

## The Order 8851

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Entering the main gate, one is greeted by a spacious courtyard. In its center stands a massive bronze bell, densely engraved with runes. This bell is the temple's treasure, the Leiyin Bell.

However, the runes on the bell are dimmed at this moment, clearly indicating a problem.

An old Taoist priest in a white robe, with white hair and a youthful face, emerged from the main hall. His gaze is piercing, and he exudes the aura of a ninth-level Earthly Immortal. He is none other than Taoist Wuji, the abbot of Leiyin Temple.

"Chen Ping, you're here." Taoist Wuji smiled as he stepped forward. "I've been waiting here for a long time."

Taoist Wuji knew Chen Ping and his companions would definitely arrive. With the Fifth Heaven's affairs now settled, Chen Ping couldn't remain there forever.

Chen Ping quickly bowed. "Master, how did you know I'd come to the Sixth Heaven?"

"The Sixth Hall of the Divine Temple is in the Sixth Heaven, so of course you'd come. Besides, with your cultivation speed, you can't stay in the Fifth Heaven forever. The higher you advance, the more resources you'll have, and the more helpful it will be for your cultivation."

"Besides, haven't you always wanted to know your father's identity? I'm afraid you won't be able to find out your father's identity or understand the secrets of the Heavenly Realm until you reach the pinnacle of the Heavenly Realm!"

Master Wuji said with a smile.

Master Wuji knew Chen Ping well; this guy wouldn't settle for the status quo.

After hearing this, Chen Ping could only smile faintly. "Master, you understand me..."

“Nonsense! If I didn’t know you, how could I promise Ting’er to you?”

“But boy, stay away from women. What little yang energy you have is being sucked away by women.”

Master Wuji glared at Chen Ping and said!

Chen Ping’s face was filled with embarrassment, and he fell silent.

Hu Mazi laughed heartily. “That guy keeps calling me a lecher, but he’s actually had far more women than I do. He’s like an animal, either playing with women or on his way to playing with them, and they’re all young girls.”

“I’ve only ever played with Old Lady Xu. I’m never picky...”

“Master Hu, stop talking...” Chen Ping blushed!

Seeing Chen Ping blush, Taoist Wuji and Hu Mazi all burst into laughter!

Hu Mazi glanced at the Leiyin Bell in the courtyard. “Master, there seems to be something wrong with this bell?”

Taoist Wuji, upon hearing this, looked at the bell, sighed, and a serious expression crossed his face. “Fellow Taoist Hu, you have good eyesight. To be honest, Leiyin Temple has recently encountered a difficult situation. Three days ago, the Leiyin Bell was stolen.”

“What?” Chen Ping and Hu Mazi were both startled.

The Leiyin Bell is the temple’s treasure, capable of suppressing evil spells. How could it have been stolen?

Taoist Wuji led the two into the main hall, where they sat down, host and guest, and a young Taoist boy served them spiritual tea.

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Taoist Wuji took a sip of the tea and slowly spoke, "This Leiyin Mountain may appear ordinary, but it is actually a sealed place.

Within the mountain, one hundred thousand demonic spirits are suppressed. These demonic spirits committed countless evil deeds in the past, and were sealed here by the combined efforts of our Leiyin Temple ancestors.

The Leiyin Bell is the key to suppressing the demonic spirits.

Every hundred years, the Leiyin Bell must be struck. The thunder energy contained in its sound strengthens the seal, preventing the demonic spirits from escaping."

Chen Ping and Hu Mazi exchanged a glance, each seeing shock in the other's eyes.

If all these one hundred thousand demonic spirits were to escape, the Sixth Heaven would be devastated.

"Does Taoist Wuji know how the Leiyin Bell was stolen? Any clues?" Chen Ping asked, frowning.

Taoist Wuji shook his head, his expression solemn. "Three nights ago, the disciples on duty suddenly heard an eerie sound of wind. Immediately afterwards, the Thunder Sound Bell began to hum and flash.

By the time they arrived at the bell pavilion, the Thunder Sound Bell had vanished. Only strange footprints remained, resembling those of some demonic beast, but tinged with demonic energy. We searched for a long time, but found nothing."

Chen Ping lowered his head in thought, a vague feeling that the demons were involved.

The demons have long sought to break the seal, release the demonic spirits, and rise again.

The theft of the Thunder Sound Bell, so close to the centennial mark, is no coincidence.

“Master, I have an idea.”

Chen Ping raised his head and pulled the Dragon-patterned Bell from his storage ring. He looked at Master Wuji and said, “I have a Dragon-patterned Bell. While it’s not as good as the Thunder Sound Bell, it’s still a treasure.

I thought, perhaps I could draw runes on it to mimic the Thunder Sound Bell’s power and see if I could suppress the demonic spirit.”

A glimmer of hope flashed in Master Wuji’s eyes. He looked at the Dragon-patterned Bell in Chen Ping’s hands, carefully examining it for a moment, and nodded slightly. “This bell is made of extraordinary material. If I could draw runes on it, perhaps... Maybe there’s a chance he could try.

However, drawing runes is no easy task; it requires a master skilled in the art of talismans.

“Master, leave this to Master Hu and me!”

Chen Ping turned to Hu Mazi, who patted his chest and assured him, “Yes, I’m an expert at drawing runes! With the right materials, I can create stunning runes on the Dragon Pattern Bell!”

Master Wuji immediately instructed his disciples to obtain the necessary materials: mineral powder imbued with lightning spiritual energy, as well as specially crafted spiritual pens and talisman paper.

Chen Ping and Hu Mazi found a quiet room and began their rune drawing retreat.

Day and night, the two worked tirelessly, meticulously crafting runes on the Dragon Pattern Bell, stroke by stroke, with their exquisite skills and powerful mental strength.

Each rune imbued with their spiritual energy and dedication, resonating with the dragon pattern on the bell.

After several days, the Dragon-Patterned Bell was covered in dense runes, emanating a mysterious aura.

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At this moment, Leiyin Mountain suddenly shook violently. Dark clouds thickened the sky, and dark demonic shadows loomed among the clouds. A shrill roar echoed through the mountain. As if sensing the loosening of the seal, a hundred thousand demonic spirits began to charge frantically.

“It’s too late. We have no choice but to strike the Dragon-Patterned Bell!”

Chen Ping shouted, and together with Hu Mazi, he carried the Dragon-Patterned Bell to the platform on the mountaintop.

Chen Ping channeled his spiritual energy, grasped the bell hammer with both hands, and smashed it hard.

“Dang—”

With a loud bang, the Dragon-Patterned Bell emitted a dull chime, the sound echoing throughout Leiyin Mountain.

The moment the bell rang, the demonic shadows seemed to be restrained by some force, their frantic charge stagnating.

However, the demonic spirits were too powerful, and after only a moment, they began to assault the seal once again.

The runes on the dragon-patterned bell shimmered, constantly resisting the demonic spirits’ attacks. However, some still managed to break through the seal and surge towards the mountaintop.

Just as everyone was in despair, the dragon pattern on the bell suddenly shone with a dazzling golden light. Then, the golden light condensed and transformed into a gigantic blue dragon.

The blue dragon roared to the heavens, its voice shaking the earth. Then, with a wave of its massive claws, it shattered the demonic spirits that had broken free from the seal one by one.

The demonic spirits were temporarily suppressed, but everyone knew this was only a temporary measure.

While the dragon-patterned bell was powerful, it wasn't specifically designed to suppress demonic spirits, and it was unlikely to maintain the seal for long.

"We must recover the Leiyin Bell as soon as possible!"

Chen Ping's face was grim as he looked at Taoist Wuji. "Master, I believe the person who stole the Leiyin Bell is intent on releasing the demonic spirits, and is most likely connected to the demon clan.

Master Hu and I will descend the mountain to investigate this matter. Master, you, lead your disciples to guard the Dragon Pattern Bell and ensure the seal remains secure."

Taoist Wuji nodded, his expression resolute. "Okay! I'll leave everything in your hands. Everyone at Leiyin Temple will do their utmost to protect the Dragon Pattern Bell and prevent the demonic spirits from escaping."

Chen Ping and Hu Mazi bid farewell to Taoist Wuji and flew down the mountain.

They knew time was running out; if all the demonic spirits escaped, the consequences would be disastrous.

This investigation not only aimed to recover the Leiyin Bell, but also to uncover the mastermind behind the incident and completely thwart the demon clan's conspiracy.

After leaving Leiyin Mountain, Chen Ping and Hu Mazi headed straight for Qingfeng Town.

The token Xiao Cui had given Chen Ping earlier was still in his arms. The Information Building, corresponding to that token, was one of the few intelligence bases in the Sixth Heavens that dared to dabble in the secrets of various factions. As long as they could afford the price, there was virtually no information they couldn't uncover.

The two men landed at the eastern end of Qingfeng Town's alley. Hidden deep within the alley lay an unassuming wooden house. A subtle pattern of gears was engraved on the door lintel, marking the Information Building.

Hu Mazi was about to push the door open when Chen Ping raised his hand to stop him. Condensing a wisp of spiritual energy on his fingertips, he pressed the same pattern on the doorknob as Xiao Cui's token.

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With a creak, the wooden door swung open automatically. The faint scent of ink filled the air. A woman dressed in a cyan-colored formal attire, her face covered with a light veil, sat at a desk, sorting through files.

She glanced at the two men, her gaze pausing on the token in Chen Ping's hand. Her tone was flat, "The Information Office only recognizes tokens, not people. What are you two looking for? Let me be clear: any information involving the Divine Kingdom's secrets or the Temple's core plans requires payment of high-grade immortal stones, and the completeness of the information is not guaranteed."

"We're investigating the theft of the Leiyin Bell from Leiyin Mountain three days ago."

Chen Ping placed the token on the table. "This includes any traces of forces present near Leiyin Mountain that night, any abnormal spiritual energy fluctuations, and any recent transactions related to the 'Demon Soul' and 'Seal'."

The woman rubbed the token for a moment, then pulled a crystal ball from a drawer and placed the token on its surface.

The crystal ball instantly lit up with a blue light, revealing a line of small characters: "A token personally granted by the owner of the Fifth Heaven Information Tower, Class A authority, allowing access to intelligence from the eastern Sixth Heaven within the past three months."

She put the crystal ball away, turned, and pulled three yellowed volumes from the bookshelf, placing them before the two men. "On the night the Leiyin Bell was stolen, the Information Tower's spies on the outskirts of Leiyin Mountain recorded three unusual auras.

The first was the 'bone-eroding black energy' of the Sixth Hall. The spies discovered traces of black-robed individuals on the northern slopes of the mountain, seemingly distracting the patrolling disciples of the Leiyin Temple.

The second was the 'divine power of the divine kingdom.' Remnants of silver divine patterns were detected in the stream south of the mountain, similar to the divine guards. The patterns on the armor match; the third type..."

The woman paused, her tone growing more serious. "It's the 'Corrupted Heart Evil Qi' of the Evil Dao Hall. In the bushes near the bell pavilion, I found half a talisman with a skull pattern. The talisman is made of the same material as the one used by the Fifth Heaven Evil Dao Hall branch."

Hu Mazi slammed the table, causing the files to jump. "Damn it! Haven't these three bastards always been at odds? The Divine Kingdom despises the sorcery of the Sixth Temple, and the Divine Kingdom resents the Dao Hall for stealing their alchemy resources. How could they team up to steal the bell?"

Chen Ping didn't rush to speak. Instead, he picked up the half talisman and examined it carefully.

A faint trace of evil energy lingered on the edge of the talisman, identical to the aura he had encountered in the Fifth Heaven Evil Dao Hall branch. But even more bizarrely, a faint divine pattern was engraved on the back of the talisman. The pattern was seven-tenths similar to the golden pattern he had seen on the skirt of the Divine Kingdom princess.

"There's something wrong with this talisman."

Chen Ping gathered spiritual energy on his fingertips and gently tapped the talisman. "Evil Dao Temple talismans never have divine runes engraved on them, unless... someone deliberately grafted the divine kingdom's aura onto the Evil Dao Temple's talismans, or perhaps these three parties were already colluding."

The woman in the veil handed over another file after hearing this: "If you two don't believe me, take a look at this transaction record."

Two weeks ago, a man wearing a bronze mask posted a request in the Information Building, offering a high price for the Leiyin Mountain Sealing Rune Structure. The person who accepted the order had financial dealings with the Sixth Hall of the Divine Temple, the Divine Kingdom's Secret Service, and the Evil Dao Temple.

However, that person's identity is shrouded in mystery, and we haven't yet discovered his true identity."

Hu Mazi leaned over to glance at the transaction amount on the file and gasped. "Wow, a full 100,000 high-grade immortal stones! What the hell is this bastard trying to do?"

"He wants to use 100,000 demon souls to disrupt the Sixth Heaven."

Chen Ping closed the file, a cold glint in his eyes. "The Sixth Hall of the Divine Temple..." They intend to use the demon souls to weaken the power of Leiyin Temple and the Divine Kingdom, thus seizing the opportunity to expand their territory.

There may be traitors within the Divine Kingdom who wish to use the demon souls to sow chaos and overthrow the current ruler. After all, the Divine Princess's escape from marriage already indicates internal divisions within the Divine Kingdom.

As for the Evil Dao Temple, they have long sought to capture powerful souls to refine into the 'Soul Killing Pill,' and 100,000 demon souls are the perfect raw material for them.

The woman in the veil nodded. "Mr. Chen's analysis is correct. But I have another piece of information that may be useful to you."

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Last night, the Divine Kingdom's divine guards suddenly sealed the west gate of the Divine Kingdom's capital, claiming they were tracking down thieves who stole the Divine Kingdom's sacred artifacts. However, according to our spies, the guards are actually looking for a cultivator who can control demonic energy. This individual appears to be connected to the Evil Dao Temple."

Chen Ping and Hu Mazi exchanged a glance, their minds already forming a clear direction.

The sudden sealing of the Divine Capital's gates by the Divine Guards must be related to the Thunder Sound Bell. Perhaps the cultivator controlling the demonic energy is from the Evil Path Hall, responsible for transporting the Thunder Sound Bell.

"Master Hu, I'd like to visit the Divine Kingdom. All three factions are suddenly connected to the Thunder Sound Bell, and I have a feeling something's amiss."

"The Divine Clan has always been incredibly arrogant and likely doesn't practice evil magic. However, the Sixth Palace Master of the Divine Temple is a different story. Many of the Divine Clan members within the Divine Temple are spineless."

"So I want to understand the Divine Kingdom and see what's going on. If the Divine Kingdom, the Divine Temple, and the Evil Path Hall are truly connected, retrieving the Thunder Sound Bell won't be easy!"

After leaving the Information Building, Chen Ping said to Hu Mazi!

"It's too dangerous to go to the Divine Kingdom alone. Besides, the Divine Kingdom is full of divine cultivators, each one incredibly arrogant. You'll be immediately exposed."

"Besides, if you go like this, you probably won't even be able to enter the Divine Capital. They'll look down on you..."

Hu Mazi said!

"Don't worry, I have a plan. They're trying to capture the princess, right? I can help the Divine Kingdom capture her, and then we can enter,"

Chen Ping said!

Hu Mazi, hearing this, grew worried. "Do you really want to capture the Divine Kingdom princess? Not to mention she might have hidden guards around her. Even if you do, the Divine Capital is heavily guarded. Can you get in with a princess so resistant?"

"Besides, we don't know where the princess is right now. How can you capture her?"

"The Information Tower should know. I can get information from them."

After Chen Ping finished speaking, his fingertips rubbed the token Xiao Cui had given him. The exact location of the Divine Kingdom princess quickly appeared in his mind.

Chen Ping smiled faintly. "The News Tower just sent word that the princess is hiding in Luoxia Valley, south of Qingfeng Town. She's alone in the valley, without any divine guards.

As for entering the Divine Kingdom, as long as she's in my hands, the Divine Kingdom won't easily attack me. They want the princess intact for the marriage, and they won't let anything happen to her."

Hu Mazi still felt uncertain, but he knew there was no better solution. He pulled out a few invisibility talismans from his storage bag. "Here, Luoxia Valley has a natural spiritual barrier. These talismans will help you conceal your presence.

If it doesn't work, don't force it. We'll find another way."

Chen Ping took the talisman and casually applied it to his body, his figure instantly blending into the surrounding light and shadow. "You stay in Qingfeng Town and monitor the News Tower. If there's any news about the Thunder Sound Bell, report it to me immediately.

I'll report back from the Divine Kingdom within ten days at the latest."

With these words, he soared into the air, flying towards Luoxia Valley. Falling Cloud Valley lived up to its name. It was dusk, and a shimmering glow bathed the valley, illuminating the pink blossoms dotting the hillsides with an even more vibrant hue.

Beside the stream in the valley's center, the divine princess in a white dress sat on a bluestone. Her fingertips gently touched the water, sending ripples of golden divine patterns across the surface. It was the woman Chen Ping and Hu Mazi had saved earlier.

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Chen Ping, hidden behind a tree, observed the sorrow in her brow, but hesitated to appear.

It wasn't until the sun had completely sunk below the horizon, dusk enveloping the valley, and the princess rose to leave, that he suddenly attacked.

A golden spiritual energy instantly wrapped around the princess' wrist, firmly restraining her magical powers.

The princess turned in shock and anger, seeing Chen Ping appear out of nowhere. Her eyes were filled with alarm: "It's you! What do you want?"

"I'll take you back to the Divine Kingdom."

Chen Ping's tone was flat, his spiritual energy tightening at his fingertips. "The Divine Kingdom is searching for you. Rather than being captured and punished by the Divine Guards, why not come with me? At least I won't do anything to you like they did."

The princess struggled to break free, but Chen Ping's spiritual energy was as firm as an iron clamp. She summoned her divine power, and golden divine patterns illuminated around her, but they were instantly suppressed by the evil-breaking talisman cast by Chen Ping's other hand. "Don't waste your energy! Your cultivation is inferior to mine. Striving any further will only bring you pain."

"Impossible! You're just a first-rank cultivator in the Earthly Immortal Realm. How could you possibly trap me..." The princess continued to struggle in disbelief!

But no matter how hard she struggled, she couldn't break free.

"Even if I'm a first-rank Earthly Immortal, you're no match for me. Just follow me!"

Chen Ping said with a faint smile!

"I'd rather die than return to the Divine Kingdom!"

A flicker of determination flashed in the princess's eyes, and she was about to use her divine power to injure herself.

Seeing this, Chen Ping's eyes grew cold. He stepped forward, reached out, and grabbed the hem of her skirt, making a move to pull it down. "If you dare to die, I'll destroy your chastity right now.

Do you think the Divine Kingdom would still use you in marriage with a Divine Princess who's lost her chastity?

By then, not only will you be unable to save yourself, but you'll also implicate the very people you want to protect."

The princess froze, the resoluteness on her face instantly replaced by terror.

As a Divine Princess, she'd been taught from childhood that chastity was more important than life. If her reputation was truly ruined by a human cultivator like Chen Ping, not only would she become a laughingstock in the Divine Kingdom, but her father might even resort to violence against those around her to save face.

"You... you dare!"

The princess' voice trembled, but she dared not struggle any further. She could only glare at Chen Ping with hatred: "What do you want? I'll go with you, but if you dare disrespect me, I'll take you down with me, even if it costs me my life!"

Chen Ping released her hand, withdrawing his spiritual power. He pulled a cord from his storage bag and gently bound her hands. It looked like restraint, but in reality, it left room for her to move, preventing her from getting hurt.

“Don’t worry. I’ll let you go if you lead me to the Divine Kingdom’s palace. Until then, you’d better be obedient, or I’ll strip you and fuck you.”

Chen Ping spoke to the princess like a rough man.

The princess blushed immediately, her legs involuntarily clamping together. She hadn’t expected Chen Ping to say such vulgar things.

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She bit her lip, staring at the cord on her wrist, her eyes filled with humiliation, but she said nothing.

Chen Ping said nothing more. He took her up into the air, flying towards the Divine Kingdom’s capital. After soaring for approximately eight hours, the world ahead suddenly transformed.

The once sparse clouds became dense and fluffy, shimmering with a faint golden glow. The immortal energy in the air was so rich it seemed to condense into dew. Breathing it in, I felt my meridians warm slightly.

Below us, no longer the jagged rocks of a typical mountain range, but a vast, boundless plain.

Here abounded the plain, foot-tall immortal grasses, their leaves shimmering with a lustrous spiritual light. Some even bore vermilion immortal fruit, emitting alluring spiritual energy.

From time to time, the ground bulged with emerald veins, revealing the immortal veins. Faint golden spiritual energy could be seen coursing through them, like the blood of the earth.

“Is this the Divine Meteorite Plain?”

Chen Ping was secretly shocked.

He had seen many spiritual veins in the Fifth Heaven, but never such a dense and pure cluster.

The resources of this plain alone are likely worth half the combined power of the Fifth Heaven.

With such a treasured land within their grasp, it's no wonder the Divine Kingdom has become a top power in the Sixth Heaven.

The Divine Kingdom's bound hands sensed a familiar presence, but her expression grew even more grim. She turned her gaze away from the scene below, clearly filled with nothing but resistance and disgust towards this land that nourished the gods.

"Further ahead is the Divine Kingdom's capital."

The princess's voice was icy. "The Divine Kingdom's capital is encircled by three layers of barriers. Only those with Divine Kingdom tokens or divine blood can enter. If you attempt to force your way in, you will be ripped apart by the barriers' divine power."

Chen Ping didn't respond, his gaze piercing ahead.

Sure enough, at the end of the plain, the outline of a massive city gradually became clear.

The walls of the Divine Capital, built of pale golden divine stone, rose hundreds of feet high. Intricate golden divine patterns were carved into the walls. As the patterns flowed, an invisible barrier enveloped the entire city, emanating a terrifying pressure.

At the city gate stood dozens of Divine Guards in silver armor. Each one possessed an aura of the seventh rank of the Earthly Immortal Realm or higher. The winged divine patterns on their spears gleamed brightly, and they stood guard.

Chen Ping slowly landed at the city gate with the princess. As soon as he touched down, two Divine Guards advanced, their spears pointed directly at Chen Ping: “Who are you? How dare you trespass into the Divine Capital! Let go of Your Highness!”

The princess raised her head and said coldly, “I came with him voluntarily. I told you to come out and see me.”

The Divine Guards exchanged glances, their faces filled with surprise and disbelief.

Their orders were to retrieve the princess at all costs. Now, the princess had been brought here by a human cultivator, claiming to have come voluntarily. They were unsure how to respond.

One of the divine guards didn’t dare delay and quickly turned and ran toward the city, apparently to report.

The other divine guards, though they hadn’t put away their weapons, didn’t act rashly either. They cautiously surrounded Chen Ping and the princess, their eyes fixed on Chen Ping, fearing he might harm the princess.

About an incense stick’s time, the crisp sound of rings and pendants emanated from within the city.

A woman slowly approached. She wore a lavender palace dress, the hem embroidered with delicate phoenix patterns. Her long, jet-black hair was tied in a flying bun, adorned with a red gold hairpin inlaid with gemstones. Her skin was as white as jade, and her features held a hint of charm, yet also a sense of composure.

She looked no more than in her early twenties, yet her aura had reached the pinnacle of the eighth rank of the Earthly Immortal Realm.

The woman walked up to Chen Ping, her eyes first scanning the bound princess, then resting on Chen Ping. Her tone was calm yet measured, “Fellow Daoist, thank you for returning the princess to the Divine Capital.

I am Ziyuan, an aide to the king. May I know your name? Is there anything I can do for you in bringing the princess back?"

Chen Ping looked at Ziyuan, pondering.

The aide to the king of the Divine Kingdom was surprisingly young, beautiful, and highly accomplished.

For ordinary cultivators to reach this level would require at least hundreds of years of experience, and Ziyuan looked so young; she must have either exceptional talent or special connections.

Looking at her palace attire, while not the standard for empresses or concubines, it was made of exquisite materials, quite unlike the attire of ordinary officials.

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The look she gave him, besides scrutiny, held a subtle hint of wariness. It was the look of someone who had spent years at the center of power, accustomed to weighing the pros and cons.

Chen Ping quickly formed a suspicion: This Zi Yuan might be more than just the king's aide.

The King of the Divine Kingdom was aging and needed care, and Zi Yuan, young and beautiful, possessing both sufficient cultivation and intelligence, might be the king's personal companion.

She would usually help the king with trivial matters, and occasionally participate in government affairs as an aide, keeping her under wraps while remaining at the king's side.

The thought of such a beautiful girl being held captive by an old man made Chen Ping feel a pang of heartache.

However, Chen Ping didn't show it. Instead, a perfectly composed smile appeared on his face. He bowed and said, "I, Chen Ping, am not sending the princess back for any reward. I simply happened to find Her Highness alone outside, and I was concerned for her safety, so I took the liberty of sending her back.

After all, the Kingdom of God and the Temple are about to form a marriage. Her Highness's safety is crucial to the stability of the Sixth Heaven, and I dare not sit idly by."

He specifically mentioned the word "marriage" to test Zi Yuan's reaction and to make his actions appear more reasonable.

A cultivator who cares about the situation in the Sixth Heaven and returns a lost princess is more likely to dissuade others than a cultivator with ulterior motives.

When Zi Yuan heard the word "marriage," a subtle flicker of emotion flashed across her eyes, but she quickly regained her composure and said with a smile, "Fellow Daoist Chen is quite thoughtful.

Her Royal Highness has just returned and must be tired. Let her return to the palace to rest. I'll take Fellow Daoist Chen around the Divine Capital."

Chen Ping nodded, "Okay."

Zi Yuan said no more and ordered the Divine Guards to take the princess away. She then turned and led Chen Ping towards the city.

The streets of the Divine Capital were wide and tidy. The buildings on either side were constructed of divine stone and immortal wood, with carved beams and painted rafters, exuding the luxury and majesty of the divine race.

The divine cultivators who passed by on the streets avoided Zi Yuan, clearly wary of her status.

The bluestone pavement, slightly moistened by the morning dew, shone with a pale golden sheen. The branches of the divine trees on either side drooped, filtering scattered sunlight onto Chen Ping's shoulders.

Zi Yuan walked half a step ahead, her phoenix-patterned skirt swaying with each step. She seemed nonchalant, but her peripheral vision was always fixed on Chen Ping's expression, and she would ask him a few questions every few steps.

“Fellow Daoist Chen looks unfamiliar. Perhaps you’ve just arrived in the Sixth Heaven?”

Zi Yuan’s fingertips brushed against a hairpin inlaid with spiritual jade on a street stall. Her tone was as gentle as a casual chat. “The Sixth Heaven is unlike the Fifth Heaven. The power structures are intertwined. Fellow Daoist, a casual cultivator, dares to venture out alone. You’re quite brave.”

Chen Ping, who was staring at the arrogant face of the God Clan stall owner behind the stall, scratched his head and smiled a bit innocently. “I’ve only been in the Sixth Heaven a few days. I just wanted to see what’s going on.

I got bored of staying in the Fifth Heaven. I heard there was a place as grand as the Divine Kingdom in the Sixth Heaven, so I decided to check it out. Who knew I’d even run into Her Royal Highness the Princess?”

He deliberately emphasized the word “funny,” his eyes fixed on a group of God Clan children arguing over a fairy fruit not far away, as if he were truly a casual cultivator who had never seen the world.

Zi Yuan paused slightly, her gaze growing more scrutinizing as she turned her head. “Oh? So, what does fellow Daoist do for a living in the Fifth Heaven? Life is tough for independent cultivators. Since you’ve reached the First Stage of the Earthly Immortal Realm, you must have some skills to make a living, right?”

Her words seemed concerned, but in reality, they were just trying to trick Chen Ping. If he had a powerful backer, he’d surely reveal his livelihood or mention the assets of a particular sect.

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Chen Ping, seemingly oblivious to the hidden meaning, sighed. “What else can I do? I run errands for people, looking for low-level immortal herbs to trade for immortal stones.

Sometimes I’m lucky enough to pick up discarded talisman paper, and I’ll try to draw on it myself. I never thought I’d actually need it this time, to trap Her Royal Highness.”

As he spoke, Chen Ping pulled out a wrinkled yellow talisman from his bosom. The runes on it were crooked, revealing the appearance of a novice. “Look, this junky thing! I thought it wouldn’t work.”

Zi Yuan's eyes swept over the talisman, and her fingertips subconsciously gathered a wisp of spiritual energy. It was indeed a low-level divine trapping talisman. The spiritual energy was chaotic and chaotic, so much so that it wouldn't be able to hold a divine princess, let alone a first-rank cultivator in the Earthly Immortal Realm, for even a moment.

But she clearly remembered that when Chen Ping had imprisoned the princess at the city gate, that golden spiritual energy had been condensed to the point of being substantial, far beyond the reach of this useless talisman.

"You're in luck, fellow Daoist."

Zi Yuan suppressed her doubts and pointed to a group of passing Divine Guards at the end of the street. "Those up ahead are Divine Guards patrolling the West City District. The Divine Capital has been experiencing unrest lately, with some unidentified cultivators roaming the area. If you're wandering around, please avoid those secluded alleys."

She deliberately mentioned the unidentified cultivators, hoping to gauge Chen Ping's reaction to the Divine Guards sealing the city gates.

Chen Ping, however, only squinted at the Divine Guards' silver armor, tut-tutting in amazement. "This armor is so shiny! Much more impressive than those soldiers I saw in the Fifth Heaven!

If I had one, no one would dare to bully me when I'm running errands."

He reached out to touch the Divine Guards' armor, but received a cold glare from the Divine Guards. He then withdrew his hand awkwardly, ignoring the unidentified cultivator's words.

Zi Yuan's suspicions, instead of being dispelled, intensified at his indifference. She couldn't believe a cultivator capable of trapping the princess could be so vulgar and ignorant, but Chen Ping's words and actions were flawless. Whether it was his reverence for the Divine Kingdom, his greed for treasures, or his avoidance of crucial questions, he resembled a true, low-level, casual cultivator.

“Ahead is Moon-Watching Tower, one of the few towers in the Divine Capital open to outsiders. Would you like to go up and take a seat?”

Zi Yuan suddenly changed direction, leading Chen Ping to a loft carved with cloud patterns. “From upstairs, you can see most of the Divine Capital. Since you’ve come to see it, why not take a look?”

She considered trying a different setting. Perhaps, from a higher vantage point, Chen Ping would reveal his true colors.

Chen Ping’s eyes immediately lit up, and he hurried after her. “Great! Great! I’ve never seen a view from a high tower!”

He took two quick steps up the loft steps, completely unaware of Zi Yuan’s cold gaze on his back.

She had already decided that regardless of whether Chen Ping was truly a casual cultivator or not, she would send someone to keep an eye on him. Someone who could trap a Protoss princess at the first level of the Earthly Immortal Realm must not be left unattended.

As soon as she reached the second floor of the attic, she heard two Protoss cultivators at the neighboring table whispering. One mentioned that the seal of Leiyin Mountain had shifted again. The other quickly covered his mouth and glanced around warily.

Chen Ping picked up the tea from the table and pretended to drink, but his ears perked up.

Zi Yuan, sitting across from him, took in every little movement. A subtle smile curved her lips. She wondered how long this pretentious Chen Ping could keep up.

At that moment, the sound of a resounding morning reading caught Chen Ping’s attention. Looking in the direction of the sound, he discovered a school not far from Wangyue Tower!

Chen Ping looked at the students within the academy. They were dressed in finery, their complexions rosy, and their every gesture radiated the inherent nobility of the Protoss. Yet, in Chen Ping’s eyes, that spirit shone with a hint of pedantry.

Seeing Chen Ping's gaze on the students, Zi Yuan spoke with a look of pride, "This is the most noble academy in our Divine Kingdom. Those who study here are all geniuses."

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"We Protoss cultivators don't just practice blindly; we also acquire knowledge, cultivate our sentiments, and cultivate our inner spirit."

"Without an inner spirit, if we only practice blindly, we become barbarians!"

"So Protoss cultivators are so elegant, but I've heard that many of the cultivators in the Divine Temple practice sorcery. It seems all the cultivators in the temple are Protoss too," Chen Ping said flatly.

Zi Yuan was stunned for a moment, then said, "The Divine Clan is vast, so it's normal to have some rubbish. After all, the cultivators of our Divine Kingdom are undeniably refined."

Chen Ping's lips curled up slightly, a subtle arc. There was a hint of playfulness in that smile, and he didn't echo Zi Yuan's praise for the elegance of the Divine Kingdom's people.

"Miss Zi, what kind of classics, history, and literature are you studying at this academy?"

Chen Ping asked curiously, his tone a bit casual, but he was secretly observing his surroundings.

A faint spiritual energy permeated the academy, completely different from the bustling streets of the Divine Capital. It seemed to harbor some unknown power.

Since you're so curious about the academy, I'll take you on a tour.

Zi Yuan led Chen Ping out of Wangyue Tower and headed straight for the academy!

Zi Yuan saw Chen Ping's eyes, filled with curiosity and awe, as she gazed at the academy. A hint of pride flashed in her eyes, and she walked into the academy with lotus steps. The academy was guarded on

both sides by divine guards, yet no one stopped them from saluting Zi Yuan, demonstrating her status in the Divine Kingdom.

“If you want to understand our academy, you must study in the library.”

Zi Yuan brought Chen Ping to the library.

Chen Ping was surprised that Zi Yuan dared to bring Chen Ping to such an important place.

“Miss Zi, you’ve only just met me, and you’ve brought me to the library. Aren’t you afraid I might pry into your Divine Clan’s secrets?”

Chen Ping asked curiously!

“Hahaha, this library contains only the classics of our God Clan, recording the glory of ancient times and passing on the wisdom of our ancestors.”

“Students studying here can not only comprehend the ultimate principles of heaven and earth, but also cultivate their character and learn the ways of etiquette.”

“If you wish to learn, you can take a look. Then you won’t be like those cultivators from lower worlds who only know how to fight and kill, devoid of any foundation.”

As she spoke, her eyes flickered towards Chen Ping, her words revealing undisguised contempt.

Chen Ping snorted inwardly, but a gentle smile remained on his face. He walked over to the bookshelf and casually pulled out an ancient tome.

Opening it, he saw a record of the glorious history of the God Clan, often with disparaging terms for other races, and the text was filled with arrogance and prejudice.

The so-called God Clan is just the human race, except that some cultivators, feeling gifted and noble, deliberately separate themselves from the human race, creating a separate God Clan.

Over time, the Protoss Clan grew ever larger. After all, many cultivators were proud of their Protoss status.