

The Order 8871

Chapter: 8871

“Since Fellow Daoist Chen possesses true talent and knowledge, it’s time to let everyone in the Divine Kingdom know your strength and convince them.”

Wu Hao pondered, “Ziyuan, take Fellow Daoist Chen to the martial arts arena. Have the commander of the Imperial Guards arrange a sparring match so that Fellow Daoist Chen can familiarize himself with the Divine Kingdom’s combat capabilities.”

Ziyuan nodded and gestured to Chen Ping, “Fellow Daoist Chen, please follow me. The Divine Kingdom’s Imperial Guards are among the top combat forces in the Sixth Heaven, and the martial arts arena is home to the Divine Kingdom’s most elite cultivators.”

Chen Ping didn’t refuse; he also wanted to ascertain the Divine Kingdom’s true strength.

Cooperation presupposes equality. If everyone in the Divine Kingdom were like Wei Feng, who only appeared strong on the outside but were weak on the inside, such cooperation would likely be difficult to achieve.

The two left the palace and headed towards the martial arts arena on the west side of the Divine Capital.

The Divine Clan cultivators along the way noticed Zi Yuan’s respectful attitude towards Chen Ping, and, recalling the rumors from the academy about Chen Ping severing Wei Feng’s arm, they looked at Chen Ping with a new level of awe, no longer the contempt they had previously held.

The Divine Kingdom’s martial arts arena was far grander than Chen Ping had imagined. It was paved entirely with black, dark iron stone, engraved with shock-absorbing formation patterns. Dozens of stone pillars inscribed with divine patterns stood along its edges, each topped by a suspended crystal ball to record battle records.

At that moment, hundreds of Imperial Guards in silver armor were training in the arena. Golden spiritual energy crisscrossed the landscape, and the cries of battle were deafening.

“That’s the commander of the Imperial Guards, Ao Lie.”

Zi Yuan pointed to a burly man in the center of the martial arts arena and introduced him in a low voice. “He’s a hybrid of the Dragon and God races, reaching the peak of the eighth rank of the Earthly Immortal Realm. His wielding of the ‘Sky-Splitting Spear’ is unparalleled, and he ranks tenth on the Divine Nation’s Martial Arts Ranking.”

“Dragon race?” Chen Ping was somewhat surprised. Following Zi Yuan’s gaze, he saw Ao Lie, over eight feet tall, with long, emerald green hair tied back. His face was resolute, and he exuded a chilling aura.

He was wielding a silver spear, over ten feet long, directing the Imperial Guards’ drills. The tip of the spear occasionally pierced the air, ripping through it with a sharp, explosive sound.

Ao Lie noticed their gazes and turned. When his eyes landed on Chen Ping, his brows furrowed.

The cultivator before him was only a first-rank Earth Immortal. His attire was ordinary, and the spiritual energy fluctuations around him were unremarkable. There was nothing so special about him that he could even be accompanied by Zi Yuan’s staff.

“Lord Zi Yuan, who is this?”

Ao Lie sheathed his silver spear and strode over, his tone tinged with arrogance.

In his opinion, anyone who could catch Zi Yuan’s eye must be a cultivator of at least the eighth rank of the Earth Immortal Realm. A “low-level cultivator” like Chen Ping was unworthy of appearing in the martial arts arena.

“Commander Ao, this is Fellow Daoist Chen Ping, a distinguished guest invited by the King.”

Zi Yuan’s tone was calm, yet carried an undeniable authority. “The King has instructed you to arrange a sparring match, so Fellow Daoist Chen can witness the strength of the Imperial Guards.”

Ao Lie's face showed clear disdain upon hearing this. He looked Chen Ping up and down, then sneered, "Lord Zi Yuan, are you kidding me? You want me to spar with a cultivator of the First Rank in the Earthly Immortal Realm? If word got out, wouldn't everyone laugh? The Imperial Guards of the Divine Kingdom cannot afford such disgrace!"

The Imperial Guards training nearby also glanced sideways. Upon seeing Chen Ping's realm, they couldn't help but laugh, and a flurry of discussion ensued.

"The commander is right. A first-grade Earth Immortal is worthy of sparring with the commander? He'd probably be killed instantly!"

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"I think he's just here to join in the fun. Maybe he got some backdoor to get brought here by Lord Ziyuan."

"I could beat ten of those bastards with one hand!"

Chen Ping remained expressionless, as if oblivious to the taunts.

He knew very well that in this world where strength reigned supreme, verbal arguments were meaningless; only fists could silence them.

Ziyuan's face darkened slightly; she knew Ao Lie's temper.

Ranked tenth on the Martial Arts Ranking, he was extremely conceited, and he never took cultivators of lower realms seriously.

But she also understood Chen Ping's strength and immediately said coldly, "Commander Ao, the king has ordered, you simply obey. If you feel it would be beneath you to spar with Fellow Daoist Chen, send one of your men down to see if you can."

Ao Lie considered it and decided that sending a man would both fulfill the king's order and preserve his own dignity. He waved toward the edge of the martial arts arena, "Shi Hu, come here!"

A burly, ferocious-faced Imperial Guard captain strode forward and knelt on one knee, "Commander!"

Although Shi Hu was a seventh-rank Earth Immortal Realm cultivator, renowned for his bravery within the Imperial Guard, even an ordinary eighth-rank Earth Immortal Realm cultivator might not be his match.

"I've got a mission for you."

Ao Lie pointed at Chen Ping and said casually, "Spar with this fellow Daoist Chen. Remember, be gentle and don't hurt anyone. He's only a first-rank Earth Immortal cultivator, after all. If anything goes wrong, you won't be able to bear the blame from the king."

"Yes!"

Shi Hu stood up and looked at Chen Ping with contempt, as if he were looking at an ant ready to be crushed.

He flexed his wrist, his bones crackling. He grinned, "Boy, if you know what's good for you, admit defeat. Otherwise, I'll knock you down and embarrass you."

Chen Ping glanced at him calmly without saying anything. He walked straight to the center of the martial arts arena and gestured "please" to Shi Hu.

"You don't know what's good for you!"

Shi Hu snorted coldly, his figure flashing as he pounced forward like a ferocious tiger. He clenched his fists, golden spiritual energy condensing into sharp claws, and with a whistling sound, he struck Chen Ping's chest.

The punch was powerful and heavy, clearly showing no real restraint. In his opinion, against a cultivator of the first rank of the Earthly Immortal Realm, there was no need to go all out.

The surrounding imperial guards held their breath. They believed that if Chen Ping didn't die, he would be seriously injured.

Zi Yuan, however, remained calm. She had seen the speed with which Chen Ping had severed Wei Feng's arm, and knew that Shi Hu's seemingly ferocious punch wouldn't likely injure Chen Ping at all.

Sure enough, just as the fist was about to impact Chen Ping, Chen Ping's figure suddenly vanished from the spot.

Shi Hu's punch missed, startling him. Before he could react, he felt a sharp pain in the back of his neck. A powerful force surged through him, sending him flying like a kite with a broken string. He landed heavily on the black iron stone floor with a thud, kicking up a cloud of dust.

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"What?"

Ao Lie's eyes flashed with surprise. He hadn't even seen Chen Ping's movements.

Shi Hu struggled to his feet, a look of disbelief on his face.

He touched the back of his neck, feeling a sharp pain. It was clear that if the blow had been just a little harder, his cervical vertebrae would have been broken.

"Boy, you dare to sneak attack!"

Shi Hu roared, charging forward again.

This time, he wasn't afraid to be careless. Golden divine patterns illuminated his body, and a spiritual sword condensed in his hand. With a flash of light, he swept towards Chen Ping.

Chen Ping remained calm, his figure moving like a ghost amidst the flashes of swords. No matter how swift Shi Hu's blades, they couldn't touch the edge of his clothes.

Occasionally, Chen Ping would throw a punch or a kick, each time precisely targeting Shi Hu's vulnerable spot.

"Bang!" "Pa!" "Ah!"

Screams rang out, and Shi Hu's body was soon covered in wounds. Chen Ping kicked the long spiritual sword away.

Finally, Chen Ping grasped Shi Hu's wrist and gently twisted it. With a crisp "crack," Shi Hu's arm fractured.

"I lose..."

Shi Hu could no longer hold on and collapsed to the ground, gasping for breath. He looked at Chen Ping with fear in his eyes.

The martial arts arena fell silent. The imperial guards who had just been taunting Chen Ping were now stunned, their smiles frozen.

A cultivator of the first rank of the Earth Immortal Realm had so easily defeated a captain of the seventh rank? This completely defied their expectations!

Zi Yuan's lips curled up in a faint smile as she looked at Ao Lie and asked, "Commander Ao, do you still think Fellow Daoist Chen is unworthy of a sparring match?"

Ao Lie's expression was extremely grim. He stared at Chen Ping and said in a deep voice, "Not really! Shi Hu clearly showed mercy just now! He was afraid of actually injuring you, so he held back, allowing you to exploit his weakness! If he had used his full strength, you wouldn't have stood a chance!"

As soon as these words were spoken, even Shi Hu, lying on the ground, was tempted to retort—he had clearly given it his all, yet he couldn't even touch the edge of Chen Ping's clothes. How could he have shown mercy?

But he didn't dare disobey Ao Lie's order and could only lower his head, acquiescing.

Upon hearing this, Chen Ping smiled with a hint of disdain. "Oh? So, I won unfairly?"

"That's right!"

Ao Lie stiffened his neck and said, "You're just lucky! If it were a real fight, you would have been killed by Shi Hu long ago!"

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"Okay."

Chen Ping nodded, his tone calm but with a hint of coldness. "How about a life-and-death duel? No holds barred, until one side falls.

But since it's a life-and-death duel, there has to be some stakes, right?

I'll bet one million immortal stones. If I lose, the immortal stones are yours. If you lose, you also have to put up one million immortal stones. How about that?"

One million immortal stones is no small sum. Even a commander of the Imperial Guards like Ao Lie would need decades to amass it.

But he was infuriated by Chen Ping's attitude, and coupled with the previous humiliation, he agreed without hesitation: "Alright! I'll make a bet with you! I want to see how a cultivator of the first rank of the Earth Immortal Realm, like you, can fight me to the death!"

The surrounding Imperial Guards were excited and gathered around, eager to witness a life-and-death battle between a cultivator of the first rank of the Earth Immortal Realm and a peak cultivator of the ninth rank.

Zi Yuan tried to dissuade him, but Chen Ping's gaze stopped him—he wanted to completely subdue Ao Lie and convince the entire Divine Kingdom that he was worthy of cooperating with them on equal terms.

Ao Lie strode to the center of the martial arts arena, shaking his silver spear, pointing the tip directly at Chen Ping: “Boy, don't accuse me of bullying you. You strike first!”

Chen Ping stopped talking. With a flip of his right hand, the Dragon Slaying Sword appeared out of thin air.

Silver lightning flashed from the blade, and a chilling murderous aura permeated, sending a chill through the surrounding Imperial Guards.

“So you rely on weapons!”

A glint of disdain flashed in Ao Lie's eyes. “I thought you had real skills, but I didn't expect you relied on a fine sword!”

Before he finished his words, Chen Ping had vanished from the scene.

Ao Lie, startled, quickly swung his silver spear, forming an impenetrable defense.

However, the moment the silver spear collided with the Dragon Slaying Sword, there was a crisp “crack!” as the silver spear in Ao Lie's hand was severed by the Dragon Slaying Sword!

“What?”

Ao Lie's pupils constricted, his face filled with disbelief.

His silver spear was forged from thousand-year-old black iron, indestructible. Even a full-strength blow from a ninth-rank Earth Immortal cultivator might not leave a mark. How could it be severed by Chen Ping's sword?

Chen Ping gave Ao Lie no time to react, and the Dragon Slaying Sword pointed directly at his throat.

Terrified, Ao Lie dodged sideways, barely avoiding the fatal blow, but the sword still slashed his neck, leaving a bloody mark.

“Stop!”

Ao Lie shouted, retreating rapidly. “It doesn’t count! It doesn’t count at all! You’re using a divine weapon, while I’m using an ordinary black iron spear. Your weaponry gives you a huge advantage. This fight doesn’t count!”

The surrounding imperial guards echoed this sentiment, believing that Chen Ping’s victory was indeed achieved through weaponry, an unfair one.

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Chen Ping looked at Ao Lie, his expression filled with even more disdain.

He slowly sheathed the Dragon Slaying Sword and placed it back in his storage bag. He said coldly, “Alright, then I won’t use weapons, I’ll fight you with just my fists. If I can still defeat you that way, what else do you have to say?”

Ao Lie was stunned, then a look of ecstasy crossed his face. “Are you serious? Without weapons?”

In his opinion, Chen Ping’s ability to defeat Shi Hu and sever his silver spear was likely due to that divine weapon. Without weapons, a cultivator of the first rank of the Earth Immortal Realm, no matter how fast, would be no match for him.

“Of course it’s true.”

Chen Ping flexed his wrist. “However, the stake remains the same: one million immortal stones. If you don’t dare, you can admit defeat now. Just give me one million immortal stones.”

“Why wouldn’t I dare!”

Ao Lie was enraged. His spiritual energy surged, unleashing the aura of a peak ninth rank Earth Immortal Realm cultivator without reservation. The very air in the entire martial arts arena seemed to freeze.

He clenched his fists, golden spiritual energy condensing on them, forming two dazzling balls of light. “Boy, you asked for this! Don’t blame me for being ruthless!”

Zi Yuan stood by, a nervous expression on her face. She knew Chen Ping was exceptionally powerful, but Ao Lie was, after all, a peak-eighth-grade cultivator in the Earthly Immortal Realm. He was also a dragon half-blood, his physique incredibly formidable. Without weapons, Chen Ping might not gain the upper hand.

“Take it!”

Ao Lie roared, charging at Chen Ping like a flash of golden lightning. Both fists struck Chen Ping’s head with devastating force.

He threw this punch without reservation, mobilizing all his spiritual energy, clearly intent on achieving a decisive victory and redeeming his reputation.

The surrounding imperial guards exclaimed in shock. They could sense the terrifying power of this punch; if struck, even a small mountain would be razed to the ground.

Faced with such a ferocious blow, Chen Ping remained impassive. He spread his feet slightly apart, lowering his center of gravity. The spiritual energy within him slowly circulated, gathering in his fists.

Although his realm was only the first level of the Earthly Immortal Realm, his spiritual energy had been tempered numerous times, its purity far surpassing that of cultivators of the same level, even more powerful than Ao Lie’s.

Just as his fist was about to strike Chen Ping, Chen Ping suddenly raised his right hand and clashed fiercely with Ao Lie’s fist.

“Bang!”

A deafening roar echoed, and a golden spiritual energy shockwave spread out from the two of them. The stone pillars at the edge of the martial arts arena shook violently, and the crystal balls on top emitted a humming sound.

The surrounding imperial guards were shaken back by the shockwave, their faces filled with shock.

They had expected Chen Ping to be sent flying with a single punch, but they hadn't expected the two to be evenly matched.

Ao Lie was in disbelief. He felt a powerful force radiating from Chen Ping's fist, numbing his arm and cracking his knuckles. He took three steps back before steadying himself.

He looked down at his fist, which was already red, swollen, and aching.

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“How is this possible? How can your spiritual power be so strong?”

Ao Lie asked in a lost voice. A cultivator at the first level of the Earthly Immortal Realm possessed more spiritual power than a cultivator at the peak of the eighth level of the Earthly Immortal Realm? This simply defied common sense in cultivation!

Chen Ping didn't respond. He pressed on, his figure flashing and reaching Ao Lie. His left fist flew out with lightning speed, aiming straight for Ao Lie's chest.

Ao Lie quickly raised his hand to block, but with a “bang,” he was knocked back again, a sharp pain radiating from his chest, as if struck by a huge rock.

He was filled with horror and quickly channeled his spiritual energy to protect his chest while simultaneously counterattacking, his fists raining down on Chen Ping like a violent storm.

Chen Ping responded calmly, weaving in and out of Ao Lie's punches, sometimes dodging, sometimes counterattacking.

His punches seemed slow, but each one landed precisely where Ao Lie was vulnerable, and with immense force, each one sent Ao Lie's blood surging.

"Bang!" "Pa!" "Dong!"

The two engaged in a fierce battle on the martial arts field, golden spiritual energy scattering everywhere, and their footprints carved deep pits into the black iron stone ground.

The surrounding imperial guards were stunned. They had never witnessed such a spectacular fight—a cultivator of the first rank of the Earth Immortal Realm could fight Ao Lie, a peak of the eighth rank of the Earth Immortal Realm, on equal terms, and even slightly gaining the upper hand!

Zi Yuan's heart finally settled. She could see that Chen Ping was not only fast and powerful, but also extremely experienced in combat. Each of his attacks was perfectly timed, completely suppressing Ao Lie's rhythm.

Ao Lie grew increasingly frightened and furious as the fight continued.

He felt like punching cotton, his strength utterly useless. Chen Ping's speed was too great for him to keep up; his strength was so immense that his arms went numb with every collision.

Even more frustrating was the fact that Chen Ping seemed to always anticipate his attacks, dodging or counterattacking in advance.

"Ah! I'll fight you!"

Ao Lie roared, his dragon blood fully aroused. His body instantly expanded, his skin turning cyan, a pair of enormous dragon wings sprouted from his back, his hands transformed into dragon claws, and his eyes gleamed crimson.

“It’s dragon transformation! The commander’s serious!”

“Great! That brat’s dead now!”

“The commander’s strength will at least double after dragon transformation!”

The surrounding imperial guards were excited. Dragon transformation was Ao Lie’s trump card. Once unleashed, even a ninth-rank cultivator in the Earthly Immortal Realm could defeat him.

Zi Yuan’s face grew tense again. She knew how terrifying Ao Lie was after dragon transformation, and she quickly shouted, “Fellow Daoist Chen, be careful!”

Chen Ping looked at the dragon-transformed Ao Lie, a hint of solemnity flashing in his eyes, but more of it was excitement.

Ao Lie flapped his dragon wings, hovering in mid-air. Two massive golden spheres of light condensed from his claws, emitting a destructive aura.

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“Boy, prepare to die!” He hurled the sphere of light at Chen Ping. The sphere split into dozens of smaller spheres in mid-air, raining down on him like raindrops.

Chen Ping tapped the ground with his feet and leaped into the air, tumbling through the air and dodging most of the light balls.

He smashed the remaining few with his fists. However, the moment he landed, Ao Lie appeared before him, his dragon claws whistling towards his head.

“Good timing!”

Chen Ping shouted, and instead of retreating, he charged forward, his fists colliding with Ao Lie’s dragon claws.

“Bang!”

Another loud bang, this time sending Chen Ping back five steps, a sharp pain radiating from his arm.

Ao Lie wasn't feeling well either. It felt like his dragon claws were gripping a solid piece of diamond, shaking his entire arm numb and slowing the flapping of his wings.

“How is this possible? How can your body be so strong?”

Ao Lie asked again, his voice breaking. After his dragon transformation, his physical strength far surpassed that of an ordinary cultivator. Even divine weapons wouldn't likely injure him in the slightest. Yet, he was so utterly awed by Chen Ping's fists?

Chen Ping said nothing. He shook his numb arms and charged at Ao Lie again.

This time, he didn't dodge, but engaged Ao Lie head-on.

Their fists and claws clashed continuously, golden spiritual energy intertwined with azure dragon energy, and the entire training ground was enveloped in a terrifying energy surge.

The surrounding imperial guards watched in amazement, their hearts nearly beating out. This wasn't just a sparring match; it was a life-or-death struggle!

“Bang!”

Another fierce collision. Chen Ping...

“Bang!”

Another fierce collision. Chen Ping and Ao Lie both took several steps back, deep cracks being torn into the black iron stone floor beneath their feet.

Ao Lie's dragon claws were covered in fine wounds, and blood dripped through the cracks, making a sizzling sound as it hit the ground.

His breathing became somewhat erratic. The energy consumed by his dragon form far exceeded his expectations, yet Chen Ping's breathing remained steady, as if the fierce battle had had no effect on him at all.

"Impossible! You can't possibly be just a First-Rank Earth Immortal!"

Ao Lie roared with red eyes. He simply couldn't accept this fact—a dragon hybrid at the peak of the Ninth-Rank Earth Immortal Realm was being outmatched by a First-Rank Earth Immortal cultivator in physical combat.

Chen Ping wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth. He hadn't escaped unscathed when he took Ao Lie's claw blow, but this injury was insignificant to him.

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He looked at Ao Lie with an icy tone, "Realm is only a measure of cultivation, not the sum total of strength. You possess the ninth level of the Earthly Immortal Realm, but don't know how to truly control your power. Your defeat is unjust."

"Bullshit!"

Ao Lie was completely enraged. He opened his mouth abruptly, and a stream of azure dragon's breath emanated from it, carrying a temperature that could scorch the heavens and boil the seas, hurtling straight towards Chen Ping.

This dragon's breath was the source of his dragon bloodline's power, far exceeding ordinary magical powers. Even a cultivator of the ninth level of the Earthly Immortal Realm would be instantly reduced to ash if struck.

The surrounding imperial guards retreated in fear. Zi Yuan's face paled. She wanted to intervene, but it was too late.

Faced with the roaring dragon's breath, Chen Ping's eyes flashed with a fierce look.

He took a deep breath, his spiritual energy surging frantically, gathering it in his fists. Simultaneously, he activated the "Concentrated Heart Technique," mobilizing a trace of chaotic energy to entwine his fists.

In an instant, Chen Ping's fists glowed with a faint gray light. Though seemingly insignificant, they held a devastating force.

"Break!"

Chen Ping shouted, thrusting his fists forward. A massive gray fist mark appeared from thin air, colliding fiercely with the azure dragon's aura.

"Boom!"

A deafening roar echoed, and a terrifying energy shockwave spread from the two of them. The stone pillars at the edge of the training ground collapsed, and the ground cracked in vast fissures. Smoke and dust filled the air, obscuring the sky.

The surrounding imperial guards were thrown back by the shockwave, falling heavily to the ground, spurting blood.

Zi Yuan quickly channeled her spiritual energy to shield herself, watching the smoke and dust in the center of the training ground with a frantic anxiety.

The smoke and dust gradually dissipated, revealing two figures.

Ao Lie was covered in blood, his dragon wings shattered, and most of his scales had fallen off. He collapsed to the ground, barely breathing, clearly no longer able to fight.

Chen Ping, on the other hand, stood there, virtually unscathed save for some rips to his clothing. His face was only slightly pale—the previous attack had consumed a considerable amount of his Chaos Power.

The entire place fell into utter silence. All the Imperial Guards stared at Chen Ping in astonishment, their eyes filled with awe and fear.

They no longer dared to underestimate him. This cultivator, seemingly only at the first level of the Earthly Immortal Realm, was a true monster!

Zi Yuan breathed a sigh of relief, quickly stepped forward, and bowed to Chen Ping. “Fellow Daoist Chen, excellent skill! Commander Ao...”

“I accept defeat,” Chen Ping interrupted, looking at Ao Lie. “Commander Ao, when will you give me the one million immortal stones?”

Ao Lie struggled to get up, but his strength was too great. He could only glare at Chen Ping angrily. “I... I admit defeat! I’ll send someone to your residence for the one million immortal stones!”

He was filled with resentment, but he had to admit that he had been completely defeated—whether using weapons or not, he was no match for Chen Ping.

“I think you’re still a little dissatisfied?”

Chen Ping asked, looking at Ao Lie!

Ao Lie remained silent. He was indeed dissatisfied. He believed that Chen Ping was deliberately hiding his strength, pretending to be weak, and then suddenly exploding, catching them off guard.

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“Since you’ve already fought me, I’ll convince you wholeheartedly.”

After Chen Ping finished speaking, the dragon crystal on his chest began to shimmer, and golden light burst forth. Soon, a golden dragon silhouette slowly solidified behind Chen Ping.

“Roar...”

A dragon’s roar shook everyone present, and many of the weaker Imperial Guards fell to the ground.

Looking at the gradually solidifying golden dragon, Ao Lie was completely stunned.

The dragon bloodline he had always prided himself on was now a joke before Chen Ping.

Not only was Chen Ping of dragon bloodline, he was also the most noble of golden dragons.

Ao Lie prostrated himself before Chen Ping, his eyes filled with submission: “I surrender. I am willing to follow Mr. Chen’s lead...”

This time, Ao Lie’s submission was genuine.

Even Zi Yuan, looking at Chen Ping’s golden dragon silhouette, was so shocked that her mouth opened wide, speechless for a long time.

In the martial arts arena, a phantom golden dragon soared through the sky, its roar resonating through the air, its aftermath rippling in all directions.

The Imperial Guards, who had previously mocked Chen Ping, now prostrated themselves on the ground, trembling, their eyes filled with utter awe as they looked at Chen Ping.

Ao Lie lay sprawled on the black iron stone floor, his cyan dragon scales dulled, his shattered wings drooping limply. As he gazed upon the radiant golden dragon phantom, the last vestiges of resentment vanished.

As a half-dragon, he knew firsthand the nobility and power of the Golden Dragon bloodline. This repression, emanating from deep within his veins, left him without the courage to even raise his head.

“Mr. Chen... Ao Lie was blind and had offended your dignity. Please forgive me, sir!”

Ao Lie’s voice was hoarse, his forehead pressed to the ground, his tone filled with submission.

Chen Ping waved his hand, and the glow of the dragon crystal on his chest dimmed. The golden dragon’s shadow slowly dissipated, and the pressure on the martial arts arena faded.

He walked up to Ao Lie and spoke calmly, “The Divine Kingdom and I are in a cooperative relationship. We have no intention of deliberately humiliating anyone. But if you continue to hold us in contempt, how can we work together to face the Demonic Soul Crisis in the future?”

“Ao Lie understands!” Ao Lie looked up suddenly, his eyes no longer filled with arrogance, only determination. “From now on, if Mr. Chen commands you, Ao Lie will fight to the death! The entire Imperial Guard will obey Mr. Chen’s orders!”

The surrounding Imperial Guards echoed in unison, shouting “At Mr. Chen’s command.” The voices were resounding and resonant, echoing across the martial arts arena.

Zi Yuan stepped forward, looking at Chen Ping with unconcealed amazement. “Fellow Daoist Chen is a hidden talent. He possesses the bloodline of the Golden Dragon. No wonder he’s so formidable.”

Chen Ping smiled, but said nothing more.

He knew full well that the reveal of the Golden Dragon bloodline would shock the Divine Kingdom far more than a single victory.

In a world where strength and bloodline are revered, a noble bloodline often signifies deeper foundations and greater potential. This would solidify his cooperation with the Divine Kingdom and reduce obstacles to the subsequent investigation into the Thunder Sound Bell.

News of the martial arts arena spread like wildfire, spreading throughout the Divine Capital in less than half a day.

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“Have you heard? A tough guy has appeared in the martial arts arena! A First-Rank Earth Immortal Realm cultivator has completely defeated Commander Ao Lie, and even manifested a golden dragon phantom!”

“Golden Dragon Bloodline? That’s the legendary top-tier bloodline! No wonder Commander Ao is so impressed. If it were me, I wouldn’t even have the courage to fight back.”

“I heard that man’s name is Chen Ping, a distinguished guest personally invited by the King. He wants to collaborate with our Divine Kingdom to investigate the Thunder Sound Bell!”

“With the help of a powerful being with Golden Dragon Bloodline, maybe we can actually recover the Thunder Sound Bell and prevent the demonic spirit from emerging!”

In teahouses, taverns, and on the streets, discussions about Chen Ping were everywhere.

The depressing atmosphere in the Divine Capital, originally caused by the theft of the Thunder Sound Bell, was now filled with hope thanks to Chen Ping’s appearance.

Even the Divine Kingdom’s nobles were eager to learn about Chen Ping, hoping to befriend this powerful being with Golden Dragon Bloodline.

In the inner hall of the imperial palace, Wu Hao listened to Zi Yuan’s detailed report. The jade cup in his hand shook slightly, his eyes filled with shock. “Golden Dragon Bloodline? Chen Ping actually has such a background? I thought he was just a casual cultivator with outstanding strength, but I didn’t expect he had such a profound foundation!”

Zi Yuan bowed and replied, “Your Majesty, Fellow Daoist Chen Ping not only has a noble bloodline, but his strength is also unfathomable.

Even after Commander Ao Lie transformed into a dragon and launched a full-scale attack, he was still defeated by his Chaos Power. His true combat power is probably at the peak of the ninth level of the Earthly Immortal Realm, perhaps even reaching the threshold of the Human Immortal Realm.”

Wu Hao suddenly stood up. He stood up and paced the hall, his face filled with excitement. "May God help my Divine Kingdom! With Chen Ping's help, we need not worry about finding the Thunder Sound Bell or resolving the crisis of the Demonic Soul!"

He paused, his expression growing serious. "Ziyuan, immediately invite Fellow Daoist Chen Ping to the palace. I have something important to discuss with him.

Also, pass along the message that Chen Ping possesses the Golden Dragon bloodline. Keep the news secret, and only spread it to the core circle.

The Divine Kingdom is currently facing internal and external troubles. If this news spreads too widely, it could cause unnecessary trouble, especially for those within the Divine Palace and the Prime Minister."

"Your Majesty obeys." Ziyuan withdrew.

Soon after, Chen Ping followed Ziyuan into the inner hall of the palace.

Wu Hao personally rose to greet him, his attitude even more respectful than before. "Fellow Daoist Chen, I was unaware of your Golden Dragon bloodline. I apologize for any negligence."

"Your Majesty, you are too polite." Chen Ping returned the greeting with a bow, "Bloodline is merely an innate gift; true strength requires cultivation."

Wu Hao was even more impressed upon hearing this. He quickly invited Chen Ping to a seat and ordered a cup of celestial tea to be served. Then he slowly spoke, "Fellow Daoist Chen, I've asked you to come here today to formally entrust you with the investigation of the Leiyin Bell. Right now, you are the only one within and outside the Divine Capital capable of shouldering this important responsibility."

"If the demonic spirits of the Leiyin Temple break free from their suppression, I'm afraid my Divine Kingdom will suffer as well. Then, the demons suppressed by my Divine Kingdom will be destroyed." Soul, I'm afraid it will also break the taboo."

He paused, then pulled out a jade token engraved with divine patterns from his bosom and handed it to Chen Ping: “This is the Divine Kingdom’s ‘Exploration Jade Token.’ Holding this token, you can mobilize the Divine Kingdom’s secret agents and access confidential files inside and outside the Divine Capital.

Zi Yuan will assist you in the investigation. As for the Imperial Guards, Ao Lie is convinced by you and can be deployed at any time.”

Chen Ping took the jade token. It felt warm in his hand, and the divine patterns on it shimmered faintly. It was clearly an extraordinary magical weapon.

He hadn’t imagined that the Divine Kingdom’s ruler would trust him so much that he could mobilize the entire Divine Kingdom’s forces.

Chen Ping nodded and said, “Rest assured, Your Majesty. I will do my utmost to recover the Thunder Sound Bell. I just wonder how many leads the Divine Nation currently has regarding the collusion between the Evil Path Hall and the Sixth Lord of the Divine Temple?”