

The Order 10321

Chapter: 10321

The six elders were also stunned.

“Wanqing!” Chen Tiangang cried urgently, “What are you doing? Put down the sword!”

Tears streamed down Chen Wanqing’s face, yet she gripped the short sword tightly, the blade already cutting her skin, blood flowing down her neck.

“Father, from childhood to adulthood, I’ve always listened to you. You wanted me to cultivate, so I cultivated. You wanted me to participate in a martial arts contest to choose a husband, so I participated. You wanted me to deceive Chen Ping, and I deceived him too.”

Her voice trembled, “But this time, please let him go. This is my...last plea.”

Chen Tiangang looked at her, a complex expression flashing in his eyes.

Anger, heartache, and a hint of...helplessness.

He remained silent for a long time, finally speaking slowly:

“Put down the sword, and I’ll let him go.”

Chen Wanqing was stunned: “Really?”

Chen Tiangang nodded: “I, Chen Tiangang, keep my word.”

Chen Wanqing hesitated for a moment, then slowly lowered the short sword.

Just then, Chen Tiangang suddenly moved.

He pointed a finger, a burst of energy striking Chen Wanqing's wrist. The short sword flew from his hand, and Chen Wanqing cried out in surprise, but he grabbed her and pulled her behind him.

"Take him down!" Chen Tiangang said coldly.

The six elders surrounded her again.

Chen Ping watched this scene and suddenly laughed.

His smile was full of mockery.

"Patriarch Chen, you truly keep your word."

Chen Tiangang's expression remained unchanged: "All's fair in war. Young Master Chen, accept your fate."

Chen Ping didn't speak, but only looked at Chen Wanqing.

Chen Wanqing was restrained by Chen Tiangang, unable to move, and could only watch helplessly as tears streamed down her face.

"Young Master Chen... I'm sorry..."

Chen Ping shook his head: "Miss Chen, there's no need to apologize. This isn't your fault."

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He took a deep breath and suddenly roared to the sky.

“Roar...”

A dragon’s roar erupted from his mouth.

The power of that dragon’s roar was several times stronger than during the previous test!

Golden light erupted from his body, coalescing behind him into a phantom of a five-clawed golden dragon.

The phantom roared to the sky, its dragon might sweeping across the surroundings.

The six elders were stunned by this sudden surge of dragon power.

Seizing this fleeting opportunity, Chen Ping unleashed the full power of his bloodline.

His aura surged wildly in that instant.

“Break!”

He roared, and the collar around his neck cracked open with a “crack.”

This sudden breakthrough allowed him to break free from the collar’s suppression!

Chen Tiangang’s expression changed: “Not good! Stop him!”

But it was too late.

Chen Ping's figure flashed, transforming into a golden light, and he fled into the distance.

He escaped.

He fled, covered in wounds and filled with boundless rage.

Chen Tiangang tried to pursue, but the phantom of the five-clawed golden dragon blocked his path.

The illusory image existed for only three breaths before vanishing without a trace.

But three breaths were enough.

By the time Chen Tiangang broke through the illusory image, Chen Ping had already disappeared into the forest.

"Chase him!" he said in a deep voice, "He's seriously injured; he can't have gone far!"

The six elders obeyed the order and, with thirty guards, gave chase in the direction Chen Ping had fled.

Chen Tiangang stood there, his face ashen.

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He turned around and looked at Chen Wanqing.

Chen Wanqing collapsed to the ground, her face streaked with tears, yet a faint smile lingered on her lips.

He escaped...

He escaped!

A surge of indescribable emotion welled up in Chen Wanqing's heart.

Was it relief?

Was it joy?

Or... something else?

She didn't know.

She only knew that she was happy.

Chen Tiangang walked up to her, looking down at her:

"Wanqing, do you know what you've done?"

Chen Wanqing looked up at her father, her eyes showing no fear, only calm:

"Father, I only did what I thought was right."

Chen Tiangang was silent for a moment, then suddenly sighed.

“Take her back and lock her in the ancestral hall. She’s not allowed to come out without my order.”

Two guards stepped forward and lifted Chen Wanqing up.

Chen Wanqing didn’t struggle, only giving her father one last look:

“Father, you’ll regret this sooner or later.”

With that, she turned and left.

Chen Tiangang stood there, watching her departing figure, speechless for a long time.

Regret?

Perhaps.

But for the Chen family, he didn’t regret it.

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...

Chen Ping ran frantically, not daring to stop.

He didn’t know how long he had run, only that the sky had changed from noon to dusk, and then from dusk to night.

He was covered in blood, three ribs broken, his left arm fractured, and his internal organs severely injured.

If it weren't for his indomitable will, he would have collapsed long ago.

Finally, he stopped in a secluded cave.

He slumped to the ground, gasping for breath, and took out several healing pills from his storage ring, swallowing them.

The pills entered his stomach, transforming into a warm current that slowly repaired his broken body.

Chen Ping leaned against the cave wall, closed his eyes, and recalled everything that had happened that day.

Chen Tiangang...

The Chen family...

Very well.

He would remember this debt.

And that collar...

He touched his neck; the collar was still there, but the cracks on it were even larger.

His breakthrough earlier had allowed him to break through some of the suppression, but this thing wasn't completely destroyed.

The spirit-locking restriction was still there, and so was the tracking restriction.

Chen Tiangang could pinpoint his location through this collar. Chen Ping's gaze turned cold. He raised his hand and placed it on the collar, channeling his spiritual power to forcibly destroy it.

But the moment he activated it, the runes on the collar flickered violently, and an even stronger binding force surged forth, almost suffocating him.

No.

This thing cannot be forced.

Chen Ping took a deep breath, suppressing the urge to destroy it.

Since he couldn't destroy it for now, he would leave it.

But he had to leave Yunxian City as soon as possible.

He stood up, walked to the cave entrance, and looked outside.

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The night was deep, and the forest was silent.

In the distance, faint lights flickered; the Chen family was chasing him.

Chen Ping sneered, his figure flashing as he disappeared into the night.

An hour later, in a secluded courtyard west of Yunxian City.

Chen Ping scaled the wall and gently knocked on the door of a room.

“Who’s there?”

A wary voice came from inside.

“It’s me.”

The door opened, and Ming Li peeked out. Seeing Chen Ping, she quickly pulled him inside.

“Mr. Chen, how did you get so badly injured?” Ming Li exclaimed.

Liu Qianqian also came out from the inner room. Seeing Chen Ping covered in blood, her expression changed.

Chen Ping waved his hand: “Don’t ask. Pack your things and let’s leave immediately.”

Ming Li and Liu Qianqian exchanged a glance, asked no further questions, and immediately began packing.

A moment later, the three left the courtyard and disappeared into the night.

...

Yunxian City, Chen Mansion.

Inside the ancestral hall, Chen Wanqing knelt before the ancestral tablets, her face calm.

Outside the door, two guards stood watch, never leaving her side.

Suddenly, footsteps sounded.

Chen Wanqing looked up and saw three figures dressed in black robes enter from outside.

Leading the group was a pale-faced middle-aged man.

His eyes were narrow, with a faint, dark red light flickering in his pupils. His aura was strange, possessing both the majesty of a dragon and an inexplicable chill.

Chen Wanqing's pupils contracted.

This man possessed dragon energy.

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But...

It wasn't entirely dragon energy.

That chilling aura sent a shiver down her spine.

"Miss Chen,"

the middle-aged man spoke, his voice hoarse, "I am Long Mo, an envoy of the Heavenly Dragon Clan."

Chen Wanqing's heart skipped a beat.

The Heavenly Dragon Clan?

Does the Dragon Clan really still exist?

Behind Long Mo stood two other men, also dressed in black robes, one burly and the other with a sinister face. They too exuded that strange aura.

Chen Wanqing stood up, looked at them, and remained silent.

Long Mo smiled slightly, a smile that sent chills down one's spine: "Miss Chen, there's no need to be nervous. We've come here for the person who entered the Dragon Pool."

Chen Wanqing's heart skipped a beat, but her face remained impassive:

"Who? I don't know what you're talking about."

Long Mo shook his head: "Miss Chen, there's no need to pretend. We know your Chen family discovered the Dragon Pool and are holding a martial arts contest to find a dragon bloodline."

He paused, then continued, "We originally planned to contact him after he emerged from the Dragon Pool. Unexpectedly..."

He glanced at Chen Wanqing, a hint of amusement flashing in his eyes: "Your father actually attacked him. And he even let him escape."

Chen Wanqing's expression remained unchanged: "Whether he escaped or not is none of my business."

Long Mo laughed.

The laughter was grating and unpleasant.

“Miss Chen, you didn’t say that when you saved him.”

Chen Wanqing’s heart sank.

They saw it?

Long Mo seemed to read her mind, saying calmly, “We’ve been observing from the shadows. You stood in front of your father, threatening suicide, and let that person go. We saw it all.”

He stepped forward, looking down at Chen Wanqing: “Miss Chen, tell us, where is that person?”

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Chen Wanqing shook her head: “I don’t know.”

Long Mo sighed: “Miss Chen, why bother? We are envoys of the Heavenly Dragon Clan. We’re looking for that person for the sake of the Dragon Clan, it has nothing to do with your Chen family. As long as you tell us his whereabouts, we can ask your father to let you go.”

Chen Wanqing sneered: “Since you’ve been observing from the shadows, why don’t you go after him yourself?”

Long Mo shook his head: “He carries the aura of the Dragon Clan, but we can’t sense his exact location. He must have some kind of treasure to conceal his aura.”

He paused, his gaze falling on Chen Wanqing: “But you’re different. You’ve been in contact with him, and you retain his aura. As long as we use you as a guide, we can find him.”

Chen Wanqing’s expression changed.

Long Mo reached out and grabbed her.

Chen Wanqing took a step back, but was stopped by the two guards behind her.

“Miss Chen, cooperate,” Long Mo smiled. “It’ll be quick, it won’t hurt.”

His hand landed on Chen Wanqing’s shoulder.

A strange power surged into her body, and Chen Wanqing trembled, as if something had invaded her.

The feeling was cold, decaying, and nauseating.

She closed her eyes, gritted her teeth, and remained silent.

After a moment, Long Mo withdrew his hand, his brow furrowed slightly.

“Strange... the way he conceals his aura is stronger than I expected. I can only sense a general direction.”

He turned and walked towards the door.

At the door, he suddenly stopped, turned back and glanced at Chen Wanqing:

“Miss Chen, you are very brave. But bravery can sometimes be your downfall.”

With that, he and his two men disappeared into the night.

Chen Wanqing collapsed to the ground, drenched in cold sweat.

That power just now...

It was demonic energy!

These so-called dragon envoys possessed demonic energy!

They...they were traitors to the dragon race!

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A strong sense of unease surged within Chen Wanqing.

Chen Ping...

Be careful...

...

In the darkness of night, Chen Ping and his two companions were hurrying through the mountains.

Suddenly, Chen Ping stopped, his brow furrowed.

"What's wrong?" Ming Li asked.

Chen Ping touched the collar around his neck:

"This thing just vibrated."

Ming Li's expression changed: "They're chasing us?"

Chen Ping shook his head: "Not sure. But we must speed up."

The three quickened their pace, rushing towards the outskirts of Yunxian City.

Behind them, three dark figures sped through the night.

The leader was Long Mo.

He closed his eyes, sensing the faint, elusive aura.

"Over there." He opened his eyes and pointed in a direction. "He's in that direction."

The three of them flashed and chased after him.

Night deepened.

A chase was unfolding.

...

Chen Mansion, Ancestral Hall.

Chen Wanqing knelt before the ancestral tablets, gazing at the names of her ancestors, tears streaming silently down her face.

She didn't know if she was doing the right thing.

She only knew that she didn't want Chen Ping to die.

That man, though shameless, though outspoken, though always saying he wanted to sleep with her...

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But he wasn't bad.

He helped the Chen family, yet he was almost killed by them.

And she was an accomplice.

Chen Wanqing closed her eyes, the look in Chen Ping's eyes before he left flashing through her mind.

That look was cold.

But when he looked at her, there was a hint of... warmth.

He said, "Miss Chen, there's no need to apologize. This isn't your fault."

He didn't blame her. Even though she lied to him, even though she almost caused his death here, he didn't blame her.

Chen Wanqing opened her eyes, tears blurring her vision.

"Chen Ping..."

She murmured, "You must live..."

...

In the mountains and forests, Chen Ping and the other two had been fleeing for two hours.

The sky was turning a pale white, dawn was approaching.

The walls of Yunxian City were already in sight.

Once they left the city and entered the wilderness, they would have a chance to escape.

“Hurry!” Chen Ping whispered.

The three quickened their pace, rushing towards the city gate.

Suddenly, Chen Ping’s expression changed.

Behind them, three auras were rapidly approaching.

That aura...

Dragon aura?

No, there was something else.

It was demonic aura!

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Chen Ping’s gaze sharpened.

There was a traitor among the dragons?

“They’re coming,” he said in a deep voice.

Ming Li and Liu Qianqian’s expressions changed.

“You two go first,” Chen Ping said. “I’ll draw them away.”

“Mr. Chen!” Ming Li exclaimed urgently, “You’re injured like this...”

“Don’t talk nonsense!” Chen Ping interrupted him. “I have a collar on me; they can pinpoint my location. If you come with me, you’ll only get implicated.”

He looked at the two: “You two leave the city first and wait for me in the wasteland. If I haven’t arrived in three days, go to the Holy Land of Light. Don’t wait for me.”

Ming Li was about to say something more, but Liu Qianqian stopped him.

“Young Master Chen, take care.”

Chen Ping nodded and turned to run in another direction.

Behind him, three dark figures sped towards him.

Long Mo opened his eyes, a smile playing on his lips:

“He separated. Chase after the one with the collar.”

The three figures turned and chased after Chen Ping.

Chen Ping ran frantically, his injuries worsening.

But he couldn't stop.

Stop, and you die.

Behind him, three auras drew ever closer.

He could sense that all three were at least at the ninth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm. Moreover, their auras were strange, possessing both the majesty of a dragon and the chilling coldness of demonic energy.

They were not to be trifled with.

But fear did not flicker in Chen Ping's eyes.

He took a deep breath and continued his mad dash.

Dawn broke.