

The Order 10281

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He got off the bed, glared fiercely at Chen Ping, and stepped aside.

But he didn't leave.

He wanted to see how Chen Ping would react. Chen Ping glanced at him, a slight smile playing on his lips.

He walked to the crystal bed, but didn't lie down immediately. Instead, he looked at Chen Wanqing.

"Miss Chen, I roughly understand the purpose of this test."

Chen Wanqing raised an eyebrow: "Oh?"

"The so-called illusion is probably everyone's deepest fear."

Chen Ping said slowly, "And what you need to see is not whether we can overcome fear, but whether we can maintain our true selves and remain unmoved in the face of fear."

He paused, looking at the bed: "Young Master Wu's reaction just now shows that he was controlled by fear in the illusion, his body out of control. Miss Chen thinks that such a person is not worthy to be your cultivation partner."

A hint of surprise flashed in Chen Wanqing's eyes.

Chen Ping's words were spot on.

She nodded slightly: “Young Master Chen has good eyesight.”

Chen Ping smiled, turned over, and lay down on the crystal bed.

“Then let’s begin.”

Chen Wanqing took a deep breath, her palm glowing with azure light once more, and gently waved it.

The azure light enveloped Chen Ping.

Chen Ping closed his eyes.

In an instant, he felt as if he had fallen into an endless abyss.

All around him was boundless darkness, no light, no sound, no sense of direction.

His body continued to fall, fall, fall, as if there would never be an end.

This was an illusion.

But Chen Ping knew this was no ordinary illusion.

Something terrifying seemed to be hidden within that darkness, his deepest fear.

What was it?

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He watched silently.

From the darkness, images gradually emerged.

It was Yu Ranran.

She stood atop the Star Gazing Tower in Jade Immortal City, gazing into the distance, her eyes filled with anticipation.

Then, her body began to become transparent, gradually dissipating, transforming into countless specks of light.

“Brother Chen...I’ll wait for you...”

Her voice grew fainter and fainter, until it disappeared completely.

Chen Ping’s heart clenched.

The scene changed again.

It was Mu Sha and his wife.

They were suspended in a cave on the sacred mountain, chains piercing their shoulder blades, their life essence and soul being slowly drained away, emitting piercing screams.

“Chen Ping...save us...”

Their voices echoed in the darkness, shrill and piercing.

Chen Ping's brow furrowed slightly.

The scene changed again.

It was Ming Li.

He was surrounded by dozens of divine cultivators, covered in blood, and finally, a sword pierced his chest, causing him to slowly fall.

"Mr. Chen... run..."

Chen Ping's fingers twitched slightly.

The scene changed again.

It was the sword spirit Zhong Li.

She was bound by countless golden chains, groaning in pain, her form growing fainter and fainter until she finally turned into a wisp of green smoke and vanished completely.

Chen Ping's breath hitched slightly.

But he didn't move.

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He knew these were all illusions.

They were all the deepest fears in his heart—the fear of loss, the fear of helplessness, the fear of those he cherished leaving him one by one.

But must fear have to control him?

Chen Ping calmly watched the scenes, watching familiar faces disappear before him.

His brows furrowed slightly, but his eyes remained calm as still water.

What did fear matter?

What did loss matter?

Chen Ping had risen from mortal to where he was today; what storms hadn't he weathered? What suffering hadn't he endured?

Yu Ranran was waiting for him; he would definitely return.

The souls of Mu Sha and his wife were still alive; he would find a way to save them.

Ming Li had risked his life alongside him; he would never let him die.

Zhong Li was his sword spirit, connected to his soul; no one could take her away.

These things could not be shaken by illusions.

Chen Ping closed his eyes, letting his body fall into the darkness.

After an unknown amount of time, the darkness gradually dissipated.

He felt someone gently sit on him.

It was a soft body, carrying a faint, sweet fragrance.

He could feel the person lean down, close to his ear, and gently blow a breath.

Chen Ping didn't react.

The person seemed somewhat surprised, then reached out and gently stroked his chest.

Chen Ping still didn't react.

The man intensified his movements, his touch roaming over Chen Ping's body, becoming increasingly bold and provocative.

Chen Ping still showed no reaction.

His breathing was steady, his heartbeat normal, and his body remained completely still.

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Chen Wanqing straddled Chen Ping, using every trick in the book.

She leaned down slightly, close to Chen Ping's ear, her breath sweet and fragrant.

Chen Ping remained unresponsive.

She reached out and gently traced circles on his chest.

Chen Ping remained unresponsive.

She bit her lip, becoming even bolder, her body slightly twisting.

Chen Ping still remained unresponsive.

Chen Wanqing finally gave up.

She straightened up, staring blankly at the man beneath her, eyes closed, seemingly asleep, her eyes filled with shock and bewilderment.

Her beauty, her figure, her charm—in Yunxian City, countless young talents were captivated by her.

And now, after all she had done, this man...remained completely unresponsive?

His self-control was that strong?

Or...did she truly hold no appeal for him?

Chen Wanqing bit her lip, a complex mix of emotions welling up inside her: frustration, resentment, and a faint...admiration.

She withdrew her hand, the blue light in her palm dissipating.

Chen Ping opened his eyes, meeting Chen Wanqing's complicated gaze.

A faint smile played on his lips.

“Miss Chen, have you had enough fun?”

Chen Wanqing blushed and quickly got off him.

She straightened her clothes, took a deep breath, and regained her cool composure.

“Young Master Chen indeed possesses remarkable self-control.”

Her voice was calm, but the slight tremor at the end betrayed her inner turmoil. “The second test, Young Master Chen...has passed.”

Wu Lingyun stood to the side, his face extremely grim.

He watched helplessly as Chen Wanqing straddled Chen Ping, using every means to seduce him, yet Chen Ping remained unresponsive.

He himself, however, had only slightly lost control in the illusion and was already judged a failure.

The difference was too obvious.

He gritted his teeth, staring intently at Chen Ping, his eyes filled with resentment and unwillingness.

Chen Ping sat up from the crystal bed, straightened his clothes, and looked at Chen Wanqing.

“Miss Chen, you’ve passed the second test. What’s next?”

Chen Wanqing gave him a deep look and said softly:

“Next...”

She paused, a slight smile playing on her lips.

“Next, I will speak with Young Master Chen alone.”

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Upon hearing this, Wu Lingyun’s face turned a deep shade of liver.

A private talk?

What did this mean?

He, Wu Lingyun, the dignified young master of the Wu family, a genius at the ninth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm, had actually been eliminated, and this Chen Ping, who seemed to have appeared out of nowhere, wanted to talk to Chen Wanqing alone?

The thought of Chen Ping soon pinning Chen Wanqing down filled Wu Lingyun with a surge of anger.

The man pinning Chen Wanqing down should be him!

“Wait!”

Wu Lingyun stepped forward, blocking Chen Ping and Chen Wanqing, his face ashen.

Chen Wanqing frowned slightly: “Young Master Wu, is there anything else?”

Wu Lingyun took a deep breath, suppressing his anger, and said in a deep voice, “Miss Chen, I am not convinced.”

“Not convinced?” Chen Wanqing raised an eyebrow.

“Not bad.”

Wu Lingyun said coldly, “I admit I didn’t perform well in this second test. But to conclude I’m inferior to this person based solely on my performance in this illusion is too hasty.”

He looked at Chen Ping, his eyes filled with undisguised hostility: “I suspect there was cheating involved in this assessment.”

Chen Wanqing’s face turned cold: “Young Master Wu, what do you mean by that?”

“The meaning is simple.”

Wu Lingyun said, enunciating each word clearly, “I want to fight him. A real fight, let’s settle things with strength. Whoever wins will be worthy of being the Chen family’s son-in-law.”

He turned to Chen Ping, a cold smile playing on his lips: “Chen Ping, do you dare?”

Chen Ping looked at him calmly, without speaking.

Seeing his silence, Wu Lingyun assumed he was afraid and his sneer intensified: “What? Scared? Weren’t you quite the showman on the arena just now? All four pillars lit up, you shattered the testing pillar with a single punch, your Golden Dragon bloodline stunned everyone. What, now that I’m letting you make a move, you’re chickening out?”

He stepped forward, looking down at Chen Ping: “Chen Ping, you’re merely a peak first-grade Upper Immortal, while I, Wu Lingyun, am a ninth-grade Upper Immortal.

There’s a full eight grades between us. Even if you have the Golden Dragon bloodline, so what? The difference in realm can’t be bridged by bloodline.”

He paused, his tone becoming increasingly aggressive: "The test just now was nothing but theory. In a real fight, you couldn't even withstand one of my moves. If you know what's good for you, get out of the Chen residence now and give me Miss Chen. Otherwise..."

He didn't finish, but the threat was unmistakable.

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Chen Wanqing's face darkened, and she was about to reprimand him when Chen Ping suddenly smiled.

The smile was faint, almost imperceptible.

He looked up at Wu Lingyun, his tone still calm: "Young Master Wu, are you finished?"

Wu Lingyun was taken aback.

Chen Ping continued, "You've said so much, just to provoke me into a fight. But why should I fight you?"

Wu Lingyun sneered: "What? You're afraid?"

"It's not that I'm afraid."

Chen Ping shook his head, "It's that I don't want to."

He stood up, walked to Chen Wanqing's side, and suddenly reached out, wrapping his arm around her slender waist.

Chen Wanqing stiffened, but did not struggle.

Chen Ping looked at Wu Lingyun, a playful smile playing on his lips. "Young Master Wu, you've misunderstood something. I participated in the martial arts contest not to compete with you, but to win."

He tightened his grip on Chen Wanqing's hand. "Now, I've won. Miss Chen is my cultivation partner. You, Wu Lingyun, are eliminated."

Wu Lingyun's face turned ashen.

Chen Ping continued, "I'm about to sleep with Miss Chen. Just imagine having such a beautiful woman beneath me... tsk tsk."

He looked at Wu Lingyun, his smile nonchalant. "Young Master Wu, tell me, why would I waste my energy fighting you when I have such a good opportunity?"

Wu Lingyun's face turned from pale to purple, then from purple to black.

He pointed at Chen Ping, his fingers trembling: "You...you..."

"What about me?"

Chen Ping interrupted him, "Young Master Wu, if you like to watch, you can observe from the sidelines. But I think you probably don't have that kind of fetish."

Wu Lingyun almost spat out a mouthful of blood.

He had lived for over a hundred years and had never been so humiliated!

"Chen Ping!"

He gritted his teeth, "You've gone too far!"

Chen Ping shrugged: "How have I gone too far? I'm just stating the facts. You've been eliminated, and I'm going to sleep with Miss Chen. Isn't that obvious?"

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He paused, then suddenly looked enlightened: "Oh, I understand. Young Master Wu is jealous. Of course, Miss Chen is so beautiful, who wouldn't be jealous? What a pity..."

He shook his head, looking regretful: "Young Master Wu, you should go back and cultivate diligently. Maybe you can win the next marriage contest."

Wu Lingyun trembled with rage.

He stared intently at Chen Ping, his eyes practically spitting fire.

But he couldn't refute a single word Chen Ping said.

Yes, he had lost.

Completely and utterly.

Whether in the test or the illusion, he had lost to this first-grade Upper Immortal.

Now that Chen Ping was embracing Chen Wanqing, what right did he have to challenge him?

"Fine...fine..."

Wu Lingyun took a deep breath, suppressing the surging killing intent within him, and said, word by word:

“Chen Ping, I will remember this humiliation.”

He turned and strode towards the courtyard gate.

At the gate, he suddenly stopped, glanced back at Chen Ping, his eyes filled with resentment:

“Don’t forget, you’re still wanted by the Temple. I will truthfully inform the Temple of today’s events, and then...”

He didn’t finish, but the threat was unmistakable.

With that, he turned and left.

Chen Ping watched his departing figure, the smile on his lips fading slightly, but his expression remained calm.

Chen Wanqing pulled her hand away from his and glared at him: “What nonsense were you spouting just now?”

Chen Ping withdrew his hand and shrugged: “Nonsense? I was telling the truth. Isn’t Miss Chen my cultivation partner?”

Chen Wanqing’s cheeks flushed slightly, and she spat lightly: “Who’s your cultivation partner? The test isn’t over yet!”

“Not over yet?”

Chen Ping raised an eyebrow, "Didn't you pass the second test? You said we'd talk alone next, wasn't that about sleeping together?"

"Don't talk nonsense!" Chen Wanqing blushed!

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She didn't understand. This Chen Ping was quite capable; why did he keep talking about sleeping with women?

"Young Master Chen, actually, I participated in the martial arts contest to find a husband because of other matters!"

Chen Wanqing said truthfully!

Chen Ping smiled. In fact, he had already seen through Chen Wanqing's martial arts contest to find a husband; he hadn't been wrong! "Miss Chen, actually, I participated in the martial arts contest for a husband because of the Immortal Elixir," Chen Ping said with a smile.

Chen Wanqing was slightly taken aback, then took a deep breath, calmed herself, and resumed her aloof demeanor.

"Come with me."

She turned and walked deeper into the courtyard.

Chen Ping followed.

The two passed through a moon gate and arrived at an elegant private room.

The room was simply furnished with a small table and a couch. Tea sets were placed on the table, and soft cushions were laid on the couch. Incense burned by the window, its fragrance wafting gently.

Chen Wanqing sat down at the table and gestured for Chen Ping to sit as well.

Chen Ping sat down opposite her, his gaze fixed on her face, waiting for her to speak.

Chen Wanqing was silent for a moment, then slowly said, "Young Master Chen, you just said you participated in the martial arts contest for a husband because of the Immortal Elixir?"

Chen Ping nodded. "That's right. I need three hundred and sixty bottles of Immortal Elixir to take the teleportation array to the Holy Domain of Light."

"Three hundred and sixty bottles..."

Chen Wanqing nodded slightly. "That number is indeed considerable for ordinary rogue cultivators. But for my Chen family, it's just a drop in the ocean."

She looked at Chen Ping, her gaze frank. "Young Master Chen, if you need the Immortal Elixir, I can give it to you now. I can easily provide up to a thousand bottles myself."

Chen Ping raised an eyebrow. "Miss Chen is so generous? What are the conditions?"

Chen Wanqing's lips curled up slightly. "Young Master Chen is indeed clever. Indeed, I have a request."

Chen Ping leaned back in his chair, his expression indifferent. "Tell me."

Chen Wanqing didn't speak immediately. Instead, she got up and walked to the window, turning her back to Chen Ping, remaining silent for a long time.

After a long pause, she slowly spoke:

"Young Master Chen, do you know why my Chen family is holding this martial arts contest to find a husband?"

Chen Ping thought for a moment:

“Isn’t it because you’ve been stuck at the eighth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm for many years and want to find a cultivation partner to break through?”

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Chen Wanqing turned around, looking at him with a bitter smile in her eyes:

“That’s just an excuse. The real purpose...”

She paused, enunciating each word clearly:

“It’s to find someone with dragon blood.”

Chen Ping’s gaze sharpened.

Dragon blood?

No wonder there was a bloodline test during the assessment.

Chen Wanqing continued: “Three months ago, my Chen family discovered the entrance to an ancient dragon pool.”

“An ancient dragon pool?” Chen Ping frowned slightly.

“Indeed.”

Chen Wanqing nodded. “According to ancient records, in ancient times, the Dragon Clan once lived near my Yunxian City. That Dragon Pool was where the Dragon Clan bathed, played, and cultivated. Later, during the war between gods and demons, the Dragon Clan disappeared, and the Dragon Pool vanished with them, never to be found again.”

She walked back a few steps and sat down opposite Chen Ping, her gaze fixed intently on him:

“Three months ago, an elder of my Chen family was gathering herbs in the mountains north of the city when he inadvertently triggered an ancient restriction, discovering a hidden cave. Deep within the cave lies the entrance to that Dragon Pool.”

“We tried countless times to enter the Dragon Pool, but each time we were blocked by an invisible barrier. That barrier bears a restriction left by the Dragon Clan; those without Dragon blood are forbidden from entering.”

Chen Ping listened quietly, without speaking.

Chen Wanqing looked at him, her eyes filled with anticipation: “Young Master Chen, you possess the bloodline of the Golden Dragon, a king among dragons. If anyone in this world can enter that Dragon Pool, it must be you.”

Chen Ping was silent for a moment, then slowly said, “So, you organized this martial arts contest to lure out someone with dragon blood?”

“Yes.”

Chen Wanqing didn't deny it. “The dragon race disappeared thousands of years ago, and the dragon bloodline has long since vanished. I thought I'd never find someone like that in my lifetime, but unexpectedly...”

She looked at Chen Ping, her eyes sparkling: “I never expected that Young Master Chen would deliver himself to my doorstep.”

Chen Ping didn't reply, only looking at her calmly.

Seeing his unmoved expression, Chen Wanqing bit her lip and said again, "Young Master Chen, I know this request is somewhat presumptuous. But the Dragon Pool may very well contain dragon clan treasures, dragon clan legacies, and perhaps even clues about the whereabouts of the dragons.

You possess the bloodline of the Golden Dragon; don't you want to know where your bloodline came from? Don't you want to know why the dragon clan disappeared?"

Chen Ping finally spoke, "Miss Chen, what you've said does indeed pique my interest. However..."

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He paused, "Have you considered my current situation?"

Chen Wanqing was taken aback.

Chen Ping continued, "I'm wanted by the Temple, with a reward of fifty thousand bottles of immortal elixir. You heard what Wu Lingyun said when he left. He'll definitely inform on me. It won't be long before the Temple's people come knocking."

He looked at Chen Wanqing, "Miss Chen, although your Chen family has resources, can you withstand the Temple?"

Chen Wanqing remained silent.

She knew Chen Ping was right.

The Divine Temple is one of the three major powers of the Fourteenth Heaven, possessing formidable strength.

Although the Chen family has some influence in Yunxian City, compared to the Divine Temple, it's like an egg striking a rock.

But Chen Wanqing didn't back down.

She raised her head, looking directly into Chen Ping's eyes: "Young Master Chen, although my Chen family isn't as powerful as the Divine Temple, we've been operating in Yunxian City for a thousand years and are not pushovers. If the Divine Temple dares to come to my Chen residence to take someone, my Chen family will stop them with all our might."

She paused, her tone firm: "As long as Young Master Chen agrees to help me enter the Dragon Pool, my Chen family is willing to be your backer. If the people from the Divine Temple come to cause trouble, my Chen family will protect you."

Chen Ping looked at her, a hint of surprise flashing in his eyes.

This woman does have some courage.

He was silent for a moment, then suddenly smiled.

"Miss Chen, do you know why I just said that participating in the martial arts contest to find a husband was for the Immortal Elixir?"

Chen Wanqing was taken aback, not understanding why he suddenly changed the subject.

Chen Ping continued, "Actually, that was just an excuse. My real purpose was to find a backer."

He leaned back in his chair, his expression calm. "I'm wanted by the Temple. Wherever I go, people want to use me for their bounty. Although Yunxian City is under the Temple's jurisdiction, the power dynamics within the city are complex. As an outsider cultivator, it wouldn't be easy for me to leave alive."

He looked at Chen Wanqing. "So, when I saw the martial arts contest for marriage, I thought, if I could become the son-in-law of the Chen family, wouldn't I have a place to stay? Wouldn't I be able to temporarily escape the Temple's pursuit?"

This Chen Ping, he lies so easily. If he weren't interested in this Dragon Pool, he probably wouldn't have used this whole story!

Chen Wanqing was stunned.

She hadn't expected Chen Ping to have this ulterior motive behind participating in the martial arts contest for marriage.

Chen Ping continued, "Now that Miss Chen has offered to protect me, I naturally welcome it. As for Dragon Pool..."

He paused, "To be honest, I'm also very curious about where the Dragon Clan went. And where did my Golden Dragon bloodline come from?"