

The Order 10361

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There was a faint connection between the collar and her.

Over there.

The direction of the wasteland.

Chen Ping was in that direction.

She gritted her teeth, ignoring the excruciating pain in her body, ignoring the despair in her heart, and quickened her pace, sprinting towards the wasteland.

Behind her, the firelight flickered, growing ever closer.

The shouts of battle, the sounds of pursuit, grew clearer.

But she didn't look back.

Not even once.

She just kept running, running, towards the direction where Chen Ping was, towards that only hope.

Dawn was approaching, a faint glimmer of light appearing on the horizon.

The wasteland was now almost in sight.

Chen Wanqing, disregarding everything, rushed into the vast wasteland.

Behind her, Wu Lingyun, leading his pursuers, continued relentlessly, his voice chilling: “Chen Wanqing! You can’t escape! The wasteland will be your burial ground!”

Chen Wanqing still didn’t turn back.

She just kept running, running, towards the direction the collar sensed, towards the only light in her heart.

Tianlong Valley, hidden deep within the vast mountains thousands of miles north of Yunxian City.

This place is shrouded in layers of restrictions laid down by the ancient dragon ancestors, with clouds and mist swirling year-round, spiritual fog like veils, firmly obscuring the entire valley.

Even if ordinary cultivators flew past it countless times, they would only see it as a desolate wilderness with sparse spiritual energy and rampant demonic beasts, completely unaware that behind the clouds lies a blessed land where the dragons have secluded themselves for ten thousand years, hiding an ancient foundation powerful enough to shake the entire Fourteenth Heaven.

Following behind Long Hao and the other powerful dragons, Chen Ping traversed layer upon layer of ancient, obscure restrictions.

With each restriction he passed through, the surrounding spiritual energy thickened, and the ancient pressure in the air intensified.

Only when the final layer of pale golden light dissipated before him did he truly step into this legendary dragon holy land.

The sudden scene unfolding before him startled even Chen Ping, whose composure far surpassed that of ordinary people, causing a flicker of surprise in his eyes.

Mountains embraced the valley like arms, firmly cradling it in their center.

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Above the valley, instead of ordinary blue skies and white clouds, auspicious clouds formed from pure, golden dragon energy flowed and swirled, seemingly alive.

The oppressive aura emanating from the dragon's energy was vast as the ocean and ancient as the primordial wilderness. Simply standing beneath it and looking up was enough to send shivers down one's spine, involuntarily inspiring a sense of reverence.

On the ground, pavilions and towers stood side by side, stretching as far as the eye could see.

The architectural style was completely different from the magnificent palaces of human cultivators. There were no elaborate carvings or paintings, yet every detail exuded the unique majesty, ruggedness, and grandeur of the dragon race.

The palaces were mostly constructed from thousand-year-old wood and ten-thousand-year-old spiritual jade. The beams and pillars were engraved with dragon patterns of various shapes, each line containing the essence of the universe, and faintly echoing with the roar of dragons.

In the distance, mountains rose and fell, spiritual springs gurgled, and exotic flowers and herbs bloomed everywhere. The air was filled with the intoxicating fragrance of dragon's saliva, and every inch of land contained extremely pure dragon vein power.

Further into the distance, several colossal dragons, each a thousand feet long, stretched their bodies, swirling and dancing among the mountains.

Their scales shimmered brilliantly in the sunlight, their massive claws tore through the clouds, their long tails swept across the peaks, and distant, desolate roars echoed from the clouds, causing the void to tremble slightly, displaying the supreme majesty of these ancient divine beasts.

"Your Majesty, please follow me. The clan leader has been waiting for a long time."

Long Hao bowed deeply, his tone utterly respectful, slowly leading the way, not daring to overstep his bounds in the slightest.

Chen Ping nodded slightly, suppressing the shock in his heart, and followed Long Hao deeper into the valley.

Along the way, the dragon clan members they encountered stopped to watch.

There were tall, handsome young dragons in human form, graceful and beautiful female dragons, and some young dragons who had not yet fully transformed, only showing half of their tails or horns. Their gazes all fell upon Chen Ping, filled with curiosity, genuine awe, and a complex mix of emotions—anticipation, excitement, and a touch of emotion at the dawn of a new era after millennia of silence.

Dragon Emperor Bloodline.

These four words carried an immense and unbearable weight for the entire dragon race, which had lived in seclusion for millennia.

It was the supreme symbol of the dragon race, the sole proof of command over all legitimate dragons, and the only hope for fighting traitors and restoring the dragon race's glory.

For millennia, the dragon race of the Fourteen Heavens had been fragmented and hidden, all because of the fall of the Dragon Emperor, the interruption of the bloodline, and the absence of a leader.

Now, the appearance of pure golden dragon blood was like a thunderbolt thrown into a still, lifeless pool, rekindling hope in all dragons who remained true to their nature.

Chen Ping continued forward, feeling the gazes converging from all directions. His heart felt no arrogance, but rather a growing solemnity.

He knew very well that this golden dragon bloodline brought him not only power and prestige, but also countless troubles and crises.

Passing through magnificent palace after palace, crossing several white jade bridges engraved with dragon patterns, Long Hao finally stopped before a grand hall standing in the very center of the valley, its imposing presence overwhelming.

This hall was entirely constructed of deep blue dragon jade, towering a thousand feet high. Nine lifelike five-clawed golden dragons coiled atop its roof, seemingly poised to soar into the heavens at any moment.

Above the hall's entrance hung a massive plaque several feet wide, upon which were engraved two ancient, weighty, and awe-inspiring characters: "Dragon Hall."

The handwriting contained boundless dragon might; a single glance was enough to send shivers down one's spine, making one不敢直视 (dare not look directly at it).

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"Your Majesty, Clan Chief Long Zhan awaits you within the hall." Long Hao stepped aside to make way, bowing respectfully.

Chen Ping took a deep breath, suppressing the turbulent emotions within him, and strode into the Heavenly Dragon Hall.

The hall's interior was far larger than imagined.

The dome was immeasurably high, inlaid with countless luminous pearls and star jade, illuminating the entire hall as if it were daytime.

The surrounding walls were engraved with lifelike dragon reliefs.

From the ancestral dragon of the Primordial Era to the Dragon Emperor of the Middle Ages, and then to the powerful dragons of modern times, each relief recorded a chapter of the dragon race's history, majestic and awe-inspiring.

Seated in the central seat of the hall was an elderly man with graying temples and an aged face, yet whose majesty remained undiminished.

The old man wore a long golden robe embroidered with nine dragons playing with a pearl. His face was resolute, etched with the marks of time, yet he showed no signs of decline.

His dragon eyes, in particular, flashed with a sharp, piercing light, as if they could penetrate the heart.

His aura was deep and profound, restrained yet exuding a powerful pressure that could make heaven and earth tremble.

This man was Long Zhan, the current patriarch of the Heavenly Dragon lineage and one of the pillars of the Dragon Clan.

Seeing Chen Ping step into the hall, Long Zhan slowly rose from his seat and descended the steps to stand before Chen Ping.

He didn't speak immediately, but silently observed Chen Ping, his gaze carefully scrutinizing him. In his weathered dragon eyes, a complex mix of emotions—excitement, relief, and solemnity—flickered for a long time.

A moment later, Long Zhan suddenly bent his knees slightly, bowed deeply, and performed the most solemn and honorable kowtow of the Dragon Clan. His voice was aged yet incredibly solemn:

“Long Zhan, Clan Chief of the Heavenly Dragon Lineage, pays respects to His Majesty the Dragon Emperor!”

This bow represented the complete submission of the entire Heavenly Dragon Lineage to the Dragon Emperor's bloodline.

Seeing this, Chen Ping quickly stepped forward, gently helping Long Zhan to his feet, his tone sincere: “Clan Chief Long, there's no need for such formality. Please rise. I am not the Dragon Emperor, merely an ordinary cultivator with the blood of the Golden Dragon. I am unworthy of such a grand gesture.”

Long Zhan slowly straightened up, maintaining his respectful posture, his gaze fixed intently on Chen Ping, his tone unwavering.

“Your Majesty is mistaken. The Golden Dragon bloodline is the supreme blood of our Dragon Clan’s emperors, worshipped by all dragons, one in ten thousand.

Since Your Majesty possesses such a supreme bloodline, you are undoubtedly the rightful and divinely ordained emperor of our Dragon Clan.

This is a fact witnessed by heaven and earth, unchangeable, whether Your Majesty acknowledges it or not!”

Chen Ping remained silent for a moment, knowing that arguing with Long Zhan on this matter was pointless, so he simply stopped dwelling on it.

He raised his hand and gently pointed to the black collar around his neck, a bitter smile appearing on his face: “Clan Chief Long, since that’s the case, let’s set aside these formalities. To be honest, I’ve been placed under a restriction, which has been suppressing my cultivation. I beg Clan Chief Long to remove it for me.”

Only now did Long Zhan truly notice the inconspicuous black collar around Chen Ping’s neck.

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His gaze sharpened, his divine sense sweeping over it slightly, his expression immediately darkening, his brows furrowing tightly.

“A spirit-locking restriction, a tracking restriction, and multiple powerful binding restrictions... three restrictions stacked upon each other, the method insidious and exquisitely crafted—clearly the work of a human cultivator. Your Majesty, who placed these on you? Why would they want to harm you like this?”

Chen Ping’s eyes turned slightly cold as he calmly recounted the Chen family’s actions.

Upon hearing this, Long Zhan instantly unleashed a terrifying dragon’s might, causing the entire hall to tremble slightly. He snorted coldly, his voice filled with rage.

“The mere Chen family, relying on their meager cultivation, dared to treat His Majesty the Dragon Emperor of my Dragon Clan in such a way, harming the bloodline of a royal being! They are utterly courting death, deserving of a thousand deaths! If I have the chance, I will make this Chen family pay a terrible price!”

With that, Long Zhan said no more, slowly raising his right hand.

Golden dragon energy condensed wildly in his palm, transforming into a dazzling golden light, containing boundless dragon might and pure power.

He gently raised his hand, placing his palm on the black collar.

Instantly, countless black runes on the collar lit up, flashing violently, writhing wildly like living things, seemingly desperately resisting the intrusion of the dragon energy, emitting a hissing sound.

“Hmph, a mere human restriction, daring to show off before the dragon race.”

Long Zhan sneered, a hint of disdain flashing in his eyes. The golden dragon energy in his palm suddenly surged, its power multiplying.

Pure dragon emperor aura flowed from his palm into the collar, melting snow like the blazing sun, instantly suppressing all the black runes.

“Crack...”

A crisp cracking sound rang out.

The runes on the collar’s surface instantly dimmed, as if stripped of all power. Then, fine cracks spread rapidly like a spiderweb. “Bang!”

A muffled thud.

The spirit-locking collar that had suppressed his cultivation shattered completely, falling from Chen Ping's neck and landing on the cold ground, turning into a pile of useless scrap metal, no longer posing any threat.

The instant the collar shattered, Chen Ping felt a sense of lightness throughout his body.

The oppressive, clinging force had vanished without a trace.

His limbs and bones felt incredibly free, and the long-dormant spiritual energy within him began to surge wildly. His golden dragon bloodline also stirred slightly, emitting a joyful hum.

He gently stretched his neck and muscles, exhaling a long breath, a long-lost relaxed smile appearing on his face: "Thank you, Dragon Clan Chief, for your help in resolving my predicament."

Long Zhan withdrew his hand, waving it respectfully: "Your Majesty is too kind. Protecting the Dragon Emperor and relieving our clan's troubles is simply my duty, nothing to boast about."

With that, Long Zhan waved his hand, and several dragon maidens immediately entered respectfully from outside the hall, carrying shimmering jade boxes.

The jade boxes were opened, revealing them filled with all sorts of rare and precious herbs and elixirs, overflowing with spiritual energy and exuding a fragrant aroma, almost condensing into liquid.

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Thousand-year-old Dragon Essence Fruit, ten-thousand-year-old Dragon Blood Mushroom, pure Dragon Marrow Liquid, Marrow Cleansing Pill, Spirit Gathering Pill... each item is a priceless treasure, enough to cause a frenzy among cultivators in the outside world. Yet, here they are piled up before Chen Ping like ordinary objects, countless in number.

"Your Majesty has been traveling and exhausted these past few days, and has been trapped by restrictions, suffering considerable internal injuries and a significant depletion of spiritual energy. These rare treasures and elixirs are a token of our Heavenly Dragon lineage's goodwill. We urge Your Majesty to accept them, to recuperate properly, and to return to your peak condition as soon as possible."

Chen Ping looked at the mountain of treasures before him, brimming with spiritual energy, and sighed inwardly.

It is said that the Dragon Clan possesses profound resources and is as wealthy as a nation; seeing it today, it is indeed true.

These treasures, if placed outside, would be enough to instantly elevate a small sect to a regional hegemon, but here in the Dragon Clan, they are merely items casually taken out for recuperation.

He didn't mince words; now was the time to need power, and there was no need for pretense of superiority.

He nodded immediately, raising his hand to store all the treasures into his storage ring: "Since that's the case, then I won't stand on ceremony."

Chen Ping began to use these resources to restore his strength.

Deep within Tianlong Valley, in a secluded cultivation chamber sealed by numerous restrictions, its spiritual energy incredibly dense.

Chen Ping sat cross-legged on a futon crafted from ten-thousand-year-old dragon jade, his eyes closed, golden light flowing endlessly around him, his aura deep and restrained, like an unfathomable ocean.

He didn't slack off in the slightest. With the vast cultivation resources provided by the Dragon Clan, plus the various dragon treasures he obtained from the ancient Dragon Pool, he began to cultivate with all his might, frantically increasing his strength.

The Dragon Essence Pill melted instantly upon entering his mouth, transforming into incredibly pure spiritual energy that surged into his dantian;

The Dragon Blood Mushroom was refined, nourishing his physical body and strengthening his Golden Dragon bloodline;

Dragon Marrow Liquid flowed along his meridians, cleansing his bone marrow and solidifying his foundation;

Various ancient dragon jades and dragon vein hearts continuously provided pure energy.

He refined and absorbed these rare treasures without reservation, transforming them into the purest spiritual energy and dragon essence, which surged wildly into his body, cleansing his limbs and bones, and strengthening his dantian and qi sea.

His aura was rising at a terrifying, visible speed.

Peak of the second rank of the Upper Immortal Realm...

His aura trembled, and his bottleneck shattered.

Third rank of the Upper Immortal Realm...

His spiritual energy surged again, and his momentum soared.

Mid-stage of the third rank of the Upper Immortal Realm...

Peak of the third rank of the Upper Immortal Realm...

“Boom...!”

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An incomparably powerful aura erupted from Chen Ping’s body, sweeping through the entire secret chamber like a tsunami, impacting the surrounding restrictions and creating a series of booming sounds.

Chen Ping slowly opened his eyes.

Two golden beams of light flashed from the depths of his eyes, like two small suns, sharp and piercing, unstoppable in their power.

Peak of the third rank of the Upper Immortal Realm!

In just three days, he had actually broken through several minor realms from the peak of the second rank of the Upper Immortal Realm, directly soaring to the peak of the third rank, only one step away from the fourth rank!

Chen Ping slowly stood up, clenching his fists.

The surging power within him, like a rushing river, filled him with confidence.

Breaking through several realms in three days—this cultivation speed, if it were to spread, would undoubtedly shock the entire Fourteenth Heaven, leaving countless exceptionally talented cultivators utterly astonished and incredulous.

But Chen Ping knew very well that this was far from enough.

The Temple's pursuers were omnipresent and incredibly powerful;

The Demonic Dragon Clan was eyeing him covetously, eager to seize his bloodline;

And then there were the unfathomable, perilous lower-level rules of the Fourteenth Heaven... He had to become stronger, strong enough to sweep away all enemies, strong enough to protect those he wanted to protect, strong enough to overcome all obstacles in his path.

Chen Ping concealed his aura, pushed open the door to the secret chamber, and stepped out.

Outside the door, Long Hao had been waiting respectfully for some time. Upon seeing Chen Ping emerge from seclusion, he immediately bowed, his voice filled with joy: "Congratulations, Your Majesty! Your cultivation has greatly improved, and your strength has surged!"

Chen Ping waved his hand, his tone calm: "It's nothing, just a breakthrough achieved with the help of external forces. Long Hao, where is the Dragon Clan Chief now? I have an important matter to ask him."

Long Hao quickly nodded: "Your Majesty, rest assured, the Clan Chief anticipated Your Majesty's emergence from seclusion today and is currently in the Dragon Palace, awaiting Your Majesty's summons."

...

Inside the Dragon Palace.

When Long Zhan saw Chen Ping enter, he immediately sensed the change in Chen Ping's aura, and a hint of undisguised surprise and emotion flashed in his eyes.

"Your Majesty emerged from seclusion so quickly? And your cultivation... has actually broken through several minor realms in just three days, reaching the peak of the third rank of the Upper Immortal Realm?"

Such talent, such speed, is truly rare throughout history. Even His Majesty the Dragon Emperor in his youth might not have been able to match it!"

Chen Ping smiled faintly: "Clan Chief, you flatter me. If it weren't for the massive resources provided by the Heavenly Dragon lineage, I couldn't have progressed so quickly."

Long Zhan shook his head, his expression serious: "Your Majesty is mistaken. Resources are certainly important, but one's own talent and foundation are fundamental.

If it were anyone else, even if the entire Dragon Clan's treasure trove were piled up before them, they might not have achieved such a breakthrough in three days.

All of this is due to Your Majesty's exceptional talent and profound blessings."

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The two took their seats, one as the head and the other as the tailor.

Chen Ping abandoned his formalities, his expression turning serious as he looked at Long Zhan, his tone utterly solemn: "Clan Chief Long, I've come to you today to inquire about something. The three demonic dragons that chased me were incredibly powerful and of mysterious origin. I want to know, what are their backgrounds? And why were they so determined to kill me?"

Upon hearing this, Long Zhan's smile slowly vanished. After a moment of silence, his expression became extremely grave, and he slowly spoke: "Since Your Majesty so sincerely inquires, then this subordinate will no longer conceal anything and will tell you the truth."

He took a deep breath, as if recalling an incredibly heavy chapter of history.

"Ten thousand years ago, before his demise, the ancient Dragon Emperor foresaw an impending catastrophe for our dragon race.

To preserve the dragon lineage, His Majesty ordered the entire dragon race to disperse, hiding in various corners of the Fourteen Heavens, to recuperate and await the day when the Dragon Emperor's bloodline would reappear.

Our Heavenly Dragon lineage is a branch that was ordered to hide among these Fourteen Heavens."

"However, human nature is unpredictable, and not everyone in the dragon race was willing to obey the Dragon Emperor's arrangements and endure for ten thousand years.

A portion of the race, wicked by nature and greedy for power, were unwilling to remain unknown and secretly conspired with the ruthless..." "They colluded with the demons.

Using their own dragon blood and flesh as a catalyst, they willingly merged with the demonic energy of the demons, abandoning the glory of the dragon race, transforming into monsters that were neither human nor demon, yet possessed immense power."

“These traitors who betrayed their race and sided with the demons are the demonic dragons who have brought shame upon the entire dragon race.”

At this point, a deep pain and hatred flashed in Long Zhan’s eyes: “They betrayed their ancestors, betrayed the dragon race, and sided with their mortal enemies. They are the greatest disgrace to our dragon race in ten thousand years, and also our most dangerous and ferocious foe.”

Chen Ping listened calmly, his expression remaining largely unchanged, but he already understood.

Long Zhan continued, “For ten thousand years, the Demonic Dragon lineage has secretly grown stronger, recruiting traitors and colluding with the Demon Race, its power waning with each passing year.

They lurk in the dark corners of the Fourteenth Heaven, waiting for their chance to strike, gradually eroding the power of the orthodox dragon race.

Now, Your Majesty’s Dragon Emperor bloodline has appeared in the world, which is both a deadly threat and a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity for them.”

“The threat stems from the fact that the Dragon Emperor bloodline is inherently restraining the Demonic Dragons. With a single call from Your Majesty, you can command all the orthodox dragons, uniting all forces of resistance to utterly destroy their conspiracy.”

“The opportunity lies in the Dragon Emperor bloodline itself...” It contains unparalleled supreme power.

“If they could capture Your Majesty and devour your golden dragon bloodline alive, their strength would surely increase several times over. They might even break through their cultivation barriers and reach that legendary, unattainable realm, one that even the Dragon Emperor of yesteryear could never reach!”

He looked at Chen Ping with a solemn gaze, enunciating each word with utmost seriousness: “Therefore, Your Majesty, the Demon Dragon lineage will hunt you down like madmen, sparing no expense to capture you and seize your supreme bloodline. Your future situation will be extremely perilous.”

Chen Ping nodded slightly. He had already guessed this when he was being hunted by the Demon Dragons.

He looked at Long Zhan and calmly asked, "I understand. And what about you? Your Heavenly Dragon lineage has found me, supported me, and now what do you want me to do? Speak plainly."

Upon hearing this, Long Zhan immediately stood up from his seat, walked to Chen Ping, and bowed deeply again, his tone sincere and urgent: "Your Majesty, I humbly beg Your Majesty to intervene and help my Heavenly Dragon lineage revive the Dragon Clan of the Fourteenth Heaven, restoring our Dragon Clan's former supreme glory!"

Chen Ping raised an eyebrow, his tone indifferent: "Revitalize the Dragon Clan?"

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"Exactly!"

Long Zhan raised his head, his eyes burning with anticipation, "For ten thousand years, although my Heavenly Dragon lineage has lived in seclusion here, barely surviving, we have never forgotten the glory of the Dragon Clan, nor the entrustment of our ancestors."

"However, the Demonic Dragon lineage has grown too rapidly in the shadows, its power increasing ever stronger. Our Heavenly Dragon lineage, alone, is unable to withstand it, suffering defeat after defeat. Now we can only cower in Heavenly Dragon Valley, barely clinging to life, facing the constant risk of annihilation."

"Now, the Dragon Emperor's bloodline has appeared in the world! This is the only hope for the revival of our Dragon race! Your Majesty possesses the Golden Dragon bloodline, making you the born emperor of our Dragon race, to whom all dragons submit.

If Your Majesty is willing to step forward, raise your arm, and command all the legitimate dragons under heaven, gathering all our strength, we will have a chance to completely crush the Demonic Dragon lineage, reclaim everything that belongs to the Dragon race, and restore the glory of our Dragon race's former dominance over the nine heavens!"

He stared intently at Chen Ping, his eyes filled with expectation and pleading: “Your Majesty, are you willing to lead us to revive the Dragon race?”

Chen Ping remained silent for a long time.

He looked up at Long Zhan, his tone frank and undisguised: “Clan Chief Long, I’ll speak the truth. I have little interest in the revival or glory of the dragon race.

I came to the Fourteenth Heaven for only one purpose: to go to the Holy Domain of Light and find a way to restore the divine soul within the Soul Crystal.”

Although Chen Ping was also a dragon, and a golden dragon at that, he didn’t currently feel a strong sense of mission to restore the glory of the dragons of the Fourteenth Heaven.

Although he possessed golden dragon blood, and everyone said his father was a golden dragon, there was still no conclusive evidence that his father was indeed a dragon!

It was not uncommon for human cultivators to possess the bloodlines of other races.

A hint of disappointment flashed in Long Zhan’s eyes, but he didn’t press the matter further, simply nodding silently.

Chen Ping continued, “However, one thing at a time. Those three demonic dragons have repeatedly hunted me down, trying to kill me. I’ve remembered that debt.

And that Chen family, they repaid kindness with enmity; I will settle accounts with them later. As for the Divine Temple, I will make them wish they were dead.”

He paused, his tone becoming firm: “Since the demonic dragon lineage insists on capturing me, I won’t sit idly by.

Before I finish my own business and leave the Fourteenth Heaven, I can help you deal with the demonic dragon lineage. As for revitalizing the dragon race, that can wait until I've finished my own business."

Long Zhan was stunned at first, then his face broke into undisguised elation. He immediately bowed again, his voice trembling with excitement.

"Thank you, Your Majesty! Thank you, Your Majesty! Your Majesty's words are enough for me! Even if it's just dealing with the Demon Dragon lineage, it's an immense favor to my Heavenly Dragon lineage!"

Chen Ping waved his hand, his tone calm: "Don't be too happy yet. I'm only at the third rank of the Upper Immortal Realm, while among the Demon Dragons are many True Immortal Realm experts. If we were to truly face them, I might not be their match."

Long Zhan quickly shook his head, his tone certain: "Your Majesty, please don't underestimate yourself! Your Golden Dragon bloodline is the blood of the supreme emperor of the Dragon Clan, naturally restraining all dragons.

Those Demon Dragons, although they have fused with demonic energy..." They became neither human nor demon, but in essence, they still couldn't escape the foundation of the dragon race.

Under His Majesty's bloodline pressure, their strength would be suppressed by at least 30%, unable to unleash their full power!

He paused, then added, "Moreover, many of the treasures His Majesty obtained from the ancient dragon pool are ancient treasures lost by our dragon race, possessing boundless power.

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As long as His Majesty studies them carefully and uses them skillfully, his strength will surely increase greatly again. At that time, he will even have the power to fight against a demonic dragon at the True Immortal Realm!"

Chen Ping nodded slightly; he wholeheartedly agreed.

Each of the unknown treasures obtained from the ancient dragon pool contained terrifying power, but he hadn't had time to study them in detail yet.

"Oh, right."

Chen Ping suddenly remembered something important and asked, "Do you know about the Dragon Emperor's Token? What is its origin? What is its purpose?"

Long Zhan quickly explained, "Your Majesty, the Dragon Emperor's Token is the personal token of the ancient Dragon Emperor, representing his supreme authority.

The entire dragon race, regardless of location or branch, must obey the Dragon Emperor's Token as if the Dragon Emperor himself were present, and must follow unconditionally without the slightest disobedience!"

"Before his fall, the Dragon Emperor passed several Dragon Emperor's Tokens to a few of his most trusted elders, instructing them to use them to command the dragon race and assist the new emperor when the Dragon Emperor's bloodline reappears.

Unfortunately, due to countless wars over the past ten thousand years, the Dragon Emperor's Token has changed hands many times." "Most of them have been lost to the annals of history."

Chen Ping frowned slightly, his tone grave: "But the Dragon Emperor's Token was stolen by a demonic dragon named Long Mo."

"Long Mo!"

Upon hearing this name, Long Zhan's eyes flashed with a cold, murderous intent. He gritted his teeth: "That traitor who betrayed our race! It was he who colluded with the demons, leading the demonic dragons to invade Dragon Pool, causing our dragon race to suffer heavy losses!

Your Majesty, rest assured, that Dragon Emperor's Token is our dragon race's most precious treasure; it must not fall into the hands of a demonic dragon! We must find a way to retrieve it."

“Don’t worry, I’m now at the third rank of the Upper Immortal Realm. That Long Mo is nothing but trash in my eyes. I will retrieve the Dragon Emperor’s Token myself,” Chen Ping said confidently.

“With Your Majesty’s confidence, there is hope for the revival of our dragon race!”

Long Zhan’s eyes were filled with longing!

...

While Chen Ping was peacefully cultivating in Heavenly Dragon Valley, discussing countermeasures against the demonic dragon with Long Zhan... Outside Yunxian City, on a vast, desolate plain.

A disheveled figure was frantically fleeing for her life.

It was Chen Wanqing.

She had been fleeing for three days and three nights without sleep.

For those three days and three nights, she hadn’t dared to stop for a single moment. When she was extremely tired, she would bite her tongue hard to stay awake with the excruciating pain;

When her legs were weak with exhaustion, she would forcefully circulate the last of her spiritual energy to support her running;

Her wounds bled and became infected, so she could only tear off pieces of her clothing to bandage them haphazardly, with no time to heal.

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She dared not stop.

Not even a single step.

Behind her, Wu Lingyun, with a large number of Wu family guards and soldiers sent by the temple to assist, relentlessly pursued her like a leech, impossible to shake off.

If she stopped, only death awaited her, and a humiliation even more terrible than death.

“Chase her! Everyone, hurry and chase her! Don’t let that little bitch get away!”

On the desolate plains, Wu Lingyun rode atop a ferocious, jet-black beast, his gaze fixed on the thin, staggering figure ahead, his eyes filled with excitement, greed, and ruthlessness.

“Chen Wanqing, you can’t escape.

No matter where you flee to, I will bring you back.

You are destined to be my woman.”

Chen Wanqing felt waves of darkness wash over her, her vision blurring.

Her legs were numb, each step feeling like walking on knives, excruciating pain.

Her spiritual energy was exhausted, her body on the verge of collapse, held together only by an indomitable will.

She closed her eyes again with difficulty, focusing her senses on the aura of the spirit-locking collar that had once worn around Chen Ping’s neck.

Over there.

Right ahead.

Chen Ping was in that direction.

She could clearly feel that faint yet familiar connection growing stronger and clearer.

She was almost there.

She was really almost there.

Chen Wanqing gritted her teeth, biting her lips until they bled. With the last of her strength, she took another step and ran frantically forward.

Two more hours passed.

The setting sun dyed the sky blood red.

Chen Wanqing had completely lost track of time. She didn't know how far she had run, only that the sky had gone from noon to dusk, and from dusk to the approaching nightfall.

Just as she was about to collapse,