

The Order 10591

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“Touch him?”

Yun Xi’s voice was icy and piercing, each word sharp and distinct, “Did you ask me?”

Ning Zhi’s pupils contracted, and he instinctively took a step back.

He could sense that this woman who had suddenly appeared before him was incredibly powerful!

“Yunxi...”

Chen Ping’s weak voice sounded behind him, his eyes filled with shock and surprise, “You...how could you...”

Yunxi didn’t turn around, but gently said, “Don’t be afraid, I’ll protect you.”

After speaking, she looked at Ning Zhi again, the gentleness in her eyes instantly turning into icy killing intent.

“Dare to hurt him, you’re courting death!”

Before the words were finished, Yunxi’s figure vanished from the spot!

The next moment, she appeared in front of Ning Zhi, her long sword, imbued with overwhelming ghostly energy, slashing down fiercely!

Ning Zhi's expression changed drastically, and he hurriedly swung his blade to block!

Clang clang clang!!!

The two clashed wildly in the void, sword light and blade light crisscrossing, terrifying shockwaves sweeping in all directions, distorting and shattering the void!

Ning Zhi grew increasingly alarmed as the fight progressed.

This woman who had suddenly appeared was so powerful; he had no way to defeat her quickly!

Even more strangely, her ghostly aura carried a sinister power that could erode his demonic energy, rendering him helpless!

Just then, Chen Ping forced himself to his feet.

He raised his hand, and the Dragon-Slaying Sword flew back into his grasp.

Even severely wounded and on the verge of death, even with his breath weak, his eyes still burned with an indomitable fighting spirit.

"Yun Xi, I'm here to help you!"

Chen Ping roared, forcibly circulating the remaining spiritual energy within his body. Golden light shone around him once more, faint yet still carrying the majesty of a Dragon Emperor.

He wielded the Dragon-Slaying Sword and launched a fierce attack on Ning Zhi!

Yun Xi cooperated perfectly, the two of them flanking from the left and right, their attacks relentless, gradually suppressing Ning Zhi!

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Ning Zhi's expression grew increasingly grim.

Yun Xi alone was already troublesome enough; adding the heavily wounded yet reckless Chen Ping, he was gradually falling into a disadvantageous position!

What enraged him even more was that Long Yuan's demonic dragon army was also tightly bound by Long Zhan and his group, unable to break free to help him!

"Damn it!"

Ning Zhi gritted his teeth, his eyes filled with resentment and anger.

He was so close to killing Chen Ping, so very close!

But this damned ghost woman had to appear at this crucial moment, ruining his grand plan!

"Chen Ping!"

Ning Zhi roared, "You're lucky today! But don't be so smug, next time, you won't be so fortunate!"

Before he finished speaking, he swung his blade fiercely, forcing Chen Ping and Yun Xi back, his figure instantly retreating rapidly.

"Retreat!"

He roared, turned, and sped away into the distance, disappearing into the horizon in the blink of an eye.

Long Yuan and the demonic dragon army also ceased their fight, taking to the air and following Ning Zhi, vanishing into the billowing demonic energy in an instant.

In the sky, the demonic energy gradually dissipated, and sunlight shone again, illuminating the ravaged Yunxian City.

Chen Ping could no longer hold on and fell backward, only to be caught by Yun Xi.

“Chen Ping! Chen Ping!”

Yun Xi called out twice.

Chen Ping looked at her weakly, a faint smile forcing a smile.

“Yun Xi... thank you... you saved me again...”

Yun Xi smiled slightly: “You owe me two lives...”

Chen Ping smiled, but then his gaze involuntarily drifted into the distance, towards the direction Su Yuqi had gone.

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When... will you remember me...?

His consciousness gradually blurred, his vision went black, and he completely fainted.

Seeing this, Chen Wanqing rushed forward and hugged Chen Ping tightly, tears streaming down her face. "Chen Ping, you should rest well. No matter how long it takes, I will stay with you and wait for you to wake up."

In the distance, Ning Zhi frantically chased after her, finally catching up with the purple figure a thousand miles outside of Yunxian City.

"Senior Sister! Senior Sister!"

He blocked Su Yuqi's path, his face filled with anxiety and confusion. "Why did you leave?! Why did you let Chen Ping go?!"

Su Yuqi looked at him calmly, her eyes eerily serene.

"Junior Brother."

She spoke softly, "I don't know what's between him and me, I don't know why my heart aches. But I know I can't lay a hand on him again."

Ning Zhi's expression changed, a flicker of panic crossing his eyes.

"Senior Sister, listen to me, he's an enemy, our enemy!"

Su Yuqi shook her head.

Without saying a word, she walked past Ning Zhi and continued walking forward.

Ning Zhi stood there, staring intently at her retreating figure, his eyes filled with resentment, anger, and a hint of panic he himself didn't realize.

Chen Ping wasn't dead, and Su Yuqi began to waver.

Everything seemed to be heading in the direction he least wanted to see.

He clenched his fist tightly, his nails digging into his palms, drawing blood.

Chen Ping...

Next time, I will kill you with my own hands!

Definitely!

There, it was empty; nothing was left.

Yuqi...

Where did you go...?

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Above Yunxian City, the demonic energy finally dissipated completely, and the long-awaited sunlight pierced through the clouds, illuminating the ravaged city.

But that sunlight could not illuminate the devastation and desolation within the city.

Most of the city walls had collapsed, leaving behind charred marks and deep, unfathomable cracks.

Mountains of rubble and debris piled up, the once bustling streets now ruins, the air thick with the pungent stench of blood and acrid heat.

The cultivators within the city staggered out of their hiding places, gazing at the ruins before them, their eyes filled with a mixture of relief at surviving the catastrophe and profound sorrow.

This battle had devastated Yunxian City.

Countless cultivators perished, countless families were shattered, and this once-mighty city, standing for so many years, was almost completely reduced to rubble.

Long Zhan stood atop the ruins, covered in blood, his wounds still bleeding, but he had no time to tend to his injuries.

He took a deep breath, forcing his exhausted body to stand, and loudly commanded:

“All members of the Heavenly Dragon Clan, heed my order! Immediately begin clearing the battlefield, treating the wounded, and collecting the remains of our fallen brothers!”

His voice was hoarse, yet carried an undeniable authority.

The surviving Heavenly Dragon Clan warriors readily obeyed, dragging their wounded bodies to clear the ruins and search for survivors.

Long Zhan then turned to the still-shaken cultivators in the city, and said in a deep voice: “Gentlemen, the Demonic Dragon has retreated, but the city has suffered heavy casualties. I implore you all to lend a helping hand, to treat the wounded, and to rebuild Cloud Immortal City!”

The cultivators nodded, suppressing their fear and grief, and threw themselves into the treatment and cleanup efforts.

For a moment, the sky above Cloud Immortal City echoed with cries of agony, sobs, and shouts, weaving together a poignant elegy for the aftermath of war.

Long Zhan watched all this, his eyes filled with sorrow. They won this battle, but the price of that victory was far too high.

He turned his head, looking towards the City Lord’s Mansion, a flicker of worry in his eyes.

Chen Ping...

You must pull through.

Deep within the City Lord's Mansion, in a relatively intact secret chamber.

Chen Ping lay quietly on the bed, his face ashen, his breath so weak it was almost imperceptible.

His body was wrapped in bandages, blood seeping through them, a horrifying sight.

The wounds left by the demonic fire were charred black; even though Yun Xi had used her ghostly energy to dispel most of the demonic poison, the wounds remained gruesome, deep enough to expose bone.

Chen Wanqing sat by the bedside, tightly holding Chen Ping's hand, her eyes reddening, tears silently streaming down her face.

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She sat there, motionless, as if she would stay like that forever.

After an unknown amount of time, Chen Ping's fingers twitched slightly.

Chen Wanqing looked up abruptly, her eyes filled with surprise and joy.

"Chen Ping! Chen Ping!"

She called softly, her voice trembling.

Chen Ping's eyelashes fluttered, and he slowly opened his eyes.

What he saw was Chen Wanqing's tear-streaked face, and the intense worry and joy in her eyes.

"Wanqing..."

Chen Ping's voice was hoarse and weak, as if squeezed from his throat.

"You're awake! You're finally awake!"

Chen Wanqing wept with joy, tightly gripping his hand, "Do you know, I... I almost thought you wouldn't wake up..."

Chen Ping looked at her, a weak smile managing to force a smile.

"I'm sorry to have worried you..."

Chen Wanqing shook her head, wiped away her tears, and said seriously, "Rest well and don't move around. Yunxi said your injuries are too severe; you need at least a month of rest to recover."

Chen Ping nodded gently, but his gaze involuntarily drifted to the window, to the empty sky.

Chen Wanqing looked into his eyes, a complex emotion welling up inside her.

She was silent for a moment, then finally asked softly,

"Chen Ping, who... is that woman?"

Chen Ping's body stiffened slightly.

Chen Wanqing continued, "The woman in purple who injured you with the flaming sword. Who... is she to you?"

Chen Ping remained silent for a long time, his eyes flashing with pain, longing, guilt, and deep love.

He spoke slowly, his voice hoarse:

"Her name is Su Yuqi... she's my girlfriend."

Chen Wanqing's fingers tightened slightly.

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Girlfriend.

She understood that word, of course.

That's what the secular world says, meaning... the woman he loved most.

"She..."

Chen Wanqing carefully chose her words, "Why would she hurt you? She seems like she really doesn't recognize you..."

Chen Ping closed his eyes, took a deep breath, and slowly opened them.

“She has amnesia.”

His voice was filled with endless bitterness, “We came from the secular world together, experiencing so much. But then, she disappeared, and I searched for her for a very, very long time... I never expected that when I saw her again, she would be under control, her memories sealed.”

He paused, his eyes filled with heartache: “She doesn’t remember me, doesn’t remember anything between us. But I don’t blame her, I only blame myself... I lost her, I didn’t protect her.”

Chen Wanqing listened quietly, an indescribable emotion welling up inside her.

That emotion was bitterness, envy, and a hint of... jealousy she herself didn’t want to admit.

Seeing the tenderness and heartache in Chen Ping’s eyes when he spoke of Su Yuqi, seeing his unwavering devotion even when wounded beyond repair, a sudden pang of sadness gripped her heart.

She so wished that one day, someone could treat her like that.

But that person already had someone else in their heart.

Chen Wanqing lowered her head, remained silent for a moment, then looked up again, forcing a smile.

“She...must be very happy.”

Chen Ping looked at her, a flicker of guilt in his eyes.

“Wanqing, I’m sorry, I...”

Chen Wanqing shook her head, interrupting him.

“You don’t need to apologize. It’s perfectly normal for someone like you to have a few close female friends.”

She paused, then said softly, “I only hope you can recover well and get better soon. As for that Miss Su...I believe that one day, she will remember you.”

Chen Ping looked at her, his eyes filled with gratitude.

“Wanqing, thank you.”

Chen Wanqing smiled, saying nothing more. She simply sat quietly by the bedside, keeping him company and watching over him.

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Even if he had someone else in his heart, she was willing to stay by his side like this.

That was enough.

Meanwhile, in another part of the City Lord’s Mansion.

Yun Xi stood in the courtyard, surrounded by ghostly energy, healing her injuries through internal energy cultivation.

She had also suffered some injuries in the battle with Ning Zhi; although not serious, they still required recuperation.

Light footsteps sounded behind her.

Yun Xi opened her eyes, turned her head, and saw Ming Li slowly approaching.

Ming Li's aura was also weak; although his wounds were bandaged, blood still seeped through.

He stopped three steps in front of Yun Xi, bowing slightly: "Princess Yun Xi."

Yun Xi looked at him, a strange light flashing in her eyes.

"Ming Li...right? The one by Chen Ping's side?"

Ming Li nodded: "Yes."

Yun Xi carefully examined him, her brows furrowing slightly.

"How come you... have the aura of the Gate of Reincarnation on you?"

Ming Li was taken aback, then realized, "Princess, you have a keen eye. Indeed, I once used the Gate of Reincarnation."

A hint of surprise flashed in Yun Xi's eyes, "You used the Gate of Reincarnation? Where is it now?"

Ming Li gave a wry smile and shook his head.

"To be honest, Princess, the Gate of Reincarnation was indeed in my possession before, and I even used it to control some forces. But later... it was taken away by a powerful figure named Mr. Shi."

Yun Xi frowned slightly: "Mr. Shi?"

Ming Li nodded: "Mr. Shi is a friend of Chen Ping, his strength is unfathomable, and his origins are even more mysterious. When he took the Gate of Reincarnation, he said that this item was of great importance and could not be used casually."

Yun Xi was silent for a moment, then sighed softly.

"I see..."

Ming Li looked at her, tentatively asking, "Princess, if I may be so bold as to ask, why are you so concerned about the Gate of Reincarnation? Could it be... that something has happened to the Ghost Clan of the Fifteenth Heaven?"

Yun Xi gave him a deep look, remained silent for a moment, and slowly spoke, "You are also a member of the Ghost Clan, so telling you is harmless."

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She paused, then continued, "The situation of the Ghost Clan in the Fifteenth Heaven... is not optimistic."

Ming Li's expression hardened: "Please speak plainly, Princess."

Yun Xi looked up into the distance, a heavy look flashing in her eyes: "Do you know about the Reincarnation Bureau?"

"Of course I know, it's the place where we Ghost Clan cultivators reincarnate," Ming Li said.

"Indeed, that is the place of reincarnation for our Ghost Clan cultivators. Years ago, our Ghost Clan suffered a massacre; many cultivators were annihilated, but many others, with only a wisp of their souls, reached the Reincarnation Bureau."

"Over the years, many reincarnated Ghost Clan cultivators have been reborn, but several hundred years ago, the Reincarnation Bureau suddenly underwent a strange change, trapping countless Ghost Clan cultivators' souls within, unable to escape or reincarnate."

She paused, her voice low: "Those trapped cultivators were the elite of the Ghost Clan, the foundation of our race. If we cannot rescue them, the Ghost Clan's survival in the Heavenly Realm will become increasingly difficult."

Ming Li's pupils contracted, his heart filled with shock.

"Such a thing is true..."

Yunxi nodded. "I came to the Fourteenth Heaven this time to find the Gate of Reincarnation. The Gate of Reincarnation is a supreme treasure of reincarnation, sharing the same origin as the Reincarnation Bureau. Only by using the power of the Gate of Reincarnation can we enter the depths of the Reincarnation Bureau and rescue our trapped clansmen."

She looked at Mingli, a glimmer of hope in her eyes. "I thought finding the Gate of Reincarnation would solve the problem, but I didn't expect that it had already been taken away by that Mr. Shi."

Mingli was silent for a moment, then said in a deep voice, "Princess, don't be discouraged. Mr. Shi and Chen Ping have a close relationship. As long as Chen Ping recovers, we can ask him to contact Mr. Shi and see if we can borrow the Gate of Reincarnation back."

A glimmer of light flashed in Yunxi's eyes.

"You mean... Chen Ping can contact that Mr. Shi?"

Mingli nodded. "He should be able to. Mr. Shi has helped Chen Ping many times, and the two have a deep friendship. As long as Chen Ping asks, Mr. Shi should give him the honor."

Yunxi took a deep breath, hope igniting in her eyes. "Alright, then I'll wait for Chen Ping to recover."

She paused, looked at Ming Li, and said softly, "Ming Li, thank you for telling me all this."

Ming Li shook his head: "Your Highness is too kind. I am also a member of the Ghost Clan. How could I stand idly by when the Ghost Clan of the Fifteenth Heaven is in trouble? If I can help, I will do my duty."

Yun Xi looked at him, a hint of approval flashing in her eyes.

"Although you are in the Fourteenth Heaven, you still care about the Ghost Clan. That's rare."

Ming Li gave a bitter smile: "I am merely a wandering soul. If I could return to the Ghost Clan and contribute to the clan, it would be my wish."

Yun Xi nodded, saying nothing more.

The two stood side by side in the courtyard, gazing at the distant sky.

That sky, once shrouded in demonic energy, had now returned to its clear state.

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In the secret chamber, Chen Ping lay quietly, his gaze still fixed on the view outside the window.

Yu Qi...

Where are you?

When...will you remember me?

He slowly closed his eyes, his consciousness gradually sinking into darkness.

And on the distant horizon, a purple figure stood silently atop a mountain peak, gazing in the direction of Yunxian City.

Su Yuqi clutched her chest, a dull ache throbbing within her, a pain so intense she could barely breathe.

Why?

Why did she feel so much pain?

Why was her mind filled with the image of that man, covered in blood, yet still looking at her with tender eyes?

She didn't know.

She only knew that she couldn't forget those eyes.

She couldn't forget that one word, "Yuqi."

She couldn't forget...everything about him.

Tears fell silently, dripping to the ground, turning into glistening drops.

In the distance, Ning Zhi's figure appeared silently, standing not far behind her, his eyes filled with sinister malice and resentment.

He looked at Su Yuqi gazing in the direction of Yunxian City, the hatred in his heart almost consuming him.

Chen Ping...

You wait.

One day, I will kill you with my own hands.

I will annihilate your soul, condemning you to eternal damnation!

And Su Yuqi...

She can only be mine!

He took a deep breath, suppressing the violence within him, and slowly stepped forward, a gentle smile returning to his face.

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“Senior Sister, it’s time to go back.”

Su Yuqi didn’t turn around, only nodded gently.

She glanced one last time in the direction of Yunxian City, then turned and followed Ning Zhi away.

But that figure covered in blood, those gentle eyes, that cry of “Yuqi” ...

were etched deeply into her heart like a brand.

Never to be erased.

Yunxian City, City Lord’s Mansion.

Night deepened, moonlight spilled down, bathing the ruins in a silvery glow.

Chen Wanqing remained by Chen Ping's bedside, holding his hand, quietly gazing at his sleeping face.

She murmured softly, her voice so low only she could hear:

"Chen Ping... do you know, I also... like you a little."

"But I know you only have her in your heart."

"It's okay, I'll wait. Until you're healed, until she comes back, until you... occasionally look back at me."

Tears slid down, dripping onto the back of his hand.

Chen Ping's fingers seemed to twitch slightly.

But ultimately, he didn't wake up. He didn't know how to face Chen Wanqing.

In front of Su Yuqi, Chen Wanqing meant nothing. Among all these women, only Su Yuqi held the most important place in Chen Ping's heart.

Recalling every moment with Su Yuqi, although Chen Ping hadn't slept with her, and Su Yuqi hadn't truly become his woman.

Yet, no woman could replace Su Yuqi's position.

.....

The main hall of the temple!

Shen Tong sat on the throne, his face extremely gloomy.

Now, the mere thought of Ning Zhi's seemingly effortless strike, that terrifying, overwhelming power, sent shivers down his spine like a nightmare.

He had lived for ten thousand years, ruled the temple for millennia, and traversed the fourteen heavens, yet he had never seen such a terrifying being, and Ning Zhi looked so young.