

The Order 8821

Chapter: 8821

Chen Ping grasped Ling Xue's hand, and the warmth from his palm caused her to shiver slightly.

Chen Ping placed the Demon-Suppressing Tower in a hidden cave in the mountains behind the Sword Sect, eliminating the need for a guardian.

The cave had a stone doorway, engraved with flowing runes, exuding an ancient and profound aura. Ordinary people couldn't easily open it!

"Time flows differently inside this tower than outside. One day is equivalent to a hundred days outside. Let's practice meditation inside."

Chen Ping whispered, his fingertips tracing the stone doorway. The instant his spiritual energy was infused, the runes suddenly illuminated, slowly opening a gap just wide enough for two people to pass through.

Ling Xue lowered her head, her cheeks flushing. "I'll do as you say, Senior Brother."

Before she finished her words, Chen Ping gently grasped her wrist, and she stepped into the hazy glow.

Chen Ping led Ling Xue into the Demon Suppressing Tower. Inside, a hidden world unfolded. Far from the dark and confined space she'd imagined, it unfolded into a vast world.

The air was thick with immortal energy, almost tangible. Various immortal veins swirled around, and the faint sound of surging immortal energy could be heard.

"This place... is such a fairyland?"

Ling Xue exclaimed, her eyes filled with wonder.

She had always assumed the Demon Suppressing Tower was a place to suppress evil spirits, but she hadn't expected such a scene inside.

Chen Ping smiled and nodded. "This tower not only subdues demons, but is also a sacred place for cultivation. You can cultivate here with peace of mind. I'll go call Master Hu Ma over."

With that, he vanished in a flash.

A moment later, Chen Ping returned with Hu Mazi.

As Hu Mazi stepped into the tower, his eyes widened in astonishment at the rich celestial energy. He took a deep breath, his face lit with ecstasy. "Wow! The celestial energy here is even richer! It looks like you've been shoveling a lot of resources into this tower!"

"Of course! I've stored all the resources I've plundered inside the Demon-Suppressing Tower. That's why the celestial energy is so abundant."

"Master Hu, please find a stone platform to recover. The pagoda's abundant celestial energy will be of great benefit to your injuries."

"My junior sister and I are training there. Call me if you need anything."

Hu Mazi nodded repeatedly, rubbing his hands together, and excitedly ran towards the stone platform. He immediately sat cross-legged and eagerly began practicing his cultivation techniques. A visible vortex of celestial energy instantly enveloped him.

Chen Ping led Ling Xue to a secluded area, shrouded by a pale golden light curtain that blocked out external interference while concentrating the celestial energy.

He turned to look at Ling Xue, a gentle smile in his eyes. "I'll be working hard for you in the days ahead."

Ling Xue bit her lip and uttered a soft “hmm,” her fingertips unconsciously twisting the hem of her clothes.

The enchanting scene in the room that night flooded back to her mind uncontrollably, causing her breathing to quicken.

Chapter: 8822

Chen Ping said no more, taking the lead in sitting cross-legged, motioning Ling Xue to sit across from him.

The moment their palms touched, a stream of pure spiritual energy flowed through their arms, forming a perfect circulation through their meridians.

Chen Ping’s divine dragon power carried a domineering masculine aura, while Ling Xue’s spiritual power was as gentle as a clear spring. The combination of strength and softness created a wonderful resonance.

Soon, Ling Xue’s clothes fell off, revealing her naked body before Chen Ping!

Chen Ping then injected his most masculine essence into Ling Xue’s body!

Time slipped quietly as they cultivated.

A day outside the tower is a hundred days inside.

At first, Ling Xue frowned slightly, unaccustomed to the atmosphere. But as the two of them continued to mingle, she gradually immersed herself in the mysteries of cultivation.

Ling Xue began to scream, her cries growing louder and louder. Fortunately, they were inside the Demon Suppression Tower, so no one outside could hear them!

Chen Ping, on the other hand, threw himself into the practice. His divine dragon power not only tempered Ling Xue's meridians but also guided her spiritual energy through bottlenecks. In just a few dozen days, Ling Xue felt a subtle weakening in her cultivation.

Chen Ping, taking advantage of the opportunity offered by dual cultivation, continuously honed the power of the three clans and the divine dragon within him.

The damage to his meridians caused by using the Divine King Bow quickly healed under the rich immortal energy and Ling Xue's gentle, watery nourishment. The spiritual energy within his dantian became increasingly condensed, inching closer to the threshold of the Earthly Immortal Realm.

However, this tranquility was shattered by Hu Mazi, who appeared not far away.

That day, just as Chen Ping was channeling a surge of surging divine dragon power into Ling Xue's body, aiding her in reaching the Seventh Stage of the Earthly Immortal Realm, Ling Xue couldn't help but groan, beads of sweat forming on her forehead.

As soon as the groan faded, a muffled thud was heard from the stone platform across from her. Hu Mazi had unexpectedly fallen from it.

"Master Hu, what's wrong?"

Chen Ping quickly retracted his force and ran out, asking with concern.

Hu Mazi climbed to his feet, clutching the back of his head, and glared at Chen Ping with a gloomy expression. "Nothing! My legs are just numb from meditating for so long!"

But his eyes were clearly filled with discomfort, especially when he looked at Ling Xue. His gaze was evasive, and a suspicious blush crept across his cheeks.

Ling Xue felt even more embarrassed by his gaze, and quickly lowered her head, her ears reddening to the point of bleeding.

Chen Ping suddenly realized that even though they were hiding in a secluded spot, out of sight, they couldn't stop the sound from spreading.

These past few days, during their dual cultivation, Ling Xue's moans had become increasingly louder, and Hu Mazi must have heard them.

Given Hu Mazi's personality, it would be strange if he wasn't uncomfortable hearing such sounds.

Chen Ping couldn't help but cough dryly and said awkwardly, "Master Hu, how about I set up another soundproofing formation for you?"

Chapter: 8823

"No need!"

Hu Mazi quickly waved his hand, stiffening his neck and saying, "Are we that kind of vulgar? You practice yours, I'll heal mine, and we won't interfere with each other!"

Actually, listening to Miss Ling Xue's howling was quite exciting...

With that, Hu Mazi turned and jumped back onto the stone platform, sitting cross-legged with his back to the two of them. His slightly trembling shoulders betrayed his current restlessness.

Ling Xue's face flushed red as she looked at Chen Ping and said, "Brother, use less force next time. You don't care if I live or die..."

"I can't help it. You're so inexperienced..."

Chen Ping chuckled!

For the next few days, Hu Mazi remained silent, save for the occasional muffled thud of his fists hitting the stone platform.

Chen Ping and Ling Xue also tried their best to restrain their breathing, but at the critical juncture of cultivation, the reaction to the surge of spiritual energy was ultimately difficult to suppress.

Every time Ling Xue's gentle moaning rang out, the movement on the stone platform across from them would noticeably pause, followed by even more intense panting.

This absurd and agonizing day lasted for a long time. The immortal energy within the tower gradually thinned under the three people's frantic absorption, while their cultivation levels soared at an astonishing rate.

First, Ling Xue, with Chen Ping's full support, broke through bottlenecks one after another, soaring all the way from the fourth level of the Earthly Immortal Realm to the seventh. Her spiritual energy condensed like substance, faintly emanating a sharp sword intent.

Then, at a crucial moment in his dual cultivation, Chen Ping's spiritual energy within his dantian suddenly erupted, completely merging the power of the divine dragon with the power of the three clans. Golden scales instantly covered his entire body, and a dragon roar echoed throughout the tower, signaling his successful breakthrough to the Earthly Immortal Realm!

The most astonishing of all was Hu Mazi.

Perhaps due to the tower's excessive abundance of immortal energy, or perhaps due to a surge of inner strength, his previously damaged spiritual consciousness not only fully recovered, but his cultivation skyrocketed, reaching the Ninth Rank!

This was Hu Mazi's peak realm before his reincarnation, and now it had fully recovered.

That day, when the three of them simultaneously concluded their cultivation, the entire Demon Suppression Tower trembled slightly. Three powerful auras rose to the sky, interweaving into a brilliant halo of light.

Chen Ping looked at Ling Xue, his eyes filled with joy. "Congratulations, Junior Sister."

Ling Xue's cheeks flushed slightly. Just as she was about to speak, she saw Hu Mazi hop down from the stone platform. He paced back and forth with his hands behind his back, his brow furrowed, and he looked sullen.

"Master Hu, you've broken through to the ninth level of the Earthly Immortal Realm! Such a joyous occasion, why are you so gloomy?"

Chen Ping asked, puzzled.

Hu Mazi abruptly stopped, turned around and glared at Chen Ping, his face aggrieved. "What's there to be happy about? You two whining all day long, it's making me so horrified I can't even cultivate in peace!"

"You finally broke through, yet you're still fuming. Do you think I can be happy?"

At these words, Chen Ping burst into laughter. Ling Xue was so embarrassed she wanted to find a hole to crawl into. She covered her face with her hands, her ears red as if blood was dripping.

Chapter: 8824

"I was inconsiderate, I was inconsiderate."

Chen Ping smiled and waved his hand. "When we get out, I'll find Master Hu a few female cultivators to play with, so he can indulge himself a bit."

Hu Mazi snorted upon hearing this, his expression softening slightly, but the look he gave Chen Ping was still tinged with envy and jealousy.

The three of them packed up and walked out of the Demon Suppression Tower together. Chen Ping put the tower away and then left the cave.

As the stone door slowly closed, sunlight from the outside world shone on them, bringing a long-lost warmth.

Calculating the time, they had been in the tower for a whole year, while in the outside world, it had only been three days.

The stone door slowly closed behind them, and the last ray of ancient rune light dissipated into the shadows of the cave.

Ling Xue stood there, the warm, rich celestial aura of the tower still lingering on her fingertips, while the gentle sound of a mountain breeze brushing against pine needles filled her ears.

“The air outside is fresher than inside the tower.”

Chen Ping stretched, his joints making a series of soft clicks. The spiritual energy of the Earthly Immortal Realm flowed steadily through his meridians, bringing an unprecedented sense of peace and stability.

He turned to look at Ling Xue, only to see her with her head lowered, a faint blush on her fair neck, her hands subconsciously twisting her sleeves.

“What’s wrong?”

Chen Ping took two steps closer and could faintly detect the scent of a spiritual herb in her hair. It was the “Dew Condensing Grass” that grew near the cave. Its petals, imbued with immortal energy, were said to soothe the mind and calm the soul. Ling Xue must have secretly picked some of these during a break from her training and pinned them in her hair.

Ling Xue suddenly looked up, her eyes meeting his, brimming with smiles. Hastily, she lowered her head again, her voice as soft as a mosquito’s hum: “No, nothing... I just feel... the sun outside is a little dazzling.”

As she finished her words, a mountain breeze swept through, carrying fallen leaves. A strand of hair from her temple blew against her cheek, tickling it slightly.

She raised her hand to stroke it, but her wrist was gently grasped.

Chen Ping's palm, lingering with warmth from the tower, was much warmer than the mountain breeze. His fingertips inadvertently brushed against her pulse, causing her heart to skip a beat.

"During your breakthrough in the tower, your spiritual energy was a bit impulsive."

Chen Ping's voice deepened, tinged with earnest concern. "When you get back, use the Heart-Clearing Grass to make some spiritual tea."

He paused, his gaze fixed on her slightly reddened ears. He couldn't help but add, "Don't stay up too late. You've just reached the Seventh Stage of the Earthly Immortal Realm, and your foundation still needs strengthening."

"You should practice dual cultivation with me from time to time to solidify your foundation..."

Ling Xue glanced at Chen Ping. How could she not know what he meant?

Chen Ping made it clear that even after leaving the Demon Suppression Tower and stopping his training, he would still find an opportunity to do that.

Indeed, Ling Xue had long since grown fond of this feeling.

Chapter: 8825

It was comfortable, and I could cultivate, and the training speed was fast. Why not?

It was just that her legs were suffering; now even walking hurt.

Ling Xue hummed and nodded, but didn't pull her hand away.

The mountain breeze picked up again, gently lifting the hem of her skirt and brushing against Chen Ping's trouser legs.

She suddenly recalled her last night in the tower. When the spiritual vein surged, Chen Ping had spent three full hours helping her stabilize her spiritual power.

At that time, Chen Ping's breath fell on her forehead, carrying a faint scent of immortality, more reassuring than any panacea.

"Senior Brother..."

Ling Xue mustered her courage and looked up, her gaze meeting Chen Ping's smiling eyes. "What was it like for you in the Earthly Immortal Realm?"

"It's like..."

Chen Ping pondered for a moment, raised his hand, and lightly grasped a boulder not far away. The half-man-high bluestone silently shattered into several pieces.

"Before, I saw the mountain as just a mountain. Now, I can see the veins in every stone."

He withdrew his hand, gently touching her cheek with his fingertips. "Just like looking at you now, I can feel the subtle fluctuations in your spiritual power. Are you thinking about the things in the tower again?"

Ling Xue's face flushed bright red. She abruptly withdrew her hand, took a half step back, and glared at him angrily: "Senior Brother, you're making fun of me again!"

But her anger was weak, like a spring breeze blowing across a lake, creating soft ripples.

She turned and walked towards the sect, her steps much slower than when she came, deliberately leaving a half-step gap, waiting for the people behind her to catch up.

Chen Ping watched her hurried back, his shoulders swaying slightly, and he chuckled softly.

He hurried to catch up, walking side by side on the mountain path, the stones under his feet making a soft “crunch” sound.

“Oh, right,” Ling Xue suddenly stopped, fished a small brocade pouch from her storage bag, and handed it to him. “This is a dried flower I made from the ‘Heart-Connecting Flower.’ Take it with you.”

“Ancient texts say... this flower allows a cultivator to unite their mind and body during battle.”

She had embroidered the pouch with her own vital spirit silk. Hidden in the corner was a small sword-shaped flower, the symbol of a disciple of the Sword Sect.

Chen Ping took the pouch. It felt light in his hand, yet it felt like he was holding a warm heart.

He bent down and sniffed. The fresh floral fragrance mingled with the scent of her fingertips, surprisingly reassuring than any protective magic weapon.

“Then I’ll keep it.” He tucked the brocade pouch into his lapel, pressing it against his chest. “When we return from the Black Wind Mountains, I’ll teach you a new sword technique. I realized it during my breakthrough, and it’s perfect for your current spiritual power.”

Ling Xue’s eyes lit up, and she nodded vigorously: “Okay.”

Chapter: 8826

They walked along without saying much, but the occasional brush of arms, or glances as they simultaneously avoided a low-hanging branch, were like the gentle flow of a mountain stream, filled with indescribable tenderness.

As they approached the sect’s mountain gate, Ling Xue suddenly remembered something, paused, and fished out a small jade bottle from her sleeve: “This... take this too.”

The jade bottle contained a pale pink ointment, specially made by her using “Snow Skin Grass.”

“I don’t need it,” Chen Ping smiled, trying to push it back, but she stubbornly pressed it into her hand.

“Take it with you!”

Ling Xue’s tone was unusually firm, but her cheeks flushed even more. “There are many evil spirits in the Black Wind Mountains. What if... what if you get hurt? This ointment can dispel the poison.”

After she finished speaking, as if afraid he would refuse again, she turned and trotted into the mountain gate. Her skirt swept the stone steps, leaving a trail of light footprints.

Chen Ping held the warm jade bottle in his hand and watched her disappear at the end of the corridor. He smiled down and carefully put the bottle into his storage bag.

The mountain breeze blew through the mountain gate, bringing shouts from the distant martial arts training ground. He took a deep breath and walked towards the Sword Sect headquarters.

As soon as she arrived at the Sword Sect headquarters, Ling Xue felt her legs weaken. Her gait became unnatural, and she couldn’t help but frown with every step.

“Senior Sister Ling Xue, what’s wrong with you? Are you injured?”

A young fellow disciple asked with concern, noticing her unsteady gait.

Ling Xue’s cheeks flushed instantly, and she stammered, unable to speak. She looked at Chen Ping in panic, as if asking for help.

Chen Ping was about to speak to offer some advice when Mo Chen approached, leaning on a cane. He glanced at Ling Xue, then at Chen Ping, a knowing smile flashing in his eyes. Stroking his beard, he said, “It’s good for young people to be energetic, but everything should be done in moderation. Too much is as bad as too little.”

Though he didn’t say it explicitly, the meaning in his eyes was clear.

Ling Xue heard it all too clearly, her neck flushed with shame. She lowered her head and hurried back to her room, not even daring to look back.

It was all Chen Ping's fault for not being gentle with women. He'd been doing it non-stop for a whole year, and her skin was swollen, making it difficult for Ling Xue to walk.

Chen Ping awkwardly rubbed his nose, but Mo Chen stepped forward, sizing him up. Sensing the powerful, majestic Earth Immortal Realm spiritual energy emanating from Chen Ping, a look of shock crossed his old face. "You... you've actually broken through to the Earth Immortal Realm?"

You have to remember that Chen Ping had only been in the Loose Immortal Realm for a few months. This level of cultivation speed is simply unheard of!

Chen Ping smiled and nodded. "Thanks to my junior sister, practicing dual cultivation with me, I've made some progress."

Mo Chen nodded repeatedly, his eyes filled with satisfaction. "Excellent! Excellent! Our Sword Sect finally has a capable and capable leader!"

He turned to look at Hu Mazi, sensing the unfathomable aura emanating from him, and his eyes widened in shock. "Master Hu... what's this?"

"It's just a recovery to the ninth level of the Earth Immortal Realm. Not worth mentioning."

Hu Mazi waved his hand in a feigned composure, but his slightly raised chin betrayed his pride.

Chapter: 8827

Mo Chen gasped. It had only been three days since they last met, and not only had Chen Ping broken through to the Earthly Immortal Realm, but even Hu Mazi had recovered to the Ninth Stage of the Earthly Immortal Realm. This Demon Suppression Tower was truly a divine artifact!

"You've just broken through, so you need some time to consolidate. Sword Saint City has been much calmer these past few days, so just stay put!"

Mo Chen said to Chen Ping and Hu Mazi!

He was worried that Chen Ping and Hu Mazi, having just broken through, would cause trouble for the Evil Dao Hall!

After all, a recent breakthrough required consolidation.

“Thank you, Master, for the reminder. I understand!” Chen Ping nodded!

For the next few days, Chen Ping, Ling Xue, and Hu Mazi worked tirelessly to consolidate their current cultivation.

Although Ling Xue had advanced to the Seventh Stage of the Earthly Immortal Realm since emerging from the Demon Suppression Tower, Chen Ping still sensed a subtle frivolity in her spiritual energy.

In the tower, in an effort to expedite their progress, the two of them blended their spiritual energy too quickly during their dual cultivation. Chen Ping repeatedly injected his vital energy into Ling Xue’s body. Although Ling Xue broke through the realm barrier, it also put considerable strain on her meridians.

That morning, Chen Ping had someone clear a space east of the martial arts arena. He also instructed his disciples to bring in dozens of “Sinking Water Jade,” imbued with pure earth-attributed spiritual energy, and arrange them according to the seven-star orientation to form a simple spiritual gathering formation.

“Ling Xue, come and try.”

Chen Ping patted the jade table beside him. The sinking water jade shone with a warm luster in the morning light, and a faint spiritual energy flowed through the cracks in the stone.

Ling Xue approached, sword in hand. A flicker of curiosity flashed in her eyes when she saw the jade formation. “Brother, what is this...”

“The Sinking Jade Spirit Gathering Formation is perfect for warming the meridians.”

Chen Ping gestured for her to sit cross-legged on the jade platform at the center of the formation. "You've just broken through, and your spiritual power, while strong, isn't stable. Today, we'll use the most crude method: gradually infuse it into your meridians."

Ling Xue sat down as instructed. As she began to practice her technique, she felt the surrounding Sinking Jade suddenly glow with a faint ochre-colored light. A gentle yet rich spiritual energy surged from all directions, enveloping her limbs like a warm spring.

"Concentrate your mind and calm your spirit. Follow my guidance." Chen Ping also sat cross-legged across from her, his palms suspended in the air, facing her dantian.

The spiritual energy of the Earthly Immortal Realm flowed slowly into her body like a trickle, gently flowing along her meridians.

At first, Ling Xue's spiritual energy was somewhat unruly, surging unsteadily through her meridians. The several key points, where the breakthrough had left tiny cracks, were particularly painful.

Chen Ping's spiritual energy, however, was extremely patient. Like an experienced shepherd, it gradually calmed the restless energy, guiding it to flow slowly along the meridians.

"Here, hold it with three-tenths of your strength."

Chapter: 8828

When the spiritual energy reached the Quchi acupoint on his left arm, Chen Ping suddenly spoke, his voice as steady as a bell. "Imagine the spiritual energy as a warm jade pestle, slowly grinding against the meridian walls."

Ling Xue did as she was told, but as soon as she exerted force, she felt a sharp pain in her meridians, and cold sweat instantly broke out on her forehead.

That was the exact spot where the tiny crack had been created in the tower to forcefully contain the divine dragon power Chen Ping had brought over.

“Don’t rush. Take your time.”

Chen Ping noticed her hesitation, and the spiritual energy in his palm grew softer, like a warm ointment, seeping slowly into the damaged meridian. “Empty your mind and feel the spiritual energy flowing through you. It’s like... like the feeling of a stream flowing over bluestone as the snow melts in spring.”

His voice held a strangely soothing power. Ling Xue took a deep breath, trying to imagine the scene he described.

Gradually, she felt the stinging in her meridians ease. Chen Ping’s spiritual energy, like a warm current, not only nourished the damaged area but also gradually cleansed and refined her already somewhat chaotic spiritual energy, making it ever more refined.

The sun gradually rose higher, filtering through the branches of the ancient pines surrounding the martial arts arena, casting dappled light on the jade formation. The aura of the submerged jade within the formation swirled, enveloping the two of them in a gentle vortex of spiritual energy.

After an unknown amount of time, Ling Xue suddenly felt a sudden warmth in her dantian. A far more concentrated and powerful spiritual energy surged forth, flowing through her meridians before condensing into a crystal-clear droplet of spiritual energy at her fingertips.

The moment the droplet hit the ground, it made a crisp, jade-like sound, dispersing as it landed, transforming into tiny specks of spiritual light.

“It’s done.”

Chen Ping withdrew his hand, a pleased smile on his face. “Your spiritual energy has condensed into ‘spiritual fluid,’ proving your foundation is solid.”

Ling Xue opened her eyes and felt a sense of relief. Her restless mind became clear.

She swung her sword tentatively, and the spiritual energy attached to it became even more concentrated than before, its aura becoming even more restrained and profound.

“Thank you, Senior Brother.” She stood up and bowed deeply to Chen Ping, her eyes filled with gratitude. Chen Ping smiled and waved his hand, “This is just the beginning. Once you have a solid foundation, you’ll need to hone your swordsmanship. Your ‘Liushuang Sword Technique,’ while agile, lacks the depth and depth expected of an Earthly Immortal. Let’s go to ‘Sword Testing Cliff’ in the back mountains, and I’ll teach you the ‘Rock Sword Moves.’”

Sword Testing Cliff is covered with sword marks left by disciples of the Sword Sect. The wind blowing from the cliffside carries a chilling breath, perfect for honing your swordsmanship.

Chen Ping, holding a branch, practiced on the bluestone at the cliff’s edge, “Rock Sword Moves appear fierce, but they actually possess a hidden resilience, just like the rocks on this cliff, weathered by wind and rain, yet unwavering, as steady as a pinnacle.”

With a flick of his wrist, the branch scraped across the stone, leaving a shallow mark. Strangely, the mark appeared unremarkable at first glance, but upon closer inspection, one could discern a hidden power within the lines, as if poised to unleash astonishing force at any moment.

“Try it now. Use your firm and stable spiritual energy to activate your sword moves. Remember, make your spiritual energy like a piece of jade sinking in water—both thick and heavy and yet gentle and smooth.”

Ling Xue gripped her sword tightly, took a deep breath, and, recalling the sensation she had just felt in the spiritual gathering array, slowly channeled her spiritual energy into the blade.

She thrust her sword forward, and the sword energy pierced the air, but upon contacting the cliff face, it suddenly converged, leaving behind a perfectly deep hole. It wasn’t too forceful, causing the energy to leak out, nor too restrained, making it appear weak.

Chapter: 8829

“Not bad.”

Chen Ping nodded. “Try this move, ‘Stone Shattering,’ again. Pay attention to the gathering and bursting of spiritual energy at the sword tip. It should flow like the earth’s veins, seemingly calm, yet concealing a thunderbolt.”

He demonstrated it himself. The branch pointed out, seemingly slowly, but the moment it touched the stone, a startling burst of force erupted. The bluestone instantly shattered, but was then contained by a gentle force. No fragments flew, only a pile of fine stone powder.

Ling Xue watched in amazement, then a moment of deep thought.

She wielded the sword again and again. Initially clumsy, it was still a little awkward, but as her control of spiritual energy grew, her moves gradually acquired a rock-hard stability and resilience.

As the sun set, dozens more sword marks appeared on the Sword Testing Cliff, each one revealing a restrained and profound power. Ling Xue stood, her forehead beaded with sweat, her face flushed with excitement. "Brother, I think... I've found the key."

Chen Ping watched the glint in her eyes, his heart stirring.

He stepped forward and wiped the sweat from her cheek, the warmth of his fingertips causing her to shiver slightly.

"Your swordsmanship is inherently pure. Now that your foundation is solid, your future progress will surely be even faster." He paused, then pulled a jade box from his storage bag. "This is 'Blue-Veined Chalcedony.' When you return, take a little and dissolve it in spiritual water. Soak your hands in it daily. This will further align your spiritual power with your sword."

The box opened, revealing a piece of emerald green chalcedony covered in fine green veins and faintly emanating spiritual energy. It was clearly an extremely precious treasure.

Ling Xue looked at the chalcedony, then at Chen Ping, her eyes slightly reddened. "Brother, you always..."

"There's no need to talk about this between us."

Chen Ping smiled, closed the jade box, and placed it in her hand. "Go back. Tomorrow at dawn, we'll come back here to practice swordsmanship."

Ling Xue gripped the jade box tightly, feeling the warmth of the chalcedony on her fingertips, and a surge of warmth welled up in her heart.

"Brother, I don't want to leave. I want you to love me..."

Ling Xue said!

The only thing she could offer Chen Ping now was her body.

"Are you okay? It hurts just walking..." Chen Ping said, a little worried.

"It's okay..." Ling Xue said, taking off her clothes!

Seeing this, Chen Ping didn't waste any more time and threw himself on Ling Xue.

He knew that Ling Xue was no longer the innocent little girl she once was, but a woman who had experienced the exhilarating sensation of flying.

Chen Ping and Hu Mazi spent a few more days consolidating their cultivation at the Sword Sect's headquarters!

One day, Chen Ping, aware of Mo Chen, said in a deep voice, "Master, Master Hu and I plan to travel to the Black Wind Mountains today to deal with the Evil Dao Hall branch."

Mo Chen knew that Chen Ping and Hu Mazi were determined to go to the Evil Dao Hall branch, and there was no point in stopping them. He nodded and said, "Go early and return early. Be careful."

Chapter: 8830

“The Evil Dao Hall’s actions are treacherous. Don’t be careless.” He paused, then added, “I’ve had elixirs and resources prepared. Take them with you.”

“Thank you, Master,” Chen Ping bowed, turning to Hu Mazi. “Master Hu, let’s go.”

Hu Mazi, unable to contain himself, nodded immediately. “Let’s go! Let’s see where those evil cultivators have hidden the spirits of my Hu family!”

Just as the two were about to leave, Ling Xue ran out of the room, beads of sweat on her forehead, clearly having just calmed down.

She held a package in her hand and quickly approached Chen Ping. “Brother, here are some magical herbs I prepared for you. Take them.”

“Just cultivate at home. Don’t worry about us.”

Chen Ping took the package, his fingertips inadvertently brushing against the back of her hand. He felt the delicate warmth, and his heart fluttered.

Ling Xue bit her lip, her eyes filled with reluctance. “I... I want to go with you, too.”

But even as she finished her words, she couldn’t help but frown. The soreness in her legs made it clear to her that she wasn’t fit for a long journey right now.

She instinctively pulled her clothes closer, a flicker of unspeakable embarrassment crossing her brow.

These days, she’d been inseparable from Chen Ping, the indulgence she’d felt when their love was deep. Now, it was transforming into a faint tingling and swelling in her waist, a reminder of last night’s tenderness and madness.

Chen Ping had already noticed something was wrong with her. His fingertips gently brushed the loose hair across her forehead, his voice so gentle it could have drawn tears. "I'll return immediately after I've dealt with the Black Wind Mountains."

"Rest in peace here, don't let your mind wander. I'll help you clear that blockage when I return."

Even before he finished speaking, two blushes rose on Ling Xue's cheeks, and even her ears were stained with the color of rouge.

She knew her cultivation was still limited, and that following would only be a burden. She suppressed her reluctance and nodded, her eyes slightly reddened, her voice choked with sobs. "You... must return safely."

"Don't worry." Chen Ping smiled and rubbed the top of her head. As he turned, the tenderness in his eyes instantly turned to a sharp, piercing edge.

Hu Mazi had been waiting outside the courtyard. Seeing Chen Ping emerge, he grinned, "Let's go! If we're any later, those old ghosts from the Evil Dao Hall might have to wait a while longer."

The two exchanged glances, their spiritual energy suddenly erupting. They unleashed their aerobatics to the fullest, transforming into two streaks of light as they soared into the sky, speeding towards the Black Wind Mountains at the border of the Fifth Heaven.

Ling Xue stood in the corridor, watching their receding figures. She raised her hand to her still-burning cheek, silently repeating the word "safety" in her heart until the two figures completely vanished from the horizon.

The Black Wind Mountains, nestled in a desolate area at the very edge of the Fifth Heaven, are shrouded in a perpetual dark green miasma. Demonic beasts roam the depths, forcing even cultivators of considerable skill to tread lightly.

Chen Ping and Hu Mazi raced at lightning speed, pushing their aerobatics to the limit. The wind whistled in their ears, and the towns and forests below rapidly receded. In just three days, they reached the outskirts of the Black Wind Mountains.

Even before they entered the mountain range, an overwhelming, inextricable stench of blood assaulted them, blending with the stench of rotting flesh and the stench of vegetation, creating a nauseating aroma.

A faint gray-black mist hung in the air, imbued with wisps of cold, sinister aura, the distinct aura of the Evil Dao Hall's cultivators.

Hu Mazi frowned, and with both hands he swiftly formed a cleansing gesture. A pale golden talisman materialized in his palms, instantly transforming into a shield of light that enveloped the two of them, sealing out any intrusive evil energy.