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She didn't know if they could hold out until Chen Ping returned.

Everything was unknown.

Ming Li suddenly smiled.

The smile was faint, tinged with bitterness, relief, and liberation.

"It's better not to know."

"Anyway, Mr. Chen saved my life long ago, it already belongs to him. Being able to live so many more days, to be by his side, I've already gained so much."

"Even if I die here today, it's worth it."

Liu Qianqian still didn't speak, but reached out and tightly grasped Ming Li's hand.

The two hands, clasped tightly, conveyed each other's warmth and courage.

During their time together, Liu Qianqian had developed unusual feelings for Ming Li, though Chen Ping remained unaware.

Ming Li turned to Liu Qianqian beside him, a bitter yet tender smile playing on his lips: "Are you afraid?"

Liu Qianqian gently shook her head, her eyes fixed firmly on Ming Li.

“Afraid? Of course I’m afraid. But as long as I’m with you, as long as I’m by your side, I’m not afraid.”

Liu Qianqian said with a smile.

Ming Li smiled and nodded, saying nothing more.

The four of them stood at the entrance to the secret chamber, like four silent statues, motionless.

Their power was insignificant.

Before the army of the temple, they were like ants.

But their will was unbreakable.

In the sky.

The golden light grew stronger, the pressure heavier, threatening to crush the entire Cloud Immortal City.

Within the city.

Cries, screams, pleas for help, wails... rose and fell, an endless, chaotic cacophony, an atmosphere of despair permeating every corner.

In a corner of the city, in a dilapidated house.

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A young mother, clutching her young child tightly, huddled under the bed, trembling violently, gripped by utter terror.

She tightly covered the child's mouth, silencing any sound, fearing to attract the wrath of heaven.

Tears streamed down her face like broken beads, soaking her clothes, yet she dared not utter a sound.

The child stared at his mother with innocent, wide eyes, not understanding what was happening, only terrified, his small body trembling.

On the street.

An elderly man with white hair stumbled and fell in the panicked crowd. His frail body crashed onto the hard ground. Struggling to get up, he was mercilessly trampled by the fleeing masses.

A series of piercing, agonizing screams rose from the crowd, quickly swallowed by the chaos. No one paid them any attention, no one lingered.

In this chaotic world, human life was cheap.

Inside a tavern within the city.

A group of cultivators huddled in a corner, trembling, their faces ashen, their eyes filled with despair.

They chanted the names of various gods and Buddhas, their hands clasped together, praying incessantly for divine protection, for survival in this calamity.

But their prayers, before absolute power, seemed so pale and powerless.

Fear, despair, helplessness, sorrow...

All these negative emotions, like a black tide, completely enveloped the entire Cloud Immortal City, plunging it into an abyss.

And inside that tightly closed secret chamber.

Inside the Demon-Suppressing Tower.

Chen Ping sat cross-legged, eyes closed, golden dragon energy swirling around him, his five-clawed golden dragon bloodline coursing through his body, radiating a terrifying and majestic aura.

He was immersed in his own world, completely focused on healing and breaking through to the next level.

He was oblivious to the war, the fear, the despair, everything outside...

He knew nothing.

He was still recovering.

Still growing stronger.

Still silently waiting for the moment he would emerge from seclusion.

On the city walls of Yunxian City.

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A howling wind, a pervasive killing intent.

Dragon Warrior and Divine Power stood facing each other across the sky.

One on the city walls, one in the heavens.

One guarding the city, one leading a massive army to invade.

The two gazes clashed fiercely in mid-air, as if invisible sparks were flying, the air itself seemed to freeze, the atmosphere tense to the extreme, ready to erupt at any moment.

Shen Tong's eyes flashed coldly, his voice icy, carrying a final ultimatum: "Long Zhan, I'll ask you one last time: hand over, or not?"

"Hand over Chen Ping, and all will be well; refuse, and today will be the day your Heavenly Dragon Clan is destroyed, the day Cloud Immortal City is stained with blood!"

Long Zhan did not answer.

He simply raised his right hand slowly, the movement deliberate yet unwavering.

"Roar—!"

A dragon's roar that shook the heavens and earth erupted from his mouth.

Behind him, hundreds of Heavenly Dragon Clan experts stepped forward in unison, their golden dragon energy surging wildly, soaring into the sky and transforming into countless golden dragons of various shapes, coiling in the air, their roars deafening and their aura overwhelming.

They gave their answer with their actions.

Fight!

Fight to the death! Never hand over!

Seeing this, the last shred of patience in Shen Tong's eyes vanished, leaving only icy killing intent and disdain. "Stubborn to the end."

He coldly uttered four words, casually waving his hand, his voice icy and ruthless: "Since you seek death, then I will grant your wish."

"Form the array! The Heaven-Locking Array!"

"Kill!"

The command was like the sounding of a war horn.

In the sky, thousands of temple disciples moved simultaneously.

They dispersed according to the formation they had practiced countless times, their hands flying, forming complex hand seals, various spiritual energy spells gathering in their palms, their light soaring into the sky.

Golden spiritual energy intertwined, converged, and entwined in the air.

In an instant, an enormous golden array, covering the entire Cloud Immortal City, was completely formed.

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The array shone brightly with golden light, its profound divine runes flowing, like a giant golden net descending from the sky, sealing off the entire Cloud Immortal City, cutting off all escape routes.

“Buzz—!”

The protective array of Yunxian City trembled violently.

Fine cracks instantly appeared on the pale golden light barrier, like shattered glass, threatening to collapse at any moment.

The array’s defenses were utterly vulnerable before the Temple’s Heaven-Locking Array.

Long Zhan’s expression changed drastically, his heart sinking, knowing there was no turning back.

He roared, his voice echoing in the ears of every member of the Heavenly Dragon Clan: “All clansmen, heed my command!”

“Prepare for battle! Follow me, kill!”

“Roar—!”

Hundreds of dragon roars erupted simultaneously, resounding through the heavens.

Hundreds of Heavenly Dragon Clan powerhouses no longer suppressed their power, transforming into their true forms. Golden dragons soared into the sky, claws outstretched, tails sweeping, charging fearlessly towards the Temple army with unstoppable momentum.

No retreat.

No fear.

Only the determination to fight to the death.

The great battle has officially begun!

The sounds of clashing spiritual energy, dragon roars, shouts, and exploding spells... instantly resounded throughout the heavens and earth.

Golden light and blood-red killing intent intertwined.

At the entrance to the secret chamber of the City Lord's Mansion.

Ming Li watched the fierce battle erupting in the sky, feeling the terrifying fluctuations of spiritual energy, sensing the aura of the Heavenly Dragon Clan gradually weakening, his heart sank.

He gripped the black ghost blade in his hand tightly, his knuckles turning white, muttering to himself, his voice low and firm: "It's here... it's finally here."

Chen Wanqing remained silent.

She simply gripped her longsword tightly, a resolute glint flashing in her cold eyes.

Liu Qianqian closed her eyes, clasped her hands together, and silently prayed.

She prayed that her young master would emerge from seclusion soon.

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She prayed that everyone would survive.

Yun Yao raised her head, gazing at the tragic battle in the sky, tears streaming down her face. In her heart, she silently repeated again and again, “Young Master, you must wake up soon. We... we can’t hold on much longer. Cloud Immortal City is waiting for you. We are all waiting for you. I need you.”

On the edge of the Demon Realm, shrouded year-round in thick demonic mist, the light in the world was tinged with a oppressive dark red, and even the howling wind carried a chilling demonic aura, whipping across the jagged rocks with a mournful wail like a ghost’s cry.

Deep within this desolate and lifeless region, a majestic palace, forged entirely from pitch-black demonic rock, stood atop the mountains.

The palace ceiling was carved with countless ferocious demonic dragon reliefs, each line radiating a ferocious aura. This was the Demon Dragon Palace, feared by all forces within the Demon Realm.

The main hall was spacious and solemn. The floor, paved with smooth, dark jade, reflected the flickering, dark red candlelight. The flickering flames cast long, short shadows, adding to the eerie atmosphere.

Seated at the head of the hall was a tall, imposing figure—Long Yuan, the leader of the Demon Dragon lineage.

He wore a dark gold robe embroidered with intricate demonic patterns along the edges, and a faint aura of demonic dragon power emanated from him.

His usually composed and aloof face was now filled with gravity, his brows furrowed deeply.

His right hand unconsciously and rapidly tapped the armrest beside him, crafted from ten-thousand-year-old mystical ice demonic iron. Each tap produced a soft “tap, tap,” exceptionally clear in the silent hall, betraying the barely suppressed anxiety within him.

Ever since Senior Ning Zhi struck, slaying the Grand Elder and several core elders of the Divine Temple with a single sword strike, a persistent gloom had hung over Long Yuan's heart, like an invisible mountain pressing down on him, making it hard to breathe.

He knew all too well the Divine Temple's strength and the temperament of its powerful forces. The Divine Temple had stood for tens of thousands of years in the Fourteenth Heaven, always domineering and ruthless, vengeful and unforgiving.

Now, the loss of such a core fighting force as the Grand Elder was a tremendous humiliation. The Divine Temple would absolutely not let this go unpunished; Long Yuan had no doubt about that.

He had been on high alert day and night, prepared for a full-scale attack from the Divine Temple. He had even ordered all warriors of the Demon Dragon lineage to be on high alert, activated the Demon Dragon Palace's defensive array, and deployed all stockpiled magic crystals and weapons, ready to fight to the death as the powerful forces arrived.

But to his utter surprise, as the days passed, the powerful forces remained completely inactive. Instead of immediately leading his army to attack the Demon Dragon Palace, he remained completely silent. This unusual restraint intensified Long Yuan's unease. He vaguely sensed that Shen Tong was brewing some far more sinister plot.

Just as Long Yuan's thoughts were in turmoil, repeatedly speculating about Shen Tong's intentions, a series of hurried footsteps and frantic shouts suddenly broke the deathly silence outside the hall.

"Report—!"

A Demon Dragon scout, clad in black scout armor and covered in dust and faint bloodstains, ignored the guards' attempts to stop him and rushed in. He ran to the center of the hall, knelt on one knee with a thud, the armor striking the ground with a dull thud.

He lowered his head, his chest heaving violently, clearly having run all the way here. His voice was filled with barely concealed urgency and fear: "Reporting to the leader, something terrible has happened! The entire army of the Temple has been mobilized, not towards my Demon Dragon Temple, but heading straight for Cloud Immortal City!"

The Temple Master, Shen Tong, is personally leading the army, with at least a thousand elite Temple warriors under his command, including more than ten True Immortal Realm experts. The army has already arrived outside Cloud Immortal City and is engaged in a bloody battle with the Heavenly Dragon Clan stationed there. The fighting is extremely fierce!”

“What?!”

Long Yuan abruptly rose from his seat, his dragon aura erupting instantly. The force of his movement caused several cracks to appear on the armrests of his chair. Extreme shock flashed in his eyes, his pupils slightly contracting; clearly, this news was completely beyond his expectations.

Shen Tong hadn’t come to the Demon Dragon Palace to seek revenge, but instead led his entire main force straight towards Cloud Immortal City?

He stood frozen, his mind racing. After a moment, the shock in his eyes faded, replaced by a hint of realization. A cold, mocking smile then curled at the corner of his lips: “What a remarkable feat! He can endure what ordinary people cannot.

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Ignoring the murder of his own family, he went to Yunxian City first. He’s planning to capture Chen Ping alive, seize his opportunities, and completely enhance his own strength. Once his combat power is greatly increased, he’ll come to settle scores with our Demon Dragon lineage. A truly shrewd scheme!”

He waved his hand, his tone indifferent as he signaled the scout to leave: “Understood. Go and continue to gather intelligence. Report back immediately if there are any new developments.”

“Yes!” The scout respectfully accepted the order, rising and quickly leaving the hall.

Long Yuan didn’t hesitate any longer. He turned and strode hurriedly towards the back hall. He knew he had to inform Senior Ning Zhi of this matter immediately.

Now, all decisions of the Demon Dragon lineage must be based on Ning Zhi’s wishes. That seemingly young senior possesses overwhelming power and is the Demon Dragon lineage’s greatest reliance.

The scenery in the rear courtyard is completely different from the eerie atmosphere of the front hall, yet it also exudes the unique eeriness of the Demon Realm.

Several Blood Spirit Trees, which only grow in the Demon Realm, grow in the center of the courtyard. Their branches and leaves are dark red. A gentle breeze rustles the leaves, and a few dark red petals fall onto the bluestone ground.

Above the courtyard hangs a dark red Demon Sun, belonging to the Demon Realm. Its dim light shrouds the entire courtyard in a dark red hue.

Ning Zhi stands with his hands behind his back in the center of the courtyard, his posture as upright as a pine tree. His black robes flutter gently in the breeze. He raises his head to gaze at the Demon Sun in the sky, his eyes as deep as a cold pool. His aura is indifferent, as if he has merged with the world, and nothing in the world can penetrate his heart.

Su Yuqi stood quietly beside him, dressed in a flowing purple robe, her black hair swaying in the wind. Her face was ethereal and beautiful, like a celestial being detached from the world, incongruous with the surrounding demonic energy, yet standing shoulder to shoulder with Ning Zhi, they appeared remarkably harmonious.

“Senior.”

Long Yuan strode into the courtyard, his steps measured and unhurried. He stopped a few steps behind Ning Zhi, bowed deeply, and spoke with utmost respect and urgency: “I just received news from our scouts at the front. The Temple Master, Shen Tong, has led the entire Temple’s elite forces in a full-scale attack on Yunxian City.

They are now at war with the Heavenly Dragon Clan. Their objective is obvious: to capture Chen Ping alive while he is in seclusion and seize the opportunity he possesses.”

Upon hearing this, a sharp glint flashed in Ning Zhi’s previously indifferent eyes. That glint contained the anticipation of a long wait, the chilling resolve of facing a powerful enemy, and an indescribable excitement at finally achieving his goal after a long period of silence.

He slowly withdrew his gaze from Mo Ri, murmuring softly, repeating those two words: “Yunxian City... Chen Ping...”

As he finished speaking, a subtle, meaningful smile appeared on his lips, a smile that held emotions no one could understand—the anticipation of meeting an old friend, and the burning passion of a clash of titans.

“Good, very good.”

Ning Zhi’s tone was calm, yet carried an barely suppressed sense of satisfaction. “I was just about to meet Chen Ping, but the Temple acted first, diverting a lot of trouble for me and saving me a lot of trouble.”

He slowly turned around, his gaze falling on the bowing Long Yuan. His tone remained calm, but his words carried an unquestionable, supreme command: “Long Yuan, immediately gather all capable fighters from your Demon Dragon lineage, whether adult Demon Dragon warriors, Demon Generals, or Demon Commanders. Assemble them all and accompany me to Cloud Immortal City.”

Long Yuan was slightly taken aback, a hint of confusion on his face. He subconsciously looked up and asked, “Senior, are we going... to rescue Chen Ping?”

In his view, Ning Zhi had no connection with Chen Ping. This mobilization of the entire Demon Dragon army should be to assist Chen Ping against the Temple.

Ning Zhi glanced at him indifferently, his gaze calm and unwavering, yet it instantly instilled awe in Long Yuan, who dared not utter another word.

Ning Zhi spoke slowly, his tone indifferent: “Save? No, the grudge between Chen Ping and me is beyond your imagination. As for those people from the Temple...”

At this point, a flash of extreme disdain and contempt crossed his eyes, as if the thousands of powerful figures in the Temple were nothing more than ants and weeds in his eyes: “A bunch of obstructive clowns, blocking my path, kill them. Chen Ping is mine, and only I can kill him.”

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Long Yuan's heart skipped a beat, a chill rising from the depths of his heart. He dared not question it in the slightest, and quickly bowed again, loudly accepting the order: "Yes! This junior will immediately go and gather the Demon Dragon Army. They will be assembled outside the hall in a moment, awaiting Senior's command!"

With that, Long Yuan turned and quickly left the courtyard, not daring to delay for a moment.

A moment later, a deep and stirring horn sounded above the Demon Dragon Palace, its sound piercing through the thick demonic mist and resounding throughout the vast demonic realm.

The horn's call was the battle cry of the Demon Dragon lineage, imbued with ancient demonic chants. Each note reverberated through heaven and earth, igniting the blood of countless demon dragon warriors.

As the horn sounded, countless dark red figures soared into the air from the mountains surrounding the Demon Dragon Palace. Some transformed into human form, while others revealed their true forms.

These enormous demon dragons, with their dark red scales and ferocious aura, spread their wings, blotting out the sun and creating swirling winds and demonic mists.

The densely packed demon dragons converged into a dark red torrent, rushing towards Cloud Immortal City. Wherever they passed, the world changed color, and demonic energy surged into the sky.

At the very forefront of this demon dragon army, a supreme demon dragon, a thousand feet long, with scales like blood-jade and horns gleaming with an eerie light, flew proudly. It was a descendant of the ancestral dragon of the demon dragon lineage, its power far surpassing that of its kin, and was the natal war dragon of Dragon Abyss. Ning Zhi stood atop the head of the supreme demonic dragon, his robes fluttering, his expression serene. His gaze was fixed on the distant Cloud Immortal City, as if the impending bloodshed was merely a trivial journey for him.

Su Yuqi stood quietly beside him, her cool gaze fixed on the distance. Her slender hand clenched slightly as she spoke softly, her voice gentle yet tinged with worry: "Junior brother, this time... are you going to kill him, or to see him?"

Ning Zhi remained silent for a moment. The wind ruffled his black robes, his hair fluttering. He gazed at the horizon and spoke softly, a complex emotion hidden in his tone: "Senior sister, you'll know when you see him."

As his words fell, the demonic dragon army increased its speed, like a dark red dragon tearing through the sky, breaking through the clouds, and rapidly approaching Cloud Immortal City.

Cloud Immortal City, a renowned immortal city among the fourteen heavens, was once shrouded in mist and abundant in spiritual energy. Its city was filled with towering pavilions, its people lived in peace and prosperity, and cultivators thronged its streets – a scene of tranquility and flourishing.

But now, this once-immortal city has become a devastating battlefield, a scene of utter devastation and ruin.

In the sky, an earth-shattering battle has raged for a full hour. The roar of spells is incessant, and shockwaves from the colliding energy spread outwards in concentric circles, distorting even the very space itself.

The city's protective array, built over thousands of years and having withstood countless attacks, has long since shattered under the relentless bombardment of the divine temple army, turning into countless shimmering specks of light that dissipate into the air without leaving a trace.

The walls of Yunxian City, forged from ten-thousand-year-old Xuan Jade, were incredibly sturdy, yet now they were riddled with dense cracks and charred marks—the wounds left by magical bombardment and the slashing of divine weapons.

Several sections of the wall had collapsed with a deafening roar, massive stones scattered everywhere. Some destroyed houses within the city, others piled up in the streets, dust billowing and choking the air.

The city's inhabitants were terrified, hiding in their homes, doors and windows tightly shut, huddled in corners, trembling with fear.

They covered their ears, listening to the deafening sounds of battle, dragon roars, and magical explosions outside. Each sound was like a hammer blow to their hearts, filling them with dread, like

prisoners awaiting their final judgment, unsure if the next moment would see the flames of war devour their homes and claim their lives.

The cries of children, the sobs of women, the sighs of the elderly mingled together, drowned out by the sounds of battle, only amplifying the desolation. Above, golden light intertwined and collided, the dragon energy of the Celestial Dragon Clan clashing with the golden magic of the Divine Temple. Dragon roars shook the heavens, spells thundered, and waves of energy surged forth.

The battle appeared fiercely contested, but closer inspection revealed that the brilliant gold was increasingly tinged with blinding crimson—the blood of the Celestial Dragon Clan, staining the entire sky red.

The Celestial Dragon Clan had suffered heavy casualties and was on the verge of collapse.

The Celestial Dragon Clan Chief, Long Zhan, had long since shed his human form, transforming into his true form—a colossal golden dragon, hundreds of feet long, with gleaming golden scales and imposing horns, fighting fiercely in the sky.

He was fighting three against one, single-handedly battling three True Immortal Realm elders of the Divine Temple. Each clash unleashed terrifying energy.

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Long Zhan was no longer the imposing figure he once was; his gleaming golden scales were now covered with countless deep, bone-revealing wounds. Some wounds were scorched black by magic, while others were torn open by divine weapons. Golden dragon blood gushed forth like a fountain, dripping onto the walls and streets of Yunxian City, staining the ground crimson.

Even severely wounded and weakened, Long Zhan fought on relentlessly. His massive dragon body stood above Yunxian City like an unshakeable mountain, fiercely protecting the city behind him and Chen Ping, who was in seclusion within.

“Roar—!”

Long Zhan let out a deafening roar, his voice filled with pain and determination. His enormous dragon tail swept out with immense force, lashing out at a temple elder before him, forcing him back several steps.

But just as his old strength was exhausted and new strength had been generated, two other temple elders seized the opportunity to attack together. Two golden spells imbued with the temple's supreme laws condensed into enormous blades of light, carrying earth-shattering power, slamming into his dragon body. "Boom!"

A deafening roar erupted as Long Zhan's massive body trembled violently, golden scales flying everywhere. Two more deep, bone-revealing wounds appeared on his body, and dragon blood gushed out.

His aura weakened instantly. His enormous dragon body swayed in the air, his movements growing increasingly sluggish, yet he stubbornly maintained his balance, his gaze unwavering as he stared at the temple army before him, refusing to retreat an inch.

The battlefield below was even more horrific.

The Heavenly Dragon Clan, which originally possessed dozens of powerful dragons, now had fewer than twenty still flying in the sky to continue fighting.

The rest of their clansmen had either perished in battle, their massive dragon bodies lifeless, plummeting from the sky and crashing into the city, kicking up clouds of dust; or they were severely wounded, their wings broken, barely clinging to life, unable to fight any longer, lying helplessly in the ruins, watching their kin fight a bloody battle.

But those Heavenly Dragon warriors who remained steadfast on the battlefield—not one retreated, not one showed fear.

They all knew in their hearts that behind them stood Cloud Immortal City, and their Dragon Emperor Chen Ping.

The Dragon Emperor was still in seclusion within the city, yet to emerge. They were his last line of defense; they would rather die than retreat!

“Chieftain...”

An elder of the Heavenly Dragon Clan, covered in blood, his golden dragon blood soaking through his clothes, struggled to reach Long Zhan’s side. His dragon wings were tattered, his breath weak, his voice hoarse and sorrowful, filled with endless despair, “We...we can’t hold on much longer. Our people are almost wiped out. If this continues, it won’t be long before the Heavenly Dragon Clan is completely annihilated, and Cloud Immortal City will fall!”

Long Zhan slowly turned his head, his gaze falling upon the corpses of his kin, upon those who were still fighting fiercely, refusing to retreat even with their last ounce of strength. A deep, unforgettable pain flashed in his eyes, a pain that seemed to tear his heart apart. But this pain was instantly replaced by an unwavering belief.

“We must hold on, even if we can’t!”

He said in a deep voice, weak and hoarse from blood loss, yet with an unwavering determination that resonated throughout the heavens and earth. “The Dragon Emperor is still in the city, he hasn’t emerged from seclusion yet. He is the hope of our Heavenly Dragon Clan, the hope of Cloud Immortal City.

As long as he’s alive, we cannot retreat. Even if we fight to the last man, even if we shed our last drop of blood, we will hold this place until the Dragon Emperor emerges!”

The Heavenly Dragon Clan elder, seeing the clan leader’s resolute gaze, felt hot tears welling up in his eyes, mingling with dragon blood as they slid down his cheeks. He nodded fiercely, his voice ringing out, “Yes! Clan leader, we will hold on! Even if we are shattered to pieces, we will never retreat!”

With that, he turned, flapped his tattered dragon wings, and once again charged into the battle, clashing with the temple’s cultivators. He was quickly surrounded by several temple experts, his figure swallowed by golden light.

Outside the secret chamber of the Cloud Immortal City Lord's Mansion, a similar scene of carnage unfolded.

Ming Li gripped the ghostly blade tightly. The jet-black weapon was already stained with blood. His hand trembled slightly, not from fear, but from the intense, hour-long battle that had kept his mind constantly on edge, pushing his physical and spiritual strength to the limit.

Before him lay the corpses of three temple disciples, the vanguard who had attempted to break through the defenses and enter the secret chamber of the city lord's mansion, killed by him, Chen Wanqing, Liu Qianqian, and Yun Yao in a joint effort.

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But this victory came at a heavy price.

On Ming Li's left arm, a deep, bone-revealing wound stretched from his shoulder to his wrist, the flesh torn open, blood dripping continuously, staining his robes crimson.

Each swing of the ghostly blade brought excruciating pain, yet he gritted his teeth and persevered, holding fast to the door of the secret chamber.

Liu Qianqian's face was ashen, blood trickling from the corner of her mouth. Her spiritual energy was in disarray. Leaning against the cold wall, she was extremely weak, even standing was a struggle, yet she still gripped her magical weapon tightly, her eyes warily fixed on the distance.

Yun Yao was utterly exhausted, slumped on the cold ground, her legs weak and her body drained of strength. Yet, her hands still gripped her longsword tightly, her eyes resolute. Even unable to fight any longer, she refused to retreat a single step.

Chen Wanqing stood at the forefront of the four, her pristine white dress now stained a glaring crimson, a shocking sight.

Her swordsmanship was unparalleled in its sharpness. In this defensive battle, she had single-handedly blocked most of the attacks, slaying several powerful figures from the temple. But now, her aura was also chaotic, her spiritual energy depleted, sweat pouring down her face, strands of hair clinging to her cheeks, and a trace of blood at the corner of her mouth. Clearly, she was at her last gasp.

Just then, several more powerful auras rapidly approached from the sky, hurtling towards the City Lord's Mansion.

Chen Wanqing struggled to look up, and when she saw the cultivation levels of the newcomers, a chilling despair flashed in her eyes.

The newcomers were five peak-level Immortal Realm experts from the Divine Palace, each possessing an incomparably powerful aura, far surpassing the previous vanguard disciples.

In her current state of utter exhaustion, she could only barely hold off two at most. The remaining three would easily kill all four of them and break through the barrier of the secret chamber.

"It seems... we really are going to die here today."

She murmured to herself, her voice soft, yet filled with endless relief and bitterness, a sorrowful smile playing on her lips.

She slowly turned her head, her gaze falling on the tightly closed stone door of the secret chamber behind her, her eyes filled with anticipation and reluctance.

Chen Ping, do you know...

We are all waiting for you, the people of the Heavenly Dragon Clan are waiting for you. We are all fighting with all our might to buy you time.

Come out quickly...

"Kill!"

Five peak-level Immortal Realm experts from the Divine Palace shouted simultaneously, their bodies surging with golden light. They unleashed several powerful spells together, their dazzling light carrying

destructive force, hurtling towards Chen Wanqing and the other three, intending to clear the way and capture Chen Ping alive.

Chen Wanqing took a deep breath, suppressing the surging blood within her, gripping her longsword tightly. The blade emitted its last glimmer of light; she was prepared to fight to the death, even if it meant her soul was scattered, to buy Chen Ping a final moment in the secret chamber.

Ming Li, Liu Qianqian, and Yun Yao struggled to their feet, using their last ounce of strength to assume a fighting stance, ready to perish together with their enemy.

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

“Boom—!”

A deafening roar, shaking the heavens and earth, resounded from the highest heavens!

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The sound was like the collapse of the sky and the shattering of the earth, like stars falling; terrifying sound waves swept across the heavens and earth, causing everyone’s eardrums to ring, their blood to surge, and their spiritual energy to become chaotic.

Both sides engaged in fierce combat froze simultaneously, stunned by the terrifying sound.

In the sky, everyone who had been locked in fierce combat—whether the frantically attacking temple disciples or the desperately resisting members of the Heavenly Dragon Clan—instinctively stopped, their faces filled with astonishment, all looking up in the direction from which the deafening roar had come.

On the distant horizon, an endless expanse of dark red light, like a monstrous wave, surged forth. Within that light, demonic energy churned, its ferocity overwhelming.

Countless colossal figures flickered within the demonic energy, radiating a terrifying, suffocating pressure that shook the very soul. This pressure swept over everyone present, filling them with fear and making their legs go weak.

It was demonic energy!

A boundless, pure, and domineering demonic energy—the demonic energy of the Demonic Dragon lineage of the Demon Realm!

Everyone was stunned, their faces filled with disbelief and astonishment. No one had expected that at this crucial moment in the bloody battle of Cloud Immortal City, the Demonic Dragon lineage would suddenly appear!

The Temple Master, Shen Tong, stood at the bow of a massive golden warship, coldly directing the battle. When he sensed that familiar yet terrifying demonic dragon pressure and saw the dark red torrent in the sky, his expression drastically changed.

His expression shifted from cold and aloof to grave, then to utter shock, his voice trembling uncontrollably: “The Demonic Dragon lineage...it’s the Demonic Dragon lineage! How could they be here?!”

The dark red light drew closer, growing clearer. Countless enormous dark red demonic dragons, blotting out the sky, coiled above Cloud Immortal City, densely packed and stretching as far as the eye could see.

The vast army of demonic dragons faced off against the temple army, demonic energy and golden light clashing, the atmosphere instantly freezing.

At the very forefront, atop the largest supreme demonic dragon, stood two figures.

A man and a woman, both tall and imposing, exuding extraordinary presence.

The man, clad in black, possessed unparalleled handsome features. He stood with his hands behind his back, his expression calm and composed, as if all the battles and conflicts in the world were unworthy of his attention. Yet, the restrained aura emanating from him made even a True Immortal Realm expert like Shen Tong feel a deadly threat.

A woman in flowing purple robes, ethereal and otherworldly, with unparalleled beauty, stood silently beside the man, exuding an otherworldly aura.

It was Ning Zhi and Su Yuqi.

The demonic dragon army came to a steady halt above Cloud Immortal City, dark red demonic energy shrouding half the sky, rivaling the golden light of the temple.

Long Yuan leaped from the dragon ranks, landing beside Ning Zhi. Clad in a dark gold dragon robe, his body radiating a blend of dragon might and demonic energy, his gaze coldly sweeping across the scene, his eyes filled with utter mockery and contempt.

The sky was deathly silent.

Everyone stopped what they were doing. The temple disciples were ashen-faced, the Heavenly Dragon Clan members were filled with astonishment and suspicion. All eyes were fixed on this suddenly appearing demonic dragon army, unsure whether they were friend or foe.

Long Zhan slowly transformed into human form, his body covered in blood, his clothes tattered. Standing atop the ruined city wall, his gaze fell upon Long Yuan, a complex mix of emotions flashing in his eyes.

Though both were dragons, they were natural enemies. The Demon Dragon lineage had allied with the Demon Clan, waging war against the Heavenly Dragon Clan for millennia, their hatred running deep. Yet now, the Demon Dragon lineage had appeared at the Heavenly Dragon Clan's most desperate moment, leaving him momentarily unable to discern their intentions.

The members of the Temple were even more grim. They all knew that the Temple's Grand Elder had died at the hands of the Demon Dragon lineage. With old and new grudges compounded, the appearance of the Demon Dragon army now was undoubtedly adding insult to injury.