

## The Order 10581

Chapter: 10581

“I...”

Su Yuqi opened her mouth, wanting to refuse, wanting to say she didn't want to act, but the words were gently interrupted by Ning Zhi.

“Senior Sister, trust me.”

Ning Zhi's voice was gentle yet resolute, carrying an irresistible soothing power, as if coaxing a disobedient child. “This person isn't worth your hesitation. He's our enemy, hostile to both of us.

Go, just consider it... a way to vent my anger. For so many years, he's always been one step ahead of me; I've long since grown to dislike him. If Master were here, he would have let you take action too.”

Su Yuqi remained silent for a moment, her mind a jumble of confusion. The blankness of her memories left her with no basis for judgment. Finally, she nodded slightly.

She didn't know why she agreed.

Perhaps it was because Ning Zhi was the only person who had stayed by her side since her memories were lost, the only junior brother she trusted;

Perhaps it was because deep down, she vaguely wanted to understand why that person made her so concerned, so unsettled;

Or perhaps it was because Ning Zhi invoked Master Yan Mo, making her unable to refuse.

Master's majesty was deeply etched into her soul; even with the loss of her memories, that reverence remained. She took a deep breath, suppressing the chaos and resistance in her heart, and slowly raised her right hand.

A flash of crimson light!

A longsword, entirely crimson with dark red flame patterns flowing across its blade, appeared out of thin air in her hand.

The sword was formed from the purest demonic fire, its intense heat instantly spreading out, distorting and warping the surrounding air. The tip trembled slightly, emitting a sharp and piercing sword cry, exuding a killing intent capable of incinerating everything.

This was her sword, the Heaven-Burning Sword, containing the purest and most yang demonic flames, capable of burning away the soul and consuming all things.

Su Yuqi gripped the longsword tightly, her fingertips tightening slightly until her knuckles turned white. The heat of the sword transmitted through her palm, but it could not warm the coldness and chaos in her heart.

Her gaze fell on Chen Ping again, a complex emotion flashing in her eyes—confusion, resistance, bewilderment—ultimately transforming into a resolute determination.

She told herself she was merely following her junior brother's orders to deal with an enemy.

Her figure moved.

Clad in flowing purple robes, surrounded by crimson flames, she descended like a celestial fire god, her movements light yet carrying a murderous intent capable of incinerating everything. In an instant, she traversed a hundred zhang, hurtling towards Chen Ping!

Her speed was extreme, leaving only a trail of purple and crimson afterimages. The flames of the Burning Heaven Sword ripped through the sky, carrying a heat enough to burn the soul, aiming straight for Chen Ping's throat!

Chen Ping stood motionless, seemingly stunned, his dragon aura completely subsided.

He simply watched the purple figure rushing towards him, looked at the face he had longed for day and night, looked at those eyes that had once been filled with love, now filled with unfamiliarity and murderous intent.

Chen Ping's heart felt as if it were being pierced repeatedly by countless sharp knives, the pain excruciating, suffocating, even his very soul seemed to wail.

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Yet he remained motionless.

He even slowly lowered the Dragon-Slaying Sword in his hand, letting the tip droop, offering no defense, no counterattack.

“Chen Ping!!!”

Chen Wanqing's shrill cry rang in his ears, her voice hoarse and desperate. She wanted to rush forward and push Chen Ping away, to shield him from the sword.

But her body was locked in place by an invisible pressure, unable to move, forced to watch helplessly as the crimson flame pierced towards Chen Ping.

But Chen Ping could no longer hear it.

His world contained only that purple figure, only that face he loved to the core.

The sword light arrived in an instant!

The blazing sword tip, wreathed in flames capable of incinerating everything, pierced straight towards his throat. Just an inch further, and it would pierce his throat, burning his soul with demonic fire and taking his life.

Chen Ping still didn't dodge.

He simply looked at Su Yuqi, his eyes filled with pain, longing, guilt, and boundless love, without a trace of resentment, without a trace of anger. His voice was hoarse and trembling, each word seemingly squeezed from the depths of his heart as he softly uttered:

“Yuqi...”

This call was filled with countless thoughts, countless sorrows, countless obsessions.

The sword tip stopped abruptly, just an inch from his throat.

Su Yuqi’s hand holding the sword trembled uncontrollably, the flames of the Burning Heaven Sword became erratic, and its scorching heat dissipated somewhat.

She looked at the man before her, at the pain and love in his eyes, at his pale yet still gentle face, at the deep-seated obsession in his gaze, and an indescribable, piercing pain welled up within her.

That pain was more unbearable than the burning of any flame, making her almost drop her sword.

Why?

Why couldn’t she do it?

Why did seeing his pained and desperate appearance cause her heartache? Why did she feel such reluctance?

“You...why didn’t you dodge?”

Su Yuqi’s voice was cold, yet trembled slightly, a tremor she herself didn’t notice, her tone filled with confusion.

Chen Ping looked at her, his eyes filled with tenderness and heartache, as if the person before him wasn't someone who wanted to kill him, but the most precious treasure he had ever cherished and wanted to protect. Even if she were to take his life, he would gladly accept it.

"Because it's you."

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His voice was hoarse yet gentle, filled with endless doting. "No matter when, no matter what you do to me, I will never lay a hand on you, I will never run away from you.

Yuqi...you really...don't you remember me at all? Can't you recall anything?"

Su Yuqi's hands trembled even more violently, the Burning Heaven Sword almost slipping from her grasp. The flames on the blade flickered, mirroring her current state of mind.

She stared into Chen Ping's eyes. The love in those eyes was too intense, too genuine, seemingly unreal. She desperately searched her memory.

She desperately tried to remember something, to find fragments of memory about this person, but her mind remained blank, only a sharp, throbbing pain remained, like countless needles piercing her head.

"I...I don't know you."

She spoke again, but her voice was not as firm as before, carrying a wavering she herself didn't realize. The defenses in her heart were crumbling little by little.

Chen Ping's heart was stabbed again, the pain making him tremble, but he still didn't give up. "It's alright."

He spoke softly, his eyes filled with unwavering determination and tenderness. Even amidst despair, he hadn't given up. "It's alright if you don't remember. I'll wait patiently. I'll make you remember. Yuqi, we've been through so much together, so many trials and tribulations.

We ventured into the mortal world together, faced countless life-or-death crises together, made promises under the stars, vows to be together for life, never to be apart... You must still remember, you must be able to remember..."

He rambled on, recounting those long-buried memories, those recollections that belonged only to the two of them, every word brimming with deep affection.

Su Yuqi's brows furrowed tightly, her head throbbing with increasing pain. The blankness of her memory filled her with panic.

But those words, those descriptions, those so-called experiences stirred a growing tremor within her heart, as if something was about to break free of its shackles and awaken.

She had no recollection, yet the pain in her heart was undeniably real.

Why did hearing these words cause her heart to ache so much?

Why couldn't she help but believe him? Why did she want to believe these past events she had never experienced?

"Shut up!"

She suddenly hissed, as if masking her inner panic, and thrust the sword forward again!

The scorching sword tip pierced Chen Ping's shoulder, flames instantly burning his flesh. Blood didn't even have time to flow before it was vaporized by the flames, the air filled with the smell of burning flesh, and excruciating pain instantly engulfed his entire body.

Chen Ping's body swayed slightly, a sharp pain shooting through his shoulder, but he didn't flinch, not even flinch, as if he felt no pain, still looking at Su Yuqi tenderly.

He just looked at her quietly, his eyes devoid of resentment, without anger, only heartache and tenderness, as if it wasn't him who was injured, but the woman before him.

"Does it hurt?"

He asked softly, his tone full of heartache, as if asking if he had hurt her.

Su Yuqi froze, her hand gripping the sword stopping.

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"It must hurt a lot."

Chen Ping said to himself, his voice as gentle as if soothing a child. Memories flooded his mind, and a tender smile curved his lips. "I remember, you were most afraid of pain..."

"Shut up!!!"

Su Yuqi abruptly pulled out her longsword. Blood finally gushed out, only to be instantly evaporated by the flames, leaving the wound charred black. Without hesitation, she thrust again!

This time, the sword was faster, more ruthless, piercing Chen Ping's abdomen. A deeper wound, more intense pain—demonic fire raged within him, scorching his meridians and flesh.

Chen Ping's body swayed violently, his face growing increasingly pale, cold sweat pouring from his forehead, his breath weakening, nearly causing him to fall from mid-air.

But he still didn't dodge.

He simply looked at Su Yuqi, his eyes filled with undiminished tenderness and heartache. Even severely wounded, even with demonic fire burning within him, she remained the most precious person in his heart.

“Yuqi...”

His voice was hoarse and weak, yet still filled with boundless love. “Do you remember? Once, you asked me what I would do if you pointed a sword at me, intending to kill me.

I said I would stand there, motionless, and let you stab me. Because I knew you wouldn’t really hurt me, you couldn’t bear to...”

Su Yuqi’s hands trembled so much she could barely hold the sword. The Burning Heaven Sword flickered in her hand, its flames illuminating the darkness. Her eyes, reddened without her noticing, welled with tears, which she stubbornly refused to let fall.

Why?

Why is this happening?

Why does this person cause her such heartache? So much reluctance?

Why can’t she bring herself to kill him, even though she doesn’t know him?

“Don’t say it...”

She whispered, her voice trembling, pleading, “Please don’t say it...”

She didn’t want to hear it, she couldn’t bear to hear it. Those words were breaking her heart, pushing her to the brink of collapse.

But the sword in her hand once again thrust out uncontrollably. The sword pierced Chen Ping’s chest, just a hair’s breadth from his heart. Demonic fire surged in instantly, scorching his heart meridians. A little deeper, and it would have pierced his heart, allowing the demonic fire to completely incinerate his soul, killing him instantly.

Blood gushed out, vaporized by the flames, forming an eerie blood mist that stained her purple robes and cheeks. The warm blood on her skin made her tremble.

Chen Ping's body finally gave way, and he knelt on one knee in mid-air. His face was ashen, his breath extremely weak. The dragon aura around him completely dissipated, leaving only a faint golden light that seemed ready to extinguish at any moment.

Yet, he still raised his head, looking at Su Yuqi, his eyes filled with undiminished tenderness and love. Even on the verge of death, even with demonic fire raging within him, his gaze never left her.

"Yuqi..."

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He spoke with difficulty, blood frothing at the corner of his mouth. Each word aggravated his wounds, causing excruciating pain. "I lost you. I'm so sorry to your father. I think of you every moment, I want to find you, but..."

Su Yuqi's body trembled violently, unable to control herself any longer. Tears streamed down her cheeks, dripping onto the Burning Heaven Sword, mingling with the blood and instantly vaporized by the flames.

She looked at the man before her, covered in blood, barely breathing, yet still gazing at her with that tender, loving look. The pain in her heart felt like it was tearing her chest apart, making it hard to breathe.

Why?

Why did her heart ache so much?

Why did her tears flow uncontrollably?

She raised her hand, wanting to stab again, wanting to end it all, but her hand wouldn't go down, as if weighed down by a thousand pounds, impossible to lift.

Below, Chen Wanqing and the others were already in tears, sobbing uncontrollably. Seeing Chen Ping's severely wounded state, their hearts ached, yet they were powerless to help.

"Chen Ping!!!"

Chen Wanqing cried out, her voice hoarse and desperate. She wanted to rush forward, to save Chen Ping, but Chen Ping raised his hand to stop her.

Chen Ping turned his head with difficulty, looked at Chen Wanqing, and gently shook his head. His eyes were weak but firm, clearly saying: Don't come closer. This is between her and me. I'm doing this willingly.

Chen Wanqing bit her lip hard, drawing blood. Her lip was bleeding, but she didn't move again. She could only watch the scene in the air, tears streaming down her face, her heart aching so much she could hardly breathe.

She knew this was Chen Ping's choice.

Even if he died by Su Yuqi's sword, he would never fight back, never harm Su Yuqi in the slightest. This was an obsession etched into his bones, one that no one could change.

In the sky, Ning Zhi watched this scene, his smile growing ever wider, more triumphant, and more cruel, his eyes filled with the pleasure of revenge.

This was exactly what he wanted.

Watching Chen Ping being stabbed repeatedly by his beloved, watching him wretched and pathetically reduced to an ant, watching him struggle in pain and despair, watching him suffer a fate worse than death—this feeling was a thousand times more exhilarating than conquering the world, more powerful than dominating all realms.

He wanted to destroy everything Chen Ping had, including his love, his dignity, and his life.

“Senior Sister, continue.”

He spoke calmly, his voice gentle yet carrying an undeniable command, devoid of any warmth. “This man is not worth your pity. He is merely seeking your sympathy. Kill him, and eliminate any future trouble.”

Su Yuqi’s body trembled slightly, and her tears flowed even more fiercely.

She turned to look at Ning Zhi.

Ning Zhi’s face still held that gentle smile, but for some reason, Su Yuqi suddenly felt that his face had become somewhat unfamiliar, somewhat sinister, even somewhat terrifying.

She looked at Chen Ping again.

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Chen Ping remained kneeling in mid-air, covered in blood, his breath weak, yet his eyes still held a tenderness and love for her, devoid of resentment, only heartache.

Those eyes caused her heartache.

Those eyes made her waver.

Her sword-wielding hand slowly fell. The Burning Heaven Sword lost its power, its blade drooping, the flames gradually extinguished, all killing intent gone.

“1...”

She opened her mouth, unsure what to say!

Su Yuqi's hand slowly fell, the flames of the Burning Heaven Sword completely extinguished, the blade returning to stillness.

Looking at the man before her, covered in blood, barely breathing, yet still gazing at her with tender eyes, the piercing pain in her heart almost made her lose her balance.

She didn't want to stab him anymore.

She didn't know who this man was, didn't know what had happened between them, but a voice deep within her told her—she couldn't hurt him anymore.

Su Yuqi took a deep breath, tears silently streaming down her face.

She looked deeply at Chen Ping, a look filled with confusion, heartache, guilt, and a complex emotion she couldn't quite define.

Then, she turned.

Her purple robes fluttered, and she turned her back to Chen Ping, to the man she had wounded so deeply, and leaped into the distance.

“Yuqi!!!”

Chen Ping's voice rang out behind her, hoarse and desperate, filled with heart-wrenching pain, “Where are you going? Don't go!”

Su Yuqi paused, her body trembling slightly, but she didn't turn back.

She didn't know how to face him, how to respond to that intense, suffocating love.

Her mind was blank; the only thing she could do was escape.

“Yuqi!!!”

Chen Ping struggled to his feet, wanting to chase after her, but his severely injured body wouldn't obey. The moment he moved, the wound in his chest reopened, blood gushing out, and he collapsed again into the void.

He could only use his last strength to watch the purple figure receding into the distance, his eyes filled with despair and reluctance.

“Don't go...please don't go...”

His voice grew weaker and weaker, the light in his eyes dimming, as if half his soul had been ripped away with Su Yuqi's departure.

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In the sky, Ning Zhi's face instantly turned incredibly grim.

He stared intently at Su Yuqi's departing figure, his eyes filled with disbelief and rage.

He never expected Su Yuqi to back down at the crucial moment, to disobey his orders!

“Senior Sister!!!”

Ning Zhi shouted, his voice carrying an undeniable command, “Stop right there! I told you to kill him, did you hear me?!”

Su Yuqi didn't stop.

Her figure receded into the distance, without even turning her head, as if she hadn't heard Ning Zhi's shouts at all, or perhaps she had heard them but chose not to respond.

Ning Zhi's face darkened completely, his expression so sinister it could drip water.

His hands clenched into fists, knuckles white, his demonic energy surging wildly, radiating an aura of rage.

"Fine, very well."

He gritted his teeth, enunciating each word clearly, his eyes practically overflowing with killing intent, "If you won't kill me, I'll do it myself!"

Before the words were even finished, Ning Zhi vanished from his spot!

The next moment, he appeared several feet away from Chen Ping, his demonic energy surging like a monstrous wave.

With a flick of his right hand, a long, jet-black blade, wreathed in grotesque demonic energy, appeared in his hand. Twisted ghostly faces were faintly visible on the blade, emitting mournful howls.

"Chen Ping!"

Ning Zhi's voice was icy cold, filled with boundless killing intent and resentment. "Today is your death day! I will personally end your life, leaving you without a burial place, your soul scattered to the winds!"

As soon as he finished speaking, the demonic blade in his hand slashed down!

The blade's light was as black as ink, carrying a world-destroying power, cleaving down towards Chen Ping. The void itself was torn apart by this strike, revealing dark cracks. If this strike landed, Chen Ping would surely die!

Just at this critical moment...

“Stop!!!”

A roar rang out, and Long Zhan instantly appeared in front of Chen Ping. Covered in blood, he held a broken sword, using his last ounce of strength to meet the terrifying blade’s light head-on!

Boom!!!

A deafening explosion erupted, golden and black light clashing wildly. Long Zhan’s figure was struck as if by a heavy blow, and he was blasted away.

Blood gushed from his mouth as he crashed heavily onto the city wall, creating a huge crater, from which he could never rise again.

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“Dragon Battle!!!”

Chen Ping roared, his eyes filled with grief and rage, but his severely injured body prevented him from even standing.

“Chen Ping!”

Chen Wanqing rushed forward, shielding Chen Ping, her spiritual energy surging, her eyes filled with determination.

“And me!”

Ming Li, wielding his ghostly blade, soared into the sky from below, his ghostly aura chilling, standing guard on Chen Ping's other side. Even though he was already severely injured, even though he knew he was no match, he would not retreat a single step.

"Young Master Chen, we'll protect you!"

Yun Yao and Liu Qianqian also rushed forward. Despite being exhausted and barely able to stand, they still exerted all their strength to shield Chen Ping.

Four critically wounded men, using their last strength, shielded Chen Ping behind them, forming a final line of defense with their own bodies.

Ning Zhi watched this scene, a cruel smile playing on his lips.

"A bunch of ants, daring to block my way?"

He spoke coldly, his tone full of disdain. "You think you, with your few remaining soldiers, can stop me? What a joke."

He raised his hand and waved it lightly behind him.

"Long Yuan, take the demonic dragons and hold these ignorant fools back. I want to kill Chen Ping myself, to let him die by my blade."

Long Yuan obeyed. At his command, thousands of demonic dragons roared in unison, their massive wings flapping as they swooped down!

Long Zhan struggled to his feet from the ruins and charged forward again;

Chen Wanqing, Ming Li, Yun Yao, Liu Qianqian—everyone fought with all their might against the demonic dragon army.

They were no match for him; every exchange was fraught with danger, leaving them with new wounds.

Yet not one of them retreated, not one flinched, holding their positions tightly, using their lives to buy Chen Ping a final moment.

Ning Zhi didn't even glance at them; his eyes were only on Chen Ping.

He walked towards Chen Ping step by step, each step intensifying the demonic energy around him and fueling his killing intent.

“Chen Ping, do you see that?”

Ning Zhi's voice was filled with boundless smugness. “Your woman, your brothers, are all risking their lives for you. But so what? None of them can save you. Today, you must die by my hand!”

Chen Ping looked at him calmly, even covered in blood, even on the verge of death, his eyes showed no fear.

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He slowly stood up, gripping the Dragon-Slaying Sword tightly, its tip pointing at Ning Zhi.

“Want to kill me?”

Chen Ping's voice was hoarse and weak, yet carried an indomitable arrogance. “Then try.”

Ning Zhi sneered, refusing further words. His figure flashed, instantly appearing before Chen Ping, his demonic blade slashing down!

Chen Ping fought with all his might, parrying with his sword!

Clang!!!

Swords clashed, sparks flew, and a terrifying shockwave swept in all directions!

Chen Ping was sent flying like a kite with a broken string, spitting out blood as he crashed heavily to the ground, creating a huge crater.

He struggled to his feet, but Ning Zhi gave him no chance to catch his breath, slashing down again!

Clang!!!

Chen Ping was blasted away once more, his wounds reopening, blood staining the ground crimson, but he gritted his teeth and stood up again.

“Chen Ping!”

Chen Wanqing’s shrill cry rang out. She tried to rush forward, but was tightly bound by several demonic dragons, unable to break free.

“Young Master Chen!”

Yun Yao also cried, her sobs heart-wrenching, but she too was entangled by the demonic dragons, helplessly watching Chen Ping being blasted away time and again.

Ning Zhi watched Chen Ping fall and rise again and again, his smile growing increasingly cruel.

“Truly tenacious,” he said coldly.

“But so what? In your current state, you can’t even withstand one of my strikes, yet you want to resist? You’re simply courting death!”

As soon as he finished speaking, he attacked again. This time, the blade’s edge was even sharper and more ruthless, aimed directly at Chen Ping’s vitals!

Chen Ping desperately swung his sword to block, but his heavily injured body couldn’t withstand the force. The Dragon-Slaying Sword flew from his hand, and he was blasted away again, crashing heavily to the ground, unable to rise again.

Ning Zhi walked step by step to Chen Ping, looking down at him with mockery and smugness in his eyes.

“Chen Ping, you’ve finally met your match.”

He slowly raised the demonic blade in his hand, the tip aimed at Chen Ping’s throat. “Back then, you defeated me time and time again, forcing me to flee in disarray. Did you ever imagine that this day would come? That you would die by my hand?”

Chen Ping looked at him, blood trickling from the corner of his mouth, yet he smiled.

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That smile was filled with mockery, disdain, and an arrogance that refused to yield even in death.

“Ning Zhi...you think...you’ve won?”

Chen Ping’s voice was weak, yet each word was crystal clear, “You...will always...be my defeated foe...always...”

Ning Zhi’s face instantly darkened, his eyes blazing with killing intent.

“Still daring to talk back even when death is imminent!”

He roared, slashing down with the demonic blade!

The blade’s light was as black as ink, carrying the power to destroy everything, aimed straight for Chen Ping’s head!

Chen Ping quietly closed his eyes, Su Yuqi’s face appearing in his mind, a gentle smile playing on his lips.

Yuqi...

If there is an afterlife, I will find you again, and I will love you again...

Just at this critical moment—

A dazzling black light suddenly bloomed before Chen Ping!

The light was dense yet not blinding, carrying a faint aura of the underworld, instantly enveloping Chen Ping.

Clang!!!

A deafening clang of metal clashing exploded, a terrifying shockwave sweeping in all directions!

Ning Zhi’s demonic blade was firmly blocked by a long, jet-black sword, unable to fall even an inch further.

“Who?!”

Ning Zhi's pupils contracted sharply, and he looked up abruptly.

The light dissipated, revealing a figure steadily standing before Chen Ping.

It was an extremely beautiful woman.

A long black dress flowed gracefully over her shoulders, her ink-black hair cascading down her back, swaying gently in the breeze. Her skin was as white as snow, her features exquisitely beautiful, her aura both cold and eerie.

A faint ghostly aura emanated from her, yet it showed no sign of ferocity, making her seem like a ghostly fairy descended from the netherworld.

The Ghost Clan Princess, Yun Xi.

She held a jet-black longsword, her aura vast and boundless, her gaze fixed coldly on Ning Zhi, her eyes filled with rage and killing intent.