

## **The Order 10381**

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Three dark red beams of light, carrying intense demonic energy, hurtled towards Chen Ping!

Chen Ping didn't move.

He didn't even dodge.

He simply stood there quietly, letting the three attacks, powerful enough to split mountains and shatter rocks, strike him.

"Boom..."

A deafening roar shook the heavens, and dust billowed.

A smug smile curled at the corner of Long Mo's lips: "Fool, taking the full force of all three of us head-on, even if you're a True Immortal, you'll..."

His words caught in his throat.

The dust settled.

Chen Ping remained standing, completely still.

He didn't even have a single wound.

Not even a tear in his clothes.

Long Mo's eyes nearly popped out of their sockets.

"This...how is this possible?!"

Chen Ping raised his hand, lightly brushing away non-existent dust from his robes, and said calmly, "That's it?"

Long Mo's expression completely changed.

He finally realized that the Chen Ping before him was completely different from the Chen Ping they had chased and fled in disarray three days ago.

It wasn't because of an improved cultivation level, but because of...

That aura.

That aura that made the very depths of his bloodline tremble.

It was the oppressive power of the Dragon Emperor's bloodline.

Three days ago, Chen Ping was severely injured, his spiritual power suppressed, unable to unleash the true power of his bloodline.

But today, his injuries had healed, the collar removed, and his bloodline fully awakened.

The Chen Ping of this moment was the true Dragon Emperor.

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A strong sense of unease surged within Long Mo, and he subconsciously took a step back.

But just then, Chen Ping moved.

He took a step forward.

This step, in Long Mo's eyes, seemed to cause the entire world to reverse.

An invisible pressure, as tangible as a physical force, pressed down heavily on Long Mo.

Long Mo felt the dragon blood within him freeze in that instant, his legs buckling, almost causing him to kneel.

"No...impossible..."

He murmured, "You're only a third-grade Upper Immortal, how could you..."

Chen Ping didn't answer.

He simply raised his hand and pointed lightly at Long Mo.

"Pfft..."

A beam of golden light shot out from his fingertip.

The golden light seemed weak, but the moment it shot out, Long Mo felt death approaching.

He tried to dodge, but found his body frozen, unable to move at all.

The golden light pierced through his brow.

Long Mo's body stiffened on the spot, his expression frozen.

A thumb-sized hole between his brows, from which dark red blood flowed.

He opened his mouth, wanting to say something, but nothing came out.

"Bang!"

His body fell to the ground.

Long Mo had fallen.

From Long Mo's body, the Dragon Emperor's Token slowly flew into Chen Ping's hand.

The remaining Long Xing and Long Sha were completely dumbfounded.

They hadn't even reacted to what had happened before Long Mo was already dead.

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Long Xing roared and turned to flee.

Long Sha followed closely behind.

But they had only flown less than ten zhang when Chen Ping appeared before them.

“Why are you running?”

Chen Ping said calmly, “Weren’t you going to kill me to take my bloodline?”

Despair flashed in Long Xing’s eyes. With all his might, he threw a punch at Chen Ping.

Chen Ping didn’t dodge, nor did he even defend himself.

He simply stood there, letting the punch strike his chest.

“Bang!”

The fist slammed solidly into Chen Ping.

But Chen Ping didn’t budge. Long Xing’s fist, however, felt a sharp pain; his finger bones shattered.

“You...your physical body...” Long Xing’s eyes widened.

Chen Ping looked at him and said softly, “The Dragon Essence Pill that Long Yuan gave me not only enhanced my cultivation but also tempered my physical body. Now, my physical strength is comparable to that of a True Immortal.”

He raised his hand and gently patted Long Xing’s forehead.

Long Xing’s brow collapsed, his eyes instantly glazed over, and his body plummeted from mid-air.

Long Sha, witnessing this scene, was utterly devastated.

He knelt on the ground with a thud, repeatedly kowtowing: "Spare me! Your Majesty the Dragon Emperor, spare me! I am willing to submit! I am willing to surrender!"

Chen Ping looked down at him, his eyes calm.

"Surrender?"

He repeated softly, "When you surrendered to the Demon Clan, did you ever consider surrendering?"

Long Sha trembled all over, unable to utter a word.

Chen Ping didn't look at him again, but simply raised his hand and slapped down.

"Pfft..."

Long Sha's corpse lay in a pool of blood.

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All three demonic dragons were annihilated.

From the start to the end, it took no more than ten breaths.

Chen Ping stood between the three corpses, his robes still spotless, not a single drop of blood staining them.

He turned to look at Wu Lingyun, who was cowering in the corner of the mountain wall, terrified out of his wits.

But just then, his brow furrowed slightly.

Wu Lingyun was gone.

On the ground, only a puddle of water remained, along with a faint aura of a teleportation talisman.

Chen Ping looked up; in the distance, a figure was desperately fleeing, disappearing into the horizon in the blink of an eye.

“A teleportation talisman...” Chen Ping said calmly, a hint of disappointment flashing in his eyes.

He didn't give chase.

Teleportation talismans, once activated, could instantly transport someone a thousand miles away. There was no way to catch up.

However, it didn't matter.

“Killing trash like Wu Lingyun makes no difference.”

Chen Ping withdrew his gaze and turned to walk towards Chen Wanqing.

Chen Wanqing remained slumped on the ground, utterly powerless.

But her eyes remained fixed on Chen Ping, never wavering.

She had witnessed everything that had just happened.

The guards who had chased her for three days and three nights were all wiped out by Chen Ping like ants being crushed.

Those three terrifying demonic dragons were all killed by Chen Ping within ten breaths.

Wu Lingyun, who had terrified her to the extreme, was so frightened by Chen Ping that he wet his pants and fled in a sorry state.

This man...

This man is too strong.

Not strong in terms of cultivation, but a strength that comes from the very core of his being, an innate strength.

That kind of strength commands submission, worship, and... a stirring of the heart.

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Chen Ping walked up to her, knelt down, and looked at her with gentle eyes.

"Miss Chen, can you still walk?"

Chen Wanqing snapped out of her daze, her cheeks flushing slightly. She lowered her head and whispered, "I... my legs are weak..."

Chen Ping smiled and reached out to help her up.

Chen Wanqing stood up, draped Chen Ping's outer robe over herself, and leaned against him, feeling incredibly safe.

"Chen Ping..."

She whispered, "Thank you..."

Chen Ping shook his head: "Don't thank me. I'm late, and I've made you suffer."

Chen Wanqing's eyes welled up, and she almost cried again.

Chen Ping gently patted her back and said, "Let's go, I'll take you somewhere."

Chen Wanqing nodded, leaning against him, letting him lead her deeper into the mountains.

Behind them, corpses littered the ground.

The bodies of three demonic dragons lay silently in pools of blood.

In the distance, in the void, a faint, ethereal presence watched all of this.

A moment later, the thought slowly dissipated.

...

Fourteenth Heaven, a hidden place.

In a gloomy hall, a dark red life lamp suddenly shattered.

The black-robed elder guarding the lamp abruptly opened his eyes, his expression changing drastically.

“Long Mo’s life lamp... is shattered!”

He abruptly rose and rushed into the depths of the hall.

In the innermost part of the hall, a figure shrouded in dark red mist slowly opened his eyes.

Those were cold, ruthless, and demonic eyes.

“Long Mo is dead?” the figure spoke, his voice hoarse and piercing.

The black-robed elder knelt, trembling, and said, “Yes, Long Mo’s life lamp is shattered, and Long Xing and Long Sha’s life lamps are also shattered. The three... perished simultaneously.”

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The hall fell into a deathly silence.

A moment later, the figure let out a cold laugh.

“Interesting...that Dragon Emperor bloodline is more interesting than I imagined.”

He stood up, dark red mist swirling around him.

“Send the order down, intensify the investigation. I need to know where that Dragon Emperor bloodline is hiding.”

“Yes!”

The black-robed elder accepted the order and left.

The figure gazed into the distance, a greedy glint in his eyes.

“Dragon Emperor bloodline...you are mine.”

...

Outside Heavenly Dragon Valley, Chen Ping led Chen Wanqing through layers of restrictions, stepping into this sacred land of the dragon race.

Chen Wanqing stared at everything before her—the golden dragon aura filling the sky, the majestic dragon-shaped palace, the giant dragons circling and soaring in the distance—completely stunned.

“This...this is...”

Chen Ping, supporting her hand, said calmly, “Heavenly Dragon Valley, the secluded dwelling place of the dragon race.”

Chen Wanqing gasped.

The dragon race...

The legendary dragon race, actually exists?

She recalled the three demonic dragons and Chen Ping’s displayed power, and suddenly understood many things.

Chen Ping truly was the Dragon Emperor.

Long Hao, along with several members of the dragon clan, was already waiting at the valley entrance. Seeing Chen Ping return with a woman, they hurried forward to greet him.

“Your Majesty, who is this...?”

Chen Ping said, “My friend. Arrange a place for her to stay, and find some healing pills.”

Long Hao nodded quickly and ordered his men to help Chen Wanqing to rest.

Before leaving, Chen Wanqing glanced back at Chen Ping, her eyes filled with complex emotions.

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She wanted to say something, but didn't know where to begin.

Chen Ping looked at her and smiled slightly: “Heal your injuries first. We can talk about it later.”

Chen Wanqing nodded and left with the dragon clan members.

Chen Ping stood there, watching her departing figure, the smile on his face slowly fading.

He turned around and looked at Long Hao.

“Long Hao, summon Long Zhan. I have something to ask him.”

Long Hao immediately obeyed.

A moment later, Long Zhan rushed over.

“Your Majesty, you summoned me?”

Chen Ping nodded, standing with his hands behind his back, his gaze profound.

“Long Mo is dead. Long Xing and Long Sha are also dead. I killed them.”

Upon hearing this, Long Zhan was first stunned, then his face lit up with wild joy.

“Your Majesty is mighty! Those three traitors have finally been brought to justice!”

Chen Ping waved his hand, his expression remaining calm.

“Long Zhan, I ask you, how many people are in the Demon Dragon lineage? Where is their lair?”

Long Zhan’s smile faded. After a moment of contemplation, he replied, “Your Majesty, I don’t know the exact number of the Demon Dragon lineage. But there are at least three to five hundred, including many True Immortal realm experts. Their lair... is very well hidden. I’ve investigated for years, but haven’t found its exact location.”

Chen Ping was silent for a moment, then said calmly, “I understand.”

Long Zhan looked at him, hesitated, and said, “Your Majesty, you killed Long Mo and the other two. The Demon Dragon lineage will surely retaliate fiercely. What do you intend to do...”

Chen Ping turned around and looked into the distance.

The afterglow of the setting sun bathed him in golden light.

“Retaliation?” A slight smile played on his lips. “Let them come.”

Long Zhan was taken aback, then a look of awe flashed in his eyes.

This Dragon Emperor is indeed extraordinary.

“Oh, right,” Chen Ping suddenly said, “that Wu Lingyun escaped. He had a teleportation talisman, so I couldn’t catch him.”

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Long Zhan frowned: “Wu Lingyun? The young master of the Wu family?”

Chen Ping nodded.

Long Zhan pondered, “Your Majesty, the Wu family wields considerable power in Yunxian City and has connections with the Divine Temple. Once Wu Lingyun returns, he’ll surely exaggerate and incite the Wu family and the Divine Temple to attack you. Should I send someone...”

Chen Ping raised his hand, interrupting him.

“No need. One Wu Lingyun can’t cause any trouble.”

He paused, his tone indifferent: “Let him go back and spread the news. Perfect, I also want to see just how many people in the Fourteenth Heaven want to kill me.”

Long Zhan’s heart skipped a beat upon hearing this.

Is this Your Majesty... intentionally inviting trouble?

He looked up at Chen Ping, only to see a trace of fear on that young face, a faint, arrogant disdain for the world.

At that moment, Long Zhan suddenly thought of the Dragon Emperor from ten thousand years ago.

The Dragon Emperor of that time had the same gaze.

The same bearing.

Long Zhan took a deep breath and bowed deeply.

“Your Majesty, I am willing to follow you, even through fire and water!”

Chen Ping glanced at him and nodded.

“Rise. Take good care of Miss Chen for me. We can discuss the rest later.”

“Yes!”

Long Zhan accepted the order and left.

The night in Tianlong Valley was so quiet that you could hear the whisper of the wind rustling through the leaves.

The deep, inky sky seemed to have been painted with a giant brush, even the stars seemed terrified by the valley’s spiritual energy, daring only to peek out with a faint glow.

A full, jade-like moon hung high in the sky, its gentle light cascading down like water, softly enveloping the entire Heavenly Dragon Valley.

The moonlight wasn't its usual coldness; instead, it possessed a faint, luminous glow, creating a striking contrast with the surging golden dragon energy above the valley.

The dragon energy condensed into tiny golden dragon phantoms, swirling and darting through the air, sometimes swooping down, sometimes soaring.

Their scales shimmered brilliantly in the moonlight, emitting subtle yet majestic roars, as if guarding this secret realm.

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Chen Ping sat cross-legged on the edge of a towering cliff.

Mist swirled around the cliff, and a bottomless abyss lay below, yet he sat as steady as a rock, his posture upright like a pine tree, his eyes closed, his aura calm and profound.

He wore a simple golden robe, the fabric of which was dragon scale brocade specially sewn for him by the dragon clan. It was soft, smooth, and light, with subtle patterns flowing across it, echoing the golden light surrounding him.

At this moment, the golden light around him flowed ceaselessly, not deliberately manipulated, but rising and falling naturally like breathing.

With each flow, his aura solidified, and the concentration of spiritual energy around him surged.

His aura was several times more solid than when he first entered Heavenly Dragon Valley three days ago.

Although his cultivation level remained at the peak of the third rank of the Upper Immortal Realm, showing no signs of breakthrough, Chen Ping knew in his heart that his current strength far surpassed that of cultivators at the same level.

Yet, in the past few days, he hadn't rushed into seclusion to cultivate and break through to the fourth rank.

He was waiting, waiting for two crucial people.

He was waiting for Chen Wanqing to recover from her injuries.

Chen Wanqing, covered in wounds and in a disheveled state, stumbled into Tianlong Valley, her aura chaotic and her meridians severely damaged.

If it weren't for the miraculous healing pills of the Dragon Clan, and the wisp of golden dragon energy he had transferred to her to protect her heart, she would likely have perished.

He was also waiting for news of Ming Li and Liu Qianqian.

Those two, he didn't know where they had gone.

Chen Ping's brows furrowed almost imperceptibly, a hint of worry creeping into his heart.

Ming Li was extremely experienced, and Liu Qianqian was meticulous; theoretically, the two of them traveling together should be able to handle any trouble they encountered.

But despite his worry, Chen Ping wasn't too impatient.

The golden light surrounding him paused slightly, then resumed its steady flow, and his mind calmed down.

Just then, he heard soft footsteps behind him.

"Your Majesty."

Long Hao's respectful voice rang out. He was a core member of the Heavenly Dragon lineage, possessing a cultivation level of the ninth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm. He was also the first dragon cultivator to submit to Chen Ping after he entered Heavenly Dragon Valley.

Chen Ping didn't turn around, remaining in his cross-legged meditation posture, his voice indifferent: "What is it?"

Long Hao immediately stopped, standing a few steps behind Chen Ping, bowing respectfully: "Your Majesty, the guards at the valley entrance just reported that they've captured two suspicious human cultivators.

A man and a woman, both with cultivation levels of the sixth rank of the Middle Immortal Realm. They had no identification and refused to reveal their origins."

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"They were merely peeking around outside the valley, behaving suspiciously, seemingly trying to sneak into the valley under the cover of night.

The guards sensed something amiss and tried to stop them. The two attempted to resist, but were easily subdued."

Chen Ping's brows furrowed slightly, his tightly closed eyes slowly opening, a hint of surprise flashing within them.

"Bring them here." His voice remained calm, yet carried an undeniable air of command. "I want to see them myself."

"Yes, Your Majesty!" Long Hao respectfully accepted the order and turned to leave quickly.

A moment later, heavy footsteps echoed.

Several dragon guards clad in silver armor slowly brought two people before Chen Ping.

The two were bound tightly with thick, black iron chains, the chains wrapped with dense, restrictive runes that suppressed their spiritual energy.

Clear signs of a struggle remained on their bodies.

The man was covered in dirt, his hair disheveled, his face bruised and swollen, his clothes tattered;

The woman was also disheveled, her clothes caked with mud, her face bearing several shallow wounds, and her complexion pale.

But when Chen Ping saw their faces clearly, he froze.

“Ming Li? Liu Qianqian?”

He spoke softly, his tone carrying a barely perceptible hint of teasing, and a hidden concern.

The two bound men stiffened simultaneously upon hearing the familiar voice.

They struggled to lift their heads, and when they saw that standing before them was Chen Ping, the very person they had been searching for, their eyes widened instantly.

“Mr. Chen?!”

“Young Master Chen?!”

The two exclaimed simultaneously, their voices filled with excitement, elation, and the relief of surviving a close call.

“Quick! Untie them!” Chen Ping waved his hand hastily.

The dragon guards were stunned, clearly not expecting that these two human cultivators they had captured were actually acquaintances of His Majesty.

They quickly stepped forward, carefully unlocking the black iron chains binding the two men and removing the restrictive runes from their bodies.

As soon as the restrictions were removed, the spiritual energy within Ming Li's body instantly began to circulate. He immediately broke free from the guards' restraints and rushed to Chen Ping, scrutinizing him closely from head to toe.

"Mr. Chen, we've been searching for you for days!"