

## **The Order 9081**

Chapter: 9081

He must become stronger, strong enough to control his own destiny, strong enough to change the rules of this world.

Across the wasteland, the wind and sand continued to rage.

The fierce wind, carrying the sand and gravel, like angry beasts, rampaged across the vast wasteland.

The howling sound was like the roar of an ancient behemoth, inspiring awe and fear.

Chen Ping and Hu Mazi, one in front and one behind, struggled forward in this raging wind.

Their footsteps sank deeper and deeper into the sand, each step requiring immense effort.

The wind whipped their faces, the sand and gravel stung their skin like needles, but they remained steadfast, forging ahead.

The two had been walking for days, yet they had found no trace of the Sixth Hall of the Divine Temple.

In this vast wasteland, they were like two insignificant grains of sand, tossed about by fate's will.

This wasteland of the Seventh Heaven seemed like a forgotten land, its immortal energy eerily thin and the environment harsh.

No wonder two groups would risk their lives for a tiny immortal spring.

Chen Ping had no idea how vast the wasteland was, or when he could finally escape. He tried to fly, but it felt like something was pulling him back, consuming a significant amount of spiritual energy.

They didn't have many resources on them, so as long as they weren't in danger, they could save as much as they could.

"Chen Ping, we've been walking for days now, and we haven't seen a single soul, let alone the Sixth Hall of the Divine Temple."

Hu Mazi wiped the dust from his face, speaking with a hint of resignation.

His face was filled with fatigue and anxiety, his already rough skin becoming even more dry and cracked by the wind and sand.

Chen Ping paused, his gaze sweeping across the vast wasteland, his brow furrowed slightly.

Clad in white, he appeared remarkably calm in the gusty wind.

According to his assumption, the Sixth Hall of the Divine Temple, a major power, should be easy to locate.

After all, such a powerful force would undoubtedly leave behind some clues.

But the truth was, they hadn't found a single clue, as if the Sixth Hall of the Divine Temple were a myth, a myth that didn't even exist in this world.

"It seems the Sixth Hall of the Divine Temple is indeed hidden, or perhaps the monks here are extremely secretive about it," Chen Ping said in a deep voice. His voice was muffled by the gusting wind, but it carried an undeniable resolve.

Over the past few days, they had encountered a few scattered monks.

Most of them were in a hurry, as if they were avoiding something.

But at the mention of the Sixth Hall of the Divine Temple, those people either shook their heads and declared ignorance or hurried away in panic, as if the name were taboo.

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Once, they encountered a seemingly kind old man. As soon as Chen Ping began to inquire about the Sixth Hall of the Divine Temple, the old man's face instantly turned pale, his lips trembling, and he couldn't utter a word. He simply waved his hands frantically, then turned and ran as if a flood or a beast were chasing him.

"This isn't a solution. We have to find another way," Hu Mazi said anxiously.

He knew Chen Ping needed a large amount of immortal stones to achieve a breakthrough in his cultivation, but now he couldn't even find the Sixth Hall of the Divine Temple, let alone obtain them.

He was secretly worried, thinking that if he continued his clueless search, Chen Ping's breakthrough would be delayed.

And the souls of his tribesmen. The later they find them, the more trouble they'll encounter.

Just as the two men were at their wit's end, a woman's cry for help suddenly rang out from afar, shattering the silence of the desert.

"Help! Let me go! Who are you?"

The voice was crisp and rapid, tinged with fear and struggle.

Amid the howling wind, it was faint, yet it reached Chen Ping and Hu Mazi's ears clearly.

Hu Mazi's eyes lit up at the sound of a woman's voice, and he quickly looked in the direction of the sound.

Behind a nearby slope, he could vaguely see several figures pulling at something.

The slope seemed precarious in the strong wind, and gravel continuously tumbled from it.

"Chen Ping, listen! It looks like a woman is in trouble!"

Hu Mazi excitedly exclaimed, and before Chen Ping could respond, he eagerly ran in that direction.

His figure seemed to stagger slightly in the strong wind, but his steps were urgent.

Hu Mazi hadn't touched a woman in a while, and he was feeling incredibly uncomfortable.

Now that a woman suddenly called for help, Hu Mazi had to go save her no matter what. Perhaps she would give herself to him, and Hu Mazi could finally let off some steam.

Hu Mazi, who played with women almost daily, suddenly felt suffocated and uncomfortable after such a long time without any contact. Only he knew.

"Master Hu, don't be so anxious..."

Chen Ping called out, shook his head helplessly, and followed.

He had no interest in meddling in other people's affairs. After all, he still had his own affairs unresolved in this wilderness.

But Hu Mazi had already gone, and he couldn't just ignore him.

If Hu Mazi were in danger, he couldn't just stand by and watch.

Besides, Hu Mazi was a womanizer. He didn't want her to escape the clutches of others and fall into Hu Mazi's hands.

Chen Ping had seen it before: Hu Mazi had left two women unable to walk for an entire night.

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Approaching, he saw two monks in black garb tightly grasping a young woman's arms, attempting to forcibly abduct her.

The woman, dressed in a white dress, stood out against the deserted expanse of yellow sand.

Her features were beautiful, her eyebrows as dark as distant black, her eyes as bright as stars. She struggled desperately, her face filled with fear and anger.

The two black-robed monks were tall, with ferocious faces, their eyes gleaming with evil.

"Let me go! Do you know who I am? My master will not let you go!"

The woman shouted, trying to intimidate them with her words.

Her voice, though trembling with fear, was filled with strength.

But the two black-robed monks remained unmoved.

"Who are you? Why are you arresting me?"

The woman struggled desperately.

“Hmph, you’re spreading rumors everywhere, slandering our temple for holding a ritual, saying you’re doing it to steal souls.”

“Just based on that kind of talk, you deserve death!”

A black-robed monk said.

The woman was stunned, a bit incredulous, “You...you’re from the temple?”

“Yes, we’re from the Sixth Hall. We’ll capture you and hand you over to the Sixth Hall Master for punishment!”

The black-robed monk nodded.

Another black-robed monk, with a sinister grin on his face, said, “It would be a shame to send such a beautiful girl away. We should have some fun with her before sending her back.”

“That’s right, let’s have some fun first. A girl this beautiful must still be a young woman.”

The other black-robed monk even reached out to touch the woman’s face, causing her to quickly retreat.

Hu Mazi, seeing this, was instantly enraged, but he didn’t rush over immediately. Instead, he watched from the side.

Chen Ping caught up and looked at Hu Mazi with some confusion. “Master Hu, aren’t you supposed to be a hero and save the beauty? Why don’t you just rush over and save her?”

“You don’t understand. These two guys are undressing that woman right now. If I rush over and save her now, what if she refuses to give herself to me and doesn’t take off her clothes?”

“I’ll wait until she’s completely stripped, naked, before I rush over. That way, I’ll have a feast for my eyes, and she’ll be even more grateful to me.”

Hu Mazi chuckled.

Chen Ping rolled his eyes at Hu Mazi.

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Soon, the woman’s clothes were completely undressed by the two black-robed monks.

Hu Mazi’s eyes sparkled, and he drooled.

“Master Hu, is this all right now?” Chen Ping asked.

Hu Mazi nodded.

“Stop! How dare you rape a woman in broad daylight? Do you still have any respect for the law?”

Hu Mazi shouted, leaping forward to block the woman.

Although he wasn’t tall, he looked incredibly brave.

However, while blocking the woman, Hu Mazi’s eyes kept glancing at her.

The woman breathed a sigh of relief when someone rescued her and hurriedly picked up her clothes to put them on.

But they were ripped, barely covering her private parts.

The two black-robed monks were startled by Hu Mazi's sudden appearance. When they saw that he was only a first-level cultivator in the Human Immortal Realm, disdain crossed their faces.

"What kind of unscrupulous cultivator dares to meddle in our affairs?"

One of the monks sneered.

His eyes were filled with contempt, as if Hu Mazi were nothing more than an insignificant ant.

"Old bastard, I advise you to get out of here right now, or I'll take care of you too!"

Another cultivator threatened.

His voice was fierce, and the spiritual energy in his hands began to flicker faintly, as if he was ready to strike at any moment.

Hu Mazi, however, was not afraid at all. He puffed out his chest and said, "I'm telling you, I'll take care of this matter today! Let this girl go immediately, or don't blame me for being rude!"

As he spoke, he pulled out several talismans from his pocket and assumed a battle-ready stance.

Although his cultivation level was inferior to the other party's, he felt emboldened by Chen Ping's proximity.

He had painstakingly crafted these talismans, wasting considerable resources, and normally wouldn't have used them. But today, to save this woman, he didn't care about that much.

The two black-robed cultivators burst into laughter upon seeing this.

“Just you? A mere first-rank cultivator from the Human Immortal Realm, and you dare to act so arrogantly in front of us?”

A black-robed cultivator laughed.

Seeing that Hu Mazi was only at the first level of the Human Immortal Realm, even lower than her own realm, the woman’s relaxed mood suddenly lifted.

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“Grandpa, thank you for saving me. You’re no match for them. You should leave,” the woman said to Hu Mazi.

“My dear fellow Taoist, I am a disciple of Zhang Tianshi of the Tianshi Sect. Our Tianshi Sect is affiliated with the Tianfu Sect.”

“Everyone who sees me should address me as Master Hu. Why are you calling me ‘Grandpa’?”

Hu Mazi was a little annoyed.

If this woman called him ‘Grandpa’, it meant she looked down on him. Even if he saved her, she wouldn’t be allowed to play with him.

The woman quickly changed her tone and said, “Master Hu, I’m so sorry. I didn’t know you were so powerful!”

“It’s okay. Just watch from the sidelines until I’ve finished destroying these two guys!”

Hu Mazi said confidently.

“You old bastard, I think you’re tired of living!”

A black-robed monk, growing impatient, threw a punch at Hu Mazi.

The punch whistled with a whistling sound, clearly imbued with considerable power.

Wherever the fist passed, sand and gravel were swept up, forming a small vortex.

Hu Mazi didn’t dare to take the blow head-on and quickly dodged to the side.

Although his cultivation level wasn’t high, his movements were quite agile.

He was like a nimble monkey, constantly dodging the opponent’s attacks in the gust of wind.

“Chen Ping, what are you still standing there for? Come help!”

Hu Mazi shouted at Chen Ping as he dodged.

There was a hint of anxiety in his voice; after all, he knew he was no match for the two black-robed monks.

Hu Mazi’s initial confidence was due to Chen Ping’s presence.

Chen Ping stood aside, not immediately attacking, but watching Hu Mazi’s joke.

Hu Mazi was being chased around by two black-robed monks, looking utterly miserable. Seeing Chen Ping didn't make a move, he anxiously said, "What are you still standing there for? I'll just let you play with me later..."

Chen Ping was speechless upon hearing Hu Mazi's words. He was discussing who would play with him in front of the woman. How was he any different from the two black-robed monks before him?

The woman understood Hu Mazi's intentions and couldn't help but tighten her legs.

She hadn't expected Hu Mazi to want to play with her, either. It seemed she was doomed to be abused today.

"Stop?"

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Chen Ping shouted, then suddenly appeared, his gaze piercing the two black-robed monks.

His eyes were like two sharp swords, piercing them straight at him.

The two monks were startled by Chen Ping's extraordinary demeanor and felt a sense of apprehension.

But remembering their identities, they quickly regained their composure.

However, when they saw that Chen Ping was only at the fifth level of the Earthly Immortal Realm, they were no longer afraid.

A mere cultivator from the Earthly Immortal Realm could be killed with a single pee.

One of the cultivators sneered, "Who are we? Do you think you deserve to know? I advise you to mind your own business, or I'll arrest you too!"

His voice was filled with arrogance, as if Chen Ping was nothing in his eyes.

"Oh? So, your status is something special?"

Chen Ping's lips curled up in a mocking smile.

There was a hint of disdain in his smile, as if mocking the other's arrogance.

The cultivator, seemingly irritated by Chen Ping's attitude, snorted coldly, "Since you're so determined to die, I'll grant you your wish! Listen carefully, we are cultivators from the Sixth Hall of the Divine Temple! Get out of here now, or we'll be rude!"

"Sixth Hall of the Divine Temple?"

Hu Mazi's face suddenly changed upon hearing this.

He hadn't expected that his casual act of heroism would lead him to encounter the real target.

A flicker of surprise flashed across Chen Ping's eyes, but then he regained his composure.

True of searching for something without effort.

The one they had been searching for so long, the one from the Sixth Hall of the Temple, had finally appeared before them.

He was secretly delighted, thinking that he had finally found a clue to the Sixth Hall.

The two black-robed monks saw Chen Ping and Hu Mazi's expressions change when they heard the name of the Sixth Hall, and, assuming they were frightened, a smug smile spread across their faces.

"What do you think? Are you scared?"

One of the monks said arrogantly, "You still have time to get out of here. Otherwise, you'll regret it when we take action!"

His voice was filled with menace, as if he had already secured victory.

"Chen Ping, they're from the Sixth Hall of the Temple. They might know its location!"

Hu Mazi said to Chen Ping.

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Chen Ping nodded, a cold glint in his eyes. He had originally intended to cause trouble for the Sixth Hall of the Divine Temple, and now that they had come to him, there was no reason for him to let them go.

He recalled the efforts he had made to find the Sixth Hall of the Divine Temple and vowed to himself that the people of the Sixth Hall would pay the price.

"So what about the Sixth Hall of the Divine Temple? In my eyes, they are all garbage. Not to mention you little minions, even your Sixth Hall Master is trash."

Chen Ping said coldly, his aura becoming fiercer.

His spiritual power surged, and the surrounding sand and gravel were blown away by his aura.

The two black-robed monks had not expected Chen Ping to be so bold as to insult the Sixth Hall of the Divine Temple in public. Their smiles froze.

“You bold lunatic! How dare you insult the Divine Temple? I think you are tired of living!”

One of the monks shouted angrily, instantly condensing a stream of energy in his hand and shooting it towards Chen Ping.

The aura was like a venomous snake, rushing straight towards Chen Ping.

Chen Ping snorted coldly, not dodging or evading. With a casual wave of his hand, a powerful pressure instantly enveloped the two cultivators.

The pressure was like an invisible mountain, suffocating them.

“What?”

The two cultivators’ faces changed drastically. They hadn’t expected Chen Ping to be so powerful, unable to move with just a single pressure.

Their bodies began to tremble, and their legs buckled involuntarily.

“Who... who are you?”

One of the cultivators asked in horror, his eyes filled with disbelief.

There was a tremor in his voice, as if he had witnessed the most terrifying thing in the world.

Chen Ping didn’t answer, but walked towards them step by step.

He could sense that the two cultivators were both around the second level of the Human Immortal Realm, and were no match for him.

His steps were steady and powerful, and each step seemed to tread on the hearts of the two cultivators.

“Tell me, where is the Sixth Hall of the Divine Temple?”

Chen Ping asked coldly, his tone carrying unquestionable authority. His voice, like a mighty bell, echoed in the raging wind.

The two cultivators, intimidated by Chen Ping’s imposing presence, trembled all over, daring no resistance.

“Mercy! We...we’re just ordinary cultivators from the Sixth Hall. We don’t even know the exact location!”

One of the cultivators begged for mercy.

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There was a hint of tears in his voice, as if he was on the verge of despair.

The other cultivator chimed in, “Yes! We’re only following orders. Only the higher-ups know the exact location of the Sixth Hall!”

His eyes were filled with fear, and his body trembled uncontrollably.

A hint of displeasure flashed in Chen Ping’s eyes.

He hadn’t expected these two cultivators to be so low-ranking, not even knowing the exact location of the Sixth Hall.

He felt a wave of disappointment, wondering if he had to continue searching in this vast wasteland.

At this moment, the captured woman suddenly spoke, "Fellow Daoist, I know where the Sixth Hall of the Divine Temple is!"

Chen Ping and Hu Mazi both looked at her in surprise.

Their eyes were filled with confusion, wondering how this woman could know the location of the Sixth Hall of the Divine Temple.

Noticing everyone's gaze, the woman quickly explained, "My name is Lin Yuner, and I'm from the Lin family of Dongxiang County. Many people in Dongxiang County have been sent to the Sixth Hall by the Princess. Just ask our Princess, and she'll know."

Her voice was gentle and clear, especially melodious in the gusty wind.

"Oh? Your Princess knows?"

A flicker of interest flashed in Chen Ping's eyes.

Hope rekindled in his heart, believing he might finally find the Sixth Hall of the Divine Temple.

Lin Yuner nodded and said, "Yes, but the Sixth Hall is very hidden, and ordinary people can't find it."

"Can you take us to Dongxiang County?" Hu Mazi asked quickly.

He was filled with excitement, thinking that if he could find the Sixth Hall of the Divine Temple, he might be able to obtain a large amount of immortal stones to help Chen Ping achieve a breakthrough in his cultivation.

Lin Yuner hesitated, then said, "Of course, it's possible, but...but our princess doesn't allow outsiders in. I'm afraid you two might get into trouble."

Her eyes were filled with concern, worried that Chen Ping might be in danger.

Chen Ping's lips curled into a sneer: "Is your princess very powerful? Can she actually prevent others from entering Dongxiang County?"

In Chen Ping's view, only a sufficiently powerful person could dare to issue an order barring outsiders from entering their territory; otherwise, such an order would be a joke.

"That's not the case, but our princess has a good relationship with the Divine Temple, so she has the Temple's backing. Generally, no one would mess with her," Lin Yuner said.

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Hearing Lin Yuner's words, Chen Ping laughed. It seemed the Princess of Dongxiang County was colluding with the Sixth Prince, sending monks to the Sixth Prince in the form of lectures. The Sixth Prince would surely be offering him benefits.

"It's alright. Take us in. If your Princess won't let you in, we won't force you."

Chen Ping said.

"Okay, since you've decided, I'll take you there."

Lin Yuna gritted her teeth and said, "But we have to be careful. Our princess is very suspicious."

"Also, I suspect our princess has some kind of deal with the Divine Temple, and she's been sending monks from Dongxiang County to the Sixth Palace. Some of these monks haven't returned, and those who have returned seem to have become demented."

"I've secretly investigated before, but I couldn't find anything. My father was also sent away this time. I wanted to find him, but I didn't expect to run into two monks from the Sixth Palace."

Chen Ping smiled slightly and said, "Your guess is correct. Those monks who are sent there are supposedly giving lectures, but in reality, their souls are being collected. Monks whose souls are collected gradually become demented, and their cultivation stagnates, making it impossible for them to continue practicing."

"Huh? How did you know?" Lin Yuna was surprised that Chen Ping knew.

"Of course I know, because I just destroyed the altar where the Sixth Palace held its lectures a few days ago, along with the soul urn used to collect souls."

Chen Ping laughed.

Lin Yuner's face was filled with disbelief. She hadn't expected Chen Ping to dare destroy the Sixth Palace's belongings and openly oppose them.

After all, in the Seventh Heaven, the Sixth Palace was a branch of the Divine Temple, and no one wanted to provoke her.

"Our princess is truly despicable! If this happens, my father will be in danger too. I will take you to find our princess now," Lin Yuner said, gritting her teeth in anger.

Chen Ping nodded, then looked at the two black-robed monks.

These two men knew their purpose, and naturally, they would not spare them.

A hint of murderous intent flashed in his eyes, like two cold swords.

The two monks seemed to sense Chen Ping's intentions, and expressions of horror suddenly appeared on their faces.

"Fellow Daoist, spare us! We know nothing! Please, spare us!"

They quickly knelt and begged for mercy, hoping to save their lives.

Their bodies trembled continuously, like lambs to the slaughter.

But Chen Ping remained unmoved, a murderous glint in his eyes.

He was never merciful to the people of the Temple.

Especially the Sixth Palace. He thought of all the evil deeds the Sixth Palace might have committed and vowed to make them pay for their actions.

As for the Fourth Palace Master, that was an exception.

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“Since you are from the Temple, then die!”

Before he finished his words, two jets of black and white flames shot out from Chen Ping’s fingertips, instantly engulfing the two black-robed monks.

The flames were like two angry dragons, carrying an all-destroying aura.

The two monks didn’t even have time to scream before they were reduced to ash, leaving not even a trace.

A fierce wind blew, and the ashes drifted away, as if they had never existed.

Lin Yuner was stunned by the scene.

They hadn't expected Chen Ping to be so decisive and ruthless, killing without hesitation.

"Senior... you..."

Lin Yuner stuttered, her eyes filled with awe and fear as she looked at Chen Ping.

She wondered what this man had been through to possess such immense strength and decisiveness.

Chen Ping withdrew his gaze and said calmly, "The Sixth Palace has committed countless evil deeds and deserves death. Let's go, to Dongxiang County."

Lin Yuner nodded, turned, and headed towards Dongxiang County.

Hu Mazi and Chen Ping quickly followed, and the three of them quickly disappeared in the windswept sand of the wasteland.

The wind and sand continued as Chen Ping and Hu Mazi followed Lin Yuner's footsteps, heading towards Dongxiang County.

Lin Yuner led the way, her steps light and firm, as if she knew this wasteland like the back of her hand.

"How far is Dongxiang County from here?" Hu Mazi asked impatiently.

Days of travel had left him somewhat exhausted, and now with a clear destination, he was even more eager to find the location of the Sixth Hall of the Temple.

"Almost there. After crossing the sand dunes ahead, we'll see the city walls of Dongxiang County," Lin Yuner said, pointing ahead.

Sure enough, not long after, a majestic city came into view.

The walls of Dongxiang County towered into the sky, built of massive bluestone, gleaming in the sunlight.

Guards stood thronging the walls, their gazes scanning the surroundings warily, as if on guard against something.

“How do we get in?”

Hu Mazi asked.

He knew that most cities had strict entry and exit regulations, let alone a place like this one, which was in collusion with the Sixth Hall of the Temple. Lin Yuner thought for a moment and said, “I’m from the Lin family. They should let me in. As for you two, you might need to disguise yourself.”

“Disguise yourself?” Hu Mazi asked, puzzled.