

## **PROTEGE 201**

### Chapter 201: MY WHOLE BODY IS YOUR COMPENSATION

"We should have known this would happen," one muttered. "I ate too much food before dinner even started. Now I'm bloated and heartbroken."

Shun chuckled, patting his friend on the back. "Sucks to be you."

As the couple finally pulled away, Ling Li laughed softly, wiping at the lingering tears in her eyes. Four Eyes held her hands, his gaze unwavering.

"You're mine now," he said, his voice raw with emotion.

Ling Li raised an eyebrow, amusement flickering in her gaze. "Was I not yours before?"

Four Eyes grinned, shaking his head. "You were always mine. But now, the world knows it too."

The pavilion burst into applause once more as the guests rushed forward to congratulate them.

Quan Ye was the first to reach Four Eyes, clapping him so firmly on the back that he nearly sent him stumbling forward. "You actually did it!" he exclaimed, shaking his head in disbelief. "You were sweating bullets, man!"

"Not bullets," Chatty interjected with a smirk, crossing his arms. "Entire bombs!!!"

Four Eyes let out a breathy laugh, running a hand through his hair, trying to steady the rush of excitement threatening to overwhelm him. His temples throbbed slightly... not from exhaustion, but from the sheer intensity of emotions coursing through him.

Shi Min, Ren, and Lily approached next, their faces glowing with unfiltered joy.

"Congratulations, Mom and Paps," Ren grinned, pulling Four Eyes into a half-hug, then turning to Ling Li, his eyes twinkling with pride.

Four Eyes smirked, tugging Shi Min into a playful embrace. "Thank you, Shi Min, Ren, Lily," he said, his voice thick with emotion.

Then came Old Tutor Chen and Old Tutor Ma, the latter still looking slightly dazed from the whole ordeal. Tutor Chen, ever composed, stroked his well-groomed mustache with an approving nod.

"Madam Ling," he began, his tone calm but with an unmistakable warmth. "It seems you've made an excellent choice in partners." His words carried weight, a silent seal of approval that meant more than his outward expression let on.

Ling Li chuckled, meeting his gaze with unwavering confidence. "I believe so."

Old Tutor Ma, still wary from the unexpected aerial spectacle earlier, nodded stiffly. "I wish the two of you endless happiness," he muttered before quickly retreating, perhaps still trying to convince himself he hadn't imagined it all.

As congratulations poured in, the pavilion transformed into a grand feast, tables brimming with the finest delicacies, the air saturated with fragrant spices, and wines poured generously into gilded goblets. But among the waves of cheers and laughter, a few figures stood out.

At the head of the commotion, two men approached with commanding presence—men whose mere existence sent shivers down the spines of many.

El Padre, the 'Godfather of the Mafia, stalked forward with smooth yet predatory grace, dressed in a midnight-black suit that bore the weight of his empire. His cold, sharp eyes locked onto Ling Li and Four Eyes, and then, with a rare smile curving his lips, he extended his hand to Four Eyes.

"Welcome to the family," he murmured, his voice a quiet promise — a declaration not only of approval but of allegiance.

Ling Li met his gaze head-on, her chin slightly lifted. There was a mutual respect between them, an understanding forged not through words but through years of battles, decisions, and shared power.

Beside him stood El Capitan, 'the Underground King,' clad in deep gray, his posture unwavering. He let out a low chuckle, clapping Four Eyes on the shoulder with more force than necessary. "You're damn lucky, 'hermano,'" he said in his rich, accented voice, a mix of amusement and warning. "She's worth more than an empire."

Four Eyes swallowed back a smirk, knowing full well the weight behind those words.

Then came the towering figures of the Global Elite Federation's core leaders — political giants whose presence could shift economies and armies alike.

The Russian President, ever the humorist, grinned widely, clapping Ling Li on both shoulders. "Ah, Ling Li! You always find a way to keep the world entertained!" His laughter boomed over the celebration. "And you, Chu Yan... you better keep up, or she'll leave you behind!"

Four Eyes laughed, shaking his head. "I'll do my best."

Beside him, the Cuban President, far more serious, inclined his head slightly in greeting. His sharp eyes analyzed the scene with practiced precision before he simply stated, "Powerful unions breed powerful futures. May you both find strength in each other."

Ling Li appreciated his words, nodding firmly.

A few feet away, lurking at the edge of the commotion, stood the Chinese President. His smile was small, forced, barely concealing the tension in his features. He spoke little, offering only a perfunctory nod, but his eyes betrayed the weight of his thoughts. Guilt gnawed at him from the inside, knowing that in secret corners of his empire, whispers had woven dangerous schemes—schemes that sought to covet Ling Li's power.

Ling Li didn't need words to understand his silence. She saw through him.

And he knew it.

As congratulations poured in from dignitaries, allies, and commanders, the pavilion transformed into a grand feast.

A massive, multi-tiered cake stood tall at the center of the gathering—a masterpiece crafted by the finest Michelin-starred pastry chefs. Intricate sugar flowers adorned its surface, and the delicate gold embellishments shimmered under the warm light.

The dinner was a spectacle in itself. A five-star Michelin chef had curated a menu worthy of royalty—succulent roasted meats, fresh seafood platters, perfectly aged wines, and an assortment of exquisite dishes from every corner of the world. The aroma alone was intoxicating, drawing guests to their seats with eager anticipation.

Four Eyes pulled Ling Li close as they sat at the grand table, his fingers entwined with hers beneath the tablecloth.

"Tell me," he murmured, his voice barely above a whisper. "Did I surprise you?"

Ling Li smirked, lifting her wine glass as she held his gaze.

"You did," she admitted. "And you managed to make me cry."

Four Eyes chuckled, raising his own glass. "Then I did something wrong, you can have my whole body as my compensation."

Ling Li almost choked from the wine. "You!"

Four Eyes playfully winked at her as Ling Li pushed him away.

Chapter 202: THIRTY ARROWS OF REMINDER

Kim Kim's lips twitched, she inhaled sharply, shifting her gaze to her sister, who was watching their parents with wide, shimmering eyes.

Unlike Kim Kim, Chin Chin wasn't analyzing the moment - she was feeling it.

Her small fingers clutched at the folds of her dress, her round cheeks flushed with emotions too vast for her little heart to contain. She gazed at her mother, watching the way Ling Li twirled under the soft glow of the pavilion lights, her dress swirling like a whisper of silk. Her father's hands were firm yet gentle, securing her mother in an embrace that spoke volumes without words.

Chin Chin's breath hitched.

'This... is love.'

Not the kind spoken about in books—not something distant or exaggerated.

It was right before her. 'Alive. Breathing.' Unfolding in front of her eyes.

Chin Chin sniffled, blinking rapidly, feeling far too overwhelmed for her tiny body to handle.

'Mama looks so beautiful...' she thought, her heart swelling. 'And Papa... I've never seen him like this.'

As if hearing her unspoken words, Kim Kim scoffed. She turned her head just slightly, locking eyes with her twin.

'Tch, obviously,' she murmured, though there was no sharpness in her voice.

There was understanding.

Chin Chin smiled softly, wiping at her eyes with her little hands.

Though neither twin could fully articulate what they were feeling, they both knew one thing for sure.

This night... would never be forgotten.

Then, on cue, Four Eyes gave Ling Li a final, effortless twirl, spinning her gracefully before stopping at the front of the lined-up soldiers.

A formation of thirty high-ranking officers from Camp Blaze, led by the Camp Commander, stood with unyielding discipline. Their eyes reflected something rare... admiration not just for their leader, but for the moment itself.

One by one, they stepped forward.

Each soldier handed Ling Li an enormous stem of vibrant red roses; their petals full, deep, and almost alive beneath the golden light.

Ling Li accepted them with graceful precision, her fingers running lightly over each delicate bloom, her lips curving in appreciation. She knew the symbolism well—loyalty, respect, and unwavering devotion.

And then — the arrows.

Exquisite, top-notch quality war arrows were presented to Four Eyes, one after the other.

By the time he held five, Four Eyes' brows twitched.

By ten, he began to eye them suspiciously.

By fifteen, he was inwardly groaning.

By thirty, he was done.

Four Eyes stared at the bundle of pristine arrows in his grasp, expression flickering somewhere between hilarity and exasperation. "This is... quite the congratulatory gift," he muttered, shifting the weight of them in his arms.

The Camp Commander, unblinking, composed, finally spoke.

"Master Chu Yan," he began, his voice smooth, respectful, yet carrying that unmistakable hint of amusement, "We have witnessed your unwavering skill on the battlefield. These arrows are a symbol of precision, strength, and endurance — qualities befitting a man destined to stand by our Supreme Commander's side."

Four Eyes exhaled, shaking his head slightly, lips twitching into a smirk. "So, in other words," he drawled, raising an eyebrow, "you're all telling me to make sure my aim never falters in protecting her."

A ripple of chuckles echoed among the soldiers.

One officer, younger but bold, grinned. "We figured you'd appreciate the... gentle reminder, Master Chu Yan."

Ling Li stifled a laugh, watching her husband navigate the moment with his usual mix of composed charm and helpless humor. She stepped closer to him, running a finger lightly along one of the arrows before leaning in slightly.

"Well," she mused, amusement flickering in her gaze, "at least you'll never run out of weapons."

Four Eyes exhaled, side-eyeing the bundle with an exaggerated sigh. "Wonderful," he murmured. "Just what I needed... thirty reminders that I'm responsible for keeping up with the most powerful woman in the world."

Ling Li chuckled, watching as the soldiers one by one offered their formal congratulations, their words strong, respectful, and heartfelt.

Ling Li passed the bunch of roses to Pharsa while Four Eyes stowed the arrows straight to his space ring.

The twins stood nearby, Kim Kim shaking his head while Chin Chin giggled softly, whispering, "Papa is funny."

As the final soldier stepped back, the pavilion was once again engulfed in a wave of celebration — the music swelled, the laughter deepened. The night continued with an energy that promised...

'This was only the beginning.'

Upon returning home, the night's lingering magic followed Ling Li and Four Eyes like a whispered secret. The soft glow of moonlight filtered through the grand estate, casting gentle silver strokes upon the floor. The moment they stepped through the doors, Ling Li barely had time to steady herself before Four Eyes swept her off her feet— literally.

In one swift, effortless motion, he carried her bridal style, cradling her securely against his chest.

Her vision spun for a brief second before she found herself gazing up at him, eyes wide, heart skipping in surprise.

"You—!" she started, but the words barely formed.

He said nothing, only smirked.

His grip was firm yet gentle, as if he was afraid to let go, afraid she would disappear like a fleeting dream if he loosened his hold even a fraction. The warmth of his embrace sent an undeniable shiver through her, an unfamiliar heat rising to her cheeks.

Ling Li's heartbeat was wild, chaotic, erratic — yet, within his arms, she felt anchored.

The doors to their bedroom opened with a quiet creak, and without hesitation, Four Eyes crossed the threshold, stepping straight into their sanctuary.

With slow, deliberate movement, Four Eyes lowered Ling Li onto the massive bed, the silken sheets cool beneath her skin. His hands lingered a second longer than necessary before he finally pulled away, kneeling above her, watching her with an expression so intense it made her breath hitch.

Silence stretched between them, thick with unspoken emotions.

Then, in a voice barely above a whisper, he spoke.

“Dear...” His tone was different tonight — softer, deeper, raw in a way that unraveled her completely.

“Thank you.” His fingers traced the edge of her cheek, his thumb brushing lightly over her skin, reverent. “I promise never to hurt you; I will only love you, protect you, and the children... with my life.”

His words hung in the air, heavy and unshakable — a vow woven not just with promises, but with undeniable truth.

Chapter 203: THIS... IS EVERYTHING

\*\*\* WARNING \*\*\* R18 \*\*\*\*\* MATURE CONTENT \*\*\*\*\*

Ling Li had fought wars, led armies, conquered nations — yet for the first time in her life, she was at a complete loss for words.

She opened her mouth.

Nothing came out.

She tried again — desperately grasping for something, anything — but the chaos inside her made forming sentences ‘impossible’.

Four Eyes watched her closely and then chuckled.

A deep, knowing sound, rich with amusement.

Ling Li's lips parted slightly in indignation, but before she could even think to snap back, Four Eye moved.

Not waiting for an answer... not needing one — he tilted forward, closing the distance between them with quiet certainty.

His lips met hers, stealing the breath she hadn't even realized she was holding.

Her mind went blank.

Only the sound of fabric tearing followed next.

A sharp gasp escaped Ling Li's lips as she felt the sudden shift — the undeniable urgency, the quiet but bold declaration woven into Four Eyes' actions.

The cool night air brushed against her skin, but it was nothing compared to the heat radiating from the man before her.

His gaze locked onto hers — dark, intense, unwavering.

His fingers traced lightly across the edges of where the cloth once was, as if memorizing every detail, as if ensuring she knew this... this moment, this feeling — was real.

Ling Li's breath came unevenly, the chaotic rhythm in perfect contrast to the deliberate calm in Four Eyes' movements.

Then, everything softened.

He leaned forward, his forehead resting gently against hers, his breath mingling with her own.

“This,” he whispered, voice thick with emotion, “is everything.”

Ling Li swallowed, her fingers curling against his chest, her heartbeat an erratic melody beneath his touch.

Four Eyes was especially gentle tonight—his touches featherlight, his movements slow and deliberate. Perhaps it was the weight of all the emotions crashing over him, the sheer intensity of what this night meant.

Every glance, every whisper, every brush of his fingertips against Ling Li’s skin was laced with reverence... as if he were holding something sacred, something fragile yet unbreakable.

This wasn’t just about the moment — it was about making it unforgettable.

As the moon cast its silver glow over their quiet sanctuary, time seemed to slow, the world narrowing to just the two of them.

For tonight, Four Eyes wanted Ling Li to feel everything. The devotion. The love. The unspoken promises that stretched beyond mere words.

And as he looked into Ling Li’s eyes — deep, unwavering, filled with something indescribable — he knew.

This night would be etched into eternity.

As Four Eyes deepened his kiss, he didn’t forget to hold Ling Li’s bosoms with both his hands, pinching her nipples once in a while, which made Ling Li shiver.

While his hard core cock adds creams onto Ling Li's wet entrance; with he pre-cum adding layers of luscious, milky, velvety texture on each fold.

Ling Li arched her back and moved her hips to meet with his hard cock; already feeling impatient from Four Eyes teasing.

However, Four Eyes wanted her to be much hungrier for him; his kiss slowly moved down to her neck, with his tongue licking up and down. His mouth eventually captured one of Ling Li's bosoms.

"Hhhmmmmmm..."

Ling Li moaned as Four Eyes sucked onto her bosoms one after the other as she firmly held Four Eyes buttocks pushing it down... she wanted him in her innermost, to suck his hard cock with her starving p\*ssy. But Four Eyes remained steadfast and didn't give her a chance.

Ling Li whimpered in frustration as Four Eyes played with her navel. Slowly, he began to kiss her bosoms once again, his tongue sliding up to her neck before capturing her mouth once more.

Four Eyes adjusted himself, enveloping Ling Li with one arm, the other hand groping one of her bosoms. He lovingly looked straight into Ling Li's eyes... "Dear, may I?"

Ling Li gazes back at him, "I've been waiting..."

As soon as these words came out of her lips, Four Eyes hard core cock, it's veins all tightly showing that were about to burst, directly plunged unto Ling Li's wet hungry p\*ssy. Feeling the hot cream enveloping him, Four Eyes couldn't help but groan.

"Ugghhhhhh... Ugghhhhhh... "

Four Eyes groaned as he lunged his cock in and out of Ling Li. He rocked his hips, the tip of his cock slowly but deep all the way down inside the hungry p\*ssy and pulled all the way out and back.

“Dear, show your true form...” Four Eyes whispered in a hoarse voice.

Ling Li happily complied... in an instant, her ethereal appearance emerged... her long, silky silver hair swayed on her glowing body.

Four Eyes, who planned to take it slow, rapidly shifted... he once again turned into a hungry hyena... who won't even give a chance to anyone to take food.

His rapid transition were happily welcomed by Ling Li....

“Yes.... yes! Hhhmmmmmm... Aahhhhhhh...”

Ling Li's cry is music to Four Eyes' ears... the scent of her sweat intoxicates him... it is like a pill that makes him hungrier for more... turning him worst than a hungry hyena... he has become a ferocious beast of his own; ravaging Ling Li in a savage pace.

“Aahhhhhhh... Chu Yan... Ling Li called as she kept her pace with Four Eyes.

Four Eyes knew Ling Li was about to come... “Tell me what you want...”

“Hhhmmmmmm... Chu Yan... Aahhhhhhhh...”

“Ling... Tell me what you want...” Four Eyes asked without slowing down.

“Chu Yan...

harder...

harder...”

Four Eyes happily complied and hardened his banging.

“Yes...

Yes...

Chu Yan...

Aaahhhhhh...

“I’m coming...” Ling Li cried.

Four Eyes steadied his pace until Ling Li was done.

Looking at Ling Li’s satisfied look... his mouth curved.

“Ugghhhhhh... “ Four Eyes groaned as the scent of Ling Li’s cum invaded his nostrils. And this almost drove him crazy. He once again pounced on Ling Li... as if he couldn’t be more satisfied, he flipped Ling Li over; she is now on all fours.

Four Eyes pounced on Ling Li from behind; he was banging her hard and fast... his speed was like a cheetah who was running after its prey, and no one could stop him.

Chapter 204: WHO IS IT AGAIN

\*\*\* WARNING \*\*\* R18 \*\*\*\*\* MATURE CONTENT \*\*\*\*\*

Despite continuously banging Ling Li, Four Eyes never forgot to rub Ling Li’s clit. He rubbed it hard and fast as his cock rammed from behind, his other hand groping one of her bosoms.

“Aaahhhhhh....”

“Ugghhhhhh...”

Both of them were groaning and moaning... exchanging their feelings and emotions in the moment of this heat...

It was like a symphony of great harmony filling the air.

“Chu Yan.....”

Ling Li cried.

“Coming, dear?” Four Eyes asked.

“Yes....”

“Let’s come together....” Four Eyes said, his one hand firmly held Ling Li’s hip while the other hand, using his finger, continuously rubbed Ling Li’s clit.

“Hhhmmmmmm..... Chu Yan, I’m coming...”

Finally, Four Eyes’ hard-core cock, who’s been crying to release, shot its every drop onto Ling Li’s womb.

“Ugghhhhhh... Ugghhhhhh... Ugghhhhhh...”

When he was done, and Ling Li seems to to satisfied ... Four Eyes flipped Ling Li once more. This time, Ling Li was sitting on top of him...

“Ling... Honey... Please pleasure me...” Four Eyes mumbled together with his puppy eyes, not forgetting to use both his hands to pleasure Ling Li’s bosoms in return.

Looking at his perfectly pitiful acting... Ling Li chuckled.

She started to rock herself... her p\*ssy sucking on his hard cock. It wanted to suck it dry.

Four Eyes groaned...

“Ugghhhhhh...”

His eyes are not leaving Ling Li. He is mesmerized by her ethereal appearance. Her long, silver hair sways with her as she moves, and her glowing skin shines under the moonlight.

Slowly picking up her pace...

until she was so fast....

so fast as if she were rocking on a rodeo...

Four Eyes breathing became heavy... he didn't want this moment to end. His hands were on Ling Li's hips.

“Ugghhhhhh...”

Ling Li's mouth curved in satisfaction as she saw the fruit of her labor. She could feel Four Eyes struggling with his might.

However, not long after, Four Eyes' hard cock surrendered...

It couldn't take it anymore....

and exploded like fireworks.

“Ugghhhhhh...

Ugghhhhhh....

Ugghhhhhh...”

Ling Li’s world had narrowed to him, the warmth of his skin, the way his touch sent tremors through her very soul. Every breath, every whisper, was a silent promise.

There was no hesitation.

No doubt.

Only him.

The night was thick with quiet contentment, the echoes of stolen breaths lingering in the air. The gentle hum of nature surrounded them, cradling the unbreakable bond forged between their souls.

But as their bodies settled into the calm of the evening, an abrupt shift shattered the serenity.

Four Eyes’ entire body convulsed.

“Ah!”

Heat pulsed through his veins as though molten fire had erupted from within, devouring his flesh. His breath hitched — ragged and shallow — and a sharp, involuntary gasp tore from his throat.

Ling Li's eyes widened, panic striking her heart like a blade. "Chu Yan! You're breaking through to the fifth level!"

Almost immediately, the heavens roared in fury. Dark clouds twisted violently above them, and thunder bellowed across the sky. Lightning crackled, splitting through the black abyss and illuminating the rage of the heavens themselves.

Ling Li didn't hesitate. She knew what was coming; there was no time to waste. Without a second thought, she carried Four Eyes from the warmth of their bed, his body trembling in her grasp, and flew into the night sky, streaking toward the middle of the forest. Otherwise, everyone in the house would suffer.

Ling Li barely had time to lay Four Eyes down before the first wave of the heavenly tribulation struck.

A monstrous bolt of lightning tore through the heavens and crashed down upon him, its force sending tremors through the ground. The energy was suffocating, thick with power beyond mortal comprehension.

Chu Yan's agonized scream clawed through the silence.

Ling Li gritted her teeth, her fingers curling into fists at her sides. She knew he could not escape this — no one could evade the wrath of the heavens when crossing into a higher realm. And yet, watching him writhe beneath such pain wrenched her heart. If she could take his suffering upon herself, she would do so in an instant. But interfering now would mean a backlash so severe it could cripple them both.

Another blinding strike of lightning split the heavens, crashing upon Chu Yan with unrelenting fury, the force shaking the earth beneath him. It was as if the gods themselves sought to erase his very existence.

Meanwhile, back at the house, Shi Min was jolted awake, his heartbeat hammering in his chest as the deafening roar of the heavens rattled the walls. The wooden beams trembled, the sheer force of the tribulation pressing down like an unseen weight upon the air itself.

He groaned, rubbing his temples, his mind still fogged with sleep. "Not again." His expression twisted into frustration as another blast of lightning split the sky.

'Damn it! Who is breaking through this time?! It can't be Mom again! Not again!'

Shi Min let out an exasperated sigh, running a hand down his face. 'Won't she end up double immortal at this rate?' The absurdity of the thought almost made him laugh — almost.

A moment of silence stretched between him and the raging storm outside.

“.....”

If Ling Li could hear his thoughts right now, she would have smacked the back of his head hard enough to shake the last remnants of sleep from his mind.

At the same time, at the guest house, El Padre and El Capitan stirred from bed, their movements slow but alert. Even they, seasoned and unshaken by most events, could feel the sheer intensity of the tribulation.

El Capitan frowned, turning to El Padre. “Did we miss something important?”

El Padre sighed, stretching slightly. “If we did, I doubt it's anything good.”

The walls continued to shudder under the weight of the storm, and for the second time in less than a week, an uneasy tension settled over the house.

From another room, Mushu and Pharsa — both deep in cultivation, were abruptly pulled from their trance. Mushu sucked in a breath, shaking off the disorientation, while Pharsa merely narrowed her eyes, assessing the disturbance.

“Who could it be?” Mushu muttered, straightening his posture.

Reginald, standing outside on night duty, turned toward them, his voice steady. “It's Master Chu Yan. I saw Madam fly out of the house with him.”

## Chapter 205: THE STAGES OF THUNDER LAW

Mushu's brows shot up. "That means he's hitting the fifth level." A mixture of admiration and self-deprecation filled his voice. He scoffed. "Master is too damn fast! At this rate, he'll catch up to me in a year." His tone was light, but his heart weighed heavy with frustration; he had been stuck at a bottleneck for five years now.

Pharsa crossed her arms, her lips curling into a knowing smirk. "It's not that surprising. Master is truly talented, but don't forget, he's sleeping with Madam. Madam holds an abundance of yang energy, far more than anyone else I've seen.

Shen Sei even said that Madam's aura is comparable to a heavenly emperor. And with Master's body naturally full of yin, most likely because of the black magic lingering in him, it would have been very difficult for him to level up. But Madam's presence alone is boosting his cultivation to ridiculous heights."

Mushu and Reginald simultaneously fell silent, their faces darkening, darker than a pot bottom.

They couldn't refute Pharsa's words.

But Pharsa's explanation only reminded them of one undeniable truth ... they were still pitiful, single dogs.

'I'm too pitiful... Too pitiful,' Both Reginald and Mushu's hearts were crying as they thought of the idea.

From another corner of the room, Leeroy stirred. Half-asleep, he caught their conversation and let out a lazy chuckle. "Then I guess Chatty should reach a higher level once he marries you, Pharsa!"

A moment of silence stretched between them.

Then — THWACK!

Pharsa's boot flew through the air and struck Leeroy squarely in the face.

"You!" Pharsa barked, flustered beyond reason.

Leeroy groaned, rubbing his cheek. "Damn it, woman! At least warn a man before attacking him in his sleep!"

But the teasing grin tugging at his lips betrayed his words.

The forest trembled beneath the fury of the heavens.

Lightning raged in the sky, illuminating the darkness with blinding flashes. Each bolt came down harder, faster, more relentless than the last, striking Four Eyes with merciless precision. The scent of burning flesh mixed with the raw energy crackling in the air, and the earth groaned under the pressure.

Ling Li stood motionless beside him, her sharp gaze locked onto the heavens, counting every strike, every wave of destruction. She had faced this countless times before; she knew the rhythm, the law of the tribulation.

Three Stages of the Thunder Law

The first — the 'Annihilation.' It tore apart the old body, stripping it down and forcing rebirth.

The second — the 'Purification.' It cleansed cultivation, purging dregs and imperfections, leaving only pure energy behind.

And the last — the most unforgiving of all — the 'Lightning Tribulation.' A trial meant to crush the weak, to strip away the unworthy.

Chu Yan had already survived the first two. But as Ling Li watched the sky churn, as she felt the heavens gathering their wrath, she knew what was coming — the final stage.

The two most devastating strikes were upon him.

Her heart pounded violently against her chest.

He wouldn't survive them.

Not like this.

Without hesitation, Ling Li stepped forward, placing herself between Four Eyes and the raging heavens. He barely had time to react before a thick, deafening wave of lightning cracked through the sky, descending upon them like divine judgment.

A blinding explosion.

The force surged through Ling Li's body, not as an attack but as an embrace. The raw, primal energy of the heavens did not wound her; instead, it flowed into her, merging with her immortal essence, weaving itself into her being like threads of celestial fire.

Her eyes gleamed, reflecting the storm above, as power rippled through her form, illuminating the very veins beneath her skin. The tribulation recognized her—not as a challenger but as one of its own, a force beyond mortality.

The second strike came — more furious, more commanding.

Ling Li didn't flinch.

Instead, she welcomed it.

The impact sent shockwaves through the ground, tearing apart the earth beneath her feet. Still, Ling Li stood unwavering, her body absorbing the pure divine might. The energy coursed through her, refining her strength and amplifying the boundless power already flowing through her veins.

She was not the heavens' enemy.

Ling Li was its vessel.

But Four Eyes, he was mortal. He was vulnerable.

As Four Eyes' tried to protest, his body violently rejected the celestial energy, a sharp cough wracking his frame as blood burst from his lips in thick, dark waves. His breath hitched, his vision swimming. The black magic within him rebelled against the divine force, convulsing in agony, unable to coexist with the heavens' wrath.

Ling Li's gaze sharpened, her heart tightening. She tightened her grip on him, shielding him—not from the lightning itself, but from the destruction it sought to bring upon him.

She would not let the heavens erase him.

Not while she stood between him and fate itself.

Four Eyes tried to push her away, tried to protest, but just as he opened his mouth, a violent cough tore through him, sending thick, dark blood spilling past his lips. His body trembled uncontrollably, the black magic within him reacting violently against the tribulation.

Ling Li's heart clenched.

The heavens despised black magic — always have, always will. It was an eyesore to their divine laws, a violation they sought to erase from existence. They wouldn't simply test him.

They would seek to destroy him.

Ling Li knew this. She had seen it before.

But she would not allow it.

As the final waves of lightning dissipated, leaving the air thick with charged energy, Ling Li tightened her hold on Four Eyes, steadying his shaking form.

His breathing was ragged. His skin burned, raw with wounds, but he was alive. Alive.

She had made sure of it.

Far away, Mushu and Pharsa stood outside the house, watching the distant sky, listening to the lingering echoes of the tribulation.

"Madam is truly awesome," Mushu muttered under his breath.

Pharsa crossed her arms. "She would rather face divine wrath than let him fall."

Mushu let out a deep breath, shaking his head. "If he survives this, he's going to owe her for eternity."

Pharsa smiled slightly, her voice quiet but firm. "I don't think she minds."