

The Order 10701

Chapter: 10701

“Troublesome,” she murmured, walking back and bending down to drape Chen Ping’s arm over her shoulder, helping him to his feet.

Her body was cool; you could feel the chill even through her clothes.

Yet her movements were gentle and steady, as if she were helping a child who had accidentally fallen.

Chen Ping tried to push her away, but his body was completely unresponsive.

“Don’t move,” the woman’s voice remained calm, yet carried an undeniable authority. “If you move again, I’ll throw you into the lake.”

Chen Ping: “...”

He wisely remained still.

The woman, supporting him, stepped onto the lake’s surface.

Strangely, the seemingly fragile ice surface remained completely still underfoot, without even a crack.

Beneath the ice, the inky blue lake water was unfathomably deep, and something could be vaguely seen moving slowly in its depths.

The small island in the center of the lake seemed close, but the journey felt unexpectedly long.

Chen Ping's consciousness grew increasingly blurred, and his vision began to distort.

He could only sense the aloof figure beside him and the faint, delicate fragrance emanating from her, like plum blossoms in winter.

"What's your name?" he asked with his last strength.

The woman was silent for a moment.

"Jiang Xuelan."

Her voice was very soft, almost drowned out by the wind.

Chen Ping wanted to say something, but his consciousness plunged completely into darkness at that moment.

His body went limp, leaning heavily against Jiang Xuelan's shoulder.

Jiang Xuelan looked down at the young man leaning on her shoulder and frowned slightly.

"You've got some nerve," she muttered softly. "You dared to lean on me the first time we met."

She didn't push him away, but simply adjusted her position to make him more comfortable.

Then, she continued walking towards the small island in the middle of the lake.

Her steps remained steady, her figure still aloof.

Chapter: 10702

Only the hand supporting Chen Ping tightened slightly.

Chen Ping had a very long dream.

In his dream, he stood in a golden ocean, soft sand beneath his feet, a dazzling starry sky above.

Countless golden leaves floated on the surface, each one shimmering faintly, like stars fallen to earth.

He looked down and realized that the reflection in the water wasn't his face, but a strange one.

The face was blurry, only a pair of eyes were exceptionally clear.

Those eyes... were very similar to Jiang Xuelan's eyes.

The same depth, the same aloofness, the same sense of endless years hidden within.

"What did you see?"

A voice came from behind.

Chen Ping turned around and saw Jiang Xuelan standing three steps behind him, quietly watching him.

Her white robes were tinged with a warm hue in the golden light, no longer as aloof and distant as before, but rather possessing a touch of human warmth.

"A tree," Chen Ping said. "A very large tree."

Jiang Xuelan raised an eyebrow slightly: "And what else?"

"A sea," Chen Ping thought for a moment, then added, "and your eyes."

Jiang Xuelan fell silent.

She looked at Chen Ping, her gaze scrutinizing, thoughtful, and containing a very subtle fluctuation.

"You're very interesting," she finally spoke, her tone gentler than before. "In thirty thousand years, you're the first person to say such a thing to me."

Chen Ping was somewhat embarrassed: "I'm telling the truth."

"I know," Jiang Xuelan said calmly, "That's why I said you're interesting."

She turned and walked towards the depths of the sea.

"Come over when you're awake. Your remnant soul is still waiting for you."

Chen Ping abruptly opened his eyes.

What greeted his eyes was a golden light.

Chapter: 10703

He lay on a stone bed, cold and hard, yet strangely comforting.

Above him was a massive golden canopy, countless golden leaves rustling gently in the breeze, like an ancient song.

The air was filled with a faint, refreshing scent of grass and trees, a fragrance that soothed his soul and allowed his nearly depleted spiritual energy to recover at an incredible speed.

He sat up and found himself on the small island.

The trunk of the ancient tree was not far from him, as thick as a wall.

The bark was etched with ancient patterns, not carved by man, but naturally formed, like the lines on the earth's palm.

The roots rose from the soil, intertwined, forming a natural staircase leading deep into the canopy.

Jiang Xuelan stood on the tree-root steps, her back to him, gazing up at the treetop.

Her long hair shimmered faintly in the golden light, and the hem of her white dress spread out on the tree roots like a blooming white lotus.

"Awake?" She didn't turn around, her voice still calm.

Chen Ping rolled out of bed, stretched his body, and was surprised to find that his depleted spiritual energy had recovered by seventy or eighty percent, and the hidden injuries he had sustained in the Guixu Gale had mostly healed.

"How long was I unconscious?" he asked.

"Three hours," Jiang Xuelan turned around, saying calmly, "faster than I expected. The regenerative ability of the Golden Dragon bloodline is indeed well-deserved."

Chen Ping walked to her side, following her gaze upwards.

Deep within the ancient tree's canopy, a tree hollow could be vaguely seen.

The hollow was small, radiating a soft, pale golden light, a warm and peaceful light that drew one closer.

"What's that?" Chen Ping asked.

"The foundation of the Divine Palace," Jiang Xuelan said. "It's also where I can help you release your remnant soul."

She took the soul crystal from Chen Ping's hand and held it in her palm.

"Follow me."

She walked up the tree root steps, her steps light and steady.

Chen Ping followed, their footsteps echoing through the ancient tree branches, mingling with the rustling leaves to create a strange rhythm.

The tree hollow was much larger than Chen Ping had imagined.

The entrance didn't seem large, but once inside, the space was as spacious as a small palace.

Chapter: 10704

The cave walls were covered with golden patterns, the same patterns as those on the tree bark, radiating a warm light.

In the center of the cave was a naturally formed stone platform.

The platform was small, just enough for one person to lie down.

The stone platform's surface was as smooth as a mirror, covered with intricate runes. These runes weren't any known script, but rather a more ancient and primordial language.

"This is...ancient divine script?" Chen Ping exclaimed in surprise.

He had seen this script in ancient texts. It was said to be the language used by the first beings in the world at the dawn of the gods, each character containing the power of the laws of heaven and earth.

"You recognize it?" Jiang Xuelan glanced at him with some surprise.

"No, I've only seen it in ancient texts," Chen Ping answered truthfully.

Jiang Xuelan nodded slightly, saying nothing more.

She walked to the stone platform and placed the Soul Crystal in its center. Then, she raised her right hand, palm down, hovering above the Soul Crystal.

A pale golden light emanated from her palm, warm and soft, of the same origin and quality as the golden light of the ancient tree, yet more condensed and profound.

Light fell upon the Soul Crystal, and its blue outer shell began to slowly melt, like spring snow dissipating.

The two white lights within the Soul Crystal sensed the outside world and began to tremble violently, their movements accelerating as if desperately trying to break free of their restraints.

Jiang Xuelan's brow furrowed slightly, and a fine layer of sweat beaded on her forehead.

Releasing the remnant souls within the Soul Crystal was far more mentally taxing than she had imagined. These two remnant souls were too weak; the slightest carelessness would cause them to dissipate completely.

She had to use the gentlest and most delicate methods, guiding them out of the Soul Crystal bit by bit.

Time passed slowly.

The cave was so quiet that only the two of them breathing and the hissing sound of the melting Soul Crystal could be heard.

Chen Ping stood to the side, holding his breath, not daring to even exhale.

He dared not disturb Jiang Xuelan, nor even approach her, for fear that his presence might interfere with her spellcasting.

After about the time it takes for an incense stick to burn, the outer shell of the soul crystal finally melted completely.

Two beams of white light slowly rose from the molten liquid, like two butterflies emerging from their cocoons, gently floating above the stone platform.

Their light was very weak, almost invisible, yet the life force contained within it made Chen Ping's eyes slightly warm.

That was Mu Sha.

Chapter: 10705

That was his wife.

They were still alive.

Jiang Xuelan took a deep breath, formed a hand seal, palms facing upwards, and slowly raised her hands.

The two beams of white light rose slowly with her movement, floating to a point three feet above the stone platform.

Jiang Xuelan's hands danced lightly in the air, her ten fingers like playing a silent melody, each movement precise to the extreme.

The golden patterns on the cave walls began to light up, echoing the light from Jiang Xuelan's palms.

The ancient runes peeled away from the cave walls, transforming into golden symbols that swirled and danced in the void before merging into the two beams of white light.

With each symbol absorbed, the two beams of white light solidified further, their radiance increasing.

Chen Ping could clearly sense that the remnant souls of Mu Sha and his wife were becoming increasingly complete and powerful.

This process lasted a full hour.

When the last golden symbol merged into the remnant souls, the two beams of white light finally stabilized completely. They slowly rotated above the stone platform, their light warm and peaceful, like two small suns.

Jiang Xuelan withdrew her hand, took a step back, her face paling slightly.

"The remnant souls have been released and stabilized."

Her voice was somewhat weary. "Next, we need to rebuild their physical bodies. This process will take longer, at least seven days. And..."

She paused, looking at Chen Ping.

“Reconstructing the physical body requires a vast amount of life force as raw material. My spiritual power can support a portion, but it’s far from enough. The other portion... needs to be provided by you.”

Chen Ping answered without hesitation: “How much?”

Jiang Xuelan looked into his unwavering eyes and remained silent for a moment.

“Aren’t you going to ask what the impact of providing life force will be on you?”

“No need to ask.” Chen Ping shook his head. “As long as it can save them, I’m willing to pay any price.”

Jiang Xuelan looked at him quietly, her expression complex.

“You...” she murmured, but didn’t finish her sentence.

She turned around, facing the stone platform again.

“Then let’s begin. Extend your hand.”

Chapter: 10706

Chen Ping extended his right hand.

Jiang Xuelan grasped his wrist, her fingertips gently pressing on his pulse.

Her hand was cool, yet a strange power surged within her fingertips.

That power flowed into his body along the meridians of his wrist, circulated in his dantian, and then returned along the same path.

“The Golden Dragon bloodline is indeed extraordinary.” She released her grip, speaking calmly, “Your vitality is at least ten times stronger than that of cultivators at the same level. With you here, these two bodies should be fine.”

She took out two golden seeds from her sleeve. The seeds were only the size of soybeans, yet they emanated an aura identical to that of the ancient tree.

“These are seeds of the Tree of Life, the key to reshaping the physical body.”

She placed the seeds on the stone platform, one on each side, beneath two beams of white light. “The seeds of the Tree of Life will absorb life force, gradually growing into a human-shaped body. Once the body is complete, the remnant soul will automatically merge into it, completing rebirth.”

She looked at Chen Ping: “This process will last for seven days and seven nights without interruption. You need to continuously infuse life force into the seeds until the physical body is fully formed.”

Chen Ping nodded: “I understand.”

He sat cross-legged before the stone platform, placing his hands on the two seeds. The Golden Dragon bloodline within him began to circulate, golden life force flowing from his palms into the seeds.

The seed trembled slightly and began to slowly swell.

A tiny root emerged from its seed coat, embedding itself in the cracks of the stone surface.

Then, more roots emerged, spreading outwards like a spiderweb.

A crack appeared at the top of the seed, and a tender green seedling peeked out, swaying gently in the golden light.

The seedling grew at a visible speed, reaching half a foot in height in the time it takes to brew a cup of tea.

Branches began to sprout from the seedling's stem, and more leaves grew on the branches, each leaf a vibrant, lush green, brimming with life.

Chen Ping could clearly feel his life force draining away at a steady pace.

The feeling wasn't painful, just a sense of exhaustion, like running a very, very long road, his body growing heavier and his steps slower.

But he couldn't stop.

He gritted his teeth and persevered, his Golden Dragon bloodline surging wildly, transforming every ounce of his life force into nutrients for the seedlings' growth.

Jiang Xuelan stood by, quietly watching him.

Her gaze moved from his face to his hands, then to the two thriving seedlings.

"Was it worth it?" she suddenly asked, her voice soft.

Chen Ping didn't look up, only saying calmly, "It was worth it."

Jiang Xuelan fell silent.

She had lived for a very long time, witnessed too many people, too many life and death events, too many grudges and passions.

She had seen people betray their friends for profit, abandoned their companions to survive, and made solemn promises only to forget them instantly.

But she had rarely seen someone like Chen Ping.

For a promise, he had traveled thousands of miles, braving the fierce winds of the Void, risking annihilation, to arrive in a completely unfamiliar place.

To save two people, he had used his own life force as fuel, without even blinking an eye.

“You...” Jiang Xuelan uttered those three words again, then shook her head, not continuing.

She turned and walked to a corner of the cave, sat cross-legged, and closed her eyes to regulate her breathing.

Her spiritual energy had been considerably depleted and needed time to recover.

The cave fell silent, save for the rustling of the seedlings growing and Chen Ping’s steady breathing.

Golden light flowed through the cave, enveloping everything in a warm and peaceful atmosphere.

Outside the cave, the enormous Tree of Life swayed gently in the wind, its golden leaves rustling as if singing an ancient song.

Chapter: 10707

Time flowed silently within the tree hollow.

Chen Ping had lost count of how long he had sat before the stone platform.

His consciousness flickered, sometimes clear, sometimes hazy, like a candle flame in the wind, its light uncertain.

Life force surged continuously from his palms, flowing into the two golden seeds.

He could feel his flesh growing thinner, his bones more fragile, even the golden dragon bloodline within him was slowly but irreversibly diminishing.

Yet he did not let go.

The two seedlings grew taller and stronger before his eyes day by day.

On the third day, they had grown to three feet tall, their stems branching out into more branches, each leaf a golden, translucent yellow, radiating a warm light.

What surprised Chen Ping even more was the subtle change in the shape of the two seedlings.

Their tips began to swell, gradually outlining blurry human figures, like two embryos being sculpted.

On the fifth day, the human figures were clearly visible.

On the left seedling, the silhouette of a man was taking shape: broad shoulders, long limbs, and while the features were still blurry, Musa's outline was already discernible.

On the right seedling, the silhouette of a woman was growing simultaneously: a slender figure, slightly curly long hair, and a face that had been vague in Chen Ping's memory but was now becoming increasingly clear.

Chen Ping looked at the two emerging faces, his eyes welling up slightly.

It's almost here.

It's almost here.

On the sixth day, Jiang Xuelan opened her eyes.

She stood up from the corner of the cave, walked to Chen Ping's side, looked down at the growth of the two seedlings, and nodded slightly.

"It's faster than I expected. Your vitality is more abundant than I imagined."

Chen Ping didn't speak.

It wasn't that he didn't want to speak, but that he no longer had the strength.

His face was as pale as paper, his lips were cracked and chapped, his eyes were sunken, and he had lost a lot of weight. His once full cheeks were now sunken, his cheekbones protruding high, making him look like he had just recovered from a serious illness.

Jiang Xuelan looked at him, silent for a moment.

"Your life force has been depleted by nearly forty percent," she said calmly. "If this continues, you will damage your foundation."

Chapter: 10708

Chen Ping shook his head, his voice hoarse and almost inaudible: "I'm fine, I can still hold on."

Jiang Xuelan said nothing more.

She took out a thumb-sized golden fruit from her sleeve. The fruit was crystal clear, radiating an aura identical to that of the Tree of Life.

She held the fruit to Chen Ping's lips.

"Eat it."

Chen Ping glanced at the fruit, didn't ask what it was, and swallowed it.

The fruit melted in his mouth, a warm liquid flowing down his throat into his stomach, then exploding within him.

It was an extremely pure life force, like a long-awaited rain falling on a parched riverbed.

His body trembled slightly, and a trace of color finally returned to his pale face.

The golden dragon bloodline within him was replenished, its circulation accelerating slightly, and the life force infused into the seed became even more abundant.

"This is the fruit of the Tree of Life, which only bears fruit once every three hundred years."

Jiang Xuelan's tone was calm, as if she were discussing a trivial matter. "One fruit can replenish twenty percent of your depleted life force. Eat two more, and you should be able to hold on until the end."

She took two more fruits from her sleeve and placed them beside Chen Ping.

"Eat one every other day. Don't eat them early, and don't delay."

Chen Ping nodded, but a complex emotion welled up within him.

They were complete strangers. She could have easily watched him exhaust his life force and then intervened to save him.

That way, she would have held another trump card to manipulate him.

But she chose to act at the most opportune moment, using her most precious possession to help him.

“Thank you,” Chen Ping murmured.

Jiang Xuelan didn’t respond. She turned and walked back to the corner of the cave, sitting cross-legged again.

The moment she closed her eyes, a very subtle smile curved her lips.

The seventh day.

The last day.

The two seedlings had completely grown into human form.

Chapter: 10709

They were no longer “human-like” plants, but two lifelike bodies. Skin, hair, features, limbs—everything was indistinguishable from a real person.

The only difference was that their bodies emitted a faint golden light, the trace of the Tree of Life’s power flowing within them.

Musa's body had its eyes closed, its face peaceful, its breathing even, as if it were simply asleep.

His wife, Chen Ping, remembered her name as Liu Qingyin. She too slept peacefully, a faint smile even on her lips, as if having a sweet dream.

The two beams of white light above the stone platform sensed the bodies below and began to slowly descend.

They floated to the chest of the two bodies, paused briefly, and then, like droplets of water merging into a lake, silently disappeared into the bodies.

In an instant, the golden light from the two bodies intensified!

The light was dazzling yet warm, filling the entire tree hollow, even illuminating the ancient runes on the walls.

Chen Ping subconsciously squinted, but his hands remained firmly pressed on the seeds, not moving an inch.

The light lasted for about the time it takes to brew a cup of tea, then slowly faded.

The tree hollow returned to calm.

Then...

Musa's eyelashes trembled slightly.

His eyelids twitched, as if he were trying to open his eyes.

After a few breaths, his eyes finally opened a crack.

They were blank eyes, pupils unfocused, as if he had just woken from a long nightmare.

“Senior Musa!”

Chen Ping’s voice was hoarse and urgent. “Senior Musa, can you hear me?”

Musa’s pupils slowly focused, his gaze shifting for a moment in the tree hollow before finally settling on Chen Ping’s face.

His lips parted slightly, uttering an extremely weak sound.

“Mr...Mr. Chen?”

The voice was hoarse and weak, like a candle flickering in the wind, yet those two words were as clear as if etched into Chen Ping’s heart.

Chen Ping’s eyes instantly reddened.

“It’s me, Senior. It’s me.”

Chapter: 10710

Musa’s lips twitched slightly, as if he were smiling.

But he had too little strength; the smile vanished before it could even take shape.

His gaze shifted from Chen Ping’s face to the female body beside him.

Liu Qingyin was still asleep.

Her brows were slightly furrowed, as if she were experiencing an unpleasant dream.

Her breathing was slightly more steady than Mu Sha's, but equally weak, almost imperceptible.

"Qingyin..." Mu Sha's voice trembled. He wanted to reach out and touch his wife's face, but his arm only lifted slightly before falling limply back onto the stone platform.

"Don't move, Senior," Chen Ping said quickly. "You've just had your physical bodies reconstructed; you're still too weak and need time to recover."

Mu Sha didn't move, only turning his head to quietly look at Liu Qingyin's face.

Tears glistened in her eyes.

Jiang Xuelan walked over from the corner, glanced at the two of them, and nodded slightly.

"The reconstruction was successful. The fusion of the remnant soul and the physical body is better than I expected; there's almost no rejection reaction."

She paused, then added, "However, they are indeed too weak. In their current state, they will need at least three months of rest to regain basic mobility."

Chen Ping breathed a sigh of relief, feeling as if all his strength had been drained away. He swayed, almost falling off the stone platform.

Jiang Xuelan reacted swiftly, grabbing his shoulder.

“You’re almost done too.”

Her tone carried a hint of reproach. “Seven days and seven nights of uninterrupted life force draining you; even the Golden Dragon bloodline can’t withstand that kind of consumption. If you don’t want to sacrifice yourself, let go immediately.”

Chen Ping glanced down at his hands, his palms still resting on the two withered seeds.

The seeds’ life force had been completely drained, turning into two clumps of grayish-white powder.

He slowly released his hands, and the two clumps of powder immediately scattered, turning into fine dust and dissipating into the air.

“It’s over...” he murmured, his voice as soft as a sigh.

Jiang Xuelan helped him stand up from the stone platform. His legs were weak, almost unsteady, and he only managed to stay upright thanks to her support.

“Your condition isn’t much better than theirs,” Jiang Xuelan said calmly. “Go rest over there. I’ll handle the rest.”

Chen Ping nodded, no longer trying to be strong.