

The Order 9071

Chapter: 9071

“What...what are you doing! Those are our souls!” A cultivator, seeing this, instantly turned red in the eyes. He struggled to pounce, but was pinned down by Chen Ping’s pressure, leaving him powerless and furious.

His body twisted and thrashed, unable to break free from the pressure.

“You can’t do this! We know we’re wrong!” another cultivator cried, his voice filled with despair.

Tears welled up in his eyes and streamed down his cheeks.

Chen Ping ignored him, continuing to absorb the soul energy.

These monks clearly had the opportunity to see through the conspiracy, but their obsession with “breaking through” blinded them, even turning against him. Their current fate was their own fault.

Although he felt a tinge of pity, he was even more disappointed in these monks.

“You devil! Even if I die, I won’t let you go!” the bearded man cursed, his eyes filled with venom.

His gaze seemed to devour Chen Ping alive, yet he was powerless to stop him.

Chen Ping’s eyes darkened, and he casually shot a stream of flame.

The flames, like a flaming dragon, instantly engulfed the man.

The man didn’t even have time to scream before he was devoured by the flames, instantly reduced to a pool of ash.

The surrounding monks instantly fell silent, no one dared to curse anymore. Each one trembled with fear, looking at Chen Ping with eyes filled with terror.

They finally understood that the man before them was not a merciful person at all, but a ruthless and decisive killer.

Chen Ping slowly put out the flames, having already absorbed most of the soul energy within the soul urn.

He glanced at the trembling monks and said calmly, "Considering that you were merely deceived, I will spare your lives today. However, the loss of your souls was your own choice; you cannot blame anyone else."

His voice, though calm, held an irresistible majesty.

Everyone looked at Chen Ping, some angry, some ashamed, some bewildered.

But they all knew they had chosen this path of their own accord. They had even perceived Chen Ping's previous attempts at persuasion as deliberate obstruction, and attacked him en masse.

Chen Ping ignored the monks and glanced at the golden-robed monk. With a gentle pressure of his hand, a burst of energy instantly pinned the monk to the ground, immobilizing him.

"What are you trying to do? I'm from the Sixth Palace of the Divine Temple. If you dare to kill me, the Sixth Palace Master will not let you go."

The golden-robed monk said with a face filled with fear.

Chen Ping sneered, "The Sixth Palace Master is nothing. Even if he wants to let me go, I won't let him go. I've come to the Seventh Heaven to kill him."

The golden-robed monk's face paled at Chen Ping's words. He hadn't expected Chen Ping to be so unafraid of the Divine Temple's threats.

Chapter: 9072

"Master Hu, let's go."

Chen Ping said to Hu Mazi!

"What about this guy?" Hu Mazi asked, pointing at the golden-robed monk.

"Don't worry about him. Someone will take action after we leave."

With that, Chen Ping turned and left.

He knew that the monks whose souls had been extracted would never let this guy go.

Hu Mazi understood Chen Ping's meaning and nodded. Then, looking at the monks who looked like lost dogs, he turned and followed him out of the Soul Gathering Altar.

The monks were left there, sitting or lying, their faces filled with despair and regret.

They had ruined their own paths of cultivation for the sake of an illusory "breakthrough," and they had no one else to blame for it.

Seeing Chen Ping and Hu Mazi leave, the monks cast angry glances at the golden-robed monk.

"Ah..."

Soon, the golden-robed monk's screams reached the ears of Chen Ping and Hu Mazi.

.....

A mountain peak in the Seventh Heaven resembled a giant beast's lair hidden in darkness, permeated with a mysterious and dangerous aura.

The meeting hall of the Sixth Hall of the Temple, like the heart of a giant beast, was beating with a rhythm of tension and anger.

The Sixth Hall Master sat at the head of the table, his towering figure emanating an aura of unspoken authority.

His fingertips gently toyed with a brilliant white jade talisman, which shimmered softly yet mysteriously in the candlelight.

The candlelight within the hall flickered uncontrollably, like a group of restless spirits, casting shadows on the walls and accentuating the sinister look on the Sixth Hall Master's face.

Just a short while ago, he had received a message from the golden-robed monk.

The message, tinged with excitement and pride, informed him that everything at the Soul Gathering Altar was progressing smoothly, and that the Soul Urn had already collected the soul threads of nearly a thousand cultivators.

According to the plan, in a few days, this Soul Urn, carrying the soul power of countless cultivators, would be handed over to the Evil Path Hall, completing a secret and dangerous transaction.

The Sixth Palace Master, as if already foreseeing the lucrative rewards of a successful transaction and the further rise in his status within the temple, unconsciously curled his lips.

Currently, a large amount of immortal stones was piled in a warehouse within the Sixth Palace. If the Sixth Palace Master could deliver these immortal stones to the Third Palace Master, his future would be bright.

However, fate always seemed to like to strike a fatal blow at the moment of greatest triumph.

Chapter: 9073

Just then, a shattered communication talisman suddenly flew in from outside the hall like a runaway meteor.

The talisman paper instantly exploded in the air, shattering into countless tiny fragments. Only intermittent sounds of fear and despair remained, echoing in the air.

“Palace Master... This is bad... The Soul Urn... has been stolen... The Golden Robe Master...”

The voice abruptly stopped, as if strangled by an invisible hand. Only the ashes of the burned talisman paper remained, slowly drifting down like snowflakes, scattering to the ground like an ominous omen.

The smug look on the Sixth Palace Master’s face vanished in an instant, replaced by extreme shock and anger.

His eyes widened like bells, and he slammed the table in front of him. The immense force shattered the table in front of him, sending wood chips flying everywhere.

Aura suddenly erupted from his body, spreading outward like a surging tide.

The monks within the hall were staggered by this overwhelming force, their faces pale with fear. They fell to their knees, refusing to breathe, like lambs to the slaughter.

The Sixth Palace Master paced back and forth, each step heavy with anger, the ground beneath his feet thumping with a resounding thud.

His eyes were filled with rage, as if threatening to burn the entire world to ashes.

The Soul Urn was the linchpin of the deal between the Divine Temple and the Evil Path Hall. It wasn’t just a container; it was a crucial tool for the Divine Temple to profit from the shadows.

Now that the Soul Urn was destroyed, not only would the Evil Path Hall, a powerful ally, be completely jeopardized, it would also severely impact the important task entrusted to him by the Third Hall Master.

He knew the Third Hall Master's methods all too well. If things went wrong, he might die without even knowing how.

Furthermore, the Third Hall Master was now engaged in an open and covert struggle with the Fourth Hall Master. The Fourth Hall Master, with the backing of the Divine King, held greater influence within the Divine King Palace.

Therefore, the Third Hall Master could only rely on covert collusion with the Evil Path Hall to strengthen his own power and maintain his position within the Divine Temple.

Now that the Soul Urn was destroyed, if the Evil Path Hall refused to cooperate, things would become catastrophic.

The Sixth Hall Master took a deep breath, straining to suppress the rage within him. Like a volcano about to erupt, he suppressed it with all his strength.

Then, he shouted sternly to those outside the hall: "Investigate! Who dared to touch the temple's property in Black Wind City? If you can't find out, you will all die!"

The voice reverberated like thunder outside the hall, shaking the monks outside.

"Yes!"

The monks outside the hall quickly obeyed the order, not daring to neglect it for even a moment. They turned and hurried away, as if pursued by a ferocious beast.

In less than half an incense stick of time, the monk who had gone to investigate stumbled back.

The monk's face was as pale as paper, as if he had just walked through the gates of hell. His legs were weak, and he practically crawled back to the hall on his knees.

The monk shouted in a trembling voice: "Palace... Palace Master, we've found out... It was... a man named Chen Ping who did it!"

"Chen Ping?"

Chapter: 9074

The Sixth Palace Master was stunned for a moment, as if he hadn't heard the name clearly. Then his pupils suddenly constricted, and the anger on his face was instantly replaced by shock.

Information about Chen Ping, the man who had been constantly antagonizing their temple, quickly surfaced in his mind.

But wasn't Chen Ping being hunted like a lost dog by the Soul Devourer in the Sixth Heaven? How could he suddenly appear here?

The Sixth Palace Master had no idea what had happened in the Sixth Heaven, and certainly no idea that Chen Ping and his companions had been rescued by the Fire Spirit Star Lord.

"Are you sure it was Chen Ping who destroyed the Soul Urn?"

The Sixth Palace Master's voice was tinged with disbelief.

"Yes!"

The cultivator nodded tremblingly and continued, "According to the descriptions of the cultivators at the scene and his own introduction, his name is Chen Ping!"

"Not only did he destroy the Soul Urn, he also absorbed all the souls within, ultimately sealing Master Golden Robe's cultivation and allowing those deceived cultivators to bite him to death."

The Sixth Palace Master gasped, feeling a chill run from his feet to his head. He staggered and nearly fell to the ground.

He couldn't believe that Chen Ping, targeted by Soul Devourer, a Ninth Heaven powerhouse in the Sixth Heaven, could still make it to the Seventh Heaven alive, even daring to destroy the Temple's Soul Urn!

After all, Soul Devourer was a top-tier Ninth Heaven expert. Even with only a remnant of his soul, he was no match for the cultivators of the Sixth Heaven.

Furthermore, Soul Devourer's methods were brutal and ruthless, terrifying to the very sight of him.

That Chen Ping had escaped his clutches was nothing short of a miracle. There must be some secret behind this.

"No! This must be reported to the Third Palace Master immediately!"

The Sixth Palace Master came to his senses, his face etched with solemnity.

He knew the gravity of the matter and dared not act rashly.

Not only had Chen Ping destroyed the Soul Urn, he might also have learned of the Temple's collusion with the Evil Path Hall. If this information leaked, the entire Temple would be plunged into turmoil, becoming a target of public criticism and facing catastrophic destruction.

He quickly approached the communication array within the hall. It emanated a mysterious light, like a portal to another world.

The Sixth Palace Master formed hand seals, each movement precise and swift, as if practiced countless times.

Then, he injected a stream of spiritual energy containing an emergency signal into the array. Like a nimble snake, the spiritual energy instantly vanished in the light of the communication array.

The communication array flickered, and a moment later, a commanding voice rang out from within:
“Sixth Palace Master, what’s so urgent?”

The voice seemed to descend from the heavens, carrying an unquestionable authority.

“Third Palace Master!”

The Sixth Palace Master quickly bowed, leaning forward slightly, his tone a touch hurried. “Chen Ping is still alive! Not only has he come to the Seventh Heaven, but he’s also destroyed the soul urn we negotiated with the Evil Dao Hall!”

Chapter: 9075

The voice within the array fell silent for a moment, as if digesting this shocking news.

Then, a burst of suppressed anger erupted, like a volcano about to erupt, forcibly suppressed. “Chen Ping? He’s still alive! It seems the Fourth Palace Master led his men to the Sixth Heaven and actually saved them!”

The Third Palace Master knew that the Fourth Palace Master had led the Golden Armored Guards to the Sixth Heaven, but he didn’t know the outcome.

It now appeared that the Fourth Palace Master had defeated the Soul Devourer, allowing Chen Ping to reach the Seventh Heaven alive.

The Third Palace Master was also unaware of the Fire Spirit Star Lord’s intervention.

The Sixth Palace Master didn’t dare respond. He could only lower his head, his body trembling slightly, as he listened to the Third Palace Master’s reprimand.

He knew that at this moment, any explanation would only add fuel to the fire.

“Stabilize the situation first and don’t let the news spread.”

The Third Palace Master's voice gradually calmed, like an experienced general commanding a battle. "I'll contact the Evil Path Hall. Immediately send someone to monitor Chen Ping's movements. If you find any trace of him, do not act rashly and report to me immediately!"

"I'll also send the Fifth Palace Master to assist you. This time, we must not let Chen Ping leave the Seventh Heaven alive."

"Yes! As ordered!"

The Sixth Palace Master quickly responded, as if grasping at a last straw.

The light of the communication array dimmed, and the hall returned to calm. However, beneath that calm lay a turbulent undercurrent.

Meanwhile, within the Seventh Heaven Evil Path Hall's branch hall, the atmosphere was equally solemn.

Evil Path Hall Elder Xue Wuying sat on a black throne, which exuded an icy aura, as if carved from ice.

In his hand, he clutched a broken black token, the final signal from Scarface's men.

The shattered token signified death, like a falling star, forever vanishing into the darkness.

Several Evil Dao Hall monks, who had recently escaped the Soul Gathering Altar, knelt before the hall, their bodies trembling like a flock of frightened birds.

They reported the destruction of the Soul Urn in trembling voices, each word tinged with fear and despair.

"Chen Ping, this fellow reached the Seventh Heaven so quickly?" Xue Wuying's voice was icy cold, as if emanating from an ice cellar, his eyes filled with murderous intent.

That murderous intent, as if tangible, caused the temperature within the hall to drop by several degrees.

The Soul Urn was the key to the Evil Dao Hall's advancement. It held the soul threads of nearly a thousand monks, a vital resource for the Evil Dao Hall's growth.

Now that the Soul Urn had been destroyed, the soul threads of nearly a thousand monks had been lost. This was undoubtedly a crushing blow to him. How could he not be furious?

Moreover, they had already provided the temple with a large amount of immortal stones, and now, just as the Soul Urn was about to fill, something went wrong.

When Xue Wuying was in the Sixth Heaven, he saw that Soul Devourer was about to die, so he quietly fled to the Seventh Heaven.

Chapter: 9076

He had thought that Chen Ping's strength would take some time to reach the Seventh Heaven, but he hadn't expected him to reach it so soon.

"Elder, this Chen Ping not only destroyed the Soul Urn, but also absorbed all the soul threads within to increase his own strength!"

The cultivator kneeling in the front replied tremblingly, his face filled with fear, as if Chen Ping was right behind him, ready to take his life at any moment.

"What?"

Xue Wuying suddenly stood up, and a thick black mist emanated from his body. The black mist spread wildly throughout the temple like the tentacles of a demon.

He hadn't expected Chen Ping to be able to absorb souls to cultivate. After all, this kind of cultivation method is not mastered by many, even among demonic cultivators.

Now, Xue Wuying felt more and more that Chen Ping held too many secrets.

“Pass my order! Even if it means turning the Seventh Heaven upside down, Chen Ping must be found! Alive or dead!”

Xue Wuying’s voice echoed through the hall like thunder.

“Yes!” The monks within the hall responded in unison, their eyes filled with determination and fierceness, like a group of warriors about to go to war.

Turning and hurriedly leaving, their figures quickly disappeared outside the hall, leaving only the sound of hurried footsteps.

Xue Wuying also stood up, ready to discuss this matter with the Sixth Palace Master of the Divine Temple.

Chen Ping was their common enemy, and with the Soul Urn destroyed, their deal must be reconsidered.

.....

“Chen Ping, where are we going next? I’m sure both the Divine Temple and the Evil Path Hall are searching for us now.”

On a deserted field, Hu Mazi followed Chen Ping and asked.

The two had already left Black Wind City, knowing that it must be in chaos by now.

“First, find the location of the Sixth Hall of the Divine Temple. Once the Sixth Hall is destroyed, then go find the Evil Path Hall.”

Chen Ping said with a determined look in his eyes!

With his current cultivation level of the Fifth Stage of the Earthly Immortal Realm, killing the Sixth Hall Master would be a piece of cake.

In the entire Seventh Heaven, Chen Ping likely wouldn't encounter a rival. After all, the cultivators of the Seventh Heaven are generally not very powerful, most being below the Third Stage of the Human Immortal Realm.

At the Fifth Stage of the Earthly Immortal Realm, coupled with the Dragon Slaying Sword, the Divine King Bow, the Fire Kirin, and other treasures in his arsenal, killing cultivators below the Third Stage of the Human Immortal Realm would be a piece of cake.

Furthermore, Chen Ping had another important reason to seek out the Sixth Hall Master: he wanted to see if the Sixth Hall had a large cache of Immortal Stones.

Since the Evil Path Hall had exchanged the Divine Temple's Soul Urn for the technology to refine Immortal Stones with Spirit Stones, the Sixth Hall must have a large amount of refined Immortal Stones.

After all, this secret trade had been going on for centuries.

Chapter: 9077

Furthermore, Chen Ping had no idea how many worlds in the lower realms he'd been enslaved by the Divine Temple and the Evil Path Hall, refining immortal stones for them.

Chen Ping now needed a vast amount of resources. While the Demon Suppression Tower could accelerate his cultivation, it was useless without resources.

As Chen Ping's strength grew, the resources he needed increased exponentially. Compared to other cultivators, Chen Ping's resources were thousands or even millions of times greater.

Therefore, Chen Ping had to gather resources at all costs.

He was now practically invincible in the Seventh Heaven, making resource gathering easier.

But if he truly ascended to the Eighth Heaven, or even the Ninth Heaven, surrounded by danger at every turn, how could he have the time and energy to gather resources?

“Let’s go...” Hu Mazi said.

Chen Ping nodded, and the two of them began to move forward, braving the fierce winds of the desert.

The winds over the desert were like enraged beasts, carrying fine sand and gravel, roaring past with overwhelming force.

The gravel hit their faces like countless tiny silver needles, piercing them painfully.

Just a thousand miles from Black Wind City, Chen Ping and Hu Mazi heard a faint burst of fierce noises coming from the front. It sounded like the crisp sound of metal clashing, mixed with angry roars and vicious curses.

“It seems there’s a fight ahead.”

Hu Mazi narrowed his shrewd eyes slightly and looked in the direction of the sound.

In the valley not far away, he saw two groups of monks locked in a fierce battle, the scene a scene of chaos.

One group, clad in emerald green, brandished their long swords with ferocious force, each strike carrying a fierce, murderous intent.

The other, clad in black cloth, wielded a pair of iron fists, their blows whistling with unparalleled force.

The two groups tightly surrounded a spring emitting wisps of white mist, their eyes filled with greed and ferocity, as if the spring were the most precious treasure in the world.

The spring was not large, only a few feet in diameter, yet it shone with a faint glow, like twinkling stars in the night sky.

A thin yet incredibly pure aura permeated the air, lingering wisps of it. This was clearly a natural spring, a sacred place for cultivators, a rare opportunity.

“What a coincidence! I’m just in need of the aura for cultivation.”

A subtle smile flashed in Chen Ping’s eyes, a smile tinged with confidence and composure, as if everything was under control.

Before he had finished speaking, he headed straight for the valley, his steps steady and resolute, each one a breath of undeniable power, each step aloft as if treading between heaven and earth.

Hu Mazi, upon seeing this, hurried to follow. He knew Chen Ping well enough to grasp his thoughts.

While the immortal energy of this spring wasn’t as rich as that of the immortal stone, it was naturally pure. For Chen Ping, who had just depleted a considerable amount of spiritual energy, it was the perfect way to replenish it.

As the two reached the valley’s mouth, they were spotted by cultivators engaged in a fight.

Chapter: 9078

A cultivator in green robes, who was brandishing his sword to repel his opponent, heard the commotion and suddenly turned around, his eyes wide with anger as he shouted, “Where are you from, you unauthorized cultivator? Can’t you see we’re trying to steal the spring? Get out of here if you don’t want to die!”

The voice echoed through the valley like thunder.

Another burly man in black also stopped what he was doing and looked Chen Ping and Hu Mazi up and down.

When his gaze fell on Chen Ping, a flicker of disdain flashed in his eyes. Chen Ping's aura was only that of a fifth-level Earthly Immortal, and Hu Mazi had barely reached the Human Immortal Realm. In his eyes, these two men were mere ants.

“With your cultivation level, you dare to join in the fun? Get out of here now, or I'll get you covered in blood!”

The burly man in black sneered, as if Chen Ping and Hu Mazi were nothing more than two ants he could easily crush.

Chen Ping paused, his gaze slowly sweeping over the immortal spring.

Although the spring was small, the immortal energy within it was slowly rising, like strands of light silk, drifting through the air.

He secretly calculated that if he could absorb all the immortal energy from the spring, it would be enough to solidify his cultivation at the fifth level of the Earthly Immortal Realm.

With this in mind, he spoke calmly, “It's simply too much for you two groups to fight over a single immortal spring. Why don't you just give it to me and save your rifts? How about that?”

His voice was as calm as water, yet it carried an innate authority, as if his words were an imperial decree that could not be disobeyed.

As soon as these words were spoken, the two groups of cultivators erupted in laughter, their laughter filled with mockery and disdain, as if they had just heard a monstrous joke.

“Fifth-rank Earthly Immortal Realm? Why don't you take a piss and look at yourself! We discovered this immortal spring first, so why should we give it to you?”

The green-robed cultivator clutched his stomach, laughing uncontrollably, his eyes filled with sarcasm.

The burly man in black spat outright, uttering viciously, "I think you're tired of living! With your limited cultivation, you dare to steal our things? Believe it or not, I'll punch you back to your mother's womb!"

As he spoke, he deliberately raised his sandbag-sized fist, as if he was about to crush Chen Ping to pieces.

Seeing this, Hu Mazi became increasingly anxious. He was about to pull out his talisman from his pocket, ready to fight these cultivators, but Chen Ping raised his hand to stop him.

Chen Ping's face remained expressionless, as if he had expected all this.

He simply raised his right hand, palm facing downward, and pressed down gently.

"Om..."

An invisible, heavenly pressure suddenly emanated from Chen Ping's body, like a dark cloud, instantly enveloping the entire valley.

The pressure was like a long-dormant beast awakening, carrying with it a devastating aura that struck fear into everyone.

The smiles on the faces of the two groups of monks, who had been shouting, froze in an instant. Their faces paled like white paper, and their bodies sank uncontrollably, as if weighed down by an invisible mountain.

"What...what kind of pressure is this?"

The monk in green's sword clanged to the ground. He felt as if a mountain had pressed down on his chest, even breathing became difficult, his legs trembling, and he almost collapsed to his knees.

Chapter: 9079

His eyes were filled with fear and despair, as if he had witnessed the end of the world.

The burly man in black was no better. He gritted his teeth, trying to mobilize his spiritual energy to resist, but as soon as he began to mobilize, it was completely suppressed by the pressure, unable to release even a trace.

He stared at Chen Ping in horror, his eyes filled with disbelief. How could a fifth-grade Earth Immortal Realm cultivator unleash such terrifying pressure?

This was simply not the strength expected of an Earth Immortal Realm cultivator!

To him, Chen Ping was like a demon from hell, possessing power beyond his comprehension.

“Now, do you still think I’m unworthy of this immortal spring?”

Chen Ping’s voice remained calm, yet it carried an undeniable majesty, as if he were the master of the world, with everything under his control.

Though the voice was quiet, it resonated like thunder, resonating in the ears of every cultivator and filling them with awe.

The two groups of cultivators dared not object, their faces pale and their bodies trembling.

Just now, they had been thinking of driving Chen Ping and Hu Mazi away, but now they realized that they were facing no ordinary Earth Immortal cultivator, but a fierce character with hidden strength!

They were like lambs to the slaughter, powerless under Chen Ping’s pressure.

“Senior... Senior, spare me!”

The green-robed monk was the first to react. He fell to his knees with a thud and tumbled, tumbling out of the valley. He looked utterly miserable, as if a ferocious beast were chasing him.

“We don’t want the immortal spring anymore! Give it all to you, Senior!” he shouted as he ran, his voice filled with fear and pleading.

Seeing this, the other monks followed suit and knelt, not even bothering to pick up their weapons as they tumbled out of the valley, fearing that Chen Ping would silence them if they were even a second late.

In a matter of moments, only Chen Ping and Hu Mazi were left in the valley, along with the misty immortal spring.

The mist drifted gently in the breeze, as if telling of the thrilling experience.

Hu Mazi watched the cultivators fleeing in panic and couldn’t help but laugh. “These people are truly ungrateful. If they’d known you were so powerful, they wouldn’t have dared to act so arrogantly.”

His laughter was filled with admiration and adoration for Chen Ping. To him, Chen Ping was his hero, almighty.

Chen Ping didn’t respond, but walked directly to the immortal spring and sat cross-legged.

He raised his hand and waved, and a black and white flame instantly enveloped the spring.

The flame, as if alive, danced and flickered above the spring, emitting a mysterious and powerful aura.

As the flame burned, the immortal energy within the spring was slowly drawn out, flowing like a flowing stream through his nose and into his body. Once inside, the immortal energy felt as if it had found its home, rapidly nourishing his meridians and dantian.

As the immortal energy continued to flow in, Chen Ping’s aura grew increasingly rich, and his cultivation level of the fifth rank of the Earthly Immortal Realm gradually solidified.

He could feel the spiritual energy within him becoming more condensed, as if forged anew.

Chapter: 9080

The subtle hidden dangers left behind from the previous absorption of soul energy gradually disappeared under the nourishment of the immortal energy, just like winter snow slowly melting under the sunlight.

Hu Mazi stood guard nearby, his gaze warily surveying his surroundings, his eyes filled with vigilance and determination.

He knew that Chen Ping was in a critical period of cultivation and could not be disturbed. Like a loyal guard, he protected Chen Ping's safety, even at the cost of his own life.

After about an hour, the immortal energy in the immortal spring was completely absorbed, and the spring lost its previous brilliance, becoming indistinguishable from ordinary spring water.

The immortal spring, once emitting white mist, now became calm and ordinary, as if nothing had happened.

Chen Ping slowly opened his eyes, and a glimmer of light flashed in them, like lightning in the night sky, illuminating the entire valley.

The aura around him also stabilized, like a towering mountain, steady and powerful.

"How is it?"

Hu Mazi hurried forward and asked, his eyes filled with concern and anticipation.

He desperately wanted to know the results of Chen Ping's cultivation. In his view, Chen Ping's increased strength meant they had an extra layer of security in this perilous world.

"Not bad. My cultivation has stabilized."

Chen Ping stood up and stretched his muscles. His movements were smooth and natural, as if every muscle was under his control.

“Although this immortal spring is small, it has solved my immediate problem. However, to break through to the sixth level of the Earthly Immortal Realm, I will need more resources.”

There was a hint of determination and anticipation in his tone, as if he could already see the day he would break through to a higher realm.

He looked up into the distance, his eyes firm and deep, as if he had transcended the boundaries of time and space and beheld the unknown future.

“Let’s go, continue searching for the Sixth Hall of the Divine Temple. Once we obtain the Sixth Hall’s Immortal Stone, a breakthrough won’t be far away.”

His voice, though soft, was filled with power, like a call to arms, spurring him and Hu Mazi on.

Hu Mazi nodded, and the two of them, without stopping, headed towards the Sixth Hall of the Divine Temple.

The wind on the wasteland was still biting, stinging their faces, but it couldn’t shake their resolve to move forward. That resolve burned like a burning flame within them, illuminating the path ahead.

Though the road ahead held dangers, Hu Mazi felt confident as long as Chen Ping was with him.

In his eyes, Chen Ping was his backbone, his support in this chaotic world.

Chen Ping also knew that if he wanted to uncover the conspiracy between the Divine Temple and the Evil Path Hall and protect the Fourth Hall Master, he must rapidly improve his strength.

Only by being strong enough could they gain a foothold in the perilous Seventh Heaven and protect everything they desired to protect.

He was like a lone traveler, steadfastly forging ahead on this thorny path, never retreating a single step, no matter how many difficulties and challenges he encountered.

For he knew that behind him, countless pairs of expectant eyes watched him, countless people waiting to be protected.