

## The Order 10391

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Ming Li said excitedly, "We waited for you in the wasteland for days and nights, exposed to 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, 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... a group of dragons suddenly rushed out?"

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

Looking at their disheveled appearance, Chen Ping felt a surge of warmth in his heart.

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

After a pause, Chen Ping added, "Come, let me introduce you."

He pointed to Long Hao, who was still bowing respectfully to the side. "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 simultaneously gasped, 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 him...

It took Ming Li a while to process this, barely managing to calm her shock.

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

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

Long Hao quickly waved his hand, a humble smile on his face: "No need for such formalities. 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 Chen Ping again, their eyes full of questions.

Chen Ping saw the confusion and shock in their eyes and gave a faint smile: "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, asking no further 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.” Chen Ping nodded slightly and took the lead, walking into the valley.

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Deep within Tianlong Valley, in an elegant courtyard.

Chen Wanqing had been recuperating here for three days.

The Dragon Clan’s healing pills were indeed as renowned as they claimed; their effects were incredibly miraculous.

After three days, her injuries had mostly healed, and her spiritual energy had recovered significantly.

She sat on a 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, a faint sadness and confusion, along with an undisguised hatred, lingered in her eyes.

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

The remorse in her father’s eyes before he died, his hand clenched tightly, using his last ounce of strength to urge her to find Chen Ping and apologize to him.

Those words, “I’m sorry, I was wrong,” still echoed in her ears, each word piercing her heart.

The elders’ resolute eyes as they fell, one by one—they had given their all to protect themselves and the Chen family, yet in the end, they all lay dead in pools of blood, their bodies never to be seen again.

And then there was Chen Ping, that figure who descended like a god, appearing suddenly in her most desperate and helpless moment, shielding her from all danger.

Would Chen Ping... avenge her?

Would he forgive the Chen family?

These two questions lingered in her mind, keeping her tossing and turning, unable to sleep.

Just then, she heard soft footsteps 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 door to the courtyard was gently pushed open, and Chen Ping walked in first.

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

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

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

Chen Ping walked up to her, stopped, and carefully looked her up and down. 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. She whispered, “Thank you, Chen Ping. If it weren’t for you, I’m afraid... I would be dead.”

Chen Ping 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.”

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

Chen Ping 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, agreeing to meet in the wasteland. However, they encountered some trouble on the way, delaying their journey, and 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 Chen Ping all the way, and thank you for coming to help."

Ming Li quickly waved his hand, a warm smile appearing on his face: "Miss Chen, there's no need for such formality. I am Mr. Chen's attendant. You and Mr. Chen are already cultivation partners, so by rights I should call you 'Mistress.'"

Ming Li's words made Chen Wanqing blush!

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

Now, being addressed this way 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 were seated, a brief silence fell over the courtyard, the atmosphere somewhat awkward.

Chen Ping put down his teacup, his gaze falling on Chen Wanqing. He saw 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."

Hearing Chen Ping'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 Chen Ping, a hint of determination in her eyes, and finally mustered her courage to speak: "Chen Ping, I... I have something I want to tell you, and I also want to... ask you for a favor."

"Go ahead," Chen Ping said, looking at her gently, 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 word "Temple," Chen Ping frowned slightly, his aura instantly turning colder, a glint of icy glint in his eyes.

Chen Wanqing didn't notice Chen Ping's change; she was 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 your time in the Chen family."

"He led the Temple elders and soldiers, surrounded the entire Chen family compound, and forced 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 severely to force me to reveal your whereabouts."

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

“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.”

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“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, to cover my escape. They all died in battle, their deaths gruesome, their bodies never recovered.

And the Chen family guards, over a hundred of them, not one retreated, not one surrendered. They all fought to the death, protecting the Chen family, and in the end, they all died.”

Chen Ping 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 Chen Ping so cold.

Chen Wanqing looked up, tears blurring her vision. She looked at Chen Ping, her eyes 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 gripped 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.”

After saying 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 say something to comfort Chen Wanqing, but the words caught in their throats, and they could only watch her silently, letting her weep.

Chen Ping watched her quietly, watching her sob 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, when he finally spoke slowly, “Miss Chen, do you hate me?”

Upon hearing these words, Chen Wanqing’s body trembled slightly, and her crying instantly stopped.

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

She shook her head violently, tears still streaming down her face. “I don’t hate... I don’t hate you. It’s my Chen family that wronged you. It was my father, the elders of my Chen family, who were too greedy.

They schemed against you, hurt you—it was all their fault, it had 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 surge of overwhelming hatred.

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Chen Ping 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.”

His tone was calm, devoid of any 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 this debt, never forgotten it.”

He paused, his gaze falling on Chen Wanqing. “But now, the Chen family is all dead. Chen Tiangang is dead, the six elders are dead, and hundreds of guards are dead.

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

Chen Wanqing was stunned. Her eyes widened as she stared at Chen Ping in disbelief.

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

“Chen Ping...”

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

Chen Ping waved his hand lightly, his tone calm yet resolute: "However, this debt between the Wu family and the Divine Temple cannot be settled so easily."

As he finished speaking, he slowly stood up, hands behind his back, his gaze fixed on 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, what they owe you—I will collect it all. Not one will escape, not one will be spared!"

Chen Wanqing looked up abruptly, her eyes filled with disbelief, tears instantly blurring her vision. "You...you must help me..." "Revenge?"

Chen Ping turned around, looked at her, and a faint smile appeared on his lips. "Miss Chen, you've traveled a long way, risking your life, to find me, isn't that what you're here for?"

"I, Chen Ping, am not a saint, but I will never stand idly by and watch my friends be bullied and their entire families 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, and tears welled up in her eyes again. This time, they were tears 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 "thump," she knelt before Chen Ping, her forehead pressed tightly to the ground.

“Chen Ping, I beg you... I beg you to help me get revenge!”

Her voice choked with emotion, carrying a hint of determination mixed with a desperate plea. “As long as I can get revenge, as long as they pay the price, I’ll do anything. Even if it means being a slave, even if it means giving my life, I’ll do it willingly!”

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“Get up quickly.”

Chen Ping immediately 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 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 resolute: “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 their actions, to comfort your father and the spirits of all the deceased members of the Chen family.”

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

Tears continued to stream down her face, but she could no longer utter a word.

Chen Ping turned around, his gaze falling on Ming Li and Liu Qianqian. His tone was calm, yet tinged with a hint of inquiry: “You two, will you come with me to Yunxian City to avenge Miss Chen, or 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. If I have the chance, I’ll teach them a lesson.” “How could I possibly miss it?”

“Besides, my life already belongs to Mr. Chen. You’re going to risk your life, how can I stay in such a safe place and reap the benefits?

No matter how dangerous it is, I’ll go with you, through fire and water, without hesitation!”

Liu Qianqian quickly stood up, nodded gently, a hint of determination in her eyes: “Young Master Chen, we’ll go with you.

No matter how dangerous this journey is, we won’t back down. We’ll stay by your side and help you deal with the Wu family and the Divine Temple.”

Chen Ping looked at the two of them, a faint smile appearing on his face, a hint of relief flashing in his eyes.

“Alright.”

Chen Ping nodded slightly, 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’re 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 I know 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.

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

Seeing the determination and resolve in her eyes, Chen Ping knew that further persuasion would be futile.

He nodded slightly, saying nothing more: “Alright. Then let’s set off for Yunxian City first thing tomorrow morning to avenge ourselves!”

“Okay!”

Chen Wanqing, Ming Li, and Liu Qianqian spoke simultaneously, their voices firm, their eyes filled with a mixture of 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.

The four of them gazed into the distance, towards Yunxian City, their eyes shining with unwavering resolve.

The next morning, the sky was just beginning to lighten.

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

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

Chen Ping 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.

His posture was as upright as 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 dominance.

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

Chen Wanqing wore a plain white dress today, her black hair simply tied up, a long sword at her waist.

The tear stains of yesterday were gone from her face, replaced by a long-suppressed hatred and resolute determination. Her eyes were cold and sharp, fixed intently 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 long black robe. The weariness and dishevelment of yesterday were gone from his face; instead, he appeared spirited.

Liu Qianqian wore a light blue dress. She was slender, beautiful, with bright eyes, and a calm aura.

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

But following beside Chen Ping, feeling the powerful and domineering aura surrounding him, they inexplicably felt a surge of confidence.

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

After walking for about an hour, the four had left the territory of Tianlong Valley and arrived at a desolate, uninhabited mountain forest.

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Ming Li couldn't help but step forward, approaching Chen Ping and cautiously asking in a low voice, "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. Their patriarch, Wu Lie, is a True Immortal Realm Level 1 expert, incredibly powerful.

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

"Moreover, the Divine Temple has a branch in Yunxian City, with three elders, all at the Upper Immortal Realm Ninth Rank, and over twenty Divine Temple soldiers..." "Their strength is not weak either."

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 strong enemies?"

Chen Ping didn't turn his head, maintaining his unhurried pace, his speed not slowing down at all. His tone was indifferent, yet carried a subtle hint of sarcasm and domineering arrogance: "Risk?"

A slight smile appeared on his lips, a smile tinged with confidence and contempt, as if the people from the Wu family and the Divine Temple were nothing more than ants in his eyes, utterly vulnerable.

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

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

If I weren't absolutely certain, I wouldn't have so easily agreed to help Miss Chen avenge her, much less have so easily 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 Chen Ping was always meticulous and composed; if he dared to say that, he must be absolutely certain.

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

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

"The Wu family is nothing more than a local aristocratic family. They rely on having a patriarch at the first level of the True Immortal Realm to act arrogantly and recklessly, looking down on everyone."

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

“As for the Upper Immortal Realm experts in the Wu family, most are only at the seventh or eighth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm, mediocre in strength, and easily defeated. Even those at the ninth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm are few and far between, no match for me at all.”

“As for the elders left by the Divine Temple in Yunxian City, the strongest...” “He’s only a ninth-grade Upper Immortal. Although his strength is somewhat greater than those experts from the Wu family, it’s only relative.”

Chen Ping paused, a cold glint flashing in his eyes: “Three days ago, you should have heard that outside Tianlong Valley, I killed three ninth-grade Upper Immortal demonic dragons within ten breaths.”

“Those three demonic dragons are the natural enemies of the dragon race, incredibly powerful, far surpassing ordinary ninth-grade Upper Immortal cultivators. They have thick hides, astonishing defense, and extremely powerful attacks.”

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

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

With Chen Ping there, they only needed to assist from behind.

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Yunxian City, the sky hung low.

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

The thick clouds seemed poised to crush the city walls, exuding a suffocating sense of desolation and death.

The aftershocks of the bloody battle three days prior had barely subsided when they reverberated like thunder throughout the entire cultivation world.

The Chen family, a thousand-year-old, deeply rooted clan, was slaughtered overnight, leaving no one alive.

Rumors spread like wildfire.

Some said the Chen family was reckless, harboring a wanted criminal from the Divine Temple, and thus incurred divine retribution;

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

Even more 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 residence was brightly decorated today.

Within the high, 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 jarring effect.

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 glimpse the depths of his eyes, they would discover a hidden fear and gloom that could not be concealed.

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

That figure descended like a god, those eyes so indifferent they viewed all living beings as ants, and those companions who usually held themselves high and mighty.

The images of being easily crushed like paper before that person... every frame sent chills down his spine, soaking his clothes in cold sweat at night.

He had escaped.

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He had only managed to return here, barely clinging to life, thanks to a life-saving teleportation talisman his father had obtained through a desperate plea.

But he knew better than anyone: that person wouldn't let him go. That person would definitely come.

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

Wu Lingyun snapped back to reality, forcing a smile that was more like a grimace. "Father, please forgive me... 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, if he dares to step into the Wu family's gates, 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 this 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 I told him, my father would only think I'd gone mad, spouting nonsense."

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

Wu Lie's face darkened. He waved his hand and said, "Go see who's causing this trouble!"

A guard obeyed the order and was about to turn around when...

"Boom!!!"

A deafening explosion suddenly shattered the atmosphere.

The vermilion gate, a symbol of the Wu family's prestige, three feet thick and engraved with countless defensive formations, exploded like fragile paper in an instant!

Wood chips flew everywhere, pebbles sprayed, and a violent shockwave, carrying dust and smoke, instantly engulfed the entire main hall.

Guests gasped in shock, wine cups 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, yet seemed to carry the weight of a towering mountain. Each step he took caused the hearts of all the cultivators present to involuntarily tighten.

His face was as cold as iron, his eyes as deep as abyss; wherever his gaze fell, the air seemed to freeze into frost.

Behind him followed a woman dressed in pristine white, and a young man and woman. It was Chen Ping and his group.

When Wu Lingyun recognized the face, he was struck dumb, his face turning deathly pale. His legs buckled, and he slumped into his chair.