

## **The Order 9201**

Chapter: 9201

“A toll? I’d like to ask, when did this divine kingdom establish a rule of paying a toll to enter the city?”

Chen Ping asked coldly, his voice carrying a hint of authority.

The general sneered, saying disdainfully, “Enough nonsense! My rules are rules. If you don’t want to pay, get lost and stop getting in the way!”

Hu Mazi, who was listening nearby, was furious. He had a short temper and couldn’t stand such rudeness.

He took a step forward, pointing at the general’s nose and yelling, “Who do you think you are? Daring to act like a bully! Believe me or not, I’ll slap you to death!”

The general was enraged by Hu Mazi’s words. He waved his hand and shouted, “Men! Tie these two reckless bastards up!”

Instantly, a group of guards rushed over and surrounded Chen Ping and Hu Mazi.

Chen Ping shook his head helplessly. He didn’t want to cause trouble, but this general was truly ungrateful.

He lightly waved his hand, and a powerful spiritual energy instantly emanated from him. Before the soldiers could react, they were all knocked off balance and fell to the ground.

The general’s face turned extremely ugly upon seeing this. He hadn’t expected these two seemingly ordinary people to possess such formidable strength.

But he remained defiant, shouting, “How dare you cause trouble in front of the capital’s gates! You have no respect for the law! Guards, take them to the palace for His Majesty to deal with!”

So, Chen Ping and Hu Mazi were bound by a group of soldiers and escorted to the palace.

Along the way, Hu Mazi kept complaining, while Chen Ping remained calm, wanting to see how King Wu Hao would handle the matter once they entered the palace.

When they were brought to the palace, they were spotted by Zi Yuan.

Zi Yuan was now the Prime Minister of the Divine Kingdom. She wore a magnificent purple dress and exquisite hair ornaments, appearing noble and elegant.

When she saw the bound Chen Ping and Hu Mazi, she was first stunned, then filled with rage.

Upon seeing Zi Yuan arrive, the general rushed over, bowing and scraping, saying, "Lady Zi Yuan, these two scoundrels broke through the city gates and injured our men! I've brought them here with me, please deal with them as you see fit!"

Zi Yuan's face instantly darkened.

Without a word, she stepped forward and slapped the general hard across the face twice.

The general, dazed and confused, clutched his face, staring at Zi Yuan in terror.

"You reckless wretch! Do you know who you've kidnapped? It's Mr. Chen Ping! How dare you treat him like this? You must have a death wish!"

Zi Yuan angrily rebuked him.

Upon hearing this, the general turned deathly pale, his legs went weak, and he collapsed to his knees with a thud, wetting his pants.

He kowtowed repeatedly, begging for mercy, "Mr. Chen, Lady Ziyuan, I was blind and ignorant, I didn't know it was you, Mr. Chen! Please forgive me this time!"

Chapter: 9202

Chen Ping's reputation had long since spread throughout the Sixth Heaven, especially in the Divine Kingdom. King Wu Hao had made sure everyone remembered Chen Ping's name.

Because if it weren't for Chen Ping, the Divine Kingdom might have already been destroyed.

Chen Ping felt a pang of pity for the general's disheveled state.

He waved his hand and said, "Alright, ignorance is no excuse. Get up. But don't be so arrogant again, or you won't be so lenient!"

The general, feeling like he'd been granted a pardon, quickly kowtowed in gratitude and then slunk away.

Ziyuan turned around, looking at Chen Ping with eyes full of excitement and anticipation.

She stepped forward, took Chen Ping's hand, and said, "Chen Ping, you've finally arrived! I've been waiting for you."

Chen Ping smiled and said, "Zi Yuan, I've come to ask you something. I want to inquire about the God Clan Chief."

Zi Yuan nodded and said, "This isn't the place to talk. Let's go inside."

With that, she took Chen Ping's hand and led him towards her room. Seeing this, Hu Mazi tactfully stood outside the door.

After entering the room, Zi Yuan closed the door.

She turned to look at Chen Ping, her eyes gleaming with fervent light.

Before Chen Ping could speak, she suddenly threw herself into his arms.

“Chen Ping, I’ve missed you so much,” Zi Yuan whispered, her voice tinged with a hint of coquettishness.

Chen Ping was momentarily taken aback by Zi Yuan’s actions, but he quickly recovered.

He gently embraced Zi Yuan and said, “Zi Yuan, I’ve missed you too. But I have important matters to attend to right now, regarding the God Clan Chief..”

Zi Yuan looked up at Chen Ping and said, “Chen Ping, don’t talk about that. Don’t think about those worries today, just spend time with me.” With that, she kissed Chen Ping’s lips.

Chen Ping hesitated at first, but was quickly won over by Zi Yuan’s passion.

The two embraced tightly and kissed passionately. Afterward, Zi Yuan led Chen Ping to the bedside, and the two began a fervent dual cultivation.

During the dual cultivation, Chen Ping felt a powerful spiritual energy flowing between them.

This spiritual energy not only greatly nourished his body but also slightly improved his cultivation level.

Zi Yuan also benefited greatly from this dual cultivation; her complexion became rosier, and her eyes brighter.

After the dual cultivation ended, the two lay in each other’s arms.

Zi Yuan leaned against Chen Ping's chest and whispered, "Chen Ping, you were asking about the God Clan Chief, did you run into some trouble?"

Chapter: 9203

Chen Ping nodded and told Zi Yuan everything that had happened in the Eighth Heaven.

This included Wan Jianxing's soul being scattered to save him, and his desire to settle scores with the God Clan Chief.

Zi Yuan listened, her heart filled with worry.

She said, "Chen Ping, the God Clan Chief is just a legend to us. I don't know much. If you want to know, I'll take you to ask the King."

"But even the King probably doesn't know much. After all, people of our status have no way of contacting the God Clan Chief, and we don't even know who the God Clan Chief is."

Zi Yuan led Chen Ping to King Wu Hao's palace.

Wu Hao was sitting on his magnificent yet somewhat ancient throne, handling some affairs of the God Kingdom.

When Wu Hao saw Chen Ping enter the hall, a flash of surprise crossed his eyes. He immediately rose, hurried down from his throne, and warmly greeted him.

"Mr. Chen, what brings you here?" Wu Hao smiled, firmly grasping Chen Ping's hands, his sincerity evident.

Chen Ping had been away from the Sixth Heaven for some time, and Wu Hao had thought he wouldn't return. After all, people strive for higher positions, and everyone wants to reach greater heights.

Chen Ping smiled and returned the greeting: "Your Majesty has come to inquire about something."

Wu Hao quickly led Chen Ping to a chair nearby, ordered tea to be served, and then asked with concern, "What brings you here, Mr. Chen? Please speak freely; whatever I, Wu Hao, know, I will share without reservation."

Chen Ping's expression was grave as he recounted his experiences in the Eighth Heaven and his desire to learn more about the Divine Clan Chief.

Upon listening, Wu Hao's brows furrowed, a hint of helplessness appearing on his face.

"Mr. Chen, to be honest, my knowledge of the patriarch of the divine race is extremely limited.

Although our divine race is a vast one, its internal hierarchy is extremely strict. Someone of my status has no access to the patriarch's core information.

Even his appearance and supernatural powers are only vague tales I've heard," Wu Hao said with a wry smile, shaking his head.

Chen Ping was somewhat disappointed, but he knew this was beyond Wu Hao's control.

He nodded and said, "It's alright, Your Majesty, there's no need to blame yourself. In that case, I won't linger any longer."

Wu Hao quickly urged him to stay, "Mr. Chen, why not stay a few more days in my divine kingdom? It would allow me to extend my hospitality."

Chen Ping politely declined, "I appreciate Your Majesty's kindness, but I have many important matters to attend to and cannot stay any longer."

Seeing that Chen Ping was determined to leave, Wu Hao did not insist, but instead instructed his men to prepare some precious gifts for Chen Ping as a token of his appreciation.

Leaving the palace, Zi Yuan looked dejected, her eyes filled with tears.

She had just seen Chen Ping, and now he was leaving.

Chapter: 9204

Seeing Zi Yuan's expression, Chen Ping felt a pang of pity and could only stay a few more days in the Sixth Heaven.

During these few days, Chen Ping spent every day with Zi Yuan, and each time she had one special request: that Chen Ping lick her.

Chen Ping was speechless; it seemed Zi Yuan had fallen for him.

However, Chen Ping's mind was always preoccupied with finding the God Clan Chief, rescuing Wan Jian Xing, and improving his strength to fight against the Evil Path Palace.

Therefore, after staying in the God Kingdom for a few days, he took Hu Mazi and traveled to the Fifth Heaven through the void passage.

Sword Saint City!

The power of Sword Saint City had long since spread throughout the Fifth Heaven.

Chen Ping and Hu Mazi entered the city; the entire Sword Saint City had more than doubled in size.

As soon as Hu Mazi entered the city, he stopped staying with Chen Ping and went to find women.

During this time, Chen Ping had women accompanying him every day in the Seventh and Sixth Heavens, and they were all gushing and raving. Hu Mazi couldn't stand it.

Chen Ping ignored Hu Mazi. In the Fifth Heaven, Hu Mazi's strength was more than enough; no one was his match, and he wouldn't encounter any danger.

Besides, Li Chunfeng, the city lord of Sword Saint City, wouldn't allow Hu Mazi to be in danger.

"Ling Xue, I'm here..."

Chen Ping thought of Ling Xue. So much time had passed; he didn't know how Ling Xue was doing!

As Chen Ping walked down the street, intending to visit the Sword Sect's headquarters, he suddenly saw a group of people dressed in Sword Sect attire, each carrying a sword, marching in perfect unison.

Seeing this, Chen Ping was extremely curious.

When did the Sword Sect have so many disciples, and why were they so ostentatious in Sword Saint City?

Just as Chen Ping was about to approach and ask, someone suddenly pulled him aside.

"Fellow Daoist, what are you doing here?"

A man asked Chen Ping.

Chen Ping glanced at the man; he was dressed in a blue robe and also carried a sword—a very common sight in Sword Saint City.

"I saw these Sword Sect disciples swaggering around, so I thought I'd go and say something!"

“I wonder why you’re stopping me, fellow Daoist?”

Chen Ping asked, puzzled.

Chapter: 9205

These Sword Sect disciples swaggering around like this wasn’t a good thing.

After all, this was Sword Saint City, Li Chunfeng’s territory. Although Li Chunfeng treated the Sword Sect well because of him, he couldn’t overstep his bounds.

“These are Sword Guards, maintaining order in Sword Saint City. If you get too close, they might just give you a sword strike,” the man said.

“Sword Guards?” Chen Ping looked puzzled. “Isn’t this Sword Saint City? Isn’t the city lord Li Chunfeng? When did we need Sword Sect disciples to maintain order?”

Hearing Chen Ping’s words, the man looked him up and down, smiling faintly. “How long has it been since you last visited Sword Saint City?”

“A while!” Chen Ping replied truthfully.

“Sword Saint City is now the Sword Sect’s territory. City Lord Li is traveling around, focusing on cultivation.”

“The Sword Sect is very powerful now, and many people come to join.”

“Do you also want to join the Sword Sect?”

The man asked.

Chen Ping was somewhat surprised. He hadn't expected Li Chunfeng to give the entire Sword Saint City to the Sword Sect.

Although he was also a disciple of the Sword Sect, Li Chunfeng's generosity was astounding.

Seeing Chen Ping remain silent, the man continued, "To become a disciple of the Sword Sect, strength alone isn't enough; you also need connections."

"See these sword guards? To become one of these order-maintaining sword guards, it's impossible without at least 100,000 immortal stones."

"And you also need someone above you to grease palms..."

"Joining the Sword Sect requires grease palms?" Chen Ping was utterly dumbfounded.

He knew that when he saw the Sword Sect in Sword Saint City, it was nearly destroyed, with few disciples, even fewer resources, and no one wanted to join.

But how long had it been? So many people wanted to join the Sword Sect, and they needed connections and grease palms?

"Of course I have to bribe them. Let me tell you, in the Fifth Heaven, Sword Saint City is the strongest, and within Sword Saint City, the Sword Sect is the strongest."

"A disciple named Chen Ping from the Sword Sect led the destruction of Divine Sword Manor, and since then, no one in the Fifth Heaven can surpass the Sword Sect's strength."

"That's why so many people are rushing to join the Sword Sect, pulling strings and building connections everywhere."

The man became increasingly excited, as if he too had experienced the annihilation of Divine Sword Manor.

“Fellow Daoist, do you know that Chen Ping?” Chen Ping asked with a slight smile.

“Of course I know him, but Chen Ping is elusive. After destroying the Divine Sword Manor, he never reappeared.”

Chapter: 9206

“I was fortunate enough to see him once, and he was indeed unlike any other ordinary person.”

“Chen Ping was nearly three zhang tall, and his sword was over ten zhang long, weighing a staggering thirty-six thousand jin.”

“With a single strike, he wiped out all the experts of the Divine Sword Manor, even cleaving a gap in the void itself.”

The man described it vividly, as if he had witnessed it firsthand.

Hearing the man’s words, Chen Ping laughed, a truly delightful laugh.

Although he knew the man was exaggerating, Chen Ping felt a surge of satisfaction from the boasting.

“Fellow Daoist, I never expected you to have seen Chen Ping. So, are you also a disciple of the Sword Sect?”

Chen Ping asked.

The man paused, then said somewhat awkwardly, "No, joining the Sword Sect requires ten thousand immortal stones. Although I've gathered the ten thousand, I lack connections and can't find anyone to introduce me, so I can't join at all."

"Does everyone have to pay immortal stones and rely on connections to join the Sword Sect?" Chen Ping asked in surprise.

"No, it wasn't like that before. It was based on talent and strength; you could join after passing the assessment."

"But later, people started using back channels and pulling strings, and gradually they started charging immortal stones, and you still needed connections."

"Basically, those who can join the Sword Sect, especially those who directly enter the Sword Guard through the assessment, have all spent a lot of effort finding connections; it's all pre-arranged."

"I see you've only been in the Fifth Heaven for a short time, so you don't have many connections. Don't waste your energy."

The man said.

"I have indeed only been in the Fifth Heaven for a short time. It seems I need to find connections."

Chen Ping said, feigning disappointment.

"Fellow Daoist, don't be too disappointed. Since you've come to Sword Saint City, even if you can't join the Sword Sect, you can still learn something by participating in the assessment and sparring with others."

The man patted Chen Ping on the shoulder and said.

“Hmm!” Chen Ping nodded. “Fellow Daoist, may I ask your name?”

“My name is Fang Xiang. What’s yours?” Fang Xiang asked.

“Oh, my name is Chen... Chen Dali!”

Chen Ping almost let slip.

“Judging from your name, your strength can’t be that high!” Fang Xiang said with a smile!

Chapter: 9207

Just then, a middle-aged man dressed in a coarse cloth short shirt walked over. The man was short, and his eyes were narrowed.

“Fellow Daoists, I’ve listened to you talk for a while now. Are you thinking of joining the Sword Sect?”

The man in the short shirt asked.

Fang Xiang nodded. “That’s right, but we don’t have anyone to introduce us, so we can’t join at all.”

“I can help you find an introducer. You just need to spend some immortal stones,” the man in the short shirt said softly.

“How many immortal stones?” Fang Xiang’s interest was piqued.

The man in the short shirt looked around, then beckoned, “Come with me. This isn’t the place to talk!”

Fang Xiang and Chen Ping followed the man into a house on the street.

The man led Chen Ping and Fang Xiang into the room, which was dimly lit and filled with a musty, rotten smell.

He closed the door, turned around, a mysterious smile on his face, and lowered his voice, saying, "Finding an introducer is difficult in some ways, and easy in others. But, you'll have to spend some immortal stones to 'grease the wheels,' exactly 30,000 immortal stones."

Upon hearing the man's words, Chen Ping immediately understood—this was a scalper!

Upon hearing this, Fang Xiang's face turned deathly pale, like a wilted eggplant, and he slumped completely.

He sighed helplessly, "Thirty thousand immortal stones... Where would I get that much? I can only scrape together a little over ten thousand. The difference is too great."

As he spoke, he sat down dejectedly, his eyes filled with disappointment and helplessness.

Seeing Fang Xiang's state, Chen Ping felt a pang of pity. He gently patted Fang Xiang's shoulder, then looked at the man in the short-sleeved shirt and said firmly, "I'll help Fang Xiang get his immortal stones."

Fang Xiang abruptly looked up, his eyes filled with surprise and gratitude. His lips moved, but he said nothing, only staring intently at Chen Ping with his grateful eyes.

The man in the short-sleeved shirt's eyes lit up, and the corners of his mouth curved into a wider smile. He nodded eagerly, saying, "Alright, great! Let's get on with it right away."

With that, he led Chen Ping and Fang Xiang out of the room, winding their way to a secluded courtyard.

Entering the courtyard, they saw a disciple dressed in Sword Sect robes sitting swaggeringly on a stone bench, legs crossed, exuding an air of arrogance.

A man in a short shirt approached with a beaming smile, bowing and scraping, saying, "Sir, these two fellow Daoists wish to join the Sword Sect. They've prepared their immortal stones; please grant them your favor."

The Sword Sect disciple glanced sideways at Chen Ping and Fang Xiang, slowly stood up, crossed his arms, and arrogantly said, "Whether you can join the Sword Sect depends entirely on my word. I've noted your information. Tomorrow is the assessment day. Whether you pass or not depends on your tribute."

"This is 60,000 immortal stones, for the two of us..."

Chen Ping casually took out a storage bag and tossed it to the Sword Sect disciple.

The disciple was slightly taken aback. Seeing Chen Ping so easily produce 60,000 immortal stones, he assumed the man must be from a wealthy family.

Chapter: 9208

"Hahaha, very generous. But joining the Sword Sect will only make you a menial disciple."

"If you want to join the Sword Guard, I can also help you with introductions." Clearly, he wanted Chen Ping and Fang Xiang to continue producing immortal stones.

"No need. Being able to join the Sword Sect and become a disciple is already a great honor."

Fang Xiang quickly waved his hand in refusal.

The 30,000 immortal stones he needed were only obtained with Chen Ping's help. Becoming a Sword Guardian would require 100,000 immortal stones just for registration, plus connections and favors. Where would he find so many immortal stones?

He didn't want to end up not even being able to join the Sword Sect.

"Alright, it's up to you. After you join the Sword Sect, you can continue the examination and become Sword Guardians."

Having said that, he ignored the three and turned to walk into the house.

The man in the short-sleeved shirt quickly winked at Chen Ping and Fang Xiang and whispered, "Don't worry, you two. This gentleman is the examiner. With his help, you'll definitely be fine."

Chen Ping and Fang Xiang nodded helplessly and then followed the man in the short-sleeved shirt out of the courtyard.

The next day, the examination site was bustling with activity. Cultivators from all over gathered there, all hoping to join the Sword Sect and rise rapidly in their careers.

Chen Ping spotted the person he'd met yesterday immediately among the examiners, a cold smile creeping across his face.

The assessment began, with various tests conducted in sequence, including swordsmanship and spiritual power tests.

Chen Ping and Fang Xiang, relying on their own strength, overcame each obstacle and passed all the tests smoothly.

Finally, the examiners announced the list of successful candidates, and Chen Ping and Fang Xiang's names were prominently displayed, drawing envious glances from those around them.

Fang Xiang, his face flushed with excitement, clenched his fists tightly and shouted excitedly, "I did it! I've finally joined the Sword Sect!"

He turned and hugged Chen Ping tightly, his voice choked with emotion, saying, "Brother Chen, thanks to you, without you, I wouldn't have had this opportunity."

Chen Ping forced a smile, patted Fang Xiang's back, and said, "Congratulations, from now on we're fellow disciples."

However, his expression was somewhat stern, his eyes revealing deep worry.

During the initial assessment, many people with mediocre talent and skill, even some dullards, were able to join the Sword Sect.

Chapter: 9209

However, some clearly talented individuals with exceptional swordsmanship were ultimately eliminated.

This was clearly the result of favoritism.

If this continues, the Sword Sect may truly be ruined.

Fang Xiang and Chen Ping officially became disciples of the Sword Sect, and these new disciples were led into a large courtyard.

At this moment, a group of senior disciples swaggered over, led by a smug-faced man with greedy eyes named Wang Hu.

Wang Hu crossed his arms, glancing sideways at Chen Ping and Fang Xiang, the newly recruited disciples, and said sarcastically, "Oh, newcomers, don't know the rules, huh? In this Sword Sect, new disciples have to show respect to the older disciples. Hand over your immortal stones."

Fang Xiang frowned, his anger barely contained despite his displeasure, and said, "We just joined the Sword Sect, and we don't have many immortal stones. We hope Senior Brother can be lenient."

Wang Hu sneered, "Lenient? That won't do. If you don't hand over your immortal stones today, don't even think about cultivating peacefully here."

Chen Ping frowned, his anger rising. Becoming a disciple by spending immortal stones was bad enough, but he hadn't expected such bullying and oppression within the Sword Sect.

It seemed the Sword Sect really needed a serious overhaul, otherwise it would be utterly rotten.

Chen Ping couldn't understand how his master, Mo Chen, managed the Sword Sect.

Chen Ping coldly stared at Wang Hu and said, "Want immortal stones? No way. Take them with your strength if you dare."

Upon hearing this, Wang Hu flew into a rage, roaring, "You reckless newbie! Today I'll show you who's in charge in the Sword Sect!"

With that, he waved his hand, and several senior disciples behind him swarmed forward.

Chen Ping didn't even move; he merely emanated a slight aura, and the Sword Sect disciples were instantly blasted away.

Wang Hu's face turned extremely ugly. He knew Chen Ping was too strong, and he was no match for him, so he ordered someone to fetch reinforcements.

Soon, a Sword Sect deacon rushed over.

This deacon was named Zhao De. He usually colluded with Wang Hu and his gang, and had a history of bullying new disciples like this.

As soon as he arrived, he shouted, "What are you all doing here? What kind of behavior is this!"

Wang Hu rushed over, pointing at Chen Ping and saying, "Sir, this newcomer not only doesn't respect us, but he even dared to hit us! You must stand up for us!"

Chapter: 9210

Zhao De glanced at Chen Ping, a sly glint in his eyes, then said sternly, "A new disciple so arrogant and disrespectful to his elders, according to the Sword Sect's rules, should be fined three thousand immortal stones and confined for three days."

Chen Ping He sneered, "You're so biased! They started it, yet you punish me without even asking what happened, and even imply I should pay a fine to avoid punishment. You people have ruined the rules of the Sword Sect!"

Zhao De's face changed, and he roared in anger, "You arrogant fool! How dare you openly defy a steward! If you're not severely punished today, how can the rules of the Sword Sect be upheld?"

With that, he waved his hand, and several guards behind him rushed towards Chen Ping.

A cold glint flashed in Chen Ping's eyes. He no longer held back, and with a fierce swing of his longsword, a sharp sword aura swept out like a whirlwind.

Before the guards could even get close to Chen Ping, they were blasted backward by the powerful sword aura, crashing to the ground, spitting blood.

Zhao De, seeing this, turned pale with fright. He hadn't expected Chen Ping's strength to be so formidable.

Fang Xiang was shocked by what he saw. He rushed over and grabbed Chen Ping's arm, saying, "Brother Chen, you should leave quickly! If this continues, they won't let you go."

Chen Ping, however, remained calm. He looked at Zhao De, Wang Hu, and the others, and coldly said, "I'll wait here today and see what kind of people these Sword Sect's higher-ups really are."

Soon, the Sword Sect's higher-ups were alerted.

Ling Xue, as one of the Sword Sect's important figures, also hurried over.

When she saw Chen Ping, she was instantly excited, her eyes sparkling with excitement.

"Chen Ping, is it really you?" Ling Xue quickly walked up to Chen Ping, her voice trembling slightly.

Chen Ping smiled slightly and said, "Senior Sister, it's me."

Only then did everyone realize that this seemingly ordinary new disciple was actually the legendary Chen Ping who led the Sword Sect to its glory.

The Sword Sect disciples who had clashed with Chen Ping, along with the steward Zhao De, were terrified, their faces pale, their legs weak, and they nearly wet themselves.

Ling Xue turned her head, coldly looking at Zhao De, Wang Hu, and the others, and said, "How dare you bully new disciples like this and tarnish the Sword Sect's reputation!"

Zhao De, Wang Hu, and the others immediately knelt down and begged for mercy: "Elder, we know we were wrong, please forgive us this time."

Ling Xue ignored them and turned to Chen Ping, saying, "Chen Ping, tell me what's really going on in the Sword Sect."

Chen Ping nodded and then recounted the current corruption within the Sword Sect, from the various injustices inflicted on new disciples upon entry, to the shady dealings during the assessments, to the bullying of new disciples by senior disciples, and so on, in detail.