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Long Yuan was silent for a moment, then slowly spoke, "I need to go to the depths of the Demon Realm to see that great figure of the Demon Clan."

The elders' expressions changed.

"Chief, are you going to find the Demon Clan?"

Long Yuan nodded. "This matter is far too complex; it's no longer something we can decide alone. The Dragon Emperor's bloodline has reappeared, the Heavenly Dragon Clan has emerged, the Divine Temple is eyeing us covetously... all of this requires careful consideration. I need the Demon Lord's opinion, and I also need the Demon Clan's support."

He paused, his tone firm. "Before I return, no one is to act rashly. Continue to monitor Cloud Immortal City, monitor Chen Ping's every move. But don't alert him."

"Yes!"

The elders responded in unison.

Long Yuan turned around, gazing into the distance, a complex expression flashing in his eyes.

The Holy Domain of Light!

The golden light gradually dissipated, and Chen Ping's figure appeared from the teleportation array.

He stood on unfamiliar land, surrounded by rolling green mountains. In the distance, clouds swirled, and palaces and pavilions with flying eaves and intricate brackets were vaguely visible atop the peaks, exuding a magnificent aura.

The sky was a clear, deep blue, the sun shone brightly, and the air was thick with spiritual energy, several times richer than that of Cloud Immortal City.

“This is the Holy Domain of Light?”

Chen Ping narrowed his eyes slightly, sensing the fluctuations of spiritual energy around him.

The spiritual energy here was indeed abundant and incredibly pure, truly living up to the name “Holy Domain.”

He could sense an inexplicable pressure in this world, as if some kind of rule was binding everything.

He raised his head, his gaze sweeping across the surroundings, and quickly spotted a small town at the foot of a distant mountain.

The town wasn’t large, but the buildings were well-organized, and the streets were bustling with people, appearing quite lively.

Chen Ping didn’t rush to move, but first concealed his aura; in unfamiliar places, keeping a low profile was always a good idea.

A moment later, he moved, transforming into a faint stream of light, and sped towards the town.

The town was called “Clear Stream Town,” nestled against the mountains and beside the water, with beautiful scenery.

Shops lined both sides of the town’s main street, selling everything from pills and magical artifacts to spiritual herbs and materials.

The street was bustling with pedestrians, their cultivation levels ranging from the fifth to the ninth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm.

Chen Ping strolled slowly down the street, his gaze subtly sweeping over his surroundings.

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He noticed that the cultivators here looked at people with a peculiar intensity, as if scrutinizing something, yet without malice, more of a curiosity and examination.

He hadn't walked far when he heard a commotion ahead.

Chen Ping looked up and saw a group of people gathered in the distance, seemingly watching something.

He stepped forward and, through the gaps in the crowd, saw a massive stone tablet standing there, inscribed with three large characters—"Blood Testing Tablet."

Several men and women dressed in white robes stood before the tablet, their chests embroidered with golden lotus patterns.

Leading the group was a middle-aged man with a refined appearance and a smile, speaking loudly.

"...Fellow Daoists, our Holy Purity Sect has always revered bloodlines. Anyone possessing a superior bloodline can join the sect, enjoy its resources, find a Daoist partner for dual cultivation, and jointly comprehend the Great Dao!

Today, our sect is recruiting disciples. Those with the affinity are welcome to come and take the test. If one possesses a superior bloodline, the Vice Sect Leader will personally receive them!"

Chen Ping raised an eyebrow slightly.

The Holy Purity Sect?

Bloodlines are revered?

He recalled what Long Zhan had said earlier: the Holy Domain of Light was a gathering place for righteous cultivators, with numerous major sects.

This Holy Purity Sect seemed to be one of them.

However, the idea of "revering bloodlines" surprised him somewhat.

In the Heavenly Realm, bloodlines were indeed important, but using them as a standard for entry and openly recruiting disciples—this sect's style was quite high-profile.

"Fellow Daoist, would you like to give it a try?"

The middle-aged man seemed to notice Chen Ping, his gaze falling on him as he asked with a smile, "I see you possess an extraordinary bearing, fellow Daoist; your bloodline must be quite strong. If the test reveals a superior bloodline, joining my Holy Purity Sect will undoubtedly lead to a bright future!"

Chen Ping looked at him calmly, without speaking.

His purpose in coming here was to find the Divine Hall and gather information; he didn't want any unnecessary complications.

However, since the Holy Purity Sect had considerable influence in the Holy Domain of Light, perhaps he could learn the location of the Divine Hall from them.

Moreover, he also wanted to see what these so-called "righteous cultivators" were really like.

"How do I take the test?" Chen Ping asked casually.

The middle-aged man's eyes lit up, and he quickly replied, "It's simple. Just place your hand on the Blood Testing Tablet and circulate your spiritual energy. The Blood Testing Tablet will automatically sense the purity of your bloodline and display its level. There are five levels: lower, middle, upper, top-grade, and holy."

Chen Ping nodded and stepped towards the Blood Testing Tablet. The crowd parted to make way, all eyes fixed on Chen Ping.

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Some were curious, some expectant, and some disdainful.

Chen Ping walked to the stone tablet and placed his hand on its surface.

The tablet was entirely blue-green, cool to the touch, and covered with densely packed runes.

The instant his palm touched it, the runes lit up, and a strange power surged into his body through his palm, seemingly probing something.

Chen Ping frowned slightly, instinctively wanting to resist the power.

But then he thought, this was just a test of bloodline, so he allowed the power to probe.

A moment later, the runes on the tablet suddenly burst forth with dazzling light!

The light was first blue, then turned purple, then gold, and finally... it even faintly displayed seven colors!

“This...this is!”

The middle-aged man’s eyes widened, his smile instantly freezing, replaced by unbelievable shock.

The onlookers erupted in astonishment.

“Seven-colored light! This is a Saint-grade bloodline!”

“Impossible! A Saint-grade bloodline is a once-in-a-century occurrence, how could it appear in a young cultivator at the third rank of the Upper Immortal Realm?”

“Heavens! I’ve cultivated for so many years, and this is the first time I’ve ever seen a Saint-grade bloodline!”

Chen Ping withdrew his hand, his gaze falling on the stone tablet, a hint of surprise flashing in his eyes.

His bloodline was the Golden Dragon bloodline, the blood of a dragon emperor, so it wasn’t surprising that it displayed seven-colored light on this blood-testing tablet.

Unexpectedly, the Blood Testing Stele of the Holy Purity Sect could detect the characteristics of dragon bloodlines.

The middle-aged man was stunned for a moment, then suddenly came to his senses and hurriedly stepped forward, bowing deeply to Chen Ping. His tone was extremely respectful: “Fellow Daoist... no, young master! I was blind to your greatness, unaware that you possess a Saint-grade bloodline. I have been very negligent; I hope you will forgive me!”

Chen Ping looked at him without speaking.

The middle-aged man quickly said, “Young master, your Saint-grade bloodline is one in a million. If you join my Holy Purity Sect, your future will be limitless! I will immediately report to the Vice Sect Leader and request that he personally receive you!”

Chen Ping’s heart stirred.

A personal audience with the Vice Sect Leader?

This was indeed an opportunity.

If he could obtain information about the Divine Hall from the Vice Sect Leader of the Holy Purity Sect, he would save himself the trouble of searching aimlessly.

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“Very well,” he said calmly. The middle-aged man was overjoyed and immediately ordered his attendant, “Quickly inform the Vice Leader that a genius with Saint-grade bloodline has descended upon our sect. Please summon him immediately!”

A disciple obeyed and quickly departed.

The middle-aged man then said to Chen Ping, “Young Master, please follow me. Let’s rest in the sect for a while. The Vice Leader will arrive shortly.”

Chen Ping nodded and followed the middle-aged man out of town.

The onlookers watched Chen Ping’s departing figure, murmuring amongst themselves.

Some were envious, some jealous, and others speculating about Chen Ping’s origins.

Outside Qingxi Town, a majestic mountain rose abruptly from the ground, its slopes shrouded in mist, with palaces and pavilions faintly visible.

This was the mountain gate of the Holy Qing Sect.

Chen Ping followed the middle-aged man upwards, passing through layers of restrictions, until they arrived before a magnificent hall.

Above the hall’s entrance hung a plaque bearing three large characters: “Holy Purity Hall.”

Inside the hall, a middle-aged man sat regally in the main seat.

He wore a white robe embroidered with golden lotuses at the hem, his face refined, a gentle smile playing on his lips. A faint aura of power emanated from him, clearly indicating his cultivation at the peak of the ninth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm.

Seeing Chen Ping enter, he stood up and quickly greeted him, his face beaming with a warm and polite tone: "This must be the young friend who possesses the bloodline of a Saint?"

Indeed, a handsome and extraordinary man! I am the Vice Leader of the Holy Purity Sect, my Daoist name is Qingxu. May I ask your name, young friend?"

Chen Ping looked at him and said calmly, "Chen Ping."

"Chen Ping...a fine name!"

Vice Leader Qingxu nodded repeatedly, gesturing for him to sit. "Young friend Chen, please sit. Someone, bring tea!"

Chen Ping took his seat in the guest seat, his gaze sweeping across the hall. The hall was elegantly furnished, with several landscape paintings hanging on the walls and an incense burner on the table, wisps of smoke rising and releasing a faint fragrance.

Vice Sect Leader Qingxu took his seat in the main seat, his gaze falling on Chen Ping, a broad smile on his face: "Young friend Chen, may I ask your master? Where do you come from? I observe that your aura is steady and your spiritual power pure; you must have an extraordinary background?"

Chen Ping replied calmly, "A rogue cultivator, without a sect or affiliation."

"A rogue cultivator?"

A hint of surprise flashed in Vice Sect Leader Qingxu's eyes, then his smile widened. "For a rogue cultivator to possess such a bloodline is truly rare! Young friend Chen, since you have come to my Holy Pure Sect, it is fate.

My Holy Pure Sect has always revered bloodlines; a Saint-grade bloodline like yours is one in ten thousand. If you join my sect, you will surely be highly valued. I wonder if you would be willing to join?"
"My Holy Purity Sect?"

Chen Ping looked at him, not answering directly, but asking, "I'm new here and not familiar with the Holy Domain of Light. May I ask, Vice Sect Leader, what kind of sect is this Holy Purity Sect?"

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Vice Sect Leader Qingxu laughed heartily and said, "Young friend Chen, that's a good question. My Holy Purity Sect is one of the orthodox sects of the Holy Domain of Light, established for a thousand years. We revere bloodlines and use dual cultivation to attain enlightenment.

Disciples in the sect are all matched by bloodlines, forming Daoist partners to cultivate together, achieving twice the results with half the effort. With a Saint-grade bloodline like yours, you will surely find a Daoist partner with equally outstanding bloodlines in the future, cultivating together and reaching the Great Dao!"

Chen Ping raised an eyebrow slightly.

Matching by bloodlines to form Daoist partners?

Isn't that just forced pairing?

A trace of doubt flashed through his mind, but he remained expressionless, simply nodding.

Seeing his calm expression, Vice Master Qingxu assumed he was interested and continued, "Young friend Chen, since you possess a Saint-grade bloodline, I naturally won't mistreat you.

To be honest, my sect happens to have a female disciple with an equally excellent bloodline, just one step away from reaching the Saint-grade. She and you are a match made in heaven. I'll arrange for her to marry you; what do you say?"

Chen Ping looked at him calmly, without speaking.

Seeing his silence, Vice Master Qingxu assumed he was hesitating and smiled, "Young friend Chen, don't worry, I'll take care of this. Someone, go and invite Miss Yun Yao."

A disciple obeyed and left.

A moment later, a slender figure walked in from outside the hall.

It was a young woman, dressed in a plain white dress, her long, flowing black hair cascading down to her waist.

Her face was exquisitely beautiful, her eyebrows like distant mountains, her eyes like autumn waters, yet a faint chill and a barely perceptible sorrow lingered in her gaze.

She entered the hall, gave a slight bow, and said in a clear, cold voice, "Yun Yao greets the Vice Sect Leader."

Vice Sect Leader Qingxu smiled and waved his hand, "Yun Yao, no need for formalities. Come, let me introduce you. This is young friend Chen Ping, possessing a Saint-grade bloodline and exceptional talent.

I have decided to betroth you to him. From now on, you will be Daoist partners, cultivating together and comprehending the Great Dao."

Upon hearing this, Yun Yao's expression changed slightly. She raised her head, her gaze falling on Chen Ping.

In that gaze, there was scrutiny, doubt, and a hint of...resistance.

She bit her lip and whispered, "Vice Sect Leader, Yun Yao...is unwilling."

Vice Sect Leader Qingxu's smile froze instantly.

The atmosphere in the hall suddenly solidified.

A moment later, the smile on Vice Sect Leader Qingxu's face slowly vanished, replaced by a chill.

He looked at Yun Yao, his tone still gentle, yet carrying an undeniable authority: "Yun Yao, what do you mean by that?"

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Yun Yao lowered her head, her voice still cold, but trembling slightly: "Vice Sect Leader, Yun Yao only wants to focus on cultivation, she doesn't want... doesn't want to cultivate with anyone."

Vice Sect Leader Qingxu was silent for a moment, then suddenly laughed.

That smile was completely different from his previous gentle one, carrying a faint hint of mockery.

"Yun Yao, you've been a member of the sect for three years, enjoying countless resources and your cultivation rising from the sixth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm to the eighth. Do you know how much effort the sect has poured into you in these three years?"

Now, I've found you a Daoist partner with a Saint-grade bloodline. This is your fortune, your blessing. Yet you say you're unwilling?"

Yun Yao raised her head, looking at Vice Sect Leader Qingxu, a stubborn glint in her eyes: "Vice Sect Leader, Yun Yao is willing to repay the sect's resources, even if it means serving as a slave. But... but this matter of a Daoist partner, Yun Yao truly cannot accept."

Vice Sect Leader Qingxu's smile deepened, but the smile didn't reach his eyes.

"Repay? What will you repay with?"

His tone remained gentle, yet carried an invisible pressure. "Yun Yao, I'm doing this for your own good. A Saint-grade bloodline is one in ten thousand. If you miss this opportunity, it will be too late to regret it later."

Yun Yao bit her lip, remaining silent, but tears welled in her eyes.

Chen Ping watched this scene calmly, his brows slightly furrowed.

This Holy Purity Sect... is indeed problematic.

All this talk of valuing bloodlines, of dual cultivation for enlightenment—it's all just forced pairings, coercing female cultivators into dual cultivation.

Those who refuse, like Yun Yao, are coerced and tempted, even...

He remained silent, simply observing.

Seeing Yun Yao's continued silence, the Vice Sect Leader Qingxu's smile faded, replaced by a chilling coldness.

"Yun Yao, I will ask you one more time, are you willing?"

Yun Yao raised her head, tears finally streaming down her face, but she stubbornly shook her head.

"No."

Vice Sect Leader Qingxu was silent for a moment, then suddenly sighed.

"Fine, I didn't intend for this to happen. Since you insist, then don't blame me."

He raised his hand, taking out a pink pill from his sleeve. The pill emitted a faint, exotic fragrance.

Yun Yao's face turned deathly pale upon seeing the pill, and she instinctively took a step back.

"This...this is..."

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"The Aphrodisiac Pill."

Vice Sect Leader Qingxu said calmly, "If you take this pill and do not cultivate with someone within three hours, your meridians will reverse, your blood and qi will boil, and you will ultimately explode and die. Yun Yao, I'm giving you one last chance. Are you willing?"

Yun Yao trembled, tears blurring her vision.

She looked at Chen Ping, her eyes filled with despair and pleading.

Chen Ping looked at her calmly, without speaking.

Yun Yao's heart sank deeper and deeper.

She knew that Chen Ping and Vice Sect Leader Qingxu were in cahoots.

How could he possibly help her?

Vice Sect Leader Qingxu stood up, walked to Yun Yao, and held the pill to her lips.

"Yun Yao, be obedient. Take it, and you will be a Daoist partner with Saint-grade bloodline, your future limitless. If you refuse... then don't blame me for being ruthless."

Yun Yao tightly shut her mouth, shaking her head desperately, tears streaming down her face.

But Vice Sect Leader Qingxu completely ignored her resistance, raising his hand to pinch her chin and forcibly shoving the pill into her mouth.

Yun Yao let out a whimper. The pill entered her stomach, transforming into a warm current that instantly surged throughout her body.

Vice Sect Leader Qingxu released his hand, took a step back, and watched Yun Yao collapse to the ground, nodding in satisfaction.

“Young friend Chen, Yun Yao is in your care. She’s taken the Aphrodisiac Pill; if she doesn’t cultivate with him within three hours, she’ll surely die.

Don’t worry, although she has a top-grade bloodline, it’s still inferior to your Saint-grade bloodline. You won’t be at a disadvantage.”

He turned to Chen Ping, smiling broadly. “Young friend Chen, I’ll have a quiet room arranged immediately. Take Yun Yao to rest.”

Chen Ping looked at him calmly, then suddenly smiled.

The smile was faint, yet carried a profound meaning.

“Vice Sect Leader, are you sure... you want me to take her to rest?”

Vice Sect Leader Qingxu was taken aback, then smiled. “Young friend Chen, what are you saying? Since I’ve betrothed her to you, it’s naturally up to you to decide what to do with her.”

Chen Ping nodded.

He stood up, walked to Yun Yao, and looked down at her.

Yun Yao lay limp on the ground, her face streaked with tears, her eyes filled with despair.

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She looked at Chen Ping, her lips trembling, wanting to say something, but finding herself speechless.

Chen Ping reached out and helped her up.

Yun Yao's body trembled, but she was powerless to resist.

Chen Ping looked at her and suddenly whispered, "Don't be afraid."

Yun Yao was startled.

Chen Ping didn't say anything more, supporting her as they walked out of the hall.

Vice Sect Leader Qingxu watched their retreating figures, a satisfied smile on his face.

...

Outside the Holy Pure Hall, Chen Ping supported Yun Yao as they walked down the mountain.

Yun Yao's body grew increasingly hot, her face flushed an unnatural red, and her breathing became rapid.

She clung to her last shred of reason, whispering, "You...you let me go...I don't want to..."

Chen Ping didn't speak, only supporting her and quickening his pace.

A moment later, the two reached the foot of the mountain.

Chen Ping stopped, glancing back in the direction of the Holy Pure Hall, a cold glint in his eyes.

"Let's go."

He said calmly, supporting Yun Yao, and transformed into a streak of light, speeding towards the dense forest in the distance.

Deep in the forest.

Chen Ping placed Yun Yao under a large tree, watching her curl up in a ball, trembling, her face flushed, and her breathing becoming increasingly rapid.

He crouched down, looking at her, and asked softly, "What's your name?"

Yun Yao raised her head, her eyes already somewhat glazed, yet she still stubbornly bit her lip, "Yun...Yun Yao..."

Chen Ping nodded, took out a pill from his storage ring, and held it to her lips.

"Take it."

Yun Yao looked at the pill in his hand, a hint of doubt flashing in her eyes.

Chen Ping's tone was flat: "Anti-poisoning pill. Although it can't cure the poison of the Aphrodisiac Pill, it can suppress it for half an hour."

Yun Yao stared blankly at him, tears welling up again.

Without hesitation, she opened her mouth and swallowed the pill.

A moment later, the flush on her face subsided somewhat, and her breathing became a little more even.

She looked up at Chen Ping, her eyes filled with complex emotions.

“You...why did you save me?”

Chen Ping said calmly, “Because I couldn’t stand it.”

Yun Yao was stunned.

Couldn’t stand it?

Just because of that?

She bit her lip and whispered, “But you...you’re also a member of the Holy Purity Sect...”

“I’m not.”

Chen Ping interrupted her, “I was just passing by and wanted to gather some information.”

Yun Yao was stunned.

A moment later, she suddenly smiled.

That smile carried a hint of relief, and a touch of bitterness.

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“I see...”

She took a deep breath, struggled to her feet, and bowed deeply to Chen Ping.

“Thank you so much for saving my life, young master. Yun Yao has no way to repay you. If I have the chance in the future, I will surely repay your great kindness with my life.”

Chen Ping waved his hand: “No need. Let’s leave here first.”

Just as he finished speaking, a whooshing sound suddenly came from afar.

Chen Ping frowned and looked up.

He saw several white streaks of light rushing towards him from the horizon, moving with lightning speed, and landing above the dense forest in the blink of an eye.

The streaks of light dissipated, revealing five figures.

The leader was a middle-aged man, wearing a white robe with a golden lotus embroidered on his chest. He was the same middle-aged man who had tested Chen Ping’s bloodline earlier.

Behind him were four cultivators dressed in close-fitting clothes, each with a sharp aura, and their cultivation levels were all between the seventh and eighth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm.

The middle-aged man looked at Chen Ping and Yun Yao with a cold smile.

“Young Master Chen, what are you doing? The Vice Sect Leader told you to take Yun Yao to rest, why did you bring her to this desolate wilderness?”

Chen Ping looked at him calmly and smiled faintly, "I have a habit of having sex in the wild. Don't you think dual cultivation in these mountains is more exciting?"

The middle-aged man was stunned; he hadn't expected Chen Ping to answer like that!

Yun Yao also blushed; the words "having sex in the wild" felt extremely offensive to her.

"Fine, then we'll watch you two cultivate. Hurry up and get started."

The middle-aged man said.

"But I don't like being watched while cultivating. Tell me, if your father and mother cultivated, would they like to be watched?"

Chen Ping sneered.

"You..."

The middle-aged man frowned, suppressing his anger, and said, "Young Master Chen, the Vice Leader has treated you well, betrothing Yun Yao to you and even arranging a quiet room for you. Yet you ran away with others. What does this mean?"

He paused, his gaze falling on Yun Yao, a sinister glint in his eyes.

"Yun Yao, how dare you! The Vice Leader bestowed upon you the Aphrodisiac Pill, showing you favor. Yet you colluded with outsiders to escape, utterly courting death!"

Yun Yao's face turned deathly pale, and she instinctively took a step back, hiding behind Chen Ping.

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Chen Ping shielded Yun Yao behind him, remaining silent.

Seeing Chen Ping's silence, the middle-aged man assumed he was afraid, and a cold smile spread across his face.

"Young Master Chen, you're merely a third-grade Upper Immortal. Before me, you're nothing but an ant. If you know what's good for you, surrender obediently, come back with me, kowtow and admit your mistakes before the Vice Sect Leader, and perhaps I'll spare your life. If you don't..."

He raised his hand, spiritual energy gathering in his palm, radiating a sharp, oppressive aura.

"Then don't blame me for being impolite!"

Chen Ping looked at him and suddenly smiled.

The smile was faint, almost imperceptible.

"You just said... I'm an ant?"

The middle-aged man was taken aback, then sneered: "What? Isn't that right? You, a third-grade Upper Immortal, what else are you but an ant before me?"

Chen Ping nodded.

"Fine."

He uttered this single word softly, then took a step forward.

This step seemed slow, but when he landed, he was already in front of the middle-aged man.

The middle-aged man's expression changed drastically, and he instinctively raised his hand to block. His hand, only halfway raised, froze in mid-air.

Chen Ping's hand was already pressed against the top of his head.

"You...you..."

The middle-aged man's eyes widened, filled with disbelief. He hadn't even seen how Chen Ping moved; Chen Ping was already in front of him, subduing him.

"Third-grade Upper Immortal?"

Chen Ping repeated softly, a faint sneer playing on his lips.

"You're right, I am a third-grade Upper Immortal. But someone like you, an eighth-grade Upper Immortal, is less than an ant in my eyes."

With that, he gently pressed down with his palm.

"Pfft—"

A muffled sound.

The middle-aged man's head instantly exploded, blood splattering everywhere.