

The Order 8841

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“What a great phrase, ‘as long as the main hall is still there.’”

A glint of admiration flashed in Mo Chen’s eyes. “The Sword Sect may be small, but if you need it, everyone in the Sword Sect is ready to support you.”

As he spoke, the surrounding Sword Sect disciples gathered around, their gazes filled with admiration.

Recently, Chen Ping had instructed Ling Xue at the Sword Trial Cliff, and later, he had teamed up with Hu Mazi to destroy the Evil Path Hall branch. He had long since become a legend among the Sword Sect disciples.

“Brother Chen, you’re mighty!”

Someone shouted, and the other disciples echoed, their voices echoing through the city gates.

Chen Ping smiled and nodded. His gaze swept through the crowd, and he quickly spotted the familiar figure. Ling Xue stood at the back of the group, dressed in white, clutching a plain package.

When she saw him, her eyes lit up instantly, yet with a subtle nervousness. She subconsciously took a step forward, then stopped.

Chen Ping’s heart moved, and he walked towards Ling Xue.

“Senior Brother...”

Ling Xue came forward, her voice tinged with joy, but her eyes fell on the bloodstains on his body, and her brows furrowed. “Are you injured?”

“It’s just a minor injury, nothing serious.” Chen Ping raised his hand, gently brushing her furrowed brow with his fingertips. “I’m sorry to have worried you.”

Ling Xue’s cheeks flushed slightly, and she quickly shook her head. “I’m not worried... I just... I just feel sure you’ll return safely.”

She handed him the package in her hand. “This is the medicine and magical herbs I prepared for you these past few days. Use them when you get back.”

The package was warm to the touch, clearly from her constant care.

Chen Ping took it, his fingertips touching the back of her hand. Feeling the delicate warmth, a warm feeling welled up in his heart. “Okay, I’ll listen to you.”

Hu Mazi watched their interaction, grinning and patting Mo Chen’s shoulder. “Brother Mo Chen, let’s go back and rest for a while. I’ll talk to you later about the branch hall situation.”

Mo Chen nodded. “Okay, you’ve been traveling all the way, so get some rest first.”

The group headed towards the Sword Sect headquarters. Sunlight shone on the bluestone pavement of Sword Saint City, casting long shadows. The air was filled with a faint spiritual energy and the fragrance of plants and trees, a stark contrast to the bloody and sinister atmosphere of the Black Wind Mountains, giving people a sense of being in another world.

Back at the Sword Sect headquarters, Chen Ping went to his room first. Ling Xue followed him, insisting on helping him tend to his wounds.

“Brother, please sit down. I’ll go get a basin of spiritual water.”

Ling Xue said, turning to leave.

Chen Ping grasped her wrist and whispered, "Don't bother. I can use my spiritual energy to sort it out myself."

"How can that be!"

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Ling Xue broke free from his hand, her tone somewhat stubborn. "Spiritual energy can only stabilize the injury. The wound still needs to be cleaned properly. Wait, I'll be back soon."

Watching her hurriedly departing figure, Chen Ping smiled helplessly, his heart filled with warmth.

Over the past few days, Ling Xue had long since changed from the girl of the fourth rank in the Earthly Immortal Realm. Her swordsmanship had become purer, and her cultivation had steadily improved. Yet, in his presence, she still retained that purest concern.

Soon, Ling Xue returned with a basin of steaming spiritual water, soaking several fragrant immortal herbs.

She placed the basin on the table, removed a clean cloth and some medicine from the package, and walked over to Chen Ping. "Brother, please remove your outer robe. I'll help you apply the medicine."

Chen Ping took off his robe as instructed, revealing a shallow wound on his left arm. It was scratched by the flying debris from the black-robed man's self-explosion. Though shallow, it still held a trace of evil energy.

Ling Xue's eyes flashed with heartache at the sight of the wound. She carefully dipped a cloth in the spiritual water and gently wiped the blood around the wound, her movements so gentle that she seemed afraid to hurt him.

The warmth of the spiritual water blended with the delicate fragrance of the immortal grass, sending a comfortable warmth across the wound, and the lingering evil energy gradually dissipated.

“Brother, you must be more careful next time,” Ling Xue said softly as she applied the medicine to him, her voice choking. “I know you’re powerful, but I still worry...” Worried about you getting hurt, worried about me never seeing you again...”

Chen Ping watched her downcast eyes, her long eyelashes trembling slightly. A wave of emotion softened, and he gently stroked her hair. “Silly girl, I promise I’ll be more careful next time.”

Ling Xue raised her head, tears welling in her eyes, but she fought to keep them from falling. “Brother, I heard from Master that you’re going to find the Evil Dao Hall’s main hall with Master Hu, correct?”

Chen Ping was startled, then nodded. “Yes. The Hu family’s spirits are in the main hall, and I can’t let Master Hu go alone.” “Furthermore, the Sixth Hall Master of the Temple has repeatedly targeted me. I must also visit the Sixth Hall of the Sixth Heavenly Temple.”

Ling Xue bit her lip and remained silent for a moment before slowly speaking, “I know I can’t stop you. You have your own ambitions and things you want to do, and I can’t be a burden to you.”

She took a deep breath, a glint of determination in her eyes. “I will practice diligently in Sword Saint City and await your return. When I become stronger, I’ll be able to fight alongside you the next time we face danger!”

The determination in her eyes touched Chen Ping deeply.

He knew that Ling Xue was no longer the little girl who needed his constant protection. She had grown on her own and had her own pride.

“Okay.”

Chen Ping smiled and nodded. “I’ll wait until you become stronger. Then, we’ll fight side by side.”

As the night deepened, the Sword Sect’s headquarters gradually grew quiet, with only the occasional chirping of insects and the fluctuations of spiritual energy from the disciples’ cultivation.

Ling Xue didn't leave. She sat beside Chen Ping, packing his luggage for the next day, including several bottles of medicine for his injuries and the immortal herbs she had personally picked.

As she packed, she rambled on, "Brother, the immortal energy of the Sixth Heaven is denser than that of the Fifth Heaven. When cultivating, be sure to control your spiritual energy and don't overdo it.

If you encounter an unfamiliar demonic beast, be sure to observe it carefully beforehand and don't act rashly.

Also, carry this bottle of 'Purifying Heart Pills' with you. If you encounter an attack from evil spirits, it will help you calm your mind..."

Chen Ping listened patiently, nodding occasionally.

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He knew that behind these instructions was Ling Xue's deep reluctance and concern.

"Lingxue," Chen Ping interrupted her, his voice low and gentle. "Once I've dealt with the Sixth Heaven and found the main hall of the Evil Path Palace, I'll definitely come back for you."

Lingxue paused, looked up at him, her eyes filled with attachment. "Brother, I'll wait for you. No matter how long it takes, I'll wait for you."

She stood up and gently threw herself into Chen Ping's arms, her arms tightly wrapped around his waist, her cheek pressed against his chest, feeling his steady heartbeat.

Chen Ping raised his arms to embrace her, the fragrance of her hair lingering on his nose, his heart filled with tenderness.

"Brother," Lingxue's voice was muffled. "... I want you to remember me."

Chen Ping lowered his head, staring at the top of the head in his arms, and whispered softly, "I will never forget you."

As the night deepened, the light in the room flickered, illuminating the two embraced figures, filled with reluctance and tenderness.

“Are you still in pain?” Chen Ping asked tenderly, looking at Lingxue.

“A little...” Lingxue nodded!

“Let me give you a massage...” Chen Ping said, pressing his hand down and gently massaging Ling Xue.

Ling Xue wanted to refuse, but the touch made her body tremble slightly, and she felt a great sense of comfort all over. So she closed her eyes slightly and slowly savored it!

At some point, Chen Ping noticed that his hand was wet and knew the time was right!

Accompanied by a moan from Ling Xue, Chen Ping thrust his hand in.

The next morning, just as dawn broke, the square of the Sword Sect’s headquarters was already filled with people.

Mo Chen, Li Chunfeng, and Nan Batian stood at the front, followed by dozens of Sword Sect disciples. Ling Xue stood beside Mo Chen, clutching a package tightly in her hand. Her eyes were filled with reluctance, but she fought back tears.

Chen Ping and Hu Mazi stood in the center of the square, having changed into clean clothes and carrying bags filled with resources and medicine.

“Master,” Chen Ping bowed to Mo Chen, his tone respectful. “I’m heading to the Sixth Heaven this time, and I don’t know when I’ll return. Regarding the Sword Sect’s affairs, I’ll trouble you to take care of them.”

Mo Chen nodded, removed a jade bottle from his storage bag, and handed it to Chen Ping. "These are 'Concentration Pills,' thirty in total. They will help you calm your mind and ward off evil spirits during battle. You're heading to the Sixth Heaven, where dangers abound. Please take care."

Chen Ping took the jade bottle and said solemnly, "Thank you, Master."

"And you, Master Hu." Mo Chen looked at Hu Mazi and handed him a storage bag. "Here are some talisman materials. You're skilled in talismans, so these might be helpful."

Hu Mazi took the bag and grinned. "Thank you, Brother Mo Chen! When I find my clan's spirit, I'll be back for a few drinks with you!"

At this moment, Li Chunfeng stepped forward, holding a yellowed map and handed it to Chen Ping. "Mr. Chen, the Sixth Heaven is unlike the Fifth Heaven. The power structures are complex and intertwined. The Sixth Hall of the Divine Temple has deep roots in the Sixth Heaven. When you reach the Sixth Heaven, you can first go to Leiyin Temple to find Taoist Wuji."

"Since you have a connection with Taoist Wuji, I think he'll definitely help you..."

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"Besides, there's a Divine Kingdom in the Sixth Heaven, filled with Divine Clan cultivators. The Sixth Hall of the Divine Temple is also a Divine Clan power. If Mr. Chen were to take on the Sixth Hall of the Divine Temple, I wonder if the Divine Kingdom would intervene."

"Divine Kingdom?" Chen Ping's face was filled with confusion!

"I've only heard that after the Sixth Heaven, the number of Divine Clan cultivators begins to increase, so you should be cautious," Li Chunfeng said.

"I understand!"

Chen Ping nodded, then took the map, which showed the distribution of some of the Sixth Heaven's forces.

“Mr. Chen, I promised you three hundred years of service. When you go to the Sixth Heaven, I was going to go with you.”

“But...”

Nan Batian held Xiao Cui’s hand, his eyes filled with reluctance. “It’s just that Xiao Cui is pregnant. I’m afraid I can’t travel with you anywhere.”

“You’re amazing! You got pregnant so quickly.” Chen Ping was a little surprised.

You have to understand that cultivators are different from ordinary people. Ordinary people might get pregnant after a night’s sleep, but cultivators are born against the will of heaven. Their bodily functions have changed. While they can survive for many years, having children is difficult.

This is why some cultivators have many dual cultivation partners but never have any children.

It’s not that they don’t want to, but their bodily functions no longer allow it.

Nan Batian had only been with Xiao Cui for a short time, and yet, she was already pregnant.

“I don’t know how it happened, but she’s pregnant...” Nan Batian grinned.

“Congratulations! I’ll be at the wedding after the baby is born!” Chen Ping said with a faint smile.

“Mr. Chen, it’s all thanks to you. If you hadn’t eliminated the evil cultivation techniques in my body, I wouldn’t be pregnant.”

“I have a token here. There’s also a news building in the Sixth Heaven. If you need any information, Mr. Chen, you can take my token. Only they know, and they’ll definitely tell you.”

Xiao Cui handed Chen Ping a very delicate token!

“Thank you, Miss Xiao Cui!” Chen Ping said, accepting the token.

“Okay, that’s about all I have to say.”

“Although the road ahead is dangerous, I believe you will return safely,” Mo Chen said.

Chen Ping and Hu Mazi exchanged a glance and simultaneously bowed to the crowd, “Take care, everyone! We’re leaving!”

Ling Xue looked at Chen Ping, her lips moving as if to say something, but in the end, she only managed to say, “Senior Brother, you must return safely.”

Chen Ping saw the tears in her eyes, his heart softening, and he nodded, “Wait for me.”

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With those words, the two of them surged with spiritual energy. They unleashed their aerobatics to their fullest potential, transforming into two streaks of light and soaring into the sky.

Ling Xue watched their receding figures, tears finally streaming down her face. She wiped them away, silently muttering, “Senior Brother, I will practice diligently and wait for your return.”

Mo Chen, Li Chunfeng, and Nan Batian watched the two figures disappear into the sky, their eyes filled with solemnity.

They all knew that the path to the Sixth Heaven was far more difficult than the Fifth Heaven. The Sixth Hall of the Divine Temple and the main hall of the Evil Path Hall were both extremely formidable opponents.

“I hope they’re safe,” Li Chunfeng said softly. Mo Chen nodded. “Chen Ping is a man of fortitude and exceptional luck. With Master Hu’s help, he’ll surely overcome this danger.”

After leaving Sword Saint City, Chen Ping and Hu Mazi sped towards the Sixth Heaven.

The border between the Fifth and Sixth Heavens lies a mountain range called “Duanyun Ridge.”

The mountain range towers into the clouds, shrouded year-round by thick clouds. These clouds imbue the realm with a rich spatial force, making it impossible for ordinary cultivators to traverse. Only those who have reached the seventh rank of the Earthly Immortal Realm can barely withstand the ravages of this spatial force.

“Duanyun Ridge is just ahead.”

Chen Ping pointed to the cloud-covered mountain range ahead and said gravely, “It’s said that the spatial force there is extremely chaotic. We must be careful.”

Hu Mazi nodded, pulled two yellow talismans from his storage bag, and handed one to Chen Ping. “This is the ‘Stabilizing Space Talisman.’ It can help stabilize the surrounding spatial force and reduce resistance.”

Chen Ping took the talisman and applied it to his body.

The talisman instantly transformed into a faint yellow light, enveloping him. As expected, he felt the surrounding spatial force become much gentler.

Without further ado, the two of them vanished into the clouds of Broken Cloud Ridge.

As soon as they entered the clouds, they felt a powerful pull, as if threatening to tear them apart.

The space around them continuously distorted, and black spatial cracks occasionally appeared, emitting a terrifying aura.

“Beware of spatial cracks!”

Hu Mazi shouted, casting talismans in his hand continuously. Rays of yellow light descended upon the surrounding area, temporarily stabilizing the spatial cracks.

Chen Ping also focused his attention and took precautions. The divine dragon power within him circulated, golden scales covering his arms, and a golden light surged around him, shielding him from the pull of the spatial force.

The Dragon Slaying Sword hummed at his side, and sword energy occasionally slashed out, severing the approaching spatial cracks.

The two struggled through the clouds, their ears filled with the whistling wind and the swirling sound of space warping. Before their eyes, the clouds and dimensional cracks constantly shifted, and every step was arduous.

After an unknown amount of time, a glimmer of light finally appeared ahead.

“The Sixth Heaven is just ahead!”

Hu Mazi’s eyes flashed with excitement, and he quickened his pace.

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The two rushed towards the light, passing through the last layer of clouds. The scene before them instantly changed—

The sky was no longer the pale blue of the Fifth Heaven, but a deep azure. Clouds floated in the air like cotton wool, emitting a rich, ethereal aura.

Below them lay rolling mountains, covered in dense forests. From the forests, the roars of demonic beasts, their aura several times more powerful than those of the Fifth Heaven, could be heard from time to time.

“Such a dense immortal energy!” Hu Mazi took a deep breath, a look of amazement on his face. “It’s at least three times denser than the Fifth Heaven! Cultivating here will at least double my speed!”

Chen Ping also sensed the spiritual energy in the air and was secretly astonished.

The concentration of immortal energy in the Sixth Heaven is indeed far greater than that of the Fifth Heaven. No wonder cultivators in the Sixth Heaven generally have higher cultivation levels than those in the Fifth Heaven.

This is only the Sixth Heaven. By the time you reach the Ninth Heaven, the Nineteenth Heaven, and finally the Thirty-Sixth Heaven, the immortal energy is already dense and substantial!

Under the azure sky, two streaks of light cut through the clouds and landed steadily in a dense ancient forest.

Chen Ping withdrew the golden light around him, his fingertips still tingling with the spatial force of crossing Broken Cloud Ridge. Hu Mazi eagerly took a deep breath, his face filled with amazement.

“Wow! This sixth-level immortal energy is even richer than the fifth-level spiritual spring!”

Hu Mazi smacked his lips, his spiritual energy circulating through his body. He felt his meridians become more relaxed. “I’ve been stuck in the ninth level of the Earthly Immortal Realm for so long. Maybe after a few months here, I’ll be able to reach the threshold of the Human Immortal Realm!”

Chen Ping didn’t respond, his eyes already scanning the surroundings.

This ancient forest was completely different from the Black Wind Mountains of the Fifth Heaven. The trees were so thick that they required more than ten people to hug them, their trunks covered in pale golden moss, emitting faint fluctuations of spiritual energy.

Fist-sized crystals dotted the ground, reflecting the sunlight and shimmering with a lustrous luster.

The roar of a demonic beast emanated from afar, its aura powerful enough to terrify even a cultivator at the early stage of the Fifth Heaven Earth Immortal Realm.

“Be careful,” Chen Ping said, pressing the Dragon Slaying Sword at his waist. The blade hummed faintly in its sheath, as if issuing a warning. “The demonic beasts of the Sixth Heaven are not only more powerful, but they may also possess strange abilities nurtured by immortal energy.”

As he finished speaking, a loud “crack” suddenly rang out from the dense forest on the left, followed by a gust of wind, sweeping the fallen leaves all over the ground.

A massive creature burst out from behind the trees, its entire body covered in dark blue scales. Its head resembled a giant crocodile, but with three scarlet eyes. A pair of broken fleshy wings sprouted from its back. Saliva dripped from its sharp fangs, instantly corroding the ground and leaving small pits.

“It’s the Three-Eyed Corrupted Scale Beast!”

Hu Mazi’s expression changed slightly, and he fished out two talismans from his storage bag. “I’ve seen records in ancient texts of the Fifth Heaven Realm that this beast’s scales can withstand attacks from a seventh-grade Earthly Immortal. Its saliva is highly poisonous, and most troublesomely, its third eye spews a foul aura that corrodes the soul!”

The Three-Eyed Corrupted Scale Beast clearly mistook the two for prey. Its third eye suddenly glowed red, and a dark green aura shot towards Chen Ping like a sharp arrow.

Chen Ping shifted his steps slightly, unleashing his Fire Control Step. His figure vanished into a shadow, dodging the decaying air. The decaying air fell on the ancient tree behind him, instantly turning the trunk black and rotting. In a matter of seconds, it transformed into a pool of black water.

“Just in time!”

Hu Mazi laughed and hurled the talisman in his hand. “Flame Talisman!” Two beams of fire exploded in the air, transforming into two fiery snakes that entwined themselves around the three-eyed rot-scale beast.

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The snakes sizzled as they touched the scales, but they were unable to penetrate the beast’s defenses, leaving only two scorch marks.

The three-eyed rot-scale beast roared in pain, opening its maw and biting Hu Mazi.

Hu Mazi didn't dare to confront him head-on. He quickly summoned a Wind Talisman, floating several feet backward. Simultaneously, he unleashed a Binding Talisman. Yellow runes intertwined in the air, forming a vast net that entangled the three-eyed rot-scale beast's limbs.

"Chen Ping, attack!"

Hu Mazi shouted. Chen Ping's eyes flashed with a golden light, and the dragon power within him circulated furiously. He unsheathed his Dragon Slaying Sword, and a golden sword energy, laced with blazing flames, slashed forth.

"Dragon Flame Slash!"

The sword energy struck the three-eyed rot-scale beast's back, instantly shattering its scales. Flames spread, searing its flesh.

"Roar!"

The three-eyed rot-scale beast let out a shrill cry and struggled to break free from the binding talisman, but Hu Mazi had already added several more talismans, tightening the grip and holding it firmly in place.

The golden flames continuously devoured its vitality, and its breath gradually weakened until it collapsed to the ground, a charred pile of corpses.

Chen Ping slowly stepped forward, and the flames on the Dragon Slaying Sword gradually died down.

He looked at the three-eyed rot-scale beast's corpse and discovered a pale green crystal in its skull, emitting a faint spiritual energy.

"This is the 'Corrupted Scale Crystal,' perhaps it can be used to refine an elixir that dispels evil."

He put the crystal away and turned to look at Hu Mazi. "It seems the dangers of the Sixth Heaven are greater than we anticipated."

Hu Mazi nodded and put away the talisman. "Let's go. First, find a place with many cultivators to inquire about the location of Leiyin Temple. And while we're at it, we can find out what's going on with that divine kingdom. I've always felt like it's not a simple place."

The two of them didn't stop, soaring into the air and flying out of the ancient forest. Along the way, they encountered several powerful demonic beasts, but they easily dispatched them.

About half an hour later, an open area appeared ahead. A small town nestled in the valley. A wooden sign hung at the entrance, inscribed with the words "Qingfeng Town."

The town was bustling with people, mostly cultivators. Some wore Taoist robes, some wore armor, and some carried huge weapons. The lowest-ranking cultivator was at the seventh level of the Earthly Immortal Realm.

Chen Ping and Hu Mazi entered the town, immediately attracting considerable attention. Although their aura had subsided considerably, the overwhelming pressure of a ninth-grade Earthly Immortal still made the lower-level cultivators feel uneasy.

"Fellow Daoists, have you just reached the Sixth Heaven?"

A middle-aged cultivator in gray cloth stepped forward with a kind smile. "I'm the guide for Qingfeng Town. My last name is Wang. If you need any information or accommodations, you can come to me."

Chen Ping looked at Guide Wang and saw that he was only a seventh-grade Earthly Immortal, yet he had the nerve to approach and speak. This was quite courageous.

"We'd like to inquire about the location of Leiyin Temple," Chen Ping said. "We'd also like to learn about the 'Divine Kingdom'."

Guide Wang, upon hearing the word “Divine Kingdom,” At the sound of the two words, his face changed slightly. He subconsciously glanced around and lowered his voice, “Fellow Daoist, don’t talk about the Kingdom of Gods in public!

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That’s the pinnacle of the Sixth Heaven. It’s inhabited by gods, each one arrogant and overbearing. If we human cultivators offend them, we’ll suffer at best a loss of cultivation, or even our lives!”

Hu Mazi frowned. “So powerful? What’s the relationship between the Kingdom of Gods and the Temple? I heard the Sixth Temple is also in the Sixth Heaven.”

Guide Wang sighed and led the two to a corner of a teahouse, where they sat down and ordered... After a pot of spiritual tea, he slowly spoke, “Although both the Divine Kingdom and the Divine Temple belong to the Divine Race, they are two different things.

The Divine Kingdom is the orthodox Divine Race, occupying the ‘Divine Falling Plains’ in the eastern part of the Sixth Heaven. The Divine Race within it are all born with divine powers and are incredibly powerful.

The Sixth Hall of the Divine Temple rose to prominence later, located in the ‘Dark Canyon’ in the western part of the Sixth Heaven. The divine arts they practice are somewhat unorthodox, and they are said to capture human cultivators to refine their elixirs. The Divine Kingdom despises them, and they, in turn, refuse to submit to the Divine Kingdom. Over the years, they have been engaged in constant open and covert strife.”

“As for Leiyin Temple...” Guide Wang took a sip of his tea and continued, “That’s one of the few neutral forces in the Sixth Heaven, located on Leiyin Mountain. The abbot, Taoist Wuji, is a powerful being of the Ninth Rank in the Earthly Immortal Realm. He’s kind and often helps human cultivators, but he’s been missing for many years and only recently reappeared. Starting from Qingfeng Town, travel three thousand miles south and you’ll see Leiyin Mountain.”

Chen Ping nodded, pulled a fairy stone from his storage bag, and handed it to Guide Wang. “Thank you, Brother Wang, for the information.”

Guide Wang took the fairy stone, his smile widening. "You're so polite, fellow Daoist. By the way, there seems to be some trouble in the Divine Kingdom recently. I heard a prominent figure from the Divine Clan escaped, and the Divine Kingdom has sent many people to track him down.

If you encounter cultivators wearing silver armor with winged divine patterns on the road, stay away. They are the Divine Kingdom's 'Divine Guards,' at least of the Eighth Rank in the Earthly Immortal Realm!"

The two thanked Guide Wang and left the teahouse.

As they left the town, Hu Mazi spoke up, "I didn't expect the Divine Kingdom to be so overbearing. And that Sixth Hall of the Divine Temple sounds even worse than the Evil Dao Hall.

The Leiyin Temple we're looking for is in the middle, with powerful enemies on both sides. The waters of the Sixth Heaven are much deeper than the Fifth Heaven."

Chen Ping gazed south with a deep gaze. "The more dangerous, the more cautious we must be. First, find Taoist Wuji and find out the situation in the Sixth Hall of the Divine Temple, then make any plans."

The two were about to fly away when they heard the sounds of fighting in the dense forest not far away, mixed with the muffled moans of a woman.

Hu Mazi's eyes lit up. "Something exciting to see? Let's go and check it out!"

Chen Ping didn't stop them. He also sensed a peculiar aura in the sounds of fighting. It wasn't the spiritual energy of a human cultivator, nor the demonic aura of a demonic beast, but a majestic power, somewhat similar to the Divine Clan Guide Wang had described.

The two quietly slipped into the dense forest, hiding behind an ancient tree, and looked in the direction of the fighting.

In the open field, a woman was seen engaged in a fierce battle with three monks clad in silver armor.

The woman wore a long white dress embroidered with golden divine symbols, her long black hair flowing in the wind. Her features were breathtakingly beautiful, yet tinged with a hint of cold arrogance.

She held no weapon, but instead wielded her magical powers with her delicate hands. Golden light shone through her fingertips, and each swing forced back a divine guard.

The three divine guards wielded spears engraved with winged divine symbols. Working in perfect harmony, they formed a triangular formation, trapping the woman in the center.

“Your Highness, surrender!”

The leading Divine Guard said coldly, “His Majesty has ordered that your life be spared if you return and confess your sins! Otherwise, we will be forced to take you back to the Divine Kingdom!”

“Confess?”

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The woman sneered, her voice clear but tinged with a chill. “I’ve done nothing wrong! My father, in order to ally with the Divine Temple, is marrying me to the son of the Third Palace Master. I will never return!”

The leading Divine Guard’s face darkened. “Your Highness, this is a matter of great importance to the Divine Kingdom. You can’t act arbitrarily! Since you refuse to cooperate, don’t blame us for being rude!”

With a wave of his hand, the other two Divine Guards attacked simultaneously, their spears carrying a sharp aura, aiming for the woman’s vital points.

A flicker of panic crossed the woman’s eyes. Although her cultivation had reached the seventh level of the Earthly Immortal Realm, she was gradually losing ground against three Divine Guards of the eighth level.

A spear grazed her shoulder, leaving a trail of blood, instantly staining her white dress red.

“If we don’t act now, this little girl will be captured,” Hu Mazi whispered, already producing a talisman. “Judging from her appearance, she must be the noble Divine Clan member that Guide Wang mentioned. Perhaps we can get more information about the Divine Kingdom and the Divine Temple from her.”

Most importantly, Hu Mazi had taken a liking to this female cultivator. After rescuing her, being able to have some fun and let off some steam would be worth it.

Chen Ping glanced at Hu Mazi and naturally understood his hidden agenda.

However, the woman before him appeared to be from the Divine Kingdom. Perhaps through her, he could learn about the Divine Kingdom and the six halls of the Divine Temple.

So, Chen Ping nodded, “Action!”

Before he finished his words, Hu Mazi threw two talismans. “Evil-Breaking Talismans!” Two flashes of golden light landed on the spears of the two Divine Guards, instantly dimming the divine patterns on their spears and greatly reducing their power.

Chen Ping flashed, unleashing his Fire Control Steps. He instantly appeared behind the leading Divine Guard, his Dragon Slaying Sword pointed directly at his back.

“Who?”

The leading Divine Guard, startled, spun to block the attack. But his speed was far inferior to Chen Ping’s. The golden sword energy instantly pierced his armor and pierced his shoulder.

He screamed, blood gushing out.

Seeing this, the other two Divine Guards spun to rescue him.

Hu Mazi seized the opportunity to cast a binding talisman, binding one of the Divine Guards. Chen Ping swept his sword across, forcing the other Divine Guard back.

The woman also seized the opportunity. Golden light burst from her fingertips, and she struck the bound Divine Guard in the chest. The Divine Guard vomited blood and fell to the ground.

The leading divine guard, knowing they were no match, gritted his teeth and shouted, "Who are you? How dare you interfere in the affairs of the Divine Kingdom!"

Chen Ping didn't answer, simply staring at him coldly: "Get out! If you dare to tamper with me again, I'll kill you."

The golden flames on his body ignited faintly, and an invisible pressure was instantly released. The leading divine guard's face paled. Not daring to say another word, he picked up his injured companion and fled in dismay.

The battle ended, leaving only Chen Ping, Hu Mazi, and the divine woman in the open field.

The woman retracted her magical powers and glanced at the two men. Her eyes held no trace of gratitude, but instead a hint of wariness and arrogance.

She wiped the blood from her shoulder and turned to leave.

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"Hey, little girl!"

Hu Mazi couldn't help but speak. "We saved you. If you didn't even say you'd sleep with me, you should at least say thank you, right?"

The woman paused, glanced back at Hu Mazi, and said coldly, "Human cultivator, don't think you can tell me what to do just because you saved me. If I weren't in such poor condition today, those three losers wouldn't be my match."

With that, she turned and walked deep into the dense forest, quickly disappearing.

Hu Mazi froze in place, his beard puffing with anger. "What the hell is this? Are the Gods so arrogant? I really want to capture her and teach her what courtesy means!"

Chen Ping shook his head helplessly. "Forget it, the Gods have always been like this. But she mentioned that the Divine Kingdom wants to form an alliance with the Sixth Hall of the Divine Temple and wants her to marry the Third Hall Master's son. That's important news."

"Alliance?"

Hu Mazi frowned. "Aren't the Divine Kingdom and the Divine Temple at odds? How could they form an alliance?"

Chen Ping pondered for a moment. "Perhaps it's for mutual benefit. Either way, this isn't a good thing for us. If the Divine Kingdom joins forces with the Sixth Hall of the Divine Temple, it will be even more difficult for us to eliminate the Sixth Hall Master."

The two men stopped dwelling on the Divine Woman and continued flying towards Leiyin Mountain.

Along the way, they encountered several more waves of Divine Kingdom guards, clearly tracking down the woman.

The divine guards, though wary upon seeing Chen Ping and Hu Mazi, refrained from any rash action after sensing Hu Mazi's aura of the Ninth Stage of the Earthly Immortal Realm.

About three hours later, a towering mountain appeared ahead, shrouded in mist and clouds. The faint outline of a Taoist temple could be seen. A golden flash of lightning flickered from the summit, exuding a majestic aura.

"That's Leiyin Mountain!"

Hu Mazi's eyes flashed with excitement, and he quickened his pace.

When they landed at the foot of Leiyin Mountain, they saw two Taoists in cyan robes guarding the mountain path. Seeing Chen Ping and Hu Mazi, they stepped forward and saluted, "Fellow Daoists, may I know what brings you to Leiyin Temple?"

Chen Ping returned the greeting, "My name is Chen Ping, and this is Hu Mazi. We've come to meet Taoist Master Wuji."

The two Taoists exchanged glances, and one of them said, "So you are Chen Ping. Please follow us."

"Do you know me?" Chen Ping was curious!

"Our Taoist priest said that if someone named Chen Ping comes looking for him, he should be brought to see him immediately," a Taoist priest said.

Chen Ping had no idea that Taoist Priest Wuji had already guessed that he would come to Leiyin Temple to find him!

The two followed the Taoist priest up the mountain path lined with pine trees, and the air was filled with a faint scent of sandalwood and a fairy-like aura.

About half an hour later, they arrived at the gate of Leiyin Temple.

The gate of Leiyin Temple was made of red sandalwood, with the three golden characters "Leiyin Temple" engraved on it. On either side of the gate stood a stone lion, exuding an aura of warding off evil.