

The Order 10371

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a vast, towering mountain range suddenly appeared before her.

Mist swirled among the mountains, ethereal and mysterious, with golden light faintly emanating from within, both enigmatic and majestic.

A brilliant light of hope suddenly shone in Chen Wanqing's cloudy eyes.

Here.

It's here!

The sensation was crystal clear.

Chen Ping was in these mountains!

She used her last ounce of strength, rushing recklessly towards the mountains.

Behind her, Wu Lingyun also saw the strange and mysterious mountains, his brow furrowing slightly, a hint of doubt on his face.

“What is that place? Why is the spiritual energy so strange, and why is there a faint golden light?”

A guard who had followed him for many years quickly stepped forward and whispered, “Young Master, that's the deepest part of the Cangmang Mountains. It's said that powerful demonic beasts roam there

year-round; it's extremely dangerous, and few cultivators dare to approach. Should we... continue the pursuit?"

Wu Lingyun sneered, a hint of disdain and ruthlessness flashing in his eyes: "Chase! Of course we should! We've already chased her this far, just one step away from catching that little bitch. How could we give up? Even if it's a dragon's den or a tiger's lair, I'll brave it today!"

He abruptly waved his hand and ordered, "Everyone, follow me! She's exhausted; she can't escape!"

A large number of guards and soldiers immediately followed, rushing towards the mountains.

Chen Wanqing ran desperately, getting closer and closer to the mountains.

Closer.

Even closer.

The collar's sensing power had reached its peak.

Chen Ping was ahead, right there in these mountains! She could almost see Chen Ping's figure.

But at this crucial moment...

"Stop! Don't run anymore!"

A cold, sharp shout suddenly rang out.

Several powerful figures burst out from the side like tigers descending a mountain, directly blocking her path.

Wu Lingyun, leading all his pursuers, finally caught up with her completely at this moment.

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Chen Wanqing's face instantly turned deathly pale, devoid of any color.

She instinctively wanted to turn and run, but found herself surrounded on all sides, completely blocked, like an iron barrel.

She had nowhere to escape.

Wu Lingyun leaped down from the beast's back, a smug, confident smile on his face, and slowly walked towards Chen Wanqing.

"Miss Chen, why did you stop running? Keep running! Aren't you supposed to be a fast runner? You've been running for three days and three nights, giving me quite a hard time chasing you."

Chen Wanqing gasped for breath, her chest heaving, her beautiful eyes fixed on Wu Lingyun, filled with deep-seated hatred and disgust.

Wu Lingyun looked at her disheveled appearance—her clothes tattered, covered in dust and blood, her hair disheveled, her face pale—yet still unable to conceal her stunning beauty and pitiful aura. A lewd glint flashed in his eyes as he greedily scanned her from head to toe.

"Miss Chen, do you know? For these past three days and three nights, the more you escaped, the more excited I became. The harder the prey is to catch, the more satisfying it is when it's finally in my grasp, don't you think?"

Chen Wanqing gritted her teeth, each word hoarse yet filled with boundless hatred: "Wu Lingyun, you despicable villain, you'll die a horrible death!"

Wu Lingyun, far from being angry, laughed loudly: "Die a horrible death? Miss Chen, you can't just say things like that. Now, your life and death are completely in my hands. With just one order from me, you'll be torn to pieces, leaving no trace."

He took a step forward, pressing closer.

Chen Wanqing instinctively took a step back, only to find her back pressed firmly against the cold, hard mountain wall, with nowhere left to retreat.

Wu Lingyun slowly walked up to her, suddenly reaching out and grabbing her chin, forcing her to look up and face him directly.

“Chen Wanqing, do you know? From the first time I saw you at the Chen family, I wanted you. Your beauty is unparalleled; there’s no one else like you in the entire Yunxian City.”

He moved closer to her face, his breath carrying a nauseating, metallic stench, his tone vicious: “What’s so good about that Chen Ping?”

A fugitive wanted by the Divine Temple, a mere first-grade Upper Immortal, does he even deserve a beauty like you?

Today, I’ll show you clearly who truly deserves you!”

Chen Wanqing struggled desperately, pushing against Wu Lingyun with both hands, but he held her shoulders firmly, rendering her immobile.

“Let me go! Wu Lingyun, let me go!” she cried out sharply, her voice filled with despair.

Wu Lingyun’s sneer deepened, his eyes turning sinister: “Let her go? You think I’ll just let her go because you tell me to? You’ve been running for three days and three nights, making me waste so much time and effort, and now you think I’ll let you go? Do you think that’s possible?”

He abruptly waved his hand and shouted sharply, “Men, hold her down!”

Several guards immediately stepped forward, like hungry wolves, and pinned Chen Wanqing to the ground, rendering her immobile.

Chen Wanqing struggled desperately, crying and fighting back, but it was all in vain.

She was merely an eighth-grade Upper Immortal cultivator; three days and three nights of fleeing had already exhausted all her spiritual energy and physical strength.

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Now, facing Wu Lingyun, a ninth-grade Upper Immortal, and numerous guards, she was like a lamb to the slaughter, utterly powerless to resist.

Wu Lingyun slowly squatted down, looking at Chen Wanqing, pinned to the ground, tears streaming down her face, her clothes disheveled, a perverse pleasure and triumph welling up within him.

“Miss Chen, don’t cry. Obey me, and I promise you’ll enjoy wealth and luxury, and never have to worry about food or clothing. But if you insist on not obeying...”

His eyes turned cold. He reached out and grabbed Chen Wanqing’s collar.

“Rip!”

A piercing tearing sound rang out.

Chen Wanqing’s outer garment was ripped open, revealing her snow-white skin and a pink undergarment.

“Ah!”

Chen Wanqing let out a shrill scream, desperately covering her chest with her hands, tears streaming down her face like a broken string of pearls.

“No! Get away! Get away from me!”

Wu Lingyun looked at her terrified, desperate, tearful appearance, his eyes filled with even greater excitement, a ferocious smile spreading across his face: “Scream! Scream louder! The more you scream, the more I like it!”

He reached out again, his target aimed at Chen Wanqing’s last remaining covering.

Chen Wanqing closed her eyes in despair.

Tears silently streamed down her face.

Chen Ping...

Where are you...

I’m so scared...

Come save me...

Please...

Come save me...

Her heart was filled with endless despair and helplessness.

At this critical moment, on the brink of life and death...

“Roar!!!”

A dragon’s roar that shook the heavens and the earth suddenly erupted!

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The power of that dragon’s roar was like a thunderclap from the heavens, its terrifying dragon might sweeping in all directions, making all the pursuers’ eardrums ache, their blood surge, and they lost their footing, their faces turning deathly pale with terror.

Wu Lingyun’s outstretched hand froze in mid-air, unable to move forward an inch.

He abruptly raised his head, his expression changing drastically, his eyes filled with extreme fear.

A dazzling golden light crashed down from the sky!

The golden light was so intense that everyone could not open their eyes and dared not look directly at it.

The golden light slowly dissipated. A tall, aloof figure hovered silently in mid-air, then slowly landed before Chen Wanqing.

It was a young man.

He wore a golden dragon robe, his face was stern, and his eyes were icy. He exuded a suffocating, terrifying pressure originating from the depths of his bloodline.

He stood silently before Chen Wanqing, like an unshakeable mountain, shielding her from all danger and humiliation.

It was Chen Ping.

Chen Wanqing slowly opened her blurry eyes.

When she saw that familiar yet unfamiliar, incredibly reliable figure, all her strength crumbled instantly. Tears welled up again, her voice trembling with endless grievance, longing, and the relief of surviving a calamity, as she murmured:

“Chen Ping...”

Chen Ping didn't turn around, but remained with his back to her, his voice soft yet incredibly firm as he gently said:

“Miss Chen, I'm late.”

Those five simple words were like a reassuring pill, instantly calming Chen Wanqing down. All her fear and despair vanished.

Wu Lingyun, seeing Chen Ping suddenly appear, was so frightened that she stumbled back, her face ashen, her voice trembling: “Chen...Chen Ping?! What are you doing here?”

Chen Ping slowly turned his head.

His gaze first fell on Wu Lingyun, then swept over the trembling, fear-stricken guards beside him, and finally settled on Chen Wanqing behind him, her clothes torn, disheveled, and tears streaming down her face.

At that moment...

His eyes held no emotion, only an extreme coldness.

Within that coldness lay a devastating killing intent.

Chen Ping looked at Wu Lingyun, his lips parted slightly, his voice calm, yet carrying a chilling intent that could freeze the heavens and earth.

“Wu Lingyun, you’re courting death...”

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Wu Lingyun’s hand remained frozen in mid-air, still in the position of tearing at Chen Wanqing’s clothes.

His face was no longer just “pale”; it was a deathly ashen color that seemed to emanate from his very bones. His lips trembled, his teeth chattered, making a “clucking” sound.

Chen Ping stood there calmly, his gaze calmly fixed on the group of pursuers before him.

That calmness wasn’t feigned composure, nor was it suppressed anger; it was a genuine, heartfelt calm, like someone watching ants crawling at their feet, feeling no ripples in their heart, because ants weren’t worth their anger.

Yet it was precisely this calmness that filled Wu Lingyun with an unprecedented fear.

He wasn’t afraid of Chen Ping’s rage, his clenched teeth and curses, or even his frenzied charge.

That Chen Ping, at least, was still “human,” still had weaknesses, still could fight back.

But the Chen Ping before him was too quiet.

He was so quiet, unlike a man who had witnessed his woman being violated.

So quiet, unlike a living person.

“Chen...Chen Ping, you...you mustn’t do anything rash!”

Wu Lingyun instinctively took a step back, his voice trembling. “I...I have the Wu family behind me! The Divine Temple! You...if you dare touch me, the entire Fourteenth Heaven will not let you off!”

Chen Ping finally moved.

He slightly turned his head, his gaze landing on Wu Lingyun's face.

Just that one glance.

Just one glance.

Wu Lingyun felt a chill run from the soles of his feet to the top of his head, as if he were being stared at by an ancient ferocious beast, his blood freezing in that instant.

He opened his mouth, wanting to say something more, but found his throat gripped tightly by an invisible hand, unable to utter a single word.

Chen Ping withdrew his gaze and looked at the guards behind him who were holding Chen Wanqing down.

The guards, already terrified, recoiled like cats whose tails had been stepped on when Chen Ping looked over. They released him abruptly and scrambled backward, wishing they could disappear into the ground.

Chen Wanqing regained her freedom, but she lacked the strength to stand.

She slumped to the ground, her clothes torn, her hair disheveled, tears blurring her vision. She could only lift her head, staring blankly at the tall, imposing figure before her.

That figure was exactly the same as it had been three days ago at the Chen residence.

No, it was different.

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A few days ago, when Chen Ping left the Chen residence, he was covered in wounds, disheveled, and had been chased away.

But now, standing there, though he exuded no aura, he possessed an indescribable majesty, a pressure that compelled one to kneel in worship.

Chen Ping finally turned around.

He looked down at Chen Wanqing, at her tattered clothes, at the undried tear stains on her face, at the red mark on her neck left by Wu Lingyun.

His gaze remained calm.

But at that moment, Chen Wanqing clearly saw a fleeting, extreme coldness flash within those eyes, calm as a deep pool.

That coldness was not of this world.

It was the icy chill of the deepest hell.

Chen Ping didn't speak, but simply raised his hand, took off his outer robe, and gently draped it over Chen Wanqing, covering her tattered clothes and her exposed skin.

His movements were light and gentle, as if afraid of hurting her.

Chen Wanqing's tears welled up again.

“Chen Ping...” she murmured, her voice hoarse, filled with endless grievance and longing.

Chen Ping reached out and gently stroked her cheek, wiping away her tears. His movements were incredibly gentle, a stark contrast to the coldness he had displayed moments before.

“Miss Chen, I’m sorry you’ve suffered.”

His voice was soft. “Leave the rest to me.”

He straightened up and turned around.

The gentleness on his face gradually faded.

In its place was an absolute calm.

He looked at the group of pursuers before him, and at Wu Lingyun, who had shrunk to the very back of the crowd, and spoke calmly.

“You all deserve to die.”

Five words.

Plain and emotionless.

But the moment those five words fell, everyone present felt an invisible pressure descend from the sky, making it hard for them to breathe.

One of the Wu family guards finally broke down.

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“Kill! Kill him!”

He roared hoarsely, “He’s just one person! There are so many of us, what are we afraid of! Charge together, kill him!”

Encouraged by him, a dozen guards and soldiers finally mustered their courage and charged towards Chen Ping with a roar. Swords flashed, magic swirled.

Chen Ping watched the charging figures, a slight, enigmatic smile playing on his lips.

Then, he raised his hand.

Just a casual raise of his hand, no hand seals, no gathering of power, not even a flicker of spiritual energy.

He simply raised his hand.

“Boom!”

A muffled thud.

The dozen or so guards at the forefront were sent flying as if struck by an invisible mountain. They coughed up mouthfuls of blood mid-air, their chests caved in, their tendons severed, and they landed lifeless.

One move.

No, not even a single move.

Just a raised hand.

A dozen men, all annihilated.

The remaining pursuers were utterly dumbfounded.

What kind of strength was this?

What kind of technique was this?

They hadn't even seen Chen Ping make a move, hadn't seen any spiritual energy leak out, yet their companions were dead? Completely dead?

"Peak Third Grade Immortal Realm...no, no, the aura emanating from him...this is..."

A temple soldier suddenly exclaimed, his voice trembling.

Although he wasn't a master, he had worked in the temple for many years and had seen many powerful figures.

But the feeling Chen Ping gave him at this moment wasn't strength, but...terror.

A terror originating from the level of life itself, from the depths of his bloodline.

It was as if standing before them wasn't a person, but a dragon.

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No, more terrifying than a dragon.

It was the Dragon Emperor.

Chen Ping gave them no more time to react.

He took a step forward.

This step seemed slow, but when he landed, he was already in the center of the crowd.

The guards and soldiers didn't even have time to react; they only saw a flash of golden light before they lost consciousness.

Chen Ping used no fancy moves, no earth-shattering magic.

He simply slapped someone down; with a casual wave, someone was sent flying; with a flick of his finger, someone's forehead exploded.

Every strike resulted in a fatal fall.

Each fall was a swift and absolute death, without even a scream.

He moved slowly through the crowd, as if strolling in a garden, his robes fluttering, untouched by dust. Wherever he went, corpses littered the ground, blood flowed like rivers.

In less than the time it takes to brew half a cup of tea.

More than thirty guards and more than twenty temple soldiers were all wiped out.

Not a single survivor.

Chen Ping stopped, standing amidst the mountain of corpses and sea of blood, his body still clean, without a trace of blood.

He looked up at Wu Lingyun, who was now cowering in a corner against the mountainside, trembling.

Wu Lingyun was now completely devoid of his previous arrogance.

He slumped to the ground, his legs soaked and emitting a pungent, foul stench.

The dignified young master of the Wu family, a genius of the ninth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm, was now trembling like a stray dog.

“No...don’t...don’t come any closer...”

He watched Chen Ping approach step by step, desperately trying to retreat, but found himself with nowhere to go; behind him was the cold, hard mountain wall.

Chen Ping stopped three steps away from him, looking down at him.

“Wu Lingyun.”

He spoke, his voice still calm, “You know, from the first moment I saw you, I thought you were trash.”

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Wu Lingyun opened his mouth, but couldn’t utter a word.

Chen Ping continued, "Ninth Rank of the Upper Immortal Realm, the eldest young master of the Wu family, a lackey of the Divine Temple, a genius of Yunxian City... Your life has been smooth sailing, you've had everything you could want, so you think everyone should revolve around you, and all women should be yours."

He leaned slightly forward, looking into Wu Lingyun's terrified eyes, and said, word by word, "But you're wrong. In this world, there are some things you cannot touch."

Wu Lingyun trembled violently, his teeth chattering even more intensely.

"Chen...Chen Ping, you...you can't kill me...I am the sole heir of the Wu family...my father is a True Immortal Realm cultivator...If you kill me, he won't let you go...and the Divine Temple...the Divine Temple won't let you go either..."

Chen Ping smiled.

That smile carried a faint hint of mockery.

"Wu Lingyun, do you think I care about any of that?"

He straightened up, raised his hand, and golden light condensed in his palm.

Wu Lingyun stared at the golden light, his pupils suddenly contracting, his face revealing utter despair.

"No..."

He screamed, his voice shrill.

Just as Chen Ping was about to strike with his palm...

"Stop!"

A cold shout came from afar.

Immediately afterwards, three dark red lights descended from the sky, landing between Chen Ping and Wu Lingyun, blocking Chen Ping's path.

The dark red lights dissipated, revealing three figures.

The leader, pale-faced, exuded an eerie dark red aura; it was Long Mo.

Behind him stood Long Xing and Long Sha.

The three demonic dragon envoys had arrived.

Long Mo looked at Chen Ping, a cold smile curling at the corner of his lips: "Chen Ping, we meet again. This time, you can't escape."

Chen Ping withdrew his palm, his gaze falling on Long Mo.

Three days ago, he had been chased and nearly killed by these three demonic dragons.

Three days later...

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A slight smile appeared on his lips.

"Run?"

He repeated the word softly, then shook his head. "Who said I was going to run?"

Long Mo was taken aback.

He looked Chen Ping up and down, then suddenly frowned.

"You...your aura..."

He realized that Chen Ping's aura was completely different from three days ago.

Three days ago, Chen Ping was only at the peak of the second rank of the Upper Immortal Realm, and he had beaten him without any power to fight back.

But now, Chen Ping gave him a feeling of unfathomable depth.

Even...there was a faint sense of oppression that made his blood tremble.

"Peak of the third rank of the Upper Immortal Realm?"

Long Mo sneered. "Breaking through from the peak of the second rank to the peak of the third rank in three days is indeed remarkable. But do you think that little progress makes you an enemy of us?"

Behind him, Long Xing and Long Sha also stepped forward at the same time, the three of them forming a triangle, surrounding Chen Ping in the middle.

Long Mo stared at Chen Ping, his eyes filled with greed: "Chen Ping, hand over the Golden Dragon bloodline within you, and I might grant you a swift death. Otherwise..."

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

Chen Ping calmly looked at him, then suddenly smiled.

That smile was exactly the same as when he looked at Wu Lingyun earlier.

It was faint, tinged with mockery.

“Long Mo, do you know, three days ago when you were chasing me, I was indeed no match for you,” he slowly began, “but today...”

He paused, raising his hand, golden light condensing in his palm.

That golden light was dazzling, radiating a suffocating pressure.

“Today, the three of you are nothing but three ants in my eyes.”

Long Mo’s expression changed, then he sneered: “Arrogant!”

He waved his hand, and Long Xing and Long Sha attacked simultaneously.