

The Order 9211

Chapter: 9211

Upon hearing Chen Ping's account, Ling Xue was enraged. Her usually cold eyes now burned with fury, and she emanated a chilling aura.

She coldly swept her gaze over Zhao De, Wang Hu, and the others, her voice as icy as a winter's chill: "You scum, how dare you act so recklessly, turning the Sword Sect into a chaotic mess! Today, you will not be spared!"

As soon as she finished speaking, Ling Xue drew her longsword, its light flashing like a shooting star across the night sky.

She moved with ghostly speed, weaving through the crowd, her sword flashing, each strike carrying a sharp killing intent.

Zhao De, Wang Hu, and the others stared in terror, trying to dodge, but found their bodies bound by an invisible force, unable to move.

In moments, Zhao De, Wang Hu, and the other Sword Sect scoundrels who had participated in bullying the new disciples and manipulating events fell to the ground, their blood staining the earth.

The surrounding disciples were stunned by this sudden turn of events, too afraid to even breathe.

Chen Ping, observing Ling Xue's swift and decisive actions, secretly admired her.

Once Ling Xue had sheathed her sword and stood still, he stepped forward and asked, "Senior Sister, why has the Sword Sect become like this? When I left, although the Sword Sect had experienced many ups and downs, the disciples were still united. Now, however, it's in such a chaotic state."

Ling Xue's face was filled with shame. She sighed softly and said, "Junior Brother, since Master went into seclusion, I have been in charge of all affairs of the Sword Sect.

At first, I was able to maintain order in the Sword Sect, but as time went on, the affairs became increasingly complex, and I gradually found myself overwhelmed.

Some unscrupulous people took advantage of the situation..." "They exploited loopholes, formed cliques, and engaged in factionalism, turning the Sword Sect into a chaotic mess.

Although I tried to rectify the situation many times, I was always hampered by various forces, leading to the current predicament."

Chen Ping nodded after listening and said, "Senior Sister, don't blame yourself. Now that I've returned, I will definitely lend you a hand to rebuild the Sword Sect."

A hint of gratitude and relief flashed in Ling Xue's eyes as she said, "With Junior Brother's help, I will definitely be able to bring the Sword Sect back on track."

In the days that followed, Chen Ping and Ling Xue worked together to manage the Sword Sect with an iron fist.

First, they revised the sect's strict rules, clearly defining the reward and punishment system. Anyone who violated the rules, regardless of their status, would be severely punished.

At the same time, they vigorously reformed the assessment system to ensure fairness and impartiality, selecting truly talented and capable disciples to enter the Sword Sect.

To address the issue of senior disciples bullying junior disciples, Chen Ping and Ling Xue established a special supervisory body, encouraging disciples to monitor each other and report any instances of bullying immediately.

Senior disciples who bullied others faced penalties ranging from fines and solitary confinement to expulsion from the Sword Sect.

Through their efforts, the atmosphere within the Sword Sect gradually improved.

The junior disciples experienced fairness and justice, and cultivated even more diligently; the senior disciples also curbed their former arrogance, focusing on improving their strength.

However, Chen Ping knew that in this dog-eat-dog world of cultivation, good order alone was far from sufficient; personal strength was the foundation for survival.

After engaging in intimate activities with Ling Xue, Chen Ping said to her, "Senior Sister, I've returned this time to cultivate in peace. Once my strength has improved further, I'm going to the Ninth Heaven."

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"The Ninth Heaven?" Ling Xue was utterly shocked.

In the eyes of these Fifth Heaven cultivators, the Ninth Heaven was an unattainable world.

"Junior brother, I know you have lofty ambitions. Now that you're in the Fifth Heaven, our Sword Sect is the strongest. Just focus on your cultivation."

"Go to the valley behind Sword Saint City. I'll send someone to protect you..."

Ling Xue knew that Chen Ping didn't belong to the Fifth Heaven, nor did he belong to her.

Chen Ping nodded, then went to the valley behind the city. After setting up some simple protective measures, he entered the Demon Suppression Tower to begin cultivating.

Because he had tens of thousands of storage bags containing resources, Chen Ping was currently quite well-off.

He didn't know how much time had passed, but Chen Ping felt that the resources in his tens of thousands of storage bags were almost completely used up, while his cultivation level had only broken through the Earth Immortal Realm and reached the Human Immortal Realm.

Human Immortal Realm, First Grade—so many resources had barely allowed Chen Ping to reach the first grade of the Human Immortal Realm.

“I hope the remaining resources will allow me to break through to the second grade of the Human Immortal Realm...”

Chen Ping closed his eyes slightly and continued cultivating.

Meanwhile, in Sword Saint City, Ling Xue was busy managing the Sword Sect every day, occasionally visiting the valley to check on Chen Ping and see if he had emerged from the Demon Suppression Tower.

One day, Ling Xue was managing the affairs of Sword Saint City as usual.

Suddenly, the void above Sword Saint City trembled, and a void passage slowly appeared.

A dozen extremely terrifying auras emanated from the void passage.

The cultivators of Sword Saint City, and indeed the entire Fifth Heaven, were all terrified.

Because those auras were incredibly powerful, they were undoubtedly cultivators from a higher world.

They didn't know why such powerful cultivators would come to the Fifth Heaven.

Ling Xue gathered all the disciples of the Sword Sect, their faces grave as they watched the void passage.

Sensing the aura, Hu Mazi also scrambled up from a female cultivator, threw on some clothes, and hurriedly ran out of the room.

Hu Mazi approached Ling Xue, gazing at the void passage. He said, "Miss Ling, don't be too nervous. Perhaps these people mean no harm."

Although Hu Mazi reassured Ling Xue, he himself was equally anxious.

He knew that Chen Ping had offended many people, all from high-level worlds.

If these people had indeed discovered Chen Ping's whereabouts and found their way here, it would be troublesome; none of them could stop them.

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Soon, the dozen or so auras drew closer, slowly emerging from the void passage.

It was a woman, accompanied by ten divine guards clad in golden armor.

Upon seeing the woman, Hu Mazi immediately breathed a sigh of relief.

"Miss Ling, don't be nervous. This is one of our own, the Fourth Palace Master of the Divine Temple," Hu Mazi said.

It turned out that the newcomer was Ling Xi, the Fourth Palace Master of the Divine Temple, who had arrived with her divine guards.

Ling Xi and her group slowly descended upon Sword Saint City. The mere aura emanating from them was enough to make the cultivators of the Fifth Heaven dare not raise their heads.

Before Ling Xi and her group, these Fifth Heaven cultivators were like ants.

“The Fourth Palace Master of the Divine Temple?”

Ling Xue couldn't help but swallow hard.

The Sixth Palace Master of the Divine Temple was once an invincible force in the Fifth Heaven; now, it was the Fourth Palace Master who had arrived.

“Master Hu, is Mr. Chen here?”

Ling Xi asked upon seeing Hu Mazi.

“Fourth Palace Master, Chen Ping is cultivating in the Demon Suppression Tower. He's been in seclusion for some time and hasn't emerged yet,” Hu Mazi said.

“In seclusion?” Ling Xi frowned slightly.

“Fourth Palace Master, has something happened?” Hu Mazi asked.

“If Mr. Chen emerges from seclusion, tell him to immediately go to the Eighth Heaven Divine King Palace to find me,” Ling Xi said.

“Alright, I'll tell him when he comes out of seclusion,” Hu Mazi nodded.

Ling Xi then turned her gaze to Ling Xue, who gritted her teeth, straining to look up and meet Ling Xi's eyes.

“Are you Mr. Chen's woman?” Ling Xi asked Ling Xue.

Ling Xue nodded, then shook her head.

She didn't know what she meant to Chen Ping. Was she his senior sister? His lover? Or his wife?

"You're very lucky and very happy. Cherish it..."

Ling Xi said enviously.

Being Chen Ping's woman was truly a blessing.

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Before, Ling Xi had looked down on Chen Ping. Even when Chen Ping had needs, he would have his personal maid, Yunxiu, take care of them.

But now, Ling Xi's heart was filled with Chen Ping. How she wished that Chen Ping would treat her the same way he treated his other women.

However, Lingxi wouldn't bring it up herself; she was too shy. She wanted Chen Ping to make the first move, and since Chen Ping didn't lack women, Lingxi envied Lingxue.

Hearing Lingxi's words, Lingxue smiled slightly: "You also want to be Chen Ping's woman, right?"

"If so, I can pass on your message. I know you really want to, but you're too shy to mention it to Chen Ping."

Women understand women best.

When Lingxi mentioned Chen Ping, the female hormones emanating from her body could be felt even from afar by Lingxue.

They were both women; no one should laugh at anyone else. When Lingxue saw Chen Ping, she too felt aroused, an unbearable itch.

Lingxi looked at Lingxue without saying a word, her face flushed, and suddenly waved her hand, opening a void passage and leaving.

Hu Mazi stood to the side, his face full of envy.

He truly couldn't understand how Chen Ping's women were all so understanding.

They even actively sought out women for Chen Ping, without a trace of jealousy. Several days later, Chen Ping emerged from the Demon Suppression Tower.

By this time, Chen Ping had reached the second rank of the Human Immortal Realm, but all his resources were exhausted.

Ling Xue and Hu Mazi were overjoyed to see Chen Ping break through to the second rank of the Human Immortal Realm.

"Chen Ping, while you were in seclusion, the Fourth Palace Master came to see you, saying she had something to discuss and wanted you to go to the Eighth Heaven Divine King Palace to find her immediately after you emerge," Hu Mazi said to Chen Ping.

Upon hearing this, Chen Ping's brows furrowed instantly. He knew that Ling Xi coming directly from the Eighth Heaven to the Fifth Heaven to find him must have encountered something important.

"Master Hu, you should stay in the Fifth Heaven for now and help Senior Sister manage the Sword Sect. We'll inform you again once we find out the whereabouts of your clansmen's souls," Chen Ping said.

Chen Ping was going to the Ninth Heaven, so Hu Mazi's strength was no longer suitable to accompany him; otherwise, it could easily lead to danger.

"Alright, take care of yourself. It would be best if you could find the souls of your clansmen, but if you can't, don't force yourself."

“The Evil Path Hall is too powerful; you should try to avoid their attacks.”

Hu Mazi didn't want Chen Ping to take too much risk for his clansmen.

“I know. Even if I don't investigate the souls of your clansmen now, the Evil Path Hall won't let me go.”

Chen Ping smiled slightly.

After speaking, Chen Ping looked at Ling Xue and said, “Senior Sister, take care. If anything happens, find Master Hu.”

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Hu Mazi's strength is now invincible in the Fifth Heaven.

“Junior Brother, take care of yourself too. When you go to the Eighth Heaven, treat the Fourth Palace Master well. I can tell she likes you very much.”

“If you can, spend time with her. She's a woman; she's lonely and needs a man.”

Ling Xue knew that once Chen Ping left, who knew when he would return?

Besides, Chen Ping couldn't be without a woman by his side, which is why she said those words.

Chen Ping paused slightly, then smiled and said, “Senior Sister is joking. I'm leaving...”

As soon as he finished speaking, Chen Ping vanished instantly, transforming into a golden light and disappearing from sight!

Chen Ping didn't open a void passage; instead, he intended to traverse the starry sky to reach the Eighth Heaven.

He feared being trapped in the void passage again, which would truly mean no way out.

Chen Ping left the Fifth Heaven and arrived in a starry sky.

"Boy, are you really planning to risk going to the Eighth Heaven like this?"

"Although void passages can be dangerous at times, it's much safer than tearing through spacetime like this."

The voice of the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord echoed in Chen Ping's mind.

"A little danger is better than being trapped in that void passage."

Chen Ping, wielding the Dragon-Slaying Sword, continuously traversed spacetime. This forced tearing of time was much slower.

"Boy, someone's coming!"

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord warned.

Just as the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord finished his warning, a sudden, loud explosion rang out! The space before Chen Ping shattered without warning.

A dark shadow slowly appeared before him.

Although Chen Ping didn't know who this shadow was or what it wanted, he already wielded his Dragon-Slaying Sword and slashed out.

He understood the principle of striking first, for later comes disaster.

Thud!

Chen Ping's Dragon-Slaying Sword pierced the shadow, but after being struck, the shadow suddenly vanished.

The next moment, the space around Chen Ping began to blur and become illusory, as if a mysterious force was enveloping him, pulling him out of this spacetime.

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Chen Ping was terrified. He hadn't expected that such a powerful being existed in this spacetime, able to influence him without even showing their face.

"Die..."

Chen Ping swung his Dragon-Slaying Sword, and the entire spacetime began to explode.

Countless sword beams cleaved through spacetime, and the mysterious power slowly vanished along with them.

Chen Ping's heartstrings tightened to their limit at that moment, like a fully drawn bowstring.

Although he didn't know who this suddenly appearing black shadow was, its ability to pinpoint him precisely in the chaotic flow of spacetime and silently shatter the spacetime barrier demonstrated terrifying power.

The eerie power surrounding him, attempting to drag him out of his current spacetime trajectory, carried a chilling, undeniable aura of law.

"You cowardly coward, show yourself!"

Chen Ping shouted sharply, his voice echoing through the shattered fragments of spacetime, but receiving no response.

Only the invisible pulling force continued to intensify; the surrounding spacetime began to distort and rotate, the colorful bands of light becoming chaotic, as if he were being thrown into a giant, invisible vortex.

He dared not be negligent in the slightest; the immortal energy of a second-grade Human Immortal within his body surged like a boiling river.

Sensing its master's fighting spirit, the Dragon-Slaying Sword emitted a clear and resonant sword cry. Dark golden runes lit up one by one on its blade, flowing with a destructive aura.

Chen Ping's wrist suddenly trembled; it was no longer a simple thrust, but rather he poured his immense immortal energy into the sword, unleashing a more refined and domineering sword technique.

"Slash!"

With a sharp shout, the Dragon-Slaying Sword erupted with a dazzling light. Thousands upon thousands of condensed, almost tangible sword energies swept outwards in all directions from Chen Ping like a raging tornado.

This was not a chaotic slash; each sword energy contained Chen Ping's rudimentary understanding of the laws of space. They precisely sliced and tore apart the spatial nodes where the mysterious force binding him resided.

"Sizzle, sizzle, sizzle—!"

A series of sounds, like cloth being torn apart, rang out. The distorted and blurred spacetime around him shattered like a mirror, revealing countless clear cracks.

The chilling, pulling sensation momentarily faltered, becoming unstable.

Chen Ping's resolve hardened, and his attack intensified.

Sword light, like rainbows, crisscrossed, transforming the spacetime he inhabited into a deathly domain of sword energy.

Fragments of shattered space were engulfed by the sword energy, forming a small-scale spacetime storm. Any matter caught within it seemed destined to be pulverized.

Just as this sword energy storm reached its peak, the vanished black shadow finally reappeared.

It didn't appear from a specific location, but rather, like ink dropping into water, it reformed from the surrounding turbulent spacetime shadows.

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Its face remained indistinct, its exact shape unclear; it resembled a constantly twisting, shifting humanoid darkness, with only two crimson lights illuminating what should have been its head, filled with indifference and deathly stillness, fixed intently on Chen Ping.

Chen Ping gave its opponent no chance to breathe or unleash another attack.

The instant the shadow solidified, he used a profound footwork technique, his figure vanishing from its original spot as if teleporting, appearing directly in front of the shadow in the next instant.

The Dragon-Slaying Sword, with unstoppable momentum, slashed down!

This sword strike, seemingly simple, contained all the power Chen Ping could muster at that moment. Where the blade passed, space was cleaved open with a thin, yet persistent, black line.

Faced with this earth-shattering strike, the dark shadow seemed to sense the threat.

It didn't meet the attack head-on, but instead let out a low, hoarse, inhuman howl, and thrust forward violently.

Instantly, the space in front of it rippled violently like water, forming a constantly rotating shield composed of pure dark energy.

“Boom!!!”

The Dragon-Slaying Sword struck the dark shield with deafening force.

The terrifying energy shockwave spread out in a ring, pushing the already shattered fragments of spacetime even further away, clearing a relatively “clean” but extremely unstable battle zone.

The dark shield trembled violently, spiderweb-like cracks appearing on its surface, but it didn’t shatter immediately, barely withstanding Chen Ping’s full-force sword strike.

Chen Ping’s pupils contracted slightly; the shadowy figure’s defensive capabilities exceeded his expectations.

However, his combat experience was vast; failing in one strike, he immediately changed tactics.

Using the recoil, he took a half-step back, his wrist flicking, the Dragon-Slaying Sword shifting from a slashing motion to a rapid thrust. The sword tip vibrated wildly at an extremely high frequency, instantly unleashing hundreds, even thousands, of sword strikes, landing like a storm on the same spot—the center of the nearly shattered dark shield.

“Pfft pfft pfft pfft...!”

The dense piercing sounds blended together, and the dark shield finally succumbed to such concentrated and violent attacks, exploding into countless scattered black specks of light.

The sword energy pierced through the shield, its momentum undiminished, shooting straight towards the shadowy figure’s body.

The shadowy figure seemed caught off guard by Chen Ping's relentless and penetrating attacks. In its haste, its contorted body twisted rapidly backward in a manner defying the laws of physics, attempting to evade the direct strike of the sword energy.

Simultaneously, the dark aura surrounding it surged violently, like boiling ink, rapidly forming layer upon layer of shadow barriers in front of it.

"Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!"

The sharp sword energy pierced through several layers of shadow barriers in succession. Although its power was weakened with each layer, the last few strikes still successfully hit the shadowy figure's body.

There was no splatter of blood, nor the sound of solidity being pierced. The part of the shadowy figure struck by the sword energy merely rippled like smoke, becoming slightly thinner.

It then quickly coalesced again, but the two points of scarlet light had noticeably dimmed and flickered, revealing that it was not unscathed.

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"Effective!"

Chen Ping felt reassured; this shadowy figure was not invincible. He pressed his advantage relentlessly, his figure leaping forward once more, the Dragon-Slaying Sword wielding like a roaring golden dragon, unleashing the pinnacle of swordsmanship he had learned throughout his life.

At times, his sword strikes were powerful and sweeping, capable of cleaving mountains;

At other times, his movements were light and agile, unpredictable and cunning;

And then, he transformed into a sky full of sword shadows, making it impossible to distinguish reality from illusion.

Under Chen Ping's relentless onslaught, the dark shadow appeared somewhat overwhelmed.

It seemed exceptionally adept at concealment and manipulating space-time to trap and ambush its enemies, but in this head-on, intense clash, it couldn't gain much of an advantage.

It constantly flickered and shifted in space-time, sometimes merging into shadows, sometimes launching surprise attacks from another angle, wielding dark blades capable of slicing through space itself, or conjuring shadow spears capable of corroding immortal energy, attempting to reverse its disadvantage.

However, Chen Ping's divine sense had already spread out, and although it was significantly suppressed in this chaotic spacetime, it still firmly locked onto the unique energy fluctuations of the dark figure.

No matter how the dark figure shifted its position, Chen Ping's Dragon-Slaying Sword always appeared in its path of attack or defense in time.

The sword light and dark energy constantly collided and annihilated, erupting into dazzling yet dangerous energy fireworks, adorning this desolate starry battlefield with a bizarre and surreal aura.

The battle reached a stalemate, but Chen Ping could sense that his opponent's aura was slowly but steadily weakening.

As for himself, although his spiritual energy was greatly depleted, his foundation as a Human Immortal supported him, and his fighting spirit grew even stronger.

He let out a long roar, his voice shaking the starry sky. The light on the Dragon-Slaying Sword surged once more, and a massive golden sword aura, hundreds of feet long, condensed, carrying the supreme will to annihilate stars and shatter all laws, and slashed down fiercely towards the area where the dark figure was hiding!

This sword strike nearly drained Chen Ping of almost thirty percent of his spiritual power, its power arguably the pinnacle of his work since advancing to the second rank of Human Immortal!

Even before the sword aura arrived, the terrifying pressure of the sword had already completely frozen spacetime in that area, leaving the black shadow nowhere to hide!

Sensing a deadly threat, the black shadow's two points of scarlet light flickered violently, emitting a sharp, piercing screech.

It no longer attempted to defend or dodge, but instead frantically compressed all the dark energy around it, condensing it into a dark sphere the size of a fist, yet radiating a terrifyingly destructive aura, before slamming it against the massive golden sword aura!

This was a resolute, all-or-nothing collision!

“Boom—!!!!!”

An indescribable roar erupted. Golden and black energies intertwined, eroded, and exploded wildly, forming an ever-expanding sphere of energy that completely engulfed Chen Ping and the black shadow.

The intense light eclipsed the surrounding stars, and the violent energy turbulence vaporized several small asteroid belts nearby.

After unleashing his sword strike, Chen Ping immediately channeled his remaining spiritual energy to protect his body, while the phantom of the Demon-Suppressing Tower faintly appeared behind him to withstand the terrifying energy impact.

He was propelled backward thousands of meters by the shockwave before barely regaining his footing. His blood surged, his face paled slightly, and he stared intently at the center of the explosion.

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It was unclear how much time had passed before the destructive energy light gradually dissipated.

The spot where the dark figure had stood was now empty, leaving only a more fragmented and unstable spacetime, and some slowly dissipating and eventually vanishing black energy embers.

The dark figure had ultimately been forced back by his all-out sword strike, or rather, its core, which contained most of its power, had been completely shattered and annihilated by that strike.

Chen Ping hovered in the starry sky, slightly panting, the light emanating from his Dragon-Slaying Sword dimming considerably.

His brow was furrowed, his heart heavy with unease.

The dark figure had arrived strangely and departed abruptly, never revealing its true form or uttering a single word. Its purpose and origin remained shrouded in mystery.

“Who sent it? The Evil Path Hall? Or some other force I’ve unknowingly offended?” Chen Ping pondered, sensing that the road ahead was fraught with even more unknowns and dangers.

He dared not linger. No one knew if the dark figure had accomplices, or if it would return.

After calming his turbulent blood, Chen Ping raised his Dragon-Slaying Sword again, chose a direction, and without hesitation tore through the relatively stable spacetime barrier before him. In a flash, he disappeared into the bizarre and fantastical passage, continuing his arduous journey towards the Eighth Heaven.

Only the lingering energy ripples and the shattered starfield battlefield behind him remained, silently recounting the brief yet incredibly perilous encounter.

Tearing through layers of spacetime, Chen Ping finally reached the Eighth Heaven.

Although it was slow and extremely strenuous, Chen Ping had honed his skills in the process.

Upon arriving at the God King’s Palace, Ling Xi saw Chen Ping and immediately went to greet him.

“Fourth Palace Master, what happened that required you to come to the Fifth Heaven to find me?”

Chen Ping asked Ling Xi.

“Mr. Chen, something may have happened to the God King,”

Ling Xi said.

“What? Something happened to the God King? How did you know?”

Chen Ping frowned.

“The God-King went to the Nine Heavens with the First and Second Palace Masters, but every three months, he would contact me using a communication jade slip.”

“But now, half a year has passed, and I still can’t reach the God-King.”

“Not only the God-King, but even the First and Second Palace Masters are nowhere to be found.”

Ling Xi said anxiously.

Hearing Ling Xi’s words, Chen Ping knew that the God-King must have encountered something.

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“Don’t worry, I’m going to the Nine Heavens anyway, I can go and see how the God-King is doing.”

“If I go to the Nine Heavens, how will I contact the God-King?”

Chen Ping asked.

“I only communicate with the God-King through a communication jade slip, but I don’t know where they are in the Nine Heavens, they didn’t tell me.”

Ling Xi said.

Upon hearing this, Chen Ping was immediately troubled. If he didn’t know where the God-King was, how could he find him?

Moreover, the Nine Heavens are vast; finding someone would be harder than finding a needle in a haystack.

“By the way, I have a Searching Token left by the God-King. With this token, as long as you get within a thousand miles of the God-King, it will react.”

Lingxi said, taking out a token slightly larger than a thumb.

Chen Ping took the Searching Token and said, “I’m going to the Nine Heavens now. Keep an eye on the God-King’s Palace.”

Regardless of whether he could find the God-King, Chen Ping had to go to the Nine Heavens. Now that the Divine Palace was practically under his control, Chen Ping couldn’t ignore it.

Also, having followed him for so long, if he could help the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord recover his physical body in the Nine Heavens, that would be the best outcome.

“Mr. Chen, the Nine Heavens are fraught with danger. Please take care.” Lingxi looked at Chen Ping worriedly.

Feeling Lingxi’s worried expression, Chen Ping suddenly remembered what Ling Xue had told him.

“Fourth Palace Master, do you have feelings for me?” Chen Ping asked bluntly.

Lingxi was taken aback, then her face flushed slightly.

Chen Ping, whom she had previously disregarded, now stirred a stirring in her heart.

“Mr. Chen, if you can bring the God King back to the Eighth Heaven, I am willing to cultivate with you and let you enjoy yourself to the fullest.”

Ling Xi’s voice was as soft as a mosquito’s buzz, yet every word reached Chen Ping’s ears.

“Then prepare yourself!”

After speaking, Chen Ping swung his Dragon-Slaying Sword, instantly tearing open the void.

Seeing that Chen Ping wasn’t going to the Ninth Heaven through the void passage, but instead was forcibly tearing through space and time, Ling Xi immediately became worried.

“Chen Ping, are you crazy? Going to the Ninth Heaven, and you actually dare to forcibly tear through space and time?”

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord was shocked to see that Chen Ping wasn’t going to the Ninth Heaven through the void passage.