

## **The Order 10351**

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The white-haired elder nodded slightly, no longer hesitating, and waved his hand, ordering, "Search! Find Chen Wanqing for me! Alive or dead!"

The temple soldiers moved out again, heading straight for the backyard.

This time, Chen Tiangang could no longer hold back.

He strode forward, arms outstretched, blocking the path of all the soldiers, his voice roaring like thunder: "Who dares touch my daughter!"

The white-haired elder looked at him, a mocking glint in his eyes: "Patriarch Chen, finally couldn't hold back? Finally stopped pretending?"

Chen Tiangang's face was ashen, his eyes bloodshot. He spoke each word with a chilling intensity: "Chen Ping is indeed not in my Chen family! If you want to find him, go look outside! The ends of the earth are none of my Chen family's concern!"

But Wanqing is my daughter. She's just an ordinary woman, completely unrelated to this matter! You cannot touch her!"

"Unrelated?" Wu Lingyun scoffed, his eyes sinister. "She's Chen Ping's cultivation partner, they're together day and night, how can she be unrelated? Patriarch Chen, I advise you to obediently step aside, lest you damage the harmony, and it won't look good for anyone."

Chen Tiangang stood rooted to the spot, unmoving like a mountain, his gaze resolute.

The white-haired elder shook his head slightly, his tone indifferent: "Since Patriarch Chen remains obstinate, then don't blame me for being impolite."

He waved his hand, and two temple elders who had been poised to attack stepped forward simultaneously, their auras exploding!

“Take him down!”

“Who dares!”

Chen Tiangang roared, his long-suppressed True Immortal Realm aura erupting without reservation!

Golden spiritual energy swept in all directions, even causing the bricks on the ground to crack slightly.

He had lived for a thousand years, cultivating to the True Immortal Realm, his strength already unfathomable.

At this moment, for his daughter, for the last vestige of the Chen family’s dignity, he completely unleashed his power!

He struck out with a powerful palm, the golden palm print as dazzling as the sun, carrying an overwhelming force as it hurtled forward!

Several temple elders simultaneously snorted coldly, showing no fear, and attacked in unison!

“Boom!!!”

A deafening roar shook the heavens, and a violent shockwave spread wildly from the two figures. The Chen family guards around them had no time to dodge and were instantly thrown back by the shockwave, crashing heavily to the ground, spitting blood.

Chen Tiangang felt a numbness in his arm, a tremendous force causing him to involuntarily stagger back three steps, a trickle of blood escaping from the corner of his mouth.

The two temple elders opposite him, however, remained motionless, their auras calm and composed.

One against many, he was ultimately no match.

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But he did not retreat.

Not a single step.

Wanqing was still in the manor, still behind them.

He was his father, he was the head of the family; he had to stop them!

“Chen Tiangang, you are courting death,” the white-haired elder’s voice was icy, devoid of any emotion.

Chen Tiangang wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth, his eyes still resolute, and said in a deep voice, “I said, Chen Ping is not in my Chen family. Go ahead and look for him. But if you want to harm my daughter, you’ll have to step over my dead body!”

The white-haired old man shook his head, his tone tinged with impatience: “Stubborn to the end.”

He waved his hand again, and a hundred temple soldiers behind him charged forward like hungry wolves!

“Since Patriarch Chen refuses to hand her over, then beat him until he does! Attack!”

“Yes!”

The hundred soldiers, weapons in hand, surged towards Chen Tiangang with murderous intent!

Chen Tiangang's gaze sharpened, and instead of retreating, he advanced!

He struck out with a powerful palm, golden spiritual energy erupting, directly blasting the three soldiers at the forefront away, sending them spitting blood and unconscious.

However, the enemy's numbers were simply too great!

Kill one, and ten more immediately appeared!

Kill ten, and a hundred immediately appeared! Dense and endless!

The remaining guards inside the Chen mansion, seeing their patriarch surrounded, were filled with rage. They drew their weapons and rushed forward.

"Protect the patriarch!"

"Fight them! We can't let them harm the patriarch!"

"To the death with the Chen family!"

The shouts of battle shook the heavens and earth.

A fierce battle was about to erupt!

"Father!"

A shrill cry suddenly came from the direction of the backyard.

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Chen Wanqing, dressed in plain clothes, pale-faced and with red eyes, rushed out of the backyard without hesitation.

She had been reflecting on her actions in the ancestral hall, her heart filled with worry for her father and guilt towards Chen Ping.

But the sounds of fighting, shouts of battle, and screams outside grew louder and closer. She could no longer sit still, she could no longer bear it, and she rushed out.

The scene before her broke her heart instantly.

The Chen mansion was a scene of utter devastation. Guards lay groaning on the ground, tables and chairs were shattered, blood flowed freely, and her father, covered in wounds and fighting valiantly, stood there...

Chen Tiangang's face paled instantly when he saw Chen Wanqing rushing out. He shouted, "Wanqing! Go back! Who let you out! Go back!"

But it was too late.

Wu Lingyun spotted Chen Wanqing in the crowd. His eyes lit up instantly, like a hungry wolf seeing a lamb, a lewd and greedy glint in them.

"Miss Chen, it's been a long time."

He walked slowly forward, his gaze sweeping over Chen Wanqing, filled with possessiveness.

Chen Wanqing instinctively took a step back, her heart filled with disgust and fear. She stared at him coldly.

Looking at the carnage before her, at her clansmen lying in pools of blood, at her father, covered in blood and swaying precariously, tears streamed down her face uncontrollably.

“Why...why are you doing this...what have we, the Chen family, done to wrong you...”

Wu Lingyun chuckled, his tone flippant yet sinister: “Why? Because your Chen family harbored a wanted criminal from the Divine Temple, a crime deserving death! And because...”

He deliberately leaned closer, lowering his voice, his tone lewd: “I’ve taken a liking to you. From the first moment I saw you, I wanted you. Today, with the Chen family destroyed, you are mine.”

Chen Wanqing gritted her teeth, her eyes filled with hatred, and shouted sharply: “You...” “Don’t even think about it! I’d rather die than let you succeed!”

Wu Lingyun’s smile vanished instantly, his face darkening. “You won’t listen to reason, so you’ll have to suffer the consequences!”

He turned to the white-haired elder, bowing, “Elder, since she refuses to reveal Chen Ping’s whereabouts, we’ll have to use force! Capture her, and she’ll talk!”

The white-haired elder nodded slightly, waving his hand expressionlessly. “Take her down.”

Two temple soldiers immediately obeyed, their faces cold, reaching out to grab Chen Wanqing!

“Stop!”

Chen Tiangang’s eyes widened in fury. He roared, recklessly blasting away the soldiers surrounding him with a palm strike, charging towards Chen Wanqing like a madman!

But how could the temple elders let him have his way?

“Trying to leave? Stay here!”

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Two temple elders simultaneously attacked, blocking Chen Tiangang’s path, their auras exploding, relentlessly binding him!

Chen Tiangang roared repeatedly, instantly engaging several people in battle.

The wind howled, spiritual energy exploded, and shockwaves churned.

The three fought from the ground to mid-air and back again, each collision producing a deafening roar.

Although Chen Tiangang was only a True Immortal at the first level, possessing formidable strength,

the combined forces of the Divine Temple and the Wu family comprised more than ten cultivators at the peak of the ninth rank of the Upper Immortal realm!

Surrounded by so many top experts, even the mighty Chen Tiangang could not withstand the onslaught and gradually fell into a disadvantageous position.

After thirty rounds,

Chen Tiangang’s breathing began to become disordered, and his movements gradually slowed.

“Bang!”

A palm struck his shoulder hard, the sound of bones shattering clearly audible. He groaned, his body swayed violently, and blood gushed from the corner of his mouth.

“Bang!”

Another palm struck his back hard! Chen Tiangang could no longer hold on. He coughed up a mouthful of blood and plummeted from mid-air like a kite with a broken string!

“Father!” Chen Wanqing cried out, her voice heart-wrenching.

But after landing, Chen Tiangang didn’t hesitate for a moment. He forced himself to his feet and rushed towards Chen Wanqing again.

He couldn’t fall!

He couldn’t die!

Wanqing was still waiting for him!

“Wanqing, go! Get out of here quickly!” he shouted hoarsely, his voice filled with despair.

Chen Wanqing shook her head desperately, tears blurring her vision: “I won’t go! I won’t go! I want to stay with Father! We’ll die together!”

Chen Tiangang’s eyes were bloodshot with anxiety, his voice trembling: “Foolish child! If you don’t leave, we’ll both die here! You must live! If you live, go find Chen Ping! Go find him! Apologize to him on behalf of the Chen family! Apologize to him!”

“Father...” Chen Wanqing sobbed uncontrollably.

Chen Tiangang reached out a trembling hand and gently stroked her cheek, his eyes filled with love, guilt, and reluctance.

“It’s your father who’s wronged you. It’s your father who’s been foolish. It’s your father who has harmed the Chen family, harmed all our clansmen. But you can’t die here. You must live.”

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He slowly turned around, looking at the frantically pursuing temple soldiers and Wu family guards, a resolute glint in his eyes.

“Go! Go through the back gate of the backyard! Hurry!”

Before Chen Wanqing could say anything, Chen Tiangang had already turned around abruptly and charged out again like a madman!

“Come on! Anyone who’s not afraid to die, come at me!”

He roared, his True Immortal Realm aura erupting in full force. His golden palm print swept across the area, directly blasting away the dozen or so temple soldiers at the forefront!

He stood before Chen Wanqing, like an unyielding mountain, blocking all the pursuers.

Watching her father’s bloodied, lonely, and imposing figure, Chen Wanqing’s tears streamed down her face like a broken string of pearls.

She gritted her teeth, her heart filled with endless pain and hatred.

Finally, she stamped her foot angrily and turned to run wildly towards the backyard.

“Chase her! Don’t let her get away!” Wu Lingyun shouted immediately upon seeing this.

The temple soldiers and Wu family guards were about to give chase when Chen Tiangang stepped forward, blocking their path once again.

“If you want to chase her, you’ll have to get past me first.”

He raised his hand and a longsword, radiant with light and spiritual energy, instantly appeared in his hand.

That was his natal magic weapon, the Chen family’s thousand-year-old treasure—the Azure Cloud Sword.

The white-haired old man looked at him, a faint hint of admiration flashing in his eyes: “Chen Tiangang, you’re a good father, but unfortunately, you chose the wrong path and the wrong side.”

Chen Tiangang sneered, his laughter filled with sorrow and arrogance: “Enough nonsense! Let’s fight! Come on!”

He gripped the Qingyun Sword, no longer defending, no longer hesitating, charging directly into the crowd like a drawn sword!

The temple elders were equally relentless, swarming forward and attacking!

This time, Chen Tiangang held nothing back, no longer defending, but attacking relentlessly, risking his life!

He knew clearly that every moment he held on gave Chen Wanqing a better chance of escape.

The sword flashed, its chilling aura palpable.

The wind from his palms howled, shaking the heavens and earth.

Blood splattered, staining his robes crimson.

Fifty rounds.

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Three more deep, bone-revealing wounds appeared on Chen Tiangang's body, bleeding profusely, yet he still didn't retreat an inch.

Seventy rounds.

Another wound appeared, slashing from his shoulder down to his waist, flesh torn and excruciating pain, yet he continued fighting.

Ninety rounds.

His left arm was struck hard by an elder's palm, the bones shattering instantly, and his arm hung limply at his side.

But he still gripped the Qingyun Sword tightly with his right hand, gritting his teeth and continuing to fight!

"Father!"

From afar came Chen Wanqing's heart-wrenching cry.

She hadn't run far; she hid behind a corner in the shadows, watching her father fight bloodied and battered, her heart breaking with unbearable pain.

Chen Tiangang heard his daughter's cries, but he didn't turn around.

He couldn't turn around.

If he turned around, Wanqing would soften, and she would give up on escaping.

He could only fight, fight on, fight to the last moment, fight until he fell.

One hundred rounds.

Chen Tiangang was covered in blood, a blood-soaked figure, his clothes tattered, wounds covering his body, his breath barely a whisper.

But his eyes remained bright as stars, unwavering as iron.

He stared intently at the two True Immortal Realm elders before him, a bittersweet, proud smile slowly creeping onto his lips.

“Come on... come again... I can still fight...”

The temple elders couldn't help but feel a flicker of fear.

So many of them, besieging a heavily wounded man, and several had already fallen.

Why wasn't Chen Tiangang down yet?

The white-haired elder snorted coldly, his eyes icy, and looked at Wu Lingyun beside him: “Young Master Wu, have your Wu family all come at me! Finish this quickly!”

“Alright!” Wu Lingyun nodded without hesitation.

Instantly, the Wu family's guards and experts all joined the battle.

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A dozen top experts surrounded Chen Tiangang.

The pressure on Chen Tiangang instantly surged!

After only ten rounds.

The white-haired elder seized an opening and struck Chen Tiangang's chest with a powerful palm strike!

"Pfft!"

Chen Tiangang spat out a mouthful of blood, his body flying backward like a kite with a broken string, crashing heavily to the ground.

"Father!"

Chen Wanqing could no longer control herself and rushed out from the shadows like a madwoman.

Upon seeing her, Chen Tiangang's expression changed drastically. With his last ounce of strength, he cried out, "Wanqing! Why haven't you left yet! Leave! Hurry!"

Chen Wanqing ran to his side, sobbing, and carefully helped him up, tears dripping onto his wounds. "I won't leave... I won't leave... I can't leave Father alone... I want to stay with you..."

Chen Tiangang looked at her, his eyes filled with heartache and helplessness. He weakly said, "Silly child... How could you be so foolish... Father doesn't deserve this..."

He struggled, using the last of his strength, to slowly stand up, once again shielding Chen Wanqing tightly behind him.

The white-haired elder slowly walked up to him, looking down at him with indifferent tone: “Chen Tiangang, you’ve done your best, you’ve done more than enough. Hand over Chen Wanqing, and I might grant you a quick death, a dignified one.”

Chen Tiangang slowly shook his head, his voice weak yet incredibly firm, each word deliberate: “Want to touch my daughter... unless... you step over my dead body...”

The white-haired elder sighed softly: “Stubborn to the end, unrepentant to the very end.”

He waved his hand, and the temple soldiers stepped forward again, their killing intent palpable.

At this critical moment:

“Protect the patriarch!”

“Protect the young lady!”

The remaining six elders of the Chen family, covered in wounds and with torn clothes, still roared and charged forward, standing in front of Chen Tiangang and Chen Wanqing!

They clashed instantly with the temple soldiers and the Wu family guards!

The red-faced elder slapped a temple soldier away, then turned to Chen Wanqing, his voice hoarse: “Miss! Go! Don’t worry about us! Go!”

The white-haired elder pierced the throat of a Wu family guard with his sword, his voice hoarse: “Miss! Go! Don’t let us sacrifice in vain! Don’t let us die in vain!”

Another elder, surrounded by three temple soldiers, riddled with sword wounds, his robes stained crimson with blood, still clung tightly to a soldier, refusing to let go.

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He turned to look at Chen Wanqing, his eyes filled with endless guilt and remorse: "Miss...we've wronged you...we were greedy...we ruined the Chen family...we deserve it..."

His words trailed off.

A long sword pierced his heart.

His body went limp, and he slowly collapsed into a pool of blood, lifeless.

"Third Elder!" Chen Wanqing cried out, her voice heart-wrenching.

Another elder, surrounded and attacked by several men, coughed up a mouthful of blood and collapsed heavily to the ground.

Before dying, he looked at Chen Wanqing and murmured weakly, "Tell Chen Ping...we were wrong...we...deserve to die..."

Chen Wanqing knelt on the ground, trembling, tears blurring her vision.

She watched the elders who had watched her grow up, who had loved her dearly, fall before her, one by one, gone forever.

Her heart was breaking.

She was in unbearable pain.

The red-faced elder was surrounded and attacked by three temple soldiers. He was stabbed multiple times, wounds covering his body, yet he fought on relentlessly.

With his last strength, he slapped two soldiers away, then slowly collapsed, looking in Chen Wanqing's direction, a relieved smile appearing on his face: "Miss...take care..."

The white-haired elder was struck hard on the crown of his head by a palm strike from the white-haired elder.

Blood splattered.

He died on the spot.

Before collapsing, he gazed at Chen Wanqing, his eyes filled with love, reluctance, and worry: "Miss...go quickly...live on..."

All six elders had perished.

The Chen family mansion was utterly defenseless.

Chen Wanqing knelt on the ground, looking at the corpses and blood everywhere, tears silently streaming down her face.

"No...no...don't die..."

She murmured, her mind nearly broken.

Chen Tiangang struggled to his feet, using his last ounce of strength to pull her up, his voice hoarse: "Wanqing...go...let's go..."

He grabbed Chen Wanqing's hand and rushed towards the back door without hesitation.

Behind them, pursuers were hot on their heels, their shouts of battle deafening.

Chen Tiangang ran frantically, turning back to fight. He slapped away a pursuing soldier with a palm strike, then pierced another's throat with his sword, but the enemy's numbers were simply too many to kill.

Finally, they reached the back gate of the courtyard. Chen Tiangang suddenly shoved Chen Wanqing away violently.

"Go! Go now! Never come back!"

Chen Wanqing fell to the ground, turning back to look at him, tears streaming down her face: "Father! What about you? What will you do?"

Chen Tiangang looked at her, a smile both tender and desperate that he had never seen before appearing.

"Father can't leave... Father will stay to be with the ancestors of the Chen family... But you, you must live."

He slowly turned around, gazing at the approaching temple soldiers and Wu family guards, a resolute glint in his eyes.

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"Come on!"

He roared, wielding the Azure Cloud Sword, and charged forward again!

The sword flashed, blood splattered.

He pierced the heart of a martial arts guard with his sword, then slapped away a temple soldier with a palm strike.

But his wounds were too severe.

He lost too much blood, his breath grew weaker, and his movements slower.

Finally, the white-haired old man caught up.

His eyes were cold and emotionless. He struck out with a powerful palm strike, hitting Chen Tiangang squarely in the back!

“Pfft—!”

Chen Tiangang coughed up a mouthful of blood, his body collapsing forward, crashing heavily to the ground, unable to rise again.

“Father!”

Chen Wanqing cried out, frantically trying to rush back.

With his last ounce of strength, Chen Tiangang turned his head with difficulty, looking at her. His voice was so weak it was almost inaudible: “Go...go quickly...go find Chen Ping...tell him...it’s your father who wronged him...it was your father who was wrong...tell him...to protect you...”

He paused, a deep pain, regret, and despair flashing in his eyes.

“And...tell the ancestors of the Chen family...it is I, Chen Tiangang...incompetent...it is I who destroyed the Chen family’s millennia-old foundation...I...regret...I truly regret...”

His voice grew weaker and weaker, softer and softer.

Finally, he slowly closed his eyes.

His body completely lost its life.

The head of the Chen family, Chen Tiangang, had fallen.

“Father!!!”

Chen Wanqing’s cries, shrill and desperate, echoed through the night sky, heart-wrenching.

Wu Lingyun slowly walked to Chen Tiangang’s body, kicked it disdainfully to confirm he was completely dead, then slowly raised his head to look at Chen Wanqing not far away.

A lewd and greedy glint flashed in his eyes once more.

“Miss Chen, your father is dead, and the Chen family is finished. Now, you are mine.”

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He waved his hand and shouted sharply, “Chase! Live or dead! Don’t let her escape!”

Chen Wanqing looked at her father’s cold corpse, at the blood of her clansmen scattered on the ground, at the Chen mansion that had become a living hell, her heart filled with endless pain, hatred, and despair.

She knew.

The Chen family was finished.

A thousand-year-old foundation, destroyed in an instant.

She gritted her teeth, suppressing the excruciating pain in her heart, turned and rushed into the boundless night, running frantically.

Behind her, Wu Lingyun led a large group of pursuers, hot on her heels, their shouts of battle deafening.

“Chen Wanqing! You can’t escape! Surrender obediently!”

“Chase her! She’s injured, she can’t go far!”

Chen Wanqing ran desperately, fleeing for her life, running frantically without regard for anything else.

Tears streamed down her face, dried by the wind, only to flow again.

But she dared not stop.

Not a single step.

Stop meant death.

Stop meant betraying her father’s sacrifice, betraying the elders’ efforts, betraying all the clansmen who died protecting her.

She had to live.

She had to find Chen Ping.

The night grew deeper, pitch black.

Chen Wanqing ran frantically through the desolate mountains and forests.

The wound on her back bled incessantly, staining her clothes red.

Her calves were also cut by rocks during her escape, each step sending excruciating pain through her.

But she dared not stop.

She knew perfectly well that Wu Lingyun and his pursuers were right behind her, relentlessly chasing after her.

She closed her eyes, focusing her senses on the dragon-locking collar that Chen Ping had once worn and later taken away by him.