

## **The Order 10721**

Chapter: 10721

“The first thing.”

She withdrew one finger, her gaze sweeping over Chen Ping.

“The golden dragon bloodline in your body is very special. It’s not just a simple royal bloodline... I sense something else in your bloodline that I’ve never seen before. I need to study it.”

Chen Ping looked at her warily: “How do you study it?”

Jiang Xuelan said calmly, “Just drawing some blood, it won’t hurt.”

Chen Ping: “...Are you sure it’s just drawing blood?”

Jiang Xuelan didn’t answer, only giving him a meaningful look.

Chen Ping suddenly had a bad feeling; it seemed he had sold himself to a very dangerous person.

No, not just a feeling.

It was true.

Jiang Xuelan led Chen Ping through the tangled roots of the Tree of Life to the other side of the trunk.

Here was a small stone chamber, much smaller than the previous tree hollow, but exquisitely furnished.

Several luminous pearls were inlaid in the walls of the chamber, emitting a soft, pale blue glow.

A stone table sat in the center, neatly arranged on it were various utensils that Chen Ping couldn't name: transparent glass bottles, slender silver needles, several jade pieces engraved with runes, and a yellowed ancient book.

"Sit," Jiang Xuelan said, gesturing to the stone stool in front of the table.

Chen Ping sat down as instructed, looking at the utensils on the table, and inexplicably felt as if he were lying on a chopping board.

Jiang Xuelan took out a silver needle from her sleeve. The needle was as thin as a cow's hair, its tip shimmering with a faint golden light.

She sat down in front of Chen Ping, held the needle up to her eyes, and said softly, "Extend your hand."

Chen Ping hesitated for a moment, then extended his right hand.

Jiang Xuelan grasped his wrist, her thumb pressing on his pulse, and closed her eyes slightly, sensing for a moment.

Then, she gently inserted the silver needle into Chen Ping's fingertip.

The needle was extremely thin; the moment it pierced him, she felt almost no pain.

But the instant the needle touched the vein in his fingertip, Chen Ping's body trembled violently.

A strange power surged from the needle tip into his body, flowing upwards along his blood vessels, like an invisible eye scanning his meridians, his dantian, and even every inch of his flesh.

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The feeling was strange, as if he had been seen through from the inside out, with no secrets left to hide.

“Don’t move,” Jiang Xuelan said softly, her gaze fixed intently on the silver needle. A drop of golden blood slowly seeped from the needle tip.

This blood was unlike any ordinary blood; it emitted a faint golden glow, like molten gold, forming a smooth bead on the needle tip.

Even more strangely, a tiny, ethereal dragon-shaped shadow could be faintly seen moving across the surface of the drop, emitting a barely audible roar.

Jiang Xuelan withdrew the silver needle, the drop of golden blood hovering above her palm, slowly rotating.

She examined it carefully for a moment, then nodded slightly: “Golden Dragon Royal Bloodline, extremely pure, even more concentrated than what you showed me last time.”

Chen Ping remained silent, simply watching her.

Jiang Xuelan carefully placed the drop of blood into a transparent glass bottle, then took a second drop, a third drop... seven drops in total from Chen Ping’s fingertip before putting away the silver needle.

“Is that enough?” Chen Ping asked.

“That’s enough.” Jiang Xuelan laid out the seven glass bottles on the stone table, her gaze sweeping over the blood. “Initial observation shows only three drops are needed; save the rest for later.”

“Later?” Chen Ping looked at her warily.

Jiang Xuelan ignored his gaze, picked up the first bottle of blood, and held it up to her eyes. A pale golden light emanated from her palm, enveloping the glass bottle.

The blood began to change within the light.

The surface of the golden liquid began to boil, tiny bubbles constantly rising and bursting.

A dragon-shaped phantom swam wildly within the bottle, emitting increasingly loud dragon roars.

At the same time, the color of the blood also changed; within the gold, a second color began to emerge.

It was a deep, profound purple, like the first rays of dawn before the chaos was extinguished.

Jiang Xuelan's pupils suddenly contracted.

She placed the glass bottle back on the table, her hands rapidly forming several hand seals, her fingertips touching the bottle.

The blood in the bottle seemed to be awakened by some force; the purple light grew stronger and stronger, eventually completely engulfing the golden light.

The entire drop of blood transformed into a pure purple mass, slowly swirling within the bottle, emanating an aura that made Jiang Xuelan's heart tremble.

"This is..." Her voice trembled slightly; it was the first time Chen Ping had seen such a reaction in her.

She suddenly looked up, staring at Chen Ping, her gaze burning like two flames.

"How can there be chaotic power in your bloodline?"

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Chen Ping shook his head: "Don't ask me, I don't know either."

Jiang Xuelan didn't answer, but quickly picked up the second bottle of blood and activated it using the same method.

The result was the same: the gold faded, and purple appeared.

The third bottle, the fourth bottle... all the way to the seventh bottle, each drop of blood contained that purple chaotic power, only the concentration varied slightly.

Jiang Xuelan put down the last glass bottle, took a deep breath, and tried to calm herself down.

But her clenched fists and slightly trembling fingertips betrayed her inner shock.

"Do you know what the power of chaos means?" Her voice was low and serious.

Chen Ping shook his head again.

He truly didn't understand the power of chaos.

Jiang Xuelan stood up and paced back and forth in the stone chamber, seemingly trying to organize her thoughts.

After a moment, she stopped and turned to look at Chen Ping.

"The power of chaos is the most primordial power at the beginning of heaven and earth. It encompasses everything, covering all things. The power of humans, the power of beasts, the power of demons, even the power of our gods, all originate from chaos, yet none of them are equal to chaos."

She picked up a glass bottle and showed Chen Ping the purple blood inside.

“But your blood contains not only the power of chaos, but also... look here.”

She touched the bottle with her fingertip; the purple light in the blood rippled slightly, then began to differentiate.

Within the purple light, three distinctly different rays of light separated. Golden dragon energy—the power of the Golden Dragon bloodline;

Black demonic energy—the power of the Demon race;

And a transparent, water-like light—that was... the most primal power of humanity.

These three powers intertwined and fused within the bottle, yet each maintained its independent characteristics.

They weren't simply mixed, but truly fused, like the three primary colors merging to create white light; the three powers merged into chaos.

But when Jiang Xuelan used a special method to separate them, they could completely revert back to their three independent powers.

“This is impossible...”

Jiang Xuelan murmured, her voice filled with disbelief, “Human, dragon, and demon—three completely different powers, yet they can coexist perfectly within you, even merging into chaotic power... This violates all the common sense of cultivation.”

She looked at Chen Ping, her gaze filled with an emotion she herself couldn't quite explain.

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“What kind of monster are you?”

Chen Ping smiled bitterly. "I told you, I'm just an ordinary rogue cultivator."

Back in the Great Stone Village of the Celestial Realm, Chen Ping already possessed three powers within him, and these three powers had fused into the power of the three races.

However, Chen Ping hadn't paid much attention to it; he thought everyone could possess such power.

"An ordinary rogue cultivator?"

Jiang Xuelan sneered. "Can an ordinary rogue cultivator simultaneously contain the power of the Dragon Clan and the Demon Clan without exploding and dying? Can an ordinary rogue cultivator possess the power of Chaos? Can an ordinary rogue cultivator possess combat power comparable to a True Immortal in the Upper Immortal Realm?"

Her series of questions left Chen Ping speechless.

Jiang Xuelan took a deep breath, sat down again, and looked at him with a complex expression.

"Your body can accommodate any bloodline and power without the slightest bloodline rejection. This means you can fuse with all the bloodlines in the world—divine, demonic, dragon, and even more ancient and powerful bloodlines—without any conflict."

Her voice deepened, carrying a seriousness Chen Ping had never seen in her before.

"Chen Ping, do you know what this means?"

Chen Ping shook his head.

"It means you are the most perfect bloodline vessel in the world," Jiang Xuelan said, enunciating each word clearly, "without exception."

Silence fell within the stone chamber.

Chen Ping digested Jiang Xuelan's words, a complex emotion welling up within him.

He had always thought his Golden Dragon bloodline was his greatest trump card, but now it seemed the real trump card was the chaotic power, which he himself had never truly understood.

"So what?" he asked calmly.

Jiang Xuelan looked at him, silent for a long time.

Then, she did something Chen Ping had never expected.

She stood up, walked to Chen Ping, and slowly knelt before him. Her white robes spread out on the cold stone ground, like a white lotus blooming on snow.

She raised her head, her deep, starry eyes looking directly at Chen Ping. Her gaze held pleading, resolute determination, and a hint of... vulnerability.

"Chen Ping, I have a request."

Chen Ping was startled by her action and instinctively tried to help her up: "What are you doing? Get up and talk."

"Let me finish." Jiang Xuelan pressed his hand down, her tone firm.

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She took a deep breath, her voice becoming very low.

“I am the last descendant of the Ice God lineage. The bloodline of the Ice God lineage has weakened to its limit in my generation.

If a way to strengthen the bloodline cannot be found, the Ice God lineage will be completely wiped out. I have guarded this lake and this tree for ten thousand years, not to watch the Ice God lineage die out in my hands.”

Her eyes reddened slightly; it was the first time Chen Ping had seen such an expression in her eyes.

“What I need is someone whose bloodline can merge with mine. Someone who won’t reject the Ice God’s bloodline, nor be rejected by it. For ten thousand years, I’ve searched the Fourteen Heavens, and not a single person has been able to do it.”

She looked at Chen Ping, her gaze burning.

“Until you came.”

Chen Ping finally understood her meaning, his expression changing: “You mean...”

“I want to cultivate with you.”

Jiang Xuelan’s voice was calm, but a faint blush crept into her ears, “To merge the Ice God’s bloodline with yours. Only in this way can the Ice God’s bloodline be strengthened, and only then can the Ice God’s lineage continue.”

Chen Ping abruptly stood up, taking two steps back, his face turning extremely ugly.

“No.”

His voice was resolute, leaving no room for negotiation.

Chen Ping objected because he loathed Jiang Xuelan treating him like a stud.

Although he enjoyed cultivating with women—after all, it was a source of pleasure—what was the difference between cultivating with a stud without an emotional foundation?

Back in the Celestial Realm, Bai Qian forced him to engage in dual cultivation, absorbing her bloodline—a necessary evil, as he needed her to save him.

However, as their cultivation progressed, feelings developed, and Chen Ping became increasingly enthusiastic.

But this Jiang Xuelan, though beautiful, with a healthy body and flawless skin, Chen Ping always felt she posed a danger, and he couldn't just engage in dual cultivation with her casually.

Jiang Xuelan knelt on the ground, looking up at him, the light in her eyes dimming slightly.

“Why?” Jiang Xuelan asked.

Chen Ping turned away from her, his fists clenched tightly. “I have a wife, women, even dozens of women, but they all have feelings for me.”

“And you? You cultivate with me only for your own bloodline, without any feelings for me. I'm not a stud, someone you can just use anywhere.”

A deathly silence fell over the stone chamber.

Jiang Xuelan remained silent for a long time.

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Then, she slowly stood up, brushed the dust off her skirt, and resumed her aloof and detached demeanor.

But her voice was slightly hoarse than before.

“Those three things you mentioned.”

Chen Ping stiffened.

“You promised me you would do three things for me.” Jiang Xuelan’s voice was calm, calm to the point of being cold. “A man’s word is his bond. You said it.”

Chen Ping turned to look at her.

Jiang Xuelan’s gaze did not waver, meeting his eyes directly.

“The first thing, I’ve already done—I drew your blood for research. The second thing...”

She paused, her voice trembling slightly, but she still finished speaking.

“To cultivate with me.”

Chen Ping fell silent.

He knew he had been outmaneuvered.

Jiang Xuelan was right; he had indeed promised.

Regardless of the circumstances, he had spoken the words himself, and made the promise with his own hands.

If he went back on his word now, how would he be any different from those treacherous villains?

“Aren’t you afraid I’ll go back on my word later?” Chen Ping’s voice was a little hoarse.

Jiang Xuelan smiled faintly, a smile tinged with bitterness and an indescribable emotion.

“You won’t. You’re not that kind of person.”

She turned and walked towards the door of the stone chamber. Reaching the doorway, she stopped, without looking back.

“Tonight, beneath the Tree of Life. I will wait for you.”

Her figure disappeared through the doorway, leaving Chen Ping alone in the stone chamber, facing the seven glass bottles on the table, speechless for a long time.

Night fell.

The night in the Land of Return to Nothingness was different from elsewhere. The aurora borealis overhead grew brighter, its pale color transforming into a deep blue-purple, like a river flowing through the sky.

The golden leaves of the Tree of Life swayed gently in the night breeze, rustling softly, a sound like an ancient ballad, or a low sigh.

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Chen Ping stood at the entrance to the tree hollow, gazing at the aurora borealis and golden tree shadows reflected on the lake, his mind a jumble of emotions.

He didn't want to go.

But he had to go.

A promise is a promise.

The word "promise" was the most important thing in his life.

If he could so easily break his own promises, what difference was there between him and those he despised?

He took a deep breath and stepped out of the tree hollow.

On the other side of the Tree of Life's trunk was a small clearing.

In the center of the clearing, Jiang Xuelan was already waiting.

She had changed her clothes.

Gone was the plain white dress she wore during the day; now she wore a pale blue veil, shimmering with a cold, eerie light under the aurora borealis and golden leaves.

Her long hair cascaded down her back like a waterfall, a few strands falling beside her ears and fluttering gently in the night breeze.

She stood with her back to Chen Ping on the largest root of the Tree of Life, gazing up at the canopy above.

Golden leaves drifted around her, landing on her shoulders and in her hair, like a golden crown adorning her head.

Hearing footsteps, she slowly turned around.

Moonlight, aurora, and golden light shone simultaneously on her face, making her appearance somewhat unreal, like a figure from a painting.

“You’ve come,” she said softly, almost drowned out by the wind.

Chen Ping stopped in front of her.

Their eyes met.

“I’ve thought it over,” Chen Ping’s voice was a little hoarse. “I agree. But I have one condition.”

Jiang Xuelan raised an eyebrow slightly. “What condition?”

“This is just a transaction,” Chen Ping said, enunciating each word clearly. “After our dual cultivation, our relationship will remain the same. I won’t have any other thoughts about you because of this. And you shouldn’t have any other thoughts about me either.”

Jiang Xuelan looked at him, silent for a moment.

Then, she smiled.

The smile was faint, almost imperceptible.

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But in that smile, there was an emotion Chen Ping couldn't quite define—was it relief? Bitterness? Or something else?

“Okay,” she said, uttering only one word.

Chen Ping nodded, took a deep breath, and began to remove his outer garment.

Jiang Xuelan turned around, her back to him, and slowly removed her thin veil.

Her movements were slow and composed, without a trace of awkwardness or haste.

It was as if she weren't doing something of paramount importance concerning the continuation of her bloodline, but rather something utterly ordinary.

Moonlight spilled onto her snow-white shoulders, tracing a graceful yet serene arc.

The leaves of the Tree of Life began to fall rapidly, golden leaves swirling and dancing in the air like a golden rain.

The leaves settled around the two of them, carpeting them in gold.

Jiang Xuelan turned around.

Her face remained aloof, but a faint blush had crept onto her ears and neck.

That blush, shimmering in the moonlight and golden light, made her appear no longer like an ice sculpture, but a woman of flesh and blood, capable of shyness and timidity.

“Come here.” Her voice was soft, yet carried an undeniable authority.

Chen Ping walked over and stood before her.

The distance between them was no more than a foot.

He could smell her scent; it was no longer the delicate fragrance of winter plum blossoms from the daytime, but a richer, more intoxicating, cool fragrance, like the first snow of deep winter, crisp and sweet.

Jiang Xuelan raised her hand and gently pressed it against his chest.

Her hand was cold, yet a strange warmth surged within her fingertips.

That warmth seeped into his body through his skin, coursing through his limbs and bones, causing the golden dragon blood within him to boil uncontrollably.

“Close your eyes,” she murmured, as if in a dream, “Relax, don’t resist.”

Chen Ping closed his eyes as instructed.

The next moment, he felt Jiang Xuelan’s body press against him.

Her body was cold, as cold as a piece of jade soaked in moonlight.

But within that coldness, something extremely warm flowed, like a hot spring surging beneath the ice.

Two completely different forces began to circulate between their bodies.

One was Chen Ping’s golden dragon energy, scorching, domineering, and brimming with the power of destruction and rebirth;

The other was Jiang Xuelan's icy blue divine light, cool, gentle, and containing the ancient laws of freezing time and space.

The two forces circulated within their bodies, intertwining and merging.

Initially, they repelled each other; the heat of the dragon energy and the coolness of the divine light clashed fiercely within them like fire and water.

Chen Ping felt as if his body was being torn in two, one half molten lava, the other icy frost.

Jiang Xuelan's brows furrowed tightly, a fine layer of sweat beading on her forehead.

But she gripped Chen Ping's hand tightly, their fingers intertwined, palms facing each other.

"Don't resist," her voice whispered in his ear, carrying a reassuring power, "Let them merge."

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Chen Ping gritted his teeth, enduring the excruciating pain within his body, and relaxed his control over the dragon energy.

The golden dragon energy no longer resisted the icy blue divine light, and the two forces began to slowly merge.

At first, it was very slow, so slow that the change was almost imperceptible.

But gradually, the merging began to accelerate.

The gold and icy blue mixed together, creating a completely new color—a warm, pale gold, like the light of dawn.

That pale golden light surged from both of them, enveloping the entire open space.

The leaves of the Tree of Life fell rapidly in this light, golden leaves swirling and dancing in the air, finally settling around the two, forming thick carpets.

Chen Ping could feel the bloodline of the Ice God lineage merging into his body.

It was an extremely ancient and extremely pure power.

It was cold but not piercing, powerful but not domineering, like a spring breeze sealed within millennia of ice, slowly flowing through Chen Ping's meridians.

Meanwhile, the Golden Dragon bloodline within him was flowing back into Jiang Xuelan's body.

Golden dragon energy and icy blue divine light intertwined and merged within her, awakening the long-dormant Ice God bloodline within her.

The bloodline power that had dimmed with the passage of time began to regain its vitality under the nourishment of chaotic energy.

Time flowed silently around them.

After an unknown amount of time—perhaps an hour, perhaps a whole night—the pale golden light finally receded, merging back into their bodies.

Chen Ping slowly opened his eyes.

He felt a wondrous change occurring in his body.

The spiritual energy in his dantian was more abundant than before, his meridians were wider, and even the Golden Dragon bloodline within him had become more solid and pure.

He could feel that although his cultivation level hadn't broken through, his strength had undergone a qualitative leap.

It was an indescribable feeling, like a sword already incredibly sharp, now reforged and honed, becoming even more resilient and sharper.

Peak of the fifth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm.

Just one step away from reaching the sixth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm.

And Jiang Xuelan's changes were even more pronounced.

Her aura was significantly stronger than before.

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Her usually cold face had gained some color, losing some of its pallor.

Her eyes were brighter than before, like polished stars, radiating a faint light.

The bloodline of the Ice God lineage had been revitalized within her.

Jiang Xuelan looked down at her hands, feeling the power flowing within her, and remained silent for a long time.

Then, she raised her head and looked at Chen Ping.

Something subtly changed in those deep eyes.

It was no longer scrutiny, no longer a gaze, but rather a tenderness that she herself couldn't quite explain.

"Thank you." Her voice was soft, almost inaudible.

Chen Ping shook his head, remaining silent.

The atmosphere between them was somewhat awkward.

What had just happened had caused an irreversible change in their relationship.

Although Chen Ping had said, "This is just a transaction," some things, once done, can never be undone.

Jiang Xuelan seemed to sense this change as well. She stood up, her back to Chen Ping, picked up the veil scattered on the ground, and draped it over her shoulders.

Her movements remained composed, but her slightly trembling fingers betrayed her inner turmoil.

"You..." she hesitated, without turning around, "Do you regret it?"

Chen Ping was silent for a moment.

"No regrets." His voice was calm and firm. "This is what I promised you, and what's done is done. There's nothing to regret."

Jiang Xuelan's shoulders relaxed slightly, as if she had breathed a sigh of relief.

She didn't speak again, but simply stood quietly under the Tree of Life, looking up at the golden canopy above.

A night breeze rustled the golden leaves, as if whispering ancient secrets.

Chen Ping walked to her side and stood beside her.

Neither spoke, simply standing silently, watching the Tree of Life sway gently in the night wind.

After a long while, Jiang Xuelan suddenly spoke.

"Do you know why the Divine Palace was built here?"