

A Man Like None Other Novel Chapter 6136

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The dragon guards were stunned, clearly not expecting that the two human cultivators they had captured were actually acquaintances of His Majesty.

They quickly stepped forward, carefully unlocking the black iron chains binding the two men and removing the restrictive runes from their bodies.

As soon as the restrictions were removed, the spiritual energy within Ming Li's body instantly began to circulate.

He immediately broke free from the guards' restraints and rushed to David's side, scrutinizing him closely from head to toe.

"Mr. Chen, we've been searching for you for days!"

Ming Li said excitedly. "We waited for you in the wasteland for days and nights, enduring wind and sun, without even a hot meal, but you never showed up.

We thought something had happened to you, that you'd been captured by the temple or the Wu family, and we were so worried."

He paused, then glanced back at the dragon guards, his voice trembling slightly: "And then, just as we found this mountain, before we even got close to the valley, a group of... a group of dragons suddenly rushed out?"

Liu Qianqian also slowly stepped forward, tidying her disheveled hair and clothes, and bowed to David: "Young Master Chen, we're relieved to see you safe and sound. These past few days, we've been worried about you the whole way, fearing that something terrible might have happened to you."

David looked at the two of them in their disheveled state, and a warm feeling welled up in his heart.

"It's good that you're alright." David nodded gently, his tone mild. "I'm sorry you had to suffer."

After a pause, David continued, "Come, let me introduce you."

He pointed to Long Hao, who was still bowing beside him. "This is Long Hao, a member of the Heavenly Dragon lineage, with a cultivation level of the ninth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm. This is Heavenly Dragon Valley, the secluded dwelling place of the Dragon Clan, and also where I'm temporarily staying."

Ming Li and Liu Qianqian gasped simultaneously, their shock deepening.

The Dragon Clan?!

This is actually the secluded dwelling place of the Dragon Clan?!

The legendary Dragon Clan actually exists?!

Moreover, Mr. Chen can actually stay here, and judging from Long Hao's respectful attitude towards Mr. Chen...

It took Ming Li a while to process what she was seeing before she could barely calm down.

He looked at Long Hao, a slightly embarrassed smile on his face, and quickly cupped his hands in greeting: "So...so it's Lord Long Hao. We were very rude just now, please forgive us."

Liu Qianqian also quickly bowed slightly to Long Hao: "Greetings, Lord Long Hao. We were impetuous just now, please forgive us."

Long Hao quickly waved his hand, a humble smile on his face: "No need for such formalities, you two. Since you are His Majesty's friends, then you are honored guests of my Heavenly Dragon Valley."

His Majesty?! Ming Li and Liu Qianqian were both stunned. They exchanged a glance, their eyes filled with shock and confusion.

They looked at David again, their eyes full of questions.

David saw the confusion and shock in their eyes and smiled faintly: "This is a long story. Let's go into the valley first, and I'll explain it to you slowly." "

Okay! Okay!" Ming Li nodded quickly. Liu Qianqian also nodded slightly and didn't ask any more questions.

Long Hao quickly stepped forward and bowed, saying, "Your Majesty, distinguished guests, please come in. I have already had guest rooms and meals prepared."

"Hmm." David nodded slightly and took the lead, walking into the valley.

Deep in Tianlong Valley, in an elegant courtyard,

Chen Wanqing had been recuperating for three days.

The Dragon Clan's healing pills were indeed as good as their reputation, with miraculous effects.

After three days, her injuries had healed by about 70-80%, and her spiritual energy had recovered by more than half.

At this moment, she sat on the stone bench by the window, dressed in a plain white dress, her dark hair simply tied back with a white ribbon.

Her face was still slightly pale, but her eyes were much brighter than three days ago.

However, there was a faint sadness and confusion in her eyes, as well as an undisguised hatred.

Everything that had happened three days ago replayed in her mind like a movie.

Her father's remorseful eyes before he died, his hand tightly gripping hers, using his last bit of strength to urge her to go to David, to apologize to David.

Those words, "I'm sorry to him, I was wrong," still echoed in her ears, each word piercing her heart.

The resolute eyes of the elders as they fell one by one, they had given their all to protect her, to protect the Chen family, and in the end, they all fell into pools of blood, their bodies never to be found.

And David, that figure who descended like a god, suddenly appearing in her most desperate and helpless moment, shielding her from all danger.

Will David help her get revenge?

Will he forgive the Chen family?

These two questions kept nagging at her, keeping her tossing and turning, unable to fall asleep

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Just then, a soft footstep sounded outside the door.

Chen Wanqing snapped out of her reverie, the confusion and sorrow in her eyes instantly vanishing, replaced by a hint of wariness and doubt. She quickly looked up towards the doorway.

The wooden gate to the courtyard was gently pushed open, and David walked in first.

He wore a long golden robe, his posture upright, his face stern, his aura restrained yet still exuding an undeniable air of dominance.

Behind him followed two strangers, a man and a woman.

“David?” Chen Wanqing quickly stood up, a look of surprise on her face.

David walked up to her, stopped, and looked her up and down carefully. His gaze was gentle: “You look much better. It seems the Dragon Clan’s pills are indeed excellent; they haven’t disappointed me.”

Chen Wanqing nodded gently, her cheeks slightly flushed, and whispered, “Thank you, David. If it weren’t for you, I’m afraid... I would be dead.”

David waved his hand lightly, his tone calm: “No need to thank me. I just did what I should do. Your recovery is the most important thing.”

After a pause, Chen Wanqing’s gaze fell on Ming Li and Liu Qianqian, a hint of doubt in her eyes: “David, who are these two...?”

David turned around, pointed to Ming Li and Liu Qianqian behind him, and introduced them: “They are my friends, Ming Li and Liu Qianqian.”

We escaped from Yunxian City together and agreed to meet in the wasteland. However, they encountered some trouble on the way, which delayed their journey, and they only found their way here today.”

Chen Wanqing was slightly taken aback, then quickly realized what was happening and bowed slightly to Ming Li and Liu Qianqian, saying, “Greetings, both of you. Thank you for accompanying David all the way, and thank you for coming to help.” Ming Li

quickly waved his hand, a warm smile on his face, “Miss Chen, there’s no need for such formalities. I am Mr. Chen’s attendant. You and Mr. Chen are already cultivation partners, so I should call you ‘Mistress’ in principle.”

Ming Li’s words made Chen Wanqing blush!

Although she had indeed become David's cultivation partner through a martial arts contest, it was to use him.

Now, being told this by Ming Li, Chen Wanqing felt very embarrassed.

The four of them sat down together, and Long Hao had already had tea and snacks prepared and placed on the stone table.

After they sat down, a brief silence fell in the courtyard, and the atmosphere was somewhat awkward.

David put down his teacup, his gaze falling on Chen Wanqing. He saw through her thoughts and her hesitation.

He spoke softly, his voice gentle: "Miss Chen, please speak freely. Whatever it is, I will do my best to help you if I can."

Hearing David's words, Chen Wanqing's body trembled slightly, and tears instantly welled up in her eyes.

She took a deep breath, raised her head, looked at David, her eyes filled with a hint of determination, and finally mustered her courage to speak, "David, I... I have something I want to tell you, and I also want to... ask you for something."

"Go ahead," David looked at her, his gaze gentle, his tone calm.

Chen Wanqing took another deep breath, trying to calm her emotions, but her voice still trembled, and tears slowly slid down her cheeks.

"That day, not long after you left the Chen family, the people from the Temple arrived."

Hearing the words "Temple," David's brows furrowed slightly, his aura instantly turning colder, and a chill flashed in his eyes.

Chen Wanqing, oblivious to David's change in expression, remained lost in her painful memories, continuing, "It was Wu Lingyun who betrayed you.

After escaping from you, he immediately went to the Temple and told them everything about you in the Chen family."

"He led the Temple elders and soldiers to surround the entire Chen family compound, forcing my father to hand you over."

"My father said you were gone and would never return, but they didn't believe him. They forcibly broke into the Chen family compound, wanting to search the house and arrest me, saying they would take me back to torture me and force me to reveal your whereabouts."

Her voice trembled more and more, and her tears flowed more and more fiercely.

“My father fought them to protect me and uphold the dignity of the Chen family. The six elders and over a hundred guards from the Chen family also rushed forward, fighting them to the death.”

“But the people from the Temple were too strong, and with the Wu family helping them, our Chen family was no match for them.”

“The six elders, each one of them fought with all their might to protect me and cover my escape. They all died in battle, their deaths gruesome, their bodies never recovered.

And the Chen family’s guards, over a hundred of them, not one retreated, not one surrendered, they all gave their lives to protect the Chen family, and in the end, they all died too.”

David remained silent, his aura growing increasingly icy.

That icy aura, almost tangible, permeated the entire courtyard, instantly lowering the temperature by several degrees.

Ming Li and Liu Qianqian couldn’t help but shiver, a hint of fear appearing on their faces.

They had never seen David so cold.

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Chen Wanqing raised her head, tears blurring her vision. Looking at David, her eyes were filled with pain and despair, her voice choked with sobs: “My father... he’s dead too.”

“To allow me to escape, to hold off the people from the Temple and the Wu family, he used his last ounce of strength. In the end, he was killed by a single blow from an elder of the Temple.”

“Before he died, he held my hand tightly, begging me to find you, to apologize to you, to tell you... he was sorry, he was wrong, he was too greedy, he shouldn’t have schemed against you, shouldn’t have hurt you. He

begged me, if there's a chance, you must help him, help the Chen family, and avenge them."

Having said this, Chen Wanqing could no longer hold back, covering her face and bursting into tears.

Her cries were sorrowful and desperate, heart-wrenching, as if she were crying out all the pain and grievances in her heart.

Ming Li and Liu Qianqian exchanged a glance, a complex expression flashing in their eyes.

They wanted to comfort Chen Wanqing, but the words caught in their throats, and they could only watch her silently, letting her weep.

David calmly watched her, watching her weep uncontrollably, watching the pain and despair in her eyes, remaining silent for a long time.

So long that the crying in the courtyard gradually subsided.

So long that Ming Li and Liu Qianqian were about to speak up to comfort her, he finally spoke slowly, "Miss Chen, do you hate me?"

Upon hearing this, Chen Wanqing trembled slightly, her crying instantly ceasing.

She slowly lowered her hands, raised her head, and looked at David with teary eyes, her gaze filled with confusion and bewilderment.

Then, she shook her head vigorously, tears still streaming down her face: "No... I don't hate you. It's my Chen family that wronged you, it's my father, it's the elders of my Chen family, they were too greedy.

They schemed against you, hurt you, it's all their fault, it has nothing to do with you."

"I... I only hate the Wu family, I hate the Temple, I hate their cruelty, I hate that they killed my father, killed everyone in my Chen family, I hate that they destroyed everything I had!"

Her voice carried a hint of resolve, a hint of overwhelming hatred.

David was silent for a moment, then suddenly smiled.

The smile was faint, yet it carried a hint of relief and a subtle tenderness, instantly dispelling the icy aura surrounding him.

"To be honest, I did harbor resentment towards the Chen family before,"

he said calmly, without a trace of bitterness. “You schemed against me, put a collar on me, restricted my freedom, and even tried to hand me over to the temple for a bounty, intending to kill me. I’ve always remembered that debt, and I’ve never forgotten it.” He paused, his gaze falling on Chen Wanqing: “But now, the entire Chen family is dead. Chen Tiangang is dead, the six elders are dead, and hundreds of guards are dead.

They paid this debt with their lives. Death erases debts; this is an age-old truth. They have paid the price with their lives. Let bygones be bygones.”

Chen Wanqing was stunned. Her eyes widened as she looked at David in disbelief.

She hadn’t expected David to forgive the Chen family so easily, to forgive those who had hurt him.

“David...”

she murmured, her voice choked with emotion, tears welling up in her eyes once more. This time, they were not tears of pain and despair, but tears of gratitude and appreciation.

David gently waved his hand, his tone indifferent yet carrying a hint of resolve: “However, the debt between the Wu family and the Divine Temple cannot be settled so easily.”

With that, he slowly stood up, hands behind his back, gazing into the distance towards Yunxian City, a cold glint in his eyes.

“Wu Lingyun led his men to hunt you down. The Wu family, in alliance with the Divine Temple, annihilated my Chen family. This blood debt must be

repaid.” His voice was calm and firm, yet carried an undeniable resolve. “What they owe the Chen family, what they owe Chen Tiangang, what they owe the six elders, what they owe the hundreds of guards, and what they owe you—I will collect it all. Not one of them will escape, not one will be spared!”

Chen Wanqing suddenly looked up, her eyes filled with disbelief, tears instantly blurring her vision. “You...you want to avenge me?”

David turned around, looking at her, a faint smile playing on his lips. “Miss Chen, you traveled thousands of miles, risking your life, to find me—isn’t that what you’re here for?”

“I, David, though not a saint, will never stand idly by while my friend is bullied and his entire family is wiped out. The Wu family and the Divine Temple, since they dared to act, must be prepared to bear the consequences.”

Chen Wanqing's lips trembled, tears welling up again. This time, the tears were of emotion and joy.

She had waited so long, so long, and finally, someone was willing to help her avenge herself.

She could no longer hold back; with a thud, she knelt before David, her forehead pressed tightly to the ground.

"David, I beg you... I beg you to help me avenge myself!"

Her voice choked with sobs, a mixture of determination and humble pleading. "As long as I can get revenge, as long as they pay the price, I'll do anything, even be their slave, even give my life, I'll do it all willingly!"

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"Get up quickly."

David stepped forward, reached out, and gently helped her up, his voice gentle and reassuring.

"Miss Chen, there's no need for this. I promised you, and I will definitely do it. I will help you avenge your family and make the Wu family and the Temple pay the price they deserve."

"You are the only descendant of the Chen family, and you are also my friend. Protecting you and helping you avenge your family are things I should do. There's no need to be so humble."

He looked at Chen Wanqing, his gaze firm: "Rest assured, I will make Wu Lingyun, Wu Lie, and those people from the Temple pay for their crimes in blood.

I will make them pay a terrible price for what they have done, to comfort your father and the spirits of all the deceased members of the Chen family."

Chen Wanqing was helped up by David. She looked at David, her eyes filled with emotion and gratitude, and nodded vigorously.

Tears continued to fall, but she could no longer utter a word.

David turned around, his gaze falling on Ming Li and Liu Qianqian. His tone was calm, yet tinged with inquiry: “Are you two coming with me to Yunxian City to avenge Miss Chen, or will you stay here to continue recuperating?”

“This trip to Yunxian City will undoubtedly be extremely dangerous. The Wu family and the Divine Palace won’t surrender easily. Staying here will be safer.”

Ming Li immediately stood up, patted his chest, and a determined smile appeared on his face: “Wherever Mr. Chen goes, I’ll go!”

The Wu family and the Divine Palace aren’t good people either. I’ve long disliked them. How could I miss an opportunity to teach them a lesson?”

“Besides, my life already belongs to Mr. Chen. How can I stay in such a safe place and reap the benefits while you go on this dangerous journey?”

No matter how dangerous it is, I will go with you, even if it means going through fire and water!”

Liu Qianqian also quickly stood up, nodded gently, and said with a firm look in her eyes, “Young Master Chen, we will go with you.

No matter how dangerous this trip is, we will not back down. We will stay by your side and help you deal with the Wu family and the Temple.”

David looked at the two of them, a faint smile on his face, and a hint of relief flashed in his eyes.

“Alright.”

David nodded gently, his tone firm. “In that case, let’s go to Yunxian City together to avenge Miss Chen and make the Wu family and the Divine Temple pay for their blood debt!”

His gaze then fell on Chen Wanqing, his tone gentle yet tinged with concern: “Miss Chen, your injuries haven’t fully healed yet. Would you like to rest for a few more days until they are fully healed before we set off?”

“I’m fine!”

Chen Wanqing quickly replied, her tone firm, her eyes filled with determination. She shook her head vigorously. “I’m really fine. My injuries are almost completely healed, and I can fight normally now.”

“Besides, I’m familiar with the environment of Yunxian City and the locations of the Wu family and the Divine Temple’s branch halls. I can lead the way and help you find them faster, help you avenge yourselves more quickly!”

Her eyes were firm and resolute, without the slightest hesitation or retreat.

She couldn’t wait any longer; she couldn’t wait to return to Yunxian City and find the Wu family and the Divine Temple.

Looking at the determination and resolve in her eyes, David knew that no amount of persuasion would be of any use.

He nodded slightly and said nothing more: “Alright. Then let’s set off early tomorrow morning for Yunxian City to avenge ourselves!”

“Okay!”

Chen Wanqing, Ming Li, and Liu Qianqian all spoke at the same time, their voices firm, their eyes filled with determination and anticipation. Silence fell once more in the courtyard.

But this time, the silence lacked the previous awkwardness and sorrow; instead, it was filled with a resolute determination, a poised and ready momentum.

All four gazed into the distance, towards Yunxian City, their eyes gleaming with unwavering resolve.

The next morning, as the sky began to lighten

, a faint ray of dawn pierced the clouds, illuminating the land of Tianlong Valley and dispelling the gloom of night, bringing a touch of warmth.

At this moment, at the entrance of Tianlong Valley, four figures were already fully prepared to leave and speed towards Yunxian City.

David walked at the forefront, his golden robe fluttering in the morning breeze.

The dragon scale patterns on his robe shimmered brilliantly in the morning light, echoing the subtle golden light emanating from him, making him exceptionally dazzling.

He stood tall and straight like a pine tree, his face cold and stern, his eyes sharp as an eagle’s. His aura was restrained, yet he still exuded an air of domineering arrogance.

Behind him followed closely Chen Wanqing, Ming Li, and Liu Qianqian.

Chen Wanqing had changed into a plain white dress, her black hair simply tied up, a long sword at her waist.

The tear stains of yesterday were gone from her face; instead, there was a long-suppressed hatred and resolve. Her eyes were cold and sharp, fixed on the direction of Yunxian City.

Ming Li and Liu Qianqian had also changed into clothing provided by the Dragon Clan.

Ming Li wore a black robe; the weariness and dishevelment of yesterday were gone, replaced by a spirited appearance.

Liu Qianqian wore a light blue dress; her figure was slender, her features beautiful, her eyes bright, and her aura calm and composed.

Although the two only possessed the cultivation of the sixth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm, they seemed somewhat insignificant before David.

But following David, feeling the powerful and domineering aura surrounding him, they inexplicably felt confident.

The four of them traveled at breakneck speed, like four streaks of light, weaving through the mountains and forests.

After about an hour, they had left the territory of Tianlong Valley and arrived at a deserted mountain forest.

Ming Li couldn't help but step forward, walk to David's side, lower his voice, and cautiously ask, "Mr. Chen, are we just going to charge straight back to Yunxian City like this? Aren't we going to make any preparations?"

"I've heard that the Wu family's influence in Yunxian City is enormous. The patriarch, Wu Lie, is a True Immortal Realm Level 1 expert, with incomparably formidable strength.

The Wu family also has dozens of Upper Immortal Realm experts and hundreds of guards; their strength should not be underestimated."

"Moreover, the Temple also has a branch in Yunxian City, with three elders, all at the ninth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm, and more than twenty Temple soldiers, all of whom are quite strong."

Ming Li's face showed a hint of worry: "There are only four of us. Although you are powerful, isn't it too risky to face so many powerful enemies?"

David didn't turn his head, maintaining his unhurried pace without slowing down at all. His tone was indifferent, yet it carried a hint of barely perceptible sarcasm and domineering arrogance: "Risk?"

The corners of his mouth slightly turned up, revealing a faint smile. That smile carried a hint of confidence and a hint of contempt, as if in his eyes, the people from the Wu family and the Temple were just a bunch of ants, utterly vulnerable.

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"Do you think I'm the kind of person who would take risks?"

David's tone was calm, yet carried an air of domineering arrogance. "I, David, never do anything without certainty.

If I weren't absolutely certain, I wouldn't have easily agreed to help Miss Chen avenge her, much less have led you all to Yunxian City, walking right into their trap."

Ming Li thought for a moment, then shook his head vigorously, his tone firm: "No. Mr. Chen never does anything without certainty. From the time I met Mr. Chen until now, everything Mr. Chen has done has been with absolute certainty; he has never failed." His worries lessened slightly.

He knew that David was always meticulous and composed; if he dared to say that, he must be absolutely certain.

David smiled, a smile even more confident and domineering: "Then that settles it."

He paused, his tone still calm, yet carrying an air of domineering arrogance, as if the Wu family and the people of the Divine Temple were utterly insignificant in his eyes.

"The Wu family is nothing more than a local aristocratic family. Relying on their patriarch, who is at the first level of the True Immortal Realm, they are arrogant, do as they please, and look down on everyone."

"That old fellow Wu Lie, although he is a first-level True Immortal Realm expert, his strength is only barely at the threshold of the first level of the True Immortal Realm. His foundation is unstable and his resources are insufficient. He can't be considered a true expert at all."

"As for the Upper Immortal Realm experts in the Wu family, most of them are only at the seventh or eighth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm

. Their strength is mediocre and they are easily defeated. Even the ninth-rank Upper Immortal Realm experts are few and far between, and they are no match for me." "As for the elders left by the Divine Temple in Yunxian City, the strongest of them is only at the ninth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm. Although their strength is somewhat stronger than those experts in the Wu family, it is only relative."

David paused, a cold glint flashing in his eyes: "Three days ago, you should have heard that I killed three ninth-rank Upper Immortal Realm demonic dragons outside Tianlong

Valley within ten breaths.”

“Those three demonic dragons are the natural enemies of the dragon race. Their strength is incomparably powerful, far surpassing that of ordinary ninth-grade Upper Immortal cultivators. They have thick hides and incredible defense, and their attack power is also extremely formidable.”

“Even so, they couldn’t last ten breaths against me before I slew them.”

Hearing David’s words, Ming Li and Liu Qianqian felt much more at ease.

With David there, they only needed to assist from behind.

...

Cloud Immortal City, the sky hangs low.

The once prosperous city, shrouded in auspicious clouds and flying cranes, is now shrouded in an impenetrable layer of leaden-gray clouds.

The clouds are so thick they seem to weigh down the city walls, exuding a suffocating sense of death and desolation.

The aftershocks of the bloody battle three days ago have not yet subsided, yet they have already reverberated like thunder throughout the entire cultivation world.

The Chen family, standing for a thousand years and deeply rooted, was slaughtered overnight, leaving no one alive.

Rumors spread like wildfire.

Some said the Chen family was courting death by harboring a wanted criminal, thus incurring divine retribution;

others said the Wu family had been plotting for a long time, using the temple to carry out their annexation with ruthless methods;

still others asserted that the Chen family’s eldest daughter, who had managed to escape, was merely a sitting duck, destined to be dragged out and reduced to ashes sooner or later.

Opinions were divided, and fear gripped the people.

But everyone knew one fact—from this day forward, the world of Yunxian City belonged to the Wu family.

The Wu mansion was brightly decorated today.

Within its vermilion walls, red lanterns hung high, and the sounds of string and wind instruments filled the air, a scene of prosperous celebration.

This contrasted sharply with the lifeless city outside, creating a stark and absurd scene.

Today was the birthday of Wu Lie, the patriarch of the Wu family.

Wu Lie, a powerful figure at the first level of the True Immortal Realm, was the pillar of the Wu family.

At this moment, he sat high on the main seat in the main hall, clad in a python robe, his face glowing, enjoying the tidal wave of flattery from the guests.

Beside him, his eldest son, Wu Lingyun, dressed in brocade robes, appeared elegant and refined, a polite smile playing on his lips.

However, if anyone could peek into the depths of his eyes, they would find a hidden fear and gloom that could not be concealed.

The scene from three days ago, like a nightmare, replayed wildly in his mind day and night.

That figure that descended like a god or demon, those eyes so indifferent as to regard all living beings as ants, and those companions who were usually high and mighty.

The image of them being easily crushed like paper in front of that person... every frame made him break out in a cold sweat in the middle of the night.

He had escaped back.

Only with the life-saving teleportation talisman that his father had obtained by risking his reputation did he barely manage to return here.

But he knew better than anyone else: that person would not let him go.

That person would definitely come.

Wu Lie keenly noticed his son's unusual demeanor, his brow furrowing slightly as he lowered his voice and scolded, "Lingyun, why do you look so absent-minded? Today is my birthday, don't be impolite!"

Wu Lingyun snapped back to reality, forcing out a smile that was more like a grimace: "Father, please forgive me, I... I've just been feeling a bit tired lately."

"Useless thing!"

Wu Lie sneered, a hint of disdain flashing in his eyes. "Isn't he just a third-grade Upper Immortal?"

Even if he's a bit strange, as long as he dares to step into my Wu family's gate, I can kill him with a single palm strike! Why are you so panicked?"

Wu Lingyun opened his mouth, his Adam's apple bobbing, but ultimately swallowed the words that were on the tip of his tongue.

He dared not speak.

He dared not tell his father that the so-called "third-grade Upper Immortal" had torn three demonic dragons with ninth-grade Upper Immortal bloodlines to shreds in ten breaths with his bare hands.

If he did, his father would only think he was crazy, spouting nonsense.

Just as the father and son were whispering, a commotion suddenly arose outside the mansion. The noise grew louder as it approached, instantly shattering the peaceful atmosphere of the birthday banquet.

Wu Lie's face darkened, and he waved his hand, saying, "Go and see who's causing this trouble!" A

guard obeyed the order and was about to turn around when, before he could even step out of the hall, a deafening roar suddenly erupted. The vermilion gate, a symbol of the Wu family's prestige, three feet thick and engraved with countless defensive formations, shattered like a fragile sheet of paper in that instant! Wood chips flew everywhere, pebbles sprayed, and a violent shockwave, carrying smoke and dust, instantly engulfed the entire main hall. Guests gasped in surprise, wine glasses fell to the ground and shattered. Amidst the chaos and billowing dust, four figures slowly entered. The leader, clad in a long, flowing golden robe, exuded no spiritual energy whatsoever, yet seemed to carry the weight of a towering mountain on his back. Each step he took caused the hearts of all the cultivators present to involuntarily tighten. His face was as cold and stern as iron, his eyes as deep and unfathomable as an abyss; wherever his gaze fell, the air seemed to freeze into frost.

