

The Order 10491

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Although that young cultivator wasn't particularly strong, there are definitely stronger beings here. If you rashly reveal yourself and are discovered, the consequences could be unimaginable!"

Chen Ping gently patted the back of her hand, a tender gesture that interrupted her: "Don't worry, I know what I'm doing. Since they like testing bloodlines, I'll let them test to their heart's content.

I also want to see what kind of bloodlines this Divine Hall desires, and what they intend to do with them. I must uncover the truth behind this myself."

A flame burned in his eyes, the excitement of a hunter discovering his prey, the calm of an avenger about to unveil a conspiracy.

Yun Yao, seeing his resolute gaze, knew that dissuasion was futile.

Once Chen Ping made a decision, no one could change it.

She could only grit her teeth, release her hand, and instruct, "Young Master, please be careful. If anything goes wrong, retreat immediately. I'll be waiting for you outside, without delay."

Chen Ping's lips curled into a confident smile: "Alright."

With that, he stood up, emerged from behind the boulder, straightened his robes, and strode steadily towards the plaza.

Each step was firm and powerful, as if he were walking not into a dragon's den, but into his own private hall.

Yun Yao wanted to stop him, but it was too late. She could only watch helplessly as he walked towards the group of disciples, praying that nothing untoward would happen.

Chen Ping's appearance immediately attracted the attention of everyone in the plaza.

The originally noisy plaza fell silent for a moment because of his unique aura.

The cultivators who were queuing all turned their heads, their gazes falling on him.

Some were curious, wondering where this young man came from, daring to cut in line at this time;

Some were suspicious, speculating whether he was a scion of some powerful family with a special background;

Others were disdainful, seeing his young age and cultivation level of only the third rank of the Upper Immortal Realm, concluding he was a rogue cultivator trying his luck, destined to fail, perhaps even to die a gruesome death.

A disciple of the Divine Hall, dressed in a white robe, quickly approached.

This disciple appeared to be in his early twenties, handsome, but with a hint of arrogant superiority in his eyes.

He smiled, his tone polite yet distant, as if offering alms to a beggar: "Fellow Daoist, are you here to test your bloodline? Please queue at the back. The rules of the Divine Hall dictate equality for all; cutting in line is not allowed."

Chen Ping glanced at him, said nothing, and walked straight towards the bloodline testing tablet.

His pace was neither fast nor slow, each step seemingly on a specific rhythm, giving off a strange sense of pressure, making the surrounding air heavy.

The disciple of the shrine frowned, a hint of displeasure in his eyes.

He had been in the shrine for many years, always respected; never before had he been so ignored.

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“Hey! I’m talking to you!”

He raised his voice, reaching out to stop Chen Ping. “Don’t you know the rules? Stop right there!”

However, his hand froze in mid-air.

Chen Ping had already walked to the stone tablet, and without hesitation, placed his hand on its surface.

For a moment, time seemed to stand still; everyone’s breath caught in their throats, awaiting their fate.

“Buzz—”

A low buzzing sound arose, initially very faint, like the buzzing of a mosquito, almost imperceptible unless one listened carefully.

But in an instant, the sound amplified exponentially, becoming a deafening roar, as if the drums of an ancient war had been struck.

The runes on the stone tablet instantly lit up, bursting forth with blinding light.

The light, initially azure, was gentle and soothing, like a spring breeze caressing willows.

The surrounding cultivators, about to mock the inferior bloodline, saw the azure light rapidly transform into purple before it even dissipated.

The purple light, as dense as ink, carried an aura of majesty, causing those around to involuntarily take a few steps back, secretly astonished.

“Purple! It’s a purple bloodline!” someone exclaimed.

“That’s a mid-level bloodline! This child actually possesses a mid-level bloodline; his future is limitless!”

The Divine Hall disciple’s expression also changed; the disdain in his eyes turned to surprise.

While a mid-level bloodline wasn’t top-tier in the Divine Hall, it was enough to become an inner disciple, enjoying decent resources—worth cultivating.

However, the transformation didn’t stop there.

The purple light lasted only a breath before suddenly erupting, transforming into a dazzling gold!

The golden light was scorching and domineering, like the blazing sun, blinding everyone.

The temperature in the plaza instantly rose, and the spiritual energy in the air became restless, as if ignited by this power.

“Golden! It’s a golden bloodline!”

“Heavens! It’s actually a superior bloodline! This is a genius that only appears once in ten thousand years!”

“The Divine Hall is about to have a great celebration! Quick, go and inform the elders!”

The crowd erupted in excitement.

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Those gazes that were originally filled with jealousy and disdain instantly transformed into envy, awe, and even flattery.

The cultivation world is so realistic; strength and bloodline determine everything.

The Divine Hall disciple who was receiving Chen Ping was so excited that his face turned red. He was about to step forward to flatter him when he saw that Chen Ping remained expressionless, his hand on the stone tablet showing no sign of loosening.

His expression was terrifyingly calm, as if all of this was within his expectations.

Then, a sudden change occurred!

“Roar...”

A deafening dragon roar resounded from the stone tablet!

The power of that dragon roar was like a thunderclap, echoing throughout the entire mountaintop. The voice contained an ancient, desolate, and supremely domineering aura, as if it came from the primordial era, carrying an aura of supreme authority.

The crowd in the plaza felt a sharp pain in their eardrums, their blood surging, their faces changing drastically, and they all retreated hastily.

Those with weaker cultivation levels covered their ears, crouching on the ground in agony, cold sweat pouring down their faces.

“What...what’s going on? How could the bloodline test elicit a dragon’s roar?”

“Could it be...could it be the legendary...”

No one dared to utter that name aloud, for it was too unbelievable, too shocking, existing only in fragments of ancient texts.

Immediately afterward, a colossal golden dragon shadow soared into the sky from the stone tablet!

The dragon shadow was tens of feet tall, with five sharp claws, jagged horns, and scales that shimmered with a metallic luster in the sunlight, each scale seemingly containing world-destroying power.

It emanated a terrifying dragon's might, a kingly aura that transcended all things, compelling all living beings to bow down in worship.

It circled once in mid-air, then roared to the heavens, its cry shaking the heavens and earth, echoing throughout Holy Light Peak, even reaching the town at its foot.

The entire mountaintop fell into a deathly silence.

Everyone stared wide-eyed, unable to believe what they were seeing.

Some people's mouths gaped open, their jaws nearly dropping;

Some people's legs trembled, almost unable to stand;

Even more were directly overwhelmed by the dragon's might, fainting and foaming at the mouth.

That golden dragon shadow, that terrifying dragon's might... what... what kind of bloodline is this?

In the legends of the cultivation world, bloodlines are divided into six major realms: Mortal, Spirit, Earth, Heaven, Saint, and God.

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And above these six realms, there exists a legendary bloodline that exists only in ancient texts—the royal bloodline.

The five-clawed golden dragon is the king of the dragon race, symbolizing supreme power and strength.

Those possessing the bloodline of the five-clawed golden dragon are born prodigies, their cultivation speed increasing by leaps and bounds, unmatched among their peers, and even capable of challenging those of higher levels, looking down upon all living beings.

“A five-clawed golden dragon...it’s the bloodline of the five-clawed golden dragon!”

Someone shouted first, their voice trembling with fervor.

This shout was like igniting a powder keg; the entire plaza erupted in chaos.

Exclamations, whispers, and shouts of kneeling filled the air; everyone was stunned by this unprecedented sight.

“It really is a five-clawed golden dragon! I’ve actually witnessed the legendary five-clawed golden dragon bloodline with my own eyes!”

“Who is this child? Which reclusive family’s heir is he?”

“Quickly, quickly report to the elders! Such a genius must be immediately brought into the core of the Divine Hall and given the highest level of treatment!”

The previously arrogant disciple of the Divine Hall’s legs went weak, and he knelt on the ground.

His forehead pressed against the ground, his whole body trembling, not daring to lift his head.

Under the oppressive power of the five-clawed golden dragon, he felt like an insignificant ant, about to be crushed at any moment.

His previous arrogance had vanished, replaced only by deep fear and awe.

The cultivators in line also knelt down, their faces filled with reverence and fear.

This was the instinctive submission to the strong, a natural fear of the aura of a ruler, utterly irresistible.

A moment later, a white figure sped out of the temple.

His speed was like lightning, tearing through the sky and landing instantly on the plaza, creating a shockwave.

It was a middle-aged man, dressed in a white robe embroidered with golden cloud patterns at the hem, his face dignified, his eyes like lightning.

He exuded a terrifying aura of a first-grade True Immortal, an aura like a mountain pressing down on the hearts of the crowd, instantly silencing the previously restless throng, who dared not even breathe.

His gaze fell upon Chen Ping, his eyes flashing with shock and excitement, even a hint of barely concealed greed.

It was the look of someone seeing a priceless treasure, as if Chen Ping wasn't a person, but a walking piece of Tang Sanzang's flesh.

"Five-Clawed Golden Dragon Bloodline! This is the Five-Clawed Golden Dragon Bloodline!"

His voice trembled.

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He had cultivated for ten thousand years and had never seen such a pure Five-Clawed Golden Dragon Bloodline.

This bloodline power was simply the most perfect treasure in the world. If one could obtain even a fraction of it, what would prevent one from achieving the Great Dao?

The middle-aged man took a deep breath, forcibly suppressing the excitement in his heart, and strode forward.

He displayed none of the airs of a powerful figure, bowing deeply to Chen Ping with utmost respect, as if addressing a supreme emperor: "I am Elder Qingxuan of the Divine Hall, greetings, fellow Daoist! May I ask your name, fellow Daoist?"

Chen Ping calmly observed him, sensing the seemingly respectful yet subtly probing gaze.

That gaze, like tangible tentacles, attempted to pierce through his body, probing the depths of his bloodline.

He remained silent, uttering only two words: "Chen Ping."

Elder Qingxuan nodded repeatedly, his face beaming with smiles, his wrinkles crinkling together, appearing kind and approachable, but in reality, utterly hypocritical.

"Fellow Daoist Chen, you possess the bloodline of the Five-Clawed Golden Dragon, a peerless genius, one in a million! Our Divine Hall has always revered bloodlines, and someone with your bloodline is undoubtedly a distinguished guest! Please come in quickly, this old man will immediately inform the Hall Master and personally host a welcoming banquet for you!"

His enthusiasm made those around him feel somewhat uncomfortable.

Just moments ago he was so high and mighty, and now he's so obsequious—the contrast is too great.

But no one dared to say anything. Before the Five-Clawed Golden Dragon bloodline, everything else is insignificant; strength is the only true measure.

Chen Ping looked at him, a cold smile playing on his lips.

It's the same old routine.

The Holy Purity Sect does this, and so does the Divine Hall.

These so-called righteous holy lands, constantly spouting benevolence and morality, are actually the most pragmatic of profit-seekers.

They don't value you as a person, but rather the bloodline within you.

Once you lose your usefulness, or once they get what they want, they turn on you faster than flipping a book.

Chen Ping knew that getting the Divine Hall to release the souls of Mu Sha and his wife from the soul crystal wouldn't be easy.

But he remained outwardly calm, merely nodding slightly, as if accepting this "honor."

"Thank you for your trouble, Elder Qingxuan," Chen Ping said calmly, his tone neither humble nor arrogant.

Elder Qingxuan was overjoyed and quickly stepped aside to lead the way: "Fellow Daoist Chen, please, please!"

As he led Chen Ping towards the Divine Hall, he glanced back at the crowd in the plaza and ordered, "Today's test is over. Disperse! The rest can come again tomorrow!"

The cultivators in line exchanged glances, but dared not say anything, and dispersed.

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However, before leaving, they couldn't help but look back at Chen Ping a few more times, their eyes filled with complex emotions—envy, jealousy, and pity.

Chen Ping followed Elder Qingxuan, passing through numerous halls and pavilions. Along the way, everything was decorated with extreme luxury. The corridor railings were carved from single pieces of warm jade, and the walls were adorned with various precious calligraphy and paintings. A faint scent of sandalwood and spiritual energy permeated the air, creating a refreshing and invigorating atmosphere.

The occasional disciples of the Divine Hall they encountered, upon seeing Elder Qingxuan with Chen Ping, were all astonished, then quickly offered obsequious smiles and bowed respectfully.

Soon, the two arrived at a secret chamber deep within the Divine Hall.

This secret chamber was located in a secluded courtyard, surrounded by exotic flowers and rare herbs, exuding a rich vitality. It appeared peaceful and serene, yet an eerie silence permeated the air.

The door to the secret chamber was covered with defensive runes, clearly indicating that something extremely important was stored inside, or perhaps it was used for some kind of secret, clandestine transaction.

Elder Qingxuan stopped and turned to Chen Ping, saying, "Fellow Daoist Chen, please wait a moment. I will go and invite the Hall Master. Hearing that you possess the bloodline of the Five-Clawed Golden Dragon, the Hall Master will surely come out to meet you personally."

Chen Ping nodded, "Thank you for your trouble."

Elder Qingxuan turned and left, his steps hurried, clearly anxious, as if afraid Chen Ping would escape.

Chen Ping stood at the entrance of the secret chamber, his gaze sweeping over his surroundings.

His divine sense quietly spread, penetrating the chamber.

The chamber was small and simply furnished, containing only a stone table and two stone chairs.

But beneath the stone table, a small spirit-gathering array was hidden, continuously gathering spiritual energy from heaven and earth.

Furthermore, in a corner of the chamber, several jade bottles were placed, containing healing pills.

“It seems they intend to negotiate with me here,” Chen Ping thought to himself, a cold smile playing on his lips.

A moment later, the door to the secret chamber was pushed open.

An elderly man with white hair entered.

The old man wore a simple white robe, devoid of any superfluous adornments, appearing very unassuming.

But his face was gaunt, his eyes deep and unfathomable, as if holding the stars and the sea. His aura was restrained, giving him an unfathomable depth, like an ancient well whose depths remained unfathomable.

His cultivation was at the peak of the second rank of True Immortal Realm, just one step away from the third rank.

This man was none other than the Hall Master of the Divine Hall—Qing Xuzi.

Of course, this Qing Xu was not the same as the other Qing Xu. The vice-leader of the Holy Pure Sect was also named Qing Xu, but that was his Daoist title. This Hall Master of the Divine Hall was named Qing Xuzi.

In the Holy Domain of Light, Qing Xuzi's name represented authority and power, second only to the God Lord.

Qing Xuzi walked up to Chen Ping, his gaze falling on him, a glint of brilliance flashing in his eyes.

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That gaze contained admiration and praise, but more than anything, it held an undisguised fervor, like a hungry wolf eyeing a fat sheep.

"The Five-Clawed Golden Dragon bloodline..." he murmured, a hint of emotion in his voice. "I never imagined that in my lifetime I would witness such a legendary bloodline."

Qing Xuzi smiled slightly, his tone gentle and friendly, completely unlike that of a powerful warlord who controlled a vast force.

"Young friend Chen, please have a seat."

Chen Ping sat down in the guest seat, his posture composed and without the slightest restraint, as if this were his territory.

Qing Xuzi sat down opposite him, his gaze still fixed on him, his eyes full of admiration, as if looking at a rare treasure, afraid it might grow wings and fly away.

"Young friend Chen, what brings you to the Divine Hall?"

Qing Xuzi asked bluntly, "Logically speaking, with your bloodline, you should already be sought after by various powerful forces. Why have you come alone to my remote Divine Hall?"

Chen Ping looked at him and, without beating around the bush, said directly, "I wish to ask the Divine Hall for a favor."

Qing Xuzi smiled slightly and waved his hand, saying, "Young friend Chen, please speak freely. Whatever my Divine Hall can do, we will not refuse. Let alone one favor, even ten or a hundred, for the sake of your Five-Clawed Golden Dragon bloodline, my Divine Hall will certainly do its utmost."

These words sounded impressive, but Chen Ping knew in his heart that all of this was based on the premise of the "Five-Clawed Golden Dragon bloodline."

If he were just an ordinary cultivator, he probably wouldn't even have the qualifications to see Qing Xuzi; he would have been beaten out long ago.

Chen Ping took out a Soul Crystal from his robes.

The soul crystal was translucent and shimmered with a faint blue light, its surface cool to the touch.

Upon closer inspection, two ethereal figures could be faintly seen within, huddled together, eyes closed, their breaths weak, as if they might dissipate at any moment.

These two figures were none other than Mu Sha and his wife.

They had had their souls sealed within this soul crystal by the temple in order to save Chen Ping.

Qing Xuzi's gaze sharpened, a strange light flashing in his eyes.

He reached out and took the soul crystal, examining it carefully.

"This is... a soul crystal of twin souls?"

Qing Xuzi was somewhat surprised. "And these two souls are severely damaged, almost completely dissipated."

Chen Ping's tone was calm, yet tinged with solemnity: "There are two people here, my friends. Their physical bodies have been destroyed, and their souls are sealed within this soul crystal. I've heard that the Divine Hall possesses a secret method capable of awakening souls and reshaping physical bodies. I wish to request the Divine Hall's assistance to save their lives."

Qing Xuzi remained silent for a moment, his fingers gently tracing the surface of the soul crystal, seemingly calculating something.

After a moment, he looked up at Chen Ping, a complex expression flashing in his eyes.

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"Young friend Chen, how long have these two souls been sealed within this soul crystal?"

Chen Ping nodded: "Several months."

Qing Xuzi sighed, saying, "The souls have been sealed for too long, falling into a deep slumber. Awakening them will not be easy.

Especially since their souls are severely damaged, without the aid of rare and precious treasures, it will be difficult for them to fully recover."

Chen Ping looked at him, remaining silent, quietly waiting for him to continue.

He knew that the other party would not help unconditionally; this was the main event.

Qing Xuzi paused, then continued, "However, my Divine Hall does indeed possess a secret technique that can awaken dormant souls. This secret technique is called the 'Reincarnation Soul Crossing Technique,' a closely guarded secret of my Divine Hall. However..."

He hesitated, his eyes flickering, seemingly observing Chen Ping's reaction.

Chen Ping asked, "But what? What price is required? Please name your price, Master Qingxu."

Qingxuzi looked at him and slowly said, "This secret technique requires a vast amount of bloodline power. Especially for awakening a long-dormant soul, the required bloodline power is immense."

He paused, then emphasized, "Young friend Chen, you possess the Five-Clawed Golden Dragon bloodline, a peerless bloodline, one in ten thousand. If you are willing to offer a portion of your bloodline as a catalyst to awaken the soul, there's a 70% chance of success."

Chen Ping raised an eyebrow slightly. Offer his bloodline? He looked at Qingxuzi and asked calmly, "How much?"

Qingxuzi held up two fingers, indicating, "Not much, just one bowl. With young friend Chen's cultivation level, offering one bowl of bloodline will allow you to recover in a few months. And your two friends will be reborn. This is a worthwhile deal for young friend Chen."

One bowl of blood?

Chen Ping sneered inwardly.

The bloodline of the Five-Clawed Golden Dragon is incredibly precious, each drop containing immense life essence and the power of laws.

A bowl of its blood is enough to transform an ordinary person, even allowing a cultivator to break through a bottleneck and prolong their lifespan.

Qing Xuzi spoke lightly, but its value was immeasurable by ordinary standards.

But he had no reason to refuse.

To save Mu Sha and his wife, he would gladly give his life, let alone donate blood.

Chen Ping remained silent for a moment, then nodded: "Alright."

A fleeting, almost imperceptible joy flashed in Qing Xuzi's eyes, but Chen Ping keenly caught it.

Qing Xuzi quickly said, "Young friend Chen is indeed loyal and righteous! I admire you! In that case, I will go prepare the ceremony now. Young friend Chen, please wait a moment; we will begin shortly."

He stood up, turned, and left.

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Chen Ping sat in the secret chamber, watching his retreating figure, a thoughtful look flashing in his eyes.

Just now, when Qing Xuzi heard "a bowl of blood," the excitement in his eyes was far too obvious.

That expression didn't seem like someone who had gained an ally; it was more like a hunter seeing prey fallen into a trap, his eyes filled with greed and anticipation.

"Is it really just a bowl of blood?"

Chen Ping pondered to himself, "The Divine Hall claims to be a holy land of the righteous path, so why is it so obsessed with my bloodline? There must be more to it than meets the eye."

But he had no choice at this moment.

The lives of Mu Sha and his wife hung by a thread; he had no choice but to gamble.

If Mu Sha and his wife's souls were truly gone, there would be no way to restore them, no matter what method was used.

He gambled that the Divine Hall would truly keep its promise, and that Qing Xuzi was indeed a highly respected senior of the righteous path.

Even knowing it was a pit of fire, for his brothers, he had to jump in.

A moment later, the door to the secret chamber was pushed open again. Elder Qingxuan entered, followed by two disciples from the Divine Hall, carrying various magical artifacts.

There were gleaming golden bronze bells, jade plates radiating a chilling aura, and an ancient sheepskin scroll covered in incomprehensible symbols.

Elder Qingxuan smiled and said, "Fellow Daoist Chen, the ceremony is ready. Please follow me."

Chen Ping stood up and followed him out of the secret chamber.

Passing through several halls, the three arrived at a side hall.

This side hall was located on the west side of the Divine Hall, in a rather secluded location. The surroundings were eerily silent; not even the chirping of birds could be heard, giving it a desolate feel.

The side hall's door was tightly shut, its surface covered with strange runes that faintly emitted a red glow, giving an ominous impression, as if some evil being was imprisoned within.

Elder Qingxuan pushed open the door, and a stale, musty aura wafted out, mingled with a faint smell of blood.

Inside the side hall, a massive magic array was set up. It covered the entire floor, its densely packed patterns interwoven like a spiderweb.

The array patterns emitted a faint golden light, but deep within the light, a wisp of black mist seemed to linger, sending chills down one's spine.

At the center of the array lay a jade bowl. The bowl was as large as a washbasin, pure white, and carved with intricate dragon patterns, as if awaiting the nourishment of blood.

"Fellow Daoist Chen, please enter the array."

Elder Qingxuan pointed to the center of the array, his tone brooking no refusal.

Chen Ping stepped into the array. His steps were steady, without the slightest hesitation, as if he had long been prepared to face death.

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Elder Qingxuan and the two disciples left the side hall and closed the door.

The click of the lock striking the door echoed sharply in the silent hall, like a countdown to death.

Alarm bells rang in Chen Ping's mind. Just then, the magic array slowly activated.

The golden light grew increasingly intense, enveloping Chen Ping entirely.

A strange power began to draw blood from his body.

At first, the power was gentle, as if guiding him.

But soon, it became domineering, like countless greedy hands frantically tearing at his meridians and draining his blood.

Chen Ping frowned slightly. He sensed that the power was far more domineering than he had imagined.

The speed of the draining was also much faster than "a bowl."

At this rate, in less than half an incense stick's time, all the blood in his body would be drained!

He tried to resist, but found his body completely immobile!

An invisible binding had appeared within the magic array, firmly fixing his limbs in place.

No matter how much he struggled, he couldn't break free even an inch.

Chen Ping's expression changed.

"Something's wrong!"

He abruptly opened his eyes, looking towards the edge of the magic array.

There, Elder Qingxuan had somehow re-entered, standing outside the array, watching him with a smile.

That smile was completely different from his previous respectful one; it carried a hint of sinister smugness, like a fox watching its prey fall into its trap, its eyes full of mockery.

"Fellow Daoist Chen, how do you feel?"

He chuckled, his voice filled with sarcasm.

Chen Ping stared coldly at him, remaining silent, his eyes blazing with murderous intent, as if he wanted to tear him to pieces.

Elder Qingxuan laughed heartily, "Fellow Daoist Chen, don't worry. This formation only extracts your bloodline; it won't kill you. However, a bowl of blood is a lie; your entire bloodline is the real deal."

He took a few steps closer, looking down at Chen Ping trapped in the formation, his eyes filled with greed. "The Five-Clawed Golden Dragon bloodline, the legendary blood of the Dragon Emperor—a treasure that appears only once in ten thousand years!"

With your bloodline, my Divine Hall Master will break through to the third rank of True Immortal Realm in one fell swoop, perhaps even reaching the fourth rank! At that time, the Divine Hall will become the number one power in the Holy Domain of Light, perhaps even ruling the entire Fourteenth Heaven!”