

## **The Order 10271**

Chapter: 10271

Finally, someone said in a trembling voice, "He's so thin, how could he possibly have physical strength?"

"Right, right, right! Physical strength isn't just about talent; it requires real physical training!"

"Even Young Master Wu only has seven and a half levels; he absolutely can't surpass that!"

Wu Lingyun didn't agree, only staring intently at Chen Ping. Chen Ping stopped before the third stone pillar.

He didn't press down on it as he had the previous two times; instead, he clenched his right fist.

The next moment...

He threw a punch.

No charging, no gathering of energy, just a simple punch that slammed into the pillar.

Boom!!!

The dull thud of the impact was like a thunderclap!

The pillar trembled violently, and light flashed instantly, but this time, it wasn't just light.

Crack!

A clear crack spread from where Chen Ping's fist had landed!

The pupils of the crowd below shrank drastically.

"Crack...cracked?!"

"The pillar cracked?!"

"This is physical strength? This is a demon beast?!"

The light surged wildly: one bar, two bars, three bars, four bars... seven bars, eight bars, nine bars, ten bars!

Ten bars full!

The crack stretched from the base to the top of the pillar, almost splitting it in two!

Chen Ping withdrew his fist, glanced at the crack on the pillar, and his brow furrowed almost imperceptibly.

"Too much force," he said calmly.

Too much force.

These four words exploded in everyone's ears like thunder.

Chapter: 10272

Everyone was completely stunned.

Wu Lingyun's face turned ashen.

What kind of physical body is this?!

Chen Wanqing clenched her sleeves tightly, her eyes, as clear as autumn water, shining with an astonishing light.

She stared intently at Chen Ping, as if trying to see right through him.

"One more pillar," Chen Ping said, walking towards the fourth pillar.

Bloodline strength test.

The crowd finally recovered from their shock. Someone stammered, "Bloodline! His bloodline is definitely lacking!"

"Yes, yes, yes! No matter how strong his immortal power and physical body are, his bloodline is definitely lacking! What ordinary cultivator has a bloodline?"

"Young Master Wu has a Crimson Gold Bloodline! What bloodline could an unknown nobody like him have?"

Wu Lingyun's expression softened slightly upon hearing this.

He took a deep breath, straightened his back, and stared at Chen Ping with a dark gaze.

"That's right."

He spoke, his voice somewhat hoarse, but he forced himself to remain calm. “This fellow Daoist’s immortal power and physical body are indeed remarkable, but the path of bloodline relies on inheritance, not cultivation. My Wu family ancestors included Golden Immortals, which is why we have awakened our bloodline today. Fellow Daoist, may I ask what clan you belong to?”

His words were polite, but the meaning was crystal clear: Without a bloodline inheritance, you will surely fail this test.

Chen Ping did not answer.

He walked to the fourth stone pillar, extended his right hand, and gently pressed it against the pillar.

Then...

Roar!!!

A vast, ancient dragon roar suddenly resounded throughout the heavens and earth!

It wasn’t a human voice, but a true dragon’s roar!

Ancient, majestic, and domineering, it seemed to come from the primordial era!

Everyone was shaken by this dragon roar, their blood surging. Those with lower cultivation even lost their footing and staggered backward!

The next moment, behind Chen Ping, a golden phantom soared into the sky!

Chapter: 10273

It was a five-clawed golden dragon, hundreds of feet long, with clearly defined scales, flowing whiskers, and eyes as bright as the sun and moon!

It coiled above Chen Ping's head, radiating supreme majesty and domineering aura, like the master of heaven and earth, the king of all beasts!

Golden Dragon Bloodline!

The entire arena fell silent.

Then...

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Countless cracks spread across the fourth stone pillar like a spiderweb!

BOOM!!!

The pillar shattered!

Countless fragments scattered, and golden light shot into the sky, dyeing the entire sky gold!

The golden dragon phantom roared to the heavens, its cry shaking the entire Cloud Immortal City!

Everyone stood frozen in place.

The color drained from Wu Lingyun's face. He stared blankly at the golden dragon phantom, at the shattered stone pillar, his lips moved, but he couldn't utter a single word.

What had he just said?

“The path of bloodline relies on inheritance, not cultivation.”

“Fellow Daoist, may I ask what clan you belong to?”

Now, Chen Ping answered him in the most direct way.

Golden Dragon Bloodline.

The legendary supreme bloodline, even more noble than the divine race or royalty!

What was his crimson-gold bloodline compared to the golden dragon?

An ant, a speck of dust!

Wu Lingyun stood rooted to the spot, his face burning with pain as if he'd been slapped countless times in public.

His prized talent, his condescending disdain, had become, in this moment, the most laughable joke.

Chen Wanqing's eyes shone brightly.

Chapter: 10274

She abruptly threw back her veil, revealing a breathtakingly beautiful face. Her eyes, like autumn water, were filled with shock and amazement, and a hint of...heat.

She looked at Chen Ping, at the slowly dissipating golden dragon phantom behind him, her voice trembling slightly:

“Young Master...Young Master’s esteemed name?”

Chen Ping withdrew his hand, his expression still calm, as if he had only done something insignificant.

He looked at Chen Wanqing and said calmly:

“An unknown rogue cultivator, Chen Ping.”

At this moment, Chen Ping, completely disregarding being wanted by the Temple, revealed his name!

Now that his Golden Dragon bloodline had been exposed, there was no need to hide his name any longer!

A moment of silence fell over the crowd, followed by deafening gasps.

“Chen Ping?! He’s Chen Ping?!”

“The Chen Ping who destroyed the Heavenly Road, killed the Great Venerable, and wreaked havoc on the Holy Mountain?!”

“The Chen Ping with the 50,000 bottles of Immortal Elixir bounty?!”

“My god! He actually dared to come to Cloud Immortal City?!”

The crowd erupted in commotion.

Some were shocked, some fearful, some excited, and some restless. The 50,000 bottles of Immortal Elixir bounty was enough to tempt anyone.

But no one dared to move.

The test with those four stone pillars had already shown everyone Chen Ping's strength.

So what if he was only a First-Rank Upper Immortal?

A person capable of shattering a testing pillar with a single punch, possessing the bloodline of a golden dragon, is far beyond the reach of ordinary first-grade Upper Immortals.

Upon hearing this name, Wu Lingyun's pupils constricted sharply.

Chen Ping!

So it was him!

The guy wanted by the Divine Temple, with a bounty of fifty thousand bottles of immortal liquid!

A complex light flashed in his eyes—fear, hostility, and a hint of...killing intent that was hard to define.

Chapter: 10275

Chen Wanqing, however, seemed oblivious to the gasps around her. Her eyes remained fixed on Chen Ping, a strange light flickering within them.

“Chen Ping...”

She murmured the name softly, a slight smile playing on her lips. "A good name."

She stepped forward, raising her hand in a gesture of invitation:

"Young Master Chen, the Four Pillars of Destiny test is over. According to the rules, you may accompany me back to the Chen residence for the second test."

She paused, her gaze shifting to Wu Lingyun. Her tone remained cool, but now held a touch of politeness:

"Young Master Wu, please also come. The second test requires both of you to participate simultaneously."

Wu Lingyun's expression stiffened slightly.

He glanced at Chen Wanqing, then at Chen Ping, a flicker of gloom crossing his eyes.

But quickly, he regained his composure, nodding slightly:

"It is my honor."

However, his smile seemed somewhat forced.

Chen Wanqing said nothing more, turning to walk towards the eight-treasure glazed sedan chair.

Just before entering the sedan chair, she glanced back at Chen Ping and said softly,

"Young Master Chen, please."

Chen Ping nodded, but didn't immediately get into the sedan chair.

He turned to look at the crowd below, his gaze sweeping across the people before finding Ming Li and Liu Qianqian.

The two were watching him anxiously.

Chen Ping walked over and said in a low voice, "Wait here, I'm going to the Chen family."

Ming Li was anxious: "Mr. Chen, are you really going? What if..."

"It's alright."

Chen Ping said calmly, "I know what I'm doing. Find an inn to stay in and wait for my news."

Ming Li wanted to say something more, but Liu Qianqian tugged at his sleeve and said softly, "Since our benefactor has decided, we'll wait."

She looked at Chen Ping, her eyes filled with concern: "Be careful, benefactor."

Chapter: 10276

Chen Ping nodded and turned to walk towards the eight-treasure glazed sedan chair.

The curtain was lifted, revealing a spacious interior, large enough to accommodate four or five people. Chen Wanqing was already seated inside. Seeing Chen Ping enter, she nodded slightly in greeting.

Wu Lingyun followed closely behind, stepping into the sedan chair.

The curtain fell, and eight maids in green robes lifted the chair, steadily heading east towards the city.

The sedan chair was small, and the three sat facing each other, the atmosphere somewhat awkward.

Chen Wanqing sat upright in the center, her face now covered by a thin veil, revealing only her pair of clear, autumn-like eyes.

Her gaze shifted between Chen Ping and Wu Lingyun, but she remained silent.

Wu Lingyun sat to one side, his back ramrod straight, a perfectly measured smile on his face, befitting a young master from a noble family.

But his gaze frequently fell on Chen Ping, his eyes scrutinizing and probing.

Chen Ping leaned against the sedan chair wall, his expression indifferent, as if he were merely going out for a stroll.

After a moment of silence, Wu Lingyun suddenly spoke:

“Chen Ping... that name sounds familiar to me.”

He looked directly at Chen Ping, a faint smile playing on his lips: “I heard a few days ago that the Divine Temple issued a warrant for the arrest of a wanted criminal—one who destroyed the Path to Heaven, killed a Grand Venerable, and wreaked havoc on the Holy Mountain, with a reward of fifty thousand bottles of immortal elixir. That man, it seems, is also named Chen Ping.”

His words were casual, but the meaning was crystal clear.

Chen Wanqing’s eyes flickered slightly as she looked at Chen Ping.

Chen Ping didn’t even raise an eyelid, saying calmly, “Young Master Wu has a good memory.”

This was an admission.

Wu Lingyun's smile deepened: "Young Master Chen has considerable courage. Despite being wanted by the Divine Temple, you still dare to show your face in Yunxian City, even participating in a martial arts contest for marriage. Aren't you afraid I'll report you?"

Chen Ping finally raised his eyes and glanced at him.

That calm, unwavering glance sent a chill down Wu Lingyun's spine. "Young Master Wu can give it a try."

Chen Ping's tone remained calm. "However, before Young Master Wu reports me, I can have him bedridden for a few months."

Wu Lingyun's face stiffened.

He recalled the four stone pillars on the arena, the scene of Chen Ping shattering the testing pillar with a single punch, the phantom of the five-clawed golden dragon... His smile froze on his face, and he was momentarily at a loss for words.

Chen Wanqing spoke up at the opportune moment, defusing the subtle awkwardness:

Chapter: 10277

"Young Master Wu is joking. Although Yunxian City is nominally under the jurisdiction of the Temple, the affairs of the city have always been jointly managed by the two major families. The people of the Temple have no right to interfere in Yunxian City."

She looked at Chen Ping, her gaze frank: "Young Master Chen, rest assured, in my Chen family, no one can touch you."

Her words were spoken with certainty and confidence.

Chen Ping raised an eyebrow slightly, glancing at her again.

Wu Lingyun's face grew even more unpleasant.

He chuckled dryly, saying nothing more, but the gloom in his eyes deepened.

The sedan chair moved smoothly forward, the noise of the street gradually fading away.

Chen Ping leaned against the sedan chair wall, his gaze fixed on Chen Wanqing.

Through the thin veil, the outline of a delicate face was vaguely visible.

He suddenly spoke: "Miss Chen, may you remove your veil?"

Chen Wanqing was slightly taken aback.

Chen Ping continued: "Since this is a marriage proposal, I should at least see what my future partner looks like. What if he's an ugly duckling? Wouldn't I be at a great disadvantage?"

His words were blunt, even somewhat rude.

Wu Lingyun frowned, coldly saying: "Young Master Chen, watch your words. Miss Chen is the legitimate daughter of the Chen family, a golden branch and jade leaf. How dare you treat her so disrespectfully?"

Chen Ping didn't even look at him, only staring at Chen Wanqing: "Miss Chen, what do you say?"

Chen Wanqing was silent for a moment, then suddenly chuckled softly.

The laughter was crisp and clear, like a bell, tinged with surprise and amusement.

“Young Master Chen is quite straightforward.” She raised her hand and slowly removed her veil.

Beneath the veil was a face of breathtaking beauty.

Her eyebrows were like distant mountains shrouded in mist, her eyes like autumn waters rippling across the surface, her nose straight and elegant, her lips like cherry blossoms.

Her skin was as white as jade, shimmering faintly in the soft light of the sedan chair.

She was indeed beautiful.

Not the kind of alluring beauty, but a cool and gentle beauty, like a solitary orchid in a secluded valley, or a plum blossom in the snow.

Chen Ping glanced at her and nodded: “Not bad, not a loss.”

Chapter: 10278

Wu Lingyun’s face turned ashen.

What did he mean by “not bad”?

What did he mean by “not a loss”?

Chen Wanqing’s beauty was among the best in Yunxian City, and in Chen Ping’s words, it was merely “not bad”?

What infuriated him even more was that Chen Wanqing had actually removed her veil!

He had spoken with Chen Wanqing for a long time, yet she had always kept her face veiled, never revealing her true appearance.

But Chen Ping had only said one sentence, and she had removed it!

This difference in treatment ignited a burning jealousy in Wu Lingyun's heart.

He took a deep breath, suppressing his displeasure, and coldly said, "Young Master Chen, the competition isn't over yet, and you're already so certain that Miss Chen will be your cultivation partner?"

Chen Ping leaned against the sedan chair wall and said calmly, "Not sure. But I have to see the goods first. What if I win but find myself dissatisfied? Wouldn't that be a waste of effort?"

"You!"

Wu Lingyun's face flushed red. "Insolence! Is Miss Chen some kind of 'goods' you speak of?"

Chen Wanqing waved her hand, indicating that Wu Lingyun shouldn't be angry.

She looked at Chen Ping, a hint of curiosity in her eyes: "Young Master Chen is quite confident. Are you so certain you can defeat Young Master Wu?"

Chen Ping didn't answer, only a slight smile curved his lips.

That smile carried a hint of amusement and disdain, as if to say: Him? He's not worthy!

Wu Lingyun nearly exploded with rage upon seeing that smile. He clenched his fists so tightly his nails almost dug into his flesh, barely managing to suppress his rage.

The sedan chair continued on its way.

After another incense stick's time, the sedan chair finally stopped.

"Miss, we've arrived," a maid's voice came from outside the sedan chair.

The three of them alighted from the sedan chair, and before them stood a magnificent mansion.

Vermilion gates, studded with copper nails and rings, and a plaque hanging above the lintel bearing the two large characters "Chen Mansion."

Two rows of guards stood at the entrance, each exuding a calm and collected aura, all at least at the sixth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm.

Chen Wanqing led the two into the mansion, through several courtyards, until they arrived at a secluded courtyard.

Chapter: 10279

In the center of the courtyard stood a crystal bed, about ten feet long.

The crystal bed was entirely translucent, emitting a faint, cold light. Intricate array patterns were engraved on its surface, with a subtle flow of spiritual light; it was clearly no ordinary object.

Chen Wanqing stopped and turned to look at the two.

"This is the second test."

Wu Lingyun frowned slightly. "May I ask, Miss Chen, what does this test examine?"

Chen Wanqing slowly replied, "Self-control."

She pointed to the crystal bed: "This bed is called the Bed of Calming the Mind. Once you lie on it, you will be drawn into an illusion by an array.

In this illusion, you will experience the deepest fears in the world, the nightmares that everyone least wants to face."

She paused, then continued, "What you must do is maintain your composure within this illusion, remaining as still as a mountain. During this time, you must not use any immortal power; once you do, it will be considered a failure."

"I will observe from the sidelines to see if you can guard your mind."

Chen Ping looked at the crystal bed and suddenly spoke, "No immortal power, just lying on it, and Miss Chen watching from the side?"

Chen Wanqing nodded, "Exactly."

Chen Ping glanced at her thoughtfully, then suddenly said, "Miss Chen, are you testing the two of us to see who is better in bed?"

Chen Wanqing was startled, then her cheeks flushed red. "You...what nonsense are you talking about?!"

She was furious and embarrassed, glaring at Chen Ping. "This is a test of self-control! It's not...it's not what I meant!"

Chen Ping shrugged. "Fine, fine, whatever you say."

Chen Wanqing was speechless with anger.

Wu Lingyun watched from the side, gritting his teeth. This Chen Ping dared to flirt with Chen Wanqing like that!

But Chen Wanqing only blushed, not truly angry, which made him feel even worse.

He snorted coldly. "Young Master Chen, stop talking nonsense. Since it's a test, then I, Wu, will go first."

With that, he strode to the crystal bed and lay down.

Chen Wanqing calmed herself down and walked to the bedside.

She raised her right hand, a faint blue light emanating from her palm, and gently waved it.

The blue light enveloped Wu Lingyun's entire body.

Chapter: 10280

Wu Lingyun's body stiffened slightly, then he closed his eyes.

A moment later, his brow furrowed, and a look of pain appeared on his face.

Chen Ping stood to the side, watching with interest.

He could sense that the array on the crystal bed was operating, drawing Wu Lingyun's soul into an illusion.

The azure light in Chen Wanqing's palm was likely observing his reaction within the illusion.

Wu Lingyun's body began to tremble slightly.

His breathing became rapid, and fine beads of sweat appeared on his forehead.

His hands gripped the edge of the bed tightly, his knuckles turning white.

"No...don't..."

He murmured, his voice filled with fear, "Don't come any closer..."

He struggled violently, as if fighting against something terrifying.

Chen Wanqing frowned slightly but did not stop.

Wu Lingyun's struggles grew more intense; his body twisted on the bed, and he uttered indistinct groans.

Suddenly, he let out a muffled groan, and a strange reaction occurred in a certain part of his body, a reaction clearly visible beneath his robes. Chen Wanqing's expression changed, and she abruptly withdrew her hand.

The azure light dissipated, and Wu Lingyun abruptly opened his eyes, gasping for breath.

His clothes were soaked with sweat, his face was ashen, and his eyes still held fear and disorientation.

"Young Master Wu."

Chen Wanqing's voice turned cold, "You failed."

Wu Lingyun was stunned, then realized what had happened.

His face turned from white to red, then from red to green, his eyes filled with shame, anger, and resentment.

“Miss Chen, I...”

“No need to say more.”

Chen Wanqing interrupted him, her tone icy, “In the illusion, you were consumed by fear, your mind lost control, and your body reacted. This shows a lack of self-control. Young Master Wu, please leave.”

Wu Lingyun opened his mouth, but didn’t know what to say.