chen Ping responded calmly.

The female cultivator looked Chen Ping up and down. Seeing that he was only at the level of a Loose Immortal, a hint of doubt flashed in her eyes. “How can someone at the Loose Immortal level possess such sword intent? Do you think I’m a three-year-old child?”

Before she finished her words, the female cultivator suddenly moved. The longsword in her hand transformed into a white rainbow, carrying a sharp sword energy, and stabbed towards Chen Ping!

The sword came with swiftness and force, carrying an overwhelming and unstoppable momentum, as if it would pierce Chen Ping through.

Hu Mazi’s face changed drastically, and he exclaimed, “Be careful!”

Chen Ping’s eyes focused, not wanting to be careless. His spiritual energy instantly mobilized, and the Dragon Slaying Sword appeared in his hand, blocking the female cultivator’s longsword.

“Clang!”

The two swords collided, emitting a resounding sound of metal clashing. A powerful wave of energy spread outward, vibrating the surroundings and causing the nearby shop signs to buzz.

Chen Ping felt a surge of force, his arms numbing slightly, and he involuntarily took two steps back.

The female cultivator was also shaken back, a flicker of surprise in her eyes.

“Your swordsmanship...”

The female cultivator looked at the Dragon Slaying Sword in Chen Ping’s hand and the technique he had just used, a look of disbelief on her face. “Is this... the Sword Sect’s swordsmanship?”

Chen Ping’s heart skipped a beat. He hadn’t expected this female cultivator to recognize the Sword Sect’s swordsmanship.

He remembered that during his time in the Third Heaven, he had indeed learned a few sword techniques in the ruins of the now-destroyed Sword Sect. In a moment of desperation, he had subconsciously used them.

“I don’t know anything about the Sword Sect. I figured this technique out on my own,” Chen Ping denied.

The female cultivator shook her head, her eyes sharpening. “Impossible! The essence and spirit of this sword technique are clearly the Sword Sect’s Flowing Cloud Sword Technique.”

Although you’ve only used the most basic elements, I won’t be mistaken. Who are you? Are you a disciple of the Sword Sect?”

Chen Ping remained silent. He didn’t want to admit it. After all, the Sword Sect had been destroyed, and he wasn’t officially a disciple.

The female cultivator, seeing Chen Ping's silence, assumed he had acquiesced, and softened her tone. "My name is Ling Xue, and I'm also a disciple of the Sword Sect. If you truly are from the Sword Sect, then we're fellow disciples. There's no need to fight."

"I already said it, I'm not a Sword Sect disciple."

Chen Ping frowned. "What do you want?"

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"I want to know where you learned your sword technique."

Ling Xue stared at Chen Ping intently. "The Sword Sect was destroyed in the Third Heaven. Aside from those of us who ascended, few know the Sword Sect's sword techniques."

Chen Ping understood. It seemed that Ling Xue was indeed a Sword Sect disciple who had ascended from the Third Heaven. He thought for a moment and said, "I did learn a few sword techniques in a ruin in the Third Heaven, but I didn't know it was the Sword Sect."

A hint of sadness flashed in Ling Xue's eyes. "So that's how it is. That ruin must be the main gate of our Sword Sect.

I never thought that after the sect's demise, someone would still be able to learn our sword techniques."

She was silent for a moment, then looked at Chen Ping and said, "You have a great talent for swordsmanship. Although your realm isn't high, your understanding of swordsmanship is profound.

That sword move you made just now, while seemingly simple, contained a sense of returning to nature. Even I am ashamed of myself."

Chen Ping was surprised to hear Ling Xue speak so highly of him.

“Since you’ve learned the sword techniques of our Sword Sect, you can be considered destined for the Sword Sect.”

Ling Xue changed the subject. “I see you’re not very familiar with Sword Saint City. I’m going to meet an elder who’s also from the Sword Sect and is our leader in Sword Saint City. Would you like to come with me?”

Chen Ping’s eyes flickered slightly. He was just thinking about gathering information. Following Ling Xue to meet the Sword Sect leader might yield some useful information, perhaps even revealing the whereabouts of the Evil Dao Hall.

“Okay.”

Chen Ping nodded in agreement. “We’ve just arrived in Sword Saint City, and I’d like to ask someone about the situation.”

Hu Mazi, listening from the sidelines, was confused. Seeing Chen Ping’s agreement, he said nothing more and followed the two of them.

Walking along the streets of Sword Saint City, Chen Ping glanced at Ling Xue and asked, “You just said the male cultivator competing with you in sword intent was called Qin Feng, from Divine Sword Villa? Is there some grudge between you two?”

Ling Xue frowned slightly at the mention of Qin Feng’s name, her tone tinged with displeasure. “Divine Sword Villa is a significant force within the Fifth Heaven Realm, and they pride themselves on being orthodox sword cultivators. They always feel our Sword Sect’s sword techniques are unorthodox, and they look down on us from the bottom of their hearts.”

She paused, then continued, “Especially Qin Feng. He relies on his talent and has gained some fame among the younger generation in Sword Saint City, and he constantly targets us, the Sword Sect disciples who have ascended from the Third Heaven Realm.

It was he who first provoked us in this sword intent competition at the city gate, saying he wanted to show me the true art of the sword. I was so angry that I challenged him.”

Chen Ping understood. No wonder the clash of their sword intent had been so intense; it turned out to be a long-standing grudge.

“So, which one is more powerful in Sword Saint City, Divine Sword Villa or your Sword Sect?” Chen Ping asked again.

“It’s hard to say.”

Ling Xue shook her head. “Divine Sword Villa has deep roots and numerous disciples. While our Sword Sect may be smaller, we have many veteran masters. If we were to truly argue, neither would be able to defeat the other.

But among the younger generation, they are indeed more active than us.”

As they spoke, they passed a sword shop where the clanking sounds of forging could be heard.

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Ling Xue pointed at the shop. “Most sword cultivators in Sword Saint City forge their own weapons. The forgers here are highly skilled, and many people come here to have their swords custom-made.”

Chen Ping looked in the direction she pointed and saw the shop filled with a variety of swords, gleaming with a cold light, clearly no ordinary artifacts.

“Besides all this, Sword Saint City also has a sword arena specifically for sparring. Many people go there every day to compete, exchanging sword techniques and broadening their horizons.”

Ling Xue added, “By the way, Sword Saint City will be hosting a sword tournament soon. Many renowned sword cultivators from the Fifth Realm will be attending. Perhaps you could check it out.”

Chen Ping nodded, gaining a better understanding of Sword Saint City.

Ling Xue led Chen Ping and Hu Mazi through several streets until they reached a relatively secluded area.

It lacked the bustle of the city center, but instead featured more ancient buildings. The air was filled with the faint fragrance of vegetation.

Reaching an ordinary-looking courtyard, Ling Xue stopped and said to Chen Ping and Hu Mazi, "This is where my master lives. He has a rather peculiar temper. Don't talk nonsense once you're inside."

After that, she stepped forward and knocked on the door.

"Who is it?"

An old voice called from the courtyard.

"Master, it's me, Ling Xue," Ling Xue replied.

"Come in."

Ling Xue pushed open the door and walked in with Chen Ping and Hu Mazi.

The yard was filled with a variety of vegetables. An old man in a coarse linen shirt was busy in the vegetable patch, hoe in hand. He looked like an ordinary farmer, with none of the aura of a cultivator.

"Master, I've brought two friends to see you," Ling Xue said respectfully.

The old man turned and glanced at Chen Ping and Hu Mazi. His eyes were cloudy, yet seemed to see through people's hearts.

He smiled. "Lingxue, you're always practicing swordsmanship. When did you bring your friends back?"

Lingxue's cheeks flushed slightly. "Master, this is Chen Ping. He also knows the sword techniques of our Sword Sect."

The old man's eyes gleamed at this, and he carefully examined Chen Ping. "Oh? You know the sword techniques of our Sword Sect? Young man, show me your skills."

Chen Ping hesitated. He didn't want to be too conspicuous, but judging by the old man's appearance, he seemed no ordinary person. Perhaps he could indeed get some useful information from him.

He took a deep breath, channeling his spiritual energy, and the Dragon Slaying Sword reappeared in his hand.

There were no extraneous movements, just a simple swing.

The strike was plain, yet it held a unique charm, flowing like clouds and water, naturally formed. It was a move from the Flowing Cloud Sword Technique he had learned from the Sword Sect ruins.

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The old man's cloudy eyes suddenly brightened. He watched Chen Ping's movements intently, a look of surprise on his face.

"Excellent! A brilliant Liuyun Sword Technique!"

The old man couldn't help but admire. "Even though you only used the basics, you captured the essence perfectly. You're far superior to even Ling Xue."

Ling Xue curled her lips in dissatisfaction, but didn't object, clearly agreeing with the old man's assessment.

The old man put down his hoe, walked up to Chen Ping, and looked him over carefully. "Young man, where did you learn your swordsmanship? Tell me the truth."

Chen Ping knew he couldn't hide it, so he told the truth: "I learned it in a ruin in the Third Heaven. I didn't know it was the Sword Sect."

The old man's face darkened upon hearing this: "Alas, that is indeed the main gate of our Sword Sect. Back then, our Sword Sect was one of the most powerful sects in the Third Heaven. I never expected it to end up like this."

He sighed and said to Chen Ping and Hu Mazi, "Let's talk inside."

The group entered the room, which was simply furnished with only a table and a few chairs.

The old man poured them a cup of tea and said, "My name is Mo Chen, and I was once the leader of the Sword Sect.

When our sect suffered a great disaster, I fled the Third Heaven with a group of disciples, preserving a trace of our bloodline."

Chen Ping and Hu Mazi were both somewhat surprised. They had never expected this seemingly ordinary old man to be the former leader of the Sword Sect.

"Senior Mo Chen, do you know the Evil Path Hall?" Chen Ping asked directly.

Mo Chen's expression changed slightly when he heard this: "Evil Path Hall? Why are you asking about them?"

"I have a grudge against them and want revenge."

Chen Ping said in a deep voice, "They participated in the extermination of my friend the Hu family and even took away the spirits of our clan members."

Hu Mazi also said excitedly, "Senior Mo Chen, you must help us! We must rescue the spirits of our clan members and avenge them!"

Mo Chen was silent for a moment, then continued, "The Evil Path Hall is a powerful force in the Fifth Heaven, and they act ruthlessly. They specialize in collecting spirits and cultivating evil techniques. Many forces are reluctant to provoke them.

Seeking revenge on them won't be easy.

"No matter how difficult it is, we'll try!"

Chen Ping's eyes were determined. "As long as I can find their branch temple, I'll save the Hu family's souls, even if it costs me my life."

Mo Chen looked at Chen Ping's determined gaze and nodded. "Good boy, you have guts! However, the Evil Dao Temple's branch temple is well hidden and heavily guarded. It's impossible for the two of you to get in."

"Do you know where their branch temple is?" Chen Ping asked.

Mo Chen shook his head. "I don't know the exact location either. The Evil Path Hall operates in secrecy, and few people know about their branch halls. Only a few high-ranking officials are aware of their situation."

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Chen Ping was a little disappointed, but he didn't give up. "Do you know anyone who might know the location of the Evil Path Hall branch?"

Mo Chen thought for a moment and said, "There's a place called the 'News House' in Sword Saint City. They sell all kinds of information. If you can afford it, you might be able to buy information about the Evil Path Hall branch there.

However, the forces behind the News House are very mysterious, and it's difficult to verify the authenticity of the information. Be careful."

"Thank you, senior," Chen Ping said, standing up. "Let's go to the News House and check it out."

“Wait.”

Mo Chen stopped him. “Young man, you have a great talent for swordsmanship. Why don’t you join our Sword Sect? Although we’re small, we can still provide you with some training resources.

Besides, with us here, at least in Sword Saint City, no one will dare to bully you.”

Chen Ping was stunned. He hadn’t expected Mo Chen to invite him to join the Sword Sect.

He thought for a moment and said, “I appreciate your kindness, Senior, but I’m preoccupied with revenge right now. I’m afraid I don’t have time to stay with the Sword Sect for training.”

Mo Chen stroked his graying beard upon hearing this. His smile remained, but a seriousness deepened in his eyes. “Young man, I know you’re concerned about getting dragged into the conflict between our Sword Sect and Divine Sword Villa.

But you possess the Sword Sect’s swordsmanship, and you have a deep connection with our Sword Sect. How can I watch you bury this talent?”

He stepped aside to make room in the center of the courtyard. An ordinary wooden sword suddenly appeared in his hand, its mottled blade revealing years of use.

“Come on, let’s just exchange a few moves, and stop there. If you can hold your own against me for a hundred moves, or even defeat me by a single blow or two, I will never again mention joining the Sword Sect and will let you go immediately.”

Chen Ping’s brow furrowed. He didn’t want to be an enemy of the former Sword Sect leader, but the latter’s attitude was firm, clearly indicating no intention of letting them go easily. He glanced at Hu Mazi beside him, seeing his helpless expression. He could only bite the bullet and say, “Senior, my strength is limited. I’m afraid I won’t be able to meet your standards.”

“No problem, just do your best.”

Mo Chen waved his hand, casually pointing his wooden sword to the ground. "Go ahead."

Chen Ping took a deep breath, his spiritual energy flowing. The Dragon Slaying Sword hummed, and golden light shone.

He knew this battle was unavoidable, so he had to give it his all.

With a flick of his body, his sword technique unleashed. The sword light flowed like a stream, carrying a continuous attack, sweeping towards Mo Chen.

Mo Chen's eyes lit up, and he praised, "Excellent."

He swung the wooden sword gently, seemingly slowly, but always able to block the Dragon Slaying Sword at the last moment.

The sound of "ding-dang-dang" continued to echo. Despite Chen Ping's swift sword moves, he could never break through Mo Chen's defense.

The ordinary wooden sword seemed to come alive in his hands, sometimes as steady as the twisted roots of an old tree, sometimes as swift as a snake emerging from its lair.

After dozens of blows, Chen Ping's forehead was covered with sweat, his heart filled with shock.

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He could sense that Mo Chen wasn't even using his full strength. Each block was perfectly timed, neutralizing his attacks without injuring him in the slightest, as if he were instructing him on his swordsmanship.

"Senior, if you don't use your full strength again, I will admit defeat."

Chen Ping sheathed his sword and stepped back, speaking gravely.

Mo Chen smiled: "Alright, then I'll show you the true depth of the Sword Sect's swordsmanship."

As soon as he finished speaking, he flashed, and the wooden sword struck with a powerful aura.

The strike seemed ordinary, but it left Chen Ping feeling unavoidable, and he could only hold his sword horizontally to block.

"Dang!"

With a resounding bang, Chen Ping felt a surge of force, nearly sending the Dragon Slaying Sword careening out of his grasp. He was thrown back repeatedly, his blood surging.

At that moment, Mo Chen suddenly withdrew his left hand, holding the sword with only his right. He said calmly, "I'll use one hand. You try again."

A flicker of unyielding stubbornness flashed in Chen Ping's eyes, and he raised his sword once again.

Combining the Flowing Cloud Sword Technique with his own understanding of sword intent, his sword moves became increasingly fierce, radiating a dazzling golden light.

However, even with only one hand, Mo Chen's sword remained as impenetrable as a solid wall of steel. No matter how hard Chen Ping attacked, he couldn't break it. Instead, Mo Chen's seemingly random counterattacks repeatedly put him in danger.

After dozens of moves, Mo Chen's wooden sword swung, landing precisely on the spine of the Dragon Slaying Sword.

Chen Ping felt a numbness in his wrist, and the Dragon Slaying Sword, no longer able to hold his grip, flew out of his hand, and with a clang, stabbed into the nearby vegetable patch.

Chen Ping stood there stunned, staring at his empty hands, a mixture of emotions welling up in his heart.

He had fought with all his might, even burning some of his spiritual energy, yet he couldn't even defeat a single hand. Was this the strength of a top-tier swordsman?

"Are you convinced?" Mo Chen asked with a smile, putting away his wooden sword.

Chen Ping took a deep breath and bowed, saying, "Senior, your swordsmanship is divine. I am ashamed to say I am inferior."

"Since you are convinced, then about joining the Sword Sect..."

"Senior, I..." Chen Ping was about to say something else, but Mo Chen suddenly stepped forward and, with lightning speed, slapped him on the shoulder.

Chen Ping felt a gentle yet irresistible force surge into his body, and a burning sensation instantly spread across his shoulder, as if something had been imprinted on it.

He looked down and saw a pale golden sword-shaped mark appear on his shoulder, emitting a faint spiritual light.

"This is the mark of my Sword Sect's disciple. From now on, you are a member of the Sword Sect."

Mo Chen patted his shoulder, his tone unequivocal. "With your talent, you are worthy of the position of Senior Brother. Ling Xue is too impatient. You will have to bear more responsibilities regarding the Sect's affairs from now on."

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Ling Xue, listening nearby, was stunned. Then, a look of joy spread across her face, and she bowed gracefully to Chen Ping. "Greetings, Senior Brother!"

Chen Ping opened his mouth, then looked at the indelible mark on his shoulder, then at Mo Chen's expectant eyes. Finally, he could only sigh helplessly.

He knew he had been forcibly "incorporated."

However, despite his dominance, Mo Chen harbored no ill will. In fact, his admiration and desire to cultivate him were evident in every detail, and he could sense this affection.

"Oh, never mind."

Chen Ping smiled wryly. "Since Senior is so insistent, I can only obey."

Mo Chen laughed, "Hahaha, with you joining our Sword Sect, it will surely flourish. Let Ling Xue take you to the News Building; she knows the way."

"Thank you, Senior."

Chen Ping thanked her and followed Ling Xue out of the courtyard.

After leaving Mo Chen's courtyard, Ling Xue led Chen Ping and Hu Mazi toward the News Building in the east of the city.

As they turned a corner, they ran into several young disciples dressed in Sword Sect attire. Leading them was a handsome young man with a jeweled sword at his waist, a man of high status evident at a glance.

The young man's eyes lit up upon seeing Ling Xue. He stepped forward quickly, a warm smile plastered across his face. "Junior Sister Ling, what a coincidence! I was just about to find you. I've just acquired a piece of cold iron, and I'd like to invite you to the Sword Tempering Workshop to see if I can forge a handy sword."

As he spoke, his eyes swept over Chen Ping and Hu Mazi, his brows unconsciously furrowed. His tone was filled with scrutiny: "Who are these two?"

Ling Xue pointed sideways at Chen Ping, her tone calm yet undeniably serious: "This is Senior Brother Chen Ping. From today on, you're our Sword Sect's Senior Brother.

This is Senior Hu Mazi, a friend of Senior Brother Chen."

"Senior Brother?" Several Sword Sect disciples were momentarily stunned, looking at each other in disbelief.

The attentive young man laughed out loud, sizing Chen Ping up and down with undisguised contempt in his eyes. "Junior Sister Ling, you're kidding, right?"

Just him? A cultivator from the Loose Immortal Realm, is he worthy of being our Sword Sect's Senior Brother?

Our Sword Sect may not be what it used to be, but we wouldn't let a Loose Immortal Realm cultivator become our Senior Brother, right?"

He stepped forward, deliberately exuding the aura of a third-grade Earth Immortal Realm cultivator. He glared at Chen Ping with an oppressive air. "Boy, I don't care how you got here. If you want to be our Senior Brother, you have to ask us old men for approval.

Do you dare to fight me? If you can withstand three of my moves, I'll acknowledge you as my Senior Brother!"

Several other disciples joined in the commotion. "That's right. Senior Brother Li is the best of our generation. Even he's not worthy of being our Senior Brother, so why should we let an outsider take the position?"

Hu Mazi, watching from the sidelines, grew impatient. Just as he was about to speak, Chen Ping raised his hand to stop him.

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Chen Ping's face was expressionless, not even raising his eyelids. He simply glanced at the young man surnamed Li, his disdain almost overflowing: "Competing with me? Are you worthy?"

The young man surnamed Li was instantly enraged: "Arrogant! Courting death!" He began to draw his sword.

But as his hand touched the hilt, a flash of cold light flashed before his eyes, so fast that no one could react.

"Swish!"

With a soft sound, a strand of black hair slowly fell, landing squarely in the young man's open hand.

Everyone was stunned.

The young man froze in place, holding his sword. The rage on his face hadn't faded, but his eyes were wide with horror.

The disciples behind him also gaped in surprise. No one saw how Chen Ping drew his sword. All they could see was a flash before their eyes, and the whole thing was over.

Chen Ping even stood there motionless, as if nothing had happened, merely brushing off the nonexistent dust from his sleeve.

Ling Xue watched this scene, a subtle smile curling her lips. She stepped forward and said to the still-dazed disciples, "The Senior Brother chosen by Master himself must have exceptional qualities. Senior Brother Li, you must learn from Senior Brother Chen."

With that, she turned to Chen Ping and Hu Mazi, not caring about their reactions. "Let's go! Don't delay our important work."

Chen Ping nodded, and he and Hu Mazi followed.

Only after the three of them had walked away did the Sword Sect disciples finally wake up.

The young man surnamed Li stared at the strand of hair in his hand, a layer of cold sweat instantly breaking out on his back.

In that instant, he had truly felt the threat of death. If Chen Ping had targeted his neck instead of his hair...

He swallowed hard, watching Chen Ping and the others retreat. He no longer dared to hold back his contempt, only filled with shock and bewilderment.

“Senior Brother Li... he... what did he just do...” a nearby disciple stuttered.

The young man surnamed Li took a deep breath, his voice still trembling. “I don’t know, but with that kind of speed and accuracy... I’m afraid even if we combined we might not be his match.”

The disciples looked at each other, speechless for a moment, feeling that today’s events were truly bizarre.

On the way, Hu Mazi couldn’t help but ask, “Miss Ling, do you think that information building is reliable? Are they trying to scam us?”

“It’s hard to say.”

Ling Xue shook her head. “I’ve never been to the information building, so I have no idea if the information is true or not. We can only give it a try.”

Ling Xue led them to the information building.

It was a towering attic, pitch black and eerie. Two black-clad guards stood at the door, their eyes sharp as they scanned the passersby.