

The Order 10531

Chapter: 10531

The Grand Elder and three other temple elders sat in the guest seats, flanked by the other side, instantly creating a tense atmosphere.

The Grand Elder cut to the chase, saying, "Chief Longyuan, when I came to discuss our alliance last time, you said you needed time to consider it. Several days have passed now; I wonder what your decision is?"

Longyuan picked up his teacup, took a sip of spiritual tea, lowered his gaze, and deliberately delayed his answer. Seeing this, the Grand Elder was displeased, but still patiently continued, "Chief, you and I both know perfectly well that Chen Ping possesses the bloodline of the Dragon Emperor, is the future of the Heavenly Dragon Clan, and the mortal enemy of your Demon Dragon Clan.

Now, he leads the Heavenly Dragon Clan to occupy Cloud Immortal City, and his power is growing daily. If he is not eliminated soon, he will become a major threat in the future, and your Demon Dragon Clan will be the first to suffer!"

He paused, then offered a heavy price: "My Temple is willing to put aside past grievances with the Demon Dragon Clan and join forces to kill Chen Ping.

Afterwards, all the territory and resources of Cloud Immortal City will belong to the Demon Dragon Clan, and the Dragon Emperor's bloodline and the Dragon Clan's treasures on Chen Ping will be at your disposal; my Temple will not take a single penny!

This condition is far more generous than last time, enough to demonstrate the sincerity of my Temple, isn't it?"

Upon hearing this, a hint of emotion flashed in Long Yuan's eyes.

Yunxian City is vast and rich in resources. If it could be incorporated into the Demon Dragon lineage's territory, the Demon Realm's power would undoubtedly expand significantly.

Furthermore, the Dragon Emperor's bloodline within Chen Ping is something he has long coveted. If he could refine the Dragon Emperor's bloodline, his strength would surely break through its bottleneck, reaching the second rank of True Immortal, or even higher.

These conditions are indeed extremely tempting.

But Long Yuan, being a shrewd and calculating man, remained outwardly calm, simply saying, "Elder, these conditions are indeed tempting, and I am quite interested myself.

However, I reiterate, this matter is of great importance and requires further consideration."

The Elder's brows furrowed instantly, his face darkening. "Chief, you still need to consider? My temple has already shown the utmost sincerity and offered the most generous terms. If you continue to make excuses like this, it would be incredibly tactless!"

Long Yuan shook his head, his tone calm yet firm: "Elder, I have seen the sincerity of your temple. But I also have my own difficulties.

Chen Ping has the support of the entire Heavenly Dragon Clan, with numerous True Immortal Realm experts within their ranks; their strength should not be underestimated.

While my Demon Dragon lineage is strong, we do not wish to waste our forces in vain, making pointless sacrifices. Without absolute certainty, I will not easily send troops."

Upon hearing this, the Elder's face turned completely cold.

He slowly stood up, hands behind his back, his gaze fixed on Long Yuan, his tone carrying an undisguised threat: "Chief Long Yuan, I have something to say, though I'm unsure if I should."

Long Yuan looked up at him, his expression calm: "Elder, please speak freely."

The Elder took a step forward, his golden divine power surging, his majestic voice echoing through the hall: "Chief, you should know better than anyone the current status of your Demon Dragon lineage!

You have betrayed the orthodox dragon race and pledged allegiance to..." "The demons, cultivating evil and demonic arts, have long been expelled from the dragon race, reduced to heretics and evil forces!"

"But my Divine Palace is the legitimate lineage of the Nine Heavens Divine Race, shouldering the heavy responsibility of guarding the Fourteen Heavens, eradicating demons, and maintaining peace throughout the world!

To put it bluntly, if my Divine Palace so desired, with a single command, we could gather the entire power of our race to, in the name of 'eradicating demons,' wipe out your Demon Dragon Palace and utterly annihilate your demon dragon lineage!"

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Upon hearing this, the atmosphere in the hall instantly froze.

The air seemed to stand still, golden divine power clashing with dark red demonic energy, producing a hissing sound.

The three True Immortal Realm elders behind the Grand Elder stood up simultaneously, their divine power surging, their gazes icy cold as knives, fixed on Long Yuan, ready to attack at the Grand Elder's command.

Long Yuan's face darkened completely, his previous composure vanishing, replaced by overwhelming rage.

He slowly rose to his feet, his dark red demonic energy surging wildly like a tsunami, the phantom of a ten-thousand-foot-long demonic dragon faintly appearing behind him, its roar shaking the heavens, its eyes flashing with chilling killing intent.

"Grand Elder! Are you threatening me?!"

Long Yuan's voice was like the scraping of ice, carrying boundless ferocity.

The Grand Elder sneered, unyielding: "A threat, that's all. Just a reminder to the leader to face reality! Your Demon Dragon lineage is no longer the ancient dragon race of yesteryear; you're nothing but a bunch of wretched demons clinging to life!

If you still dare to defy me, don't blame my temple for showing no mercy!"

"Fine! Fine, so-called orthodox divine lineage! Fine, so-called eradication of demons!"

Long Yuan laughed in fury, his demonic energy surging to its peak. The terrifying pressure of a True Immortal Realm First Grade swept through the entire hall. "Do you really think my Demon Dragon lineage is easily intimidated?! Today I'll see how your temple will raze my Demon Dragon Palace to the ground!"

In an instant, two terrifying auras collided violently within the hall. The void trembled, the demon dragon reliefs on the pillars emitted a series of hums, and the blood-red jade marrow on the ground cracked with fine lines. A great battle was imminent.

The Grand Elder's face was icy cold as he sternly demanded, "Long Yuan, I'll ask you one last time: will you agree to join forces against Chen Ping, or not?"

Long Yuan's eyes blazed with fury as he spoke each word with unwavering resolve: "I said I need to consider it! Unless the Divine Temple offers me a guarantee that satisfies me, I will absolutely not send troops!"

The Grand Elder's eyes flashed with murderous intent. He coldly snorted, "Since you remain obstinate, don't blame me for being ruthless. I'll use you as a scapegoat to deter the demons of the Demon Realm!"

Before his words even finished, the Grand Elder moved, golden divine power condensing into a divine blade several meters long, which he brought down upon Long Yuan!

Where the divine blade passed, the void distorted, demonic energy dissipated, and it carried the power to shatter everything, heading straight for Long Yuan's head!

“Attack!”

At the Grand Elder’s command, the three True Immortal Realm elders behind him attacked simultaneously. One summoned a golden divine shield, sealing off Long Yuan’s retreat;

One cast a spell, drawing upon divine lightning from the heavens, which thunderously crashed towards the main seat of the Demon Dragon Palace;

The third condensed a divine seal, striking directly at Long Yuan’s heart, each strike aimed to kill without mercy!

The combined power of four True Immortal Realm experts attacking simultaneously was terrifying!

The entire Demon Dragon Palace shook violently, demonic crystals from the dome fell, and the pillars cracked, as if it would collapse at any moment.

Long Yuan’s expression changed drastically. He hadn’t expected the people of the Divine Palace to attack so suddenly, without any restraint.

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He roared, and demonic dragon scales instantly covered his entire body. His hands formed a secret demonic dragon technique, and dark red demonic flames blazed fiercely: “Divine Palace brats, do you really think I’m afraid of you?!”

He unleashed a demonic dragon claw imprint, colliding violently with the Grand Elder’s divine blade!

“Boom!”

A deafening roar shook the heavens, divine power and demonic energy raged wildly, shockwaves sweeping in all directions.

Long Yuan was forced back three steps, a trickle of demonic blood spilling from the corner of his mouth, clearly at a disadvantage.

After all, he was fighting four against one, and his opponents were elites of the temple; even Long Yuan could not withstand it.

Seeing this, the Grand Elder's face revealed a hint of disdain: "Long Yuan, if you knew this would happen, why did you do it in the first place? Today I'll show you the consequences of provoking my temple!"

Just as the four were about to attack again to completely suppress Long Yuan, a lazy and indifferent voice suddenly came from behind the screen at the back of the hall, carrying a hint of impatience and a condescending mockery.

"What's all the noise about? Fighting on someone else's turf, can't you let a person rest in peace?"

The voice wasn't loud, but it clearly reached everyone's ears, instantly drowning out the roar and explosions within the hall.

Everyone froze, halting their actions and turning in astonishment to look towards the back of the hall.

Behind the screen, two figures emerged slowly, their steps unhurried and their demeanor relaxed.

The young man at the head, dressed in black, possessed handsome features and a faint smile playing on his lips. His eyes were indifferent, as if the fierce battle before him was nothing more than child's play.

It was Ning Zhi.

Beside him stood Su Yuqi, her purple robes flowing, her beauty aloof and captivating. She stood quietly beside Ning Zhi, her gaze calmly surveying the assembled figures of the temple, showing no fear.

Upon seeing Ning Zhi appear, Long Yuan's expression drastically changed. Startled, he quickly suppressed his demonic energy and forcibly calmed the surging blood within him.

He then quickly stepped forward, bowed deeply, his posture even more humble than before: "Senior! This subordinate is incompetent, allowing these people to disturb your rest. This junior deserves to die a thousand deaths, please punish me, Senior!"

He was both frightened and terrified, fearing that Ning Zhi would be angered by the disturbance, the consequences of which would be unimaginable.

Ning Zhi waved his hand, signaling him to rise, his gaze slowly falling on the Grand Elder, scrutinizing him from head to toe, a hint of amusement flashing in his eyes: "You are the Grand Elder of the Temple? The leader of this group of gods?"

The Grand Elder frowned, his heart filled with doubt and uncertainty.

This young man before him looked no more than twenty years old, with no trace of divine power emanating from him. Why was Long Yuan so respectful to him?

Even with deep reverence?

Could this young man be some reclusive old monster?

But no matter how he probed, he couldn't see through Ning Zhi's depths, and could only regard him as an ordinary junior.

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He immediately snorted coldly, his expression arrogant, his tone condescending: "It is indeed !! Who are you? Just a nobody, daring to interrupt while my temple is conducting business? Get out of the way immediately, or don't blame me for dealing with you too!"

In his view, Ning Zhi was merely a guest advisor invited by Long Yuan; even if he possessed some strength, he was no match for the four True Immortal Realm experts of the temple.

Upon hearing this, Ning Zhi not only wasn't angry, but instead laughed, casually walking to the center of the hall and finding a spot to stand.

Then, speaking calmly, he said, "I heard you clearly from behind. Your temple is going to cooperate with the Demon Dragon lineage to deal with that guy named Chen Ping? And you keep talking about being the legitimate successor of the Divine Race, shouldering heavy responsibilities, and maintaining the stability of the Fourteenth Heaven?"

He shook his head, his tone filled with undisguised sarcasm: "Tsk tsk tsk, those words sound so high-sounding, I almost believed them myself."

The Grand Elder's face darkened, and he shouted sharply, "You brat! What do you know? My temple acts with absolute integrity. How dare you spout nonsense and slander the dignity of the Divine Race? Shut up immediately, or I will tear you to pieces!"

The three True Immortal Realm elders behind him also stepped forward simultaneously, their divine power surging, their eyes fiercely fixed on Ning Zhi. They would immediately kill him if the Grand Elder gave the order.

Upon seeing this, Long Yuan's expression changed drastically. He immediately stepped in front of Ning Zhi, his demonic energy surging once more as he glared at the Grand Elder: "Grand Elder! How dare you be so insolent!"

This senior is a distinguished guest of our Demon Dragon Palace. If you dare to be disrespectful to him, you will be making an enemy of the entire Demon Dragon lineage!"

The Grand Elder scoffed, his face full of disdain: "Distinguished guest? He's just a greenhorn, how dare he call himself a distinguished guest of the Demon Dragon Palace?"

Long Yuan, I think you've lived for tens of thousands of years, and you're getting more and more confused. To treat a junior like an honored guest is utterly laughable!"

Long Yuan was furious and about to attack, but Ning Zhi gently raised his hand to stop him.

Ning Zhi patted Long Yuan on the shoulder, his tone calm and confident: “No need to get angry. They’re just a bunch of clowns. It’s not worth getting upset with them. Leave it to me.”

Long Yuan was taken aback. Looking at Ning Zhi’s composed expression, he felt inexplicably at ease. He immediately nodded, respectfully stepping aside without saying a word.

Ning Zhi slowly stepped forward, his gaze falling on the Grand Elder. The smile on his face slowly faded, replaced by a cold indifference: “You just said I have no right to speak here? And that I’m just an unknown junior, courting death?”

The Grand Elder puffed out his chest, arrogantly saying: “What? Did I say something wrong? You, a junior who hasn’t even stepped into the True Immortal Realm, don’t even have the right to speak before me!

Before the four True Immortal Realm experts of my Divine Palace, you are no different from an ant. If you dare to spout such nonsense again, you will surely die!”

Ning Zhi suddenly laughed.

The smile was gentle and calm, but in the eyes of the Grand Elder, it sent a chill down his spine, as if he were being watched by some primordial beast.

“Grand Elder, do you know?”

Ning Zhi’s tone was slow and deliberate, each word distinct, “What I hate most in my life are people like you who claim to be the legitimate successors of the divine race, high and mighty, self-righteous and arrogant.”

The moment his words fell, Ning Zhi’s aura suddenly changed.

There was no earth-shattering roar, no dazzling light, but a terrifying pressure originating from the depths of their souls, like an ancient abyss, silently spread out, instantly enveloping the entire Demon Dragon Palace!

The Grand Elder and the three other temple elders' expressions changed drastically. They felt their bodies stiffen, their souls tremble, as if all the power in the world had been stripped away, leaving them without even the strength to lift a hand.

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"You...who exactly are you?!"

The Grand Elder's voice trembled, and fear appeared in his eyes for the first time.

Ning Zhi didn't answer, but slowly raised his right hand.

His movement was slow and effortless, as if he were merely brushing dust from his sleeve.

But as he raised his hand, the void instantly froze. The dark red demonic energy and golden divine power obediently submitted, daring not to make the slightest move.

"Arrogant brat! Do you really think we're afraid of you?"

A True Immortal Realm elder from the Divine Temple roared in shock and fury, unleashing all his divine power to condense a golden divine fist, which he slammed towards Ning Zhi!

The divine fist tore through the air with boundless power, enough to shatter a mountain!

A hint of disdain flashed in Ning Zhi's eyes as he flicked his finger lightly.

A barely perceptible black energy burst forth, colliding violently with the divine fist.

"Pfft—!"

With a soft sound, the elder's all-out divine fist shattered instantly, the black energy continuing its momentum, piercing straight through his dantian!

"Ah—!"

The elder let out a piercing scream. His dantian shattered, his cultivation completely destroyed. He flew backward like a kite with a broken string, crashing heavily into a hall pillar before losing consciousness.

One move!

Just one move, and a True Immortal Realm elder was crippled!

The remaining Grand Elder and two other temple elders were terrified. Their arrogance vanished, replaced by utter fear.

"Attack together! Kill him!"

The Grand Elder roared, holding nothing back. He poured out thousands of years of cultivation, condensing a golden divine sword, its blade shimmering with divine runes, its power boundless, and slashed towards Ning Zhi!

The other two elders simultaneously unleashed their natal magic weapons, attacking Ning Zhi from the left and right!

The simultaneous attack of three True Immortal Realm magic weapons was terrifying beyond measure. The entire Demon Dragon Palace began to collapse, the dome crumbling, and debris flying everywhere.

Long Yuan's face turned deathly pale. He instinctively wanted to retreat, but dared not leave Ning Zhi's side, and could only force himself to stand still.

Faced with the three's desperate attack, Ning Zhi remained indifferent, showing no sign of panic.

He lightly stepped forward, his figure flashing like a ghost, easily dodging their attacks.

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“Too slow, too weak.”

Ning Zhi shook his head slightly, his tone full of disdain. “True Immortal Realm, in your hands, it’s a waste of such cultivation.”

As he finished speaking, Ning Zhi lightly clenched his right hand.

In the void, countless black flames appeared out of thin air. The flames were as black as ink, devoid of any temperature, yet capable of burning away all divine souls and spiritual power—the ultimate fire of the Flame Demon!

The black flames condensed into three fire whips, like serpents, lashing out at the three temple elders with lightning speed!

“Divine Shield!”

The First Elder, terrified, hastily summoned his natal divine shield to protect himself.

The other two elders also desperately activated their magical treasures for defense, but before the intense fire, all their shields and treasures were like paper, instantly incinerated without a trace.

“Pfft! Pfft!”

With two muffled thuds, the remaining two True Immortal Realm elders were engulfed by the black flames, their shrill screams echoing throughout the hall. In an instant, they were reduced to ashes, their souls and spirits annihilated.

The First Elder, relying on his profound cultivation, barely managed to hold out for a moment, but the black flames had already ensnared his arms, frantically burning his divine bones and soul.

“No...impossible! What kind of monster are you?!”

The Grand Elder’s face was contorted with rage, his eyes filled with despair and resentment. “I am the Grand Elder of the Temple, a True Immortal Realm expert! You cannot kill me! The Temple Master will not let you go!”

Ning Zhi slowly walked up to him, looking down at him with a detached, godlike gaze.

“Can’t kill you?”

Ning Zhi chuckled lightly, his tone icy. “Before me, let alone a mere Grand Elder of the Temple, even if your Temple Master himself came, he wouldn’t dare to be so insolent.”

He lightly raised his hand, a flick of black fire shooting from his fingertip, striking the Grand Elder directly between the eyebrows.

“Ah!”

The Grand Elder let out a final, piercing scream as his body was instantly engulfed by the black fire, turning to ashes and dissipating into the air without leaving a trace.

From the moment Ning Zhi attacked until the end, only a dozen or so breaths had passed.

Of the four True Immortal Realm experts from the Temple, one was crippled and three were dead—the entire force was wiped out!

The main hall was a scene of utter devastation, rubble strewn everywhere. Divine and demonic energy mingled and dissipated, leaving only an endless, deathly silence.

Long Yuan stood frozen, completely dumbfounded. He stared wide-eyed at Ning Zhi as if looking at an invincible ancient god, his heart filled with utter shock and terror.

A True Immortal Realm expert, so utterly vulnerable before this senior!

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He had been worried about offending the Divine Temple, but now he understood that before this mysterious senior, the so-called Divine Temple, the so-called True Immortal Realm, were nothing more than ants that could be easily crushed!

The thought of his previous slight disrespect towards this senior sent chills down Long Yuan's spine, a wave of indescribable fear washing over him.

If, when he had spoken disrespectfully, the senior had harbored murderous intent, he would likely be dead without a burial place.

Su Yuqi stood beside Ning Zhi, her beautiful eyes utterly unmoved, as if the carnage before her was nothing more than commonplace.

She was already used to Ning Zhi's arrogance, but even so, he remained polite to her, his senior sister.

Because Su Yuqi's strength far surpassed Ning Zhi's.

Ning Zhi, being dishonest, slapped her twice.

Ning Zhi slowly withdrew the Netherworld Black Flame, dusted off non-existent dust from his hands, his expression indifferent, as if he had merely done a trivial matter.

He turned to the stunned Long Yuan, his tone flat: "What? You're afraid after killing a few people from the Divine Palace?"

Long Yuan snapped back to reality, swallowed hard, and bowed hastily, his voice trembling: "Senior... Senior, this junior isn't afraid, it's just... I just didn't expect Senior's strength to be so overwhelming!"

But the Divine Palace is powerful, and its master's divine abilities are at the peak of the second rank of True Immortal Realm, allowing him to act with impunity in the Fourteenth Heaven. Now that four True

Immortal Realm elders have died in my Demon Dragon Palace, he certainly won't..." "If you let this go, you'll definitely lead the temple's army to seek revenge. Then..."

Ning Zhi interrupted him calmly, his tone brimming with disdain and domineering: "Then let him come looking for me."

He raised his eyes to gaze beyond the nine heavens, his gaze indifferent: "A mere temple, a bunch of arrogant ants of the divine race relying on their ancestors' legacy, are they worth your fear?"

Killing them is nothing, just crushing a few vermin. What's there to worry about?"

Long Yuan was utterly speechless.

A True Immortal Realm expert, in this senior's words, was merely an ant, a vermin?

This was top-tier combat power of the fourteenth heaven!

But seeing Ning Zhi's composed expression, he dared not utter a word of rebuttal, only nodding repeatedly, "Yes, yes, yes! Senior is right! A bunch of ants, nothing to fear!"

Ning Zhi stopped looking at him, his gaze fixed on the direction of Yunxian City, a cold glint flashing in his deep eyes: "You said before that Chen Ping was in Yunxian City, just temporarily concealing his whereabouts?"

Long Yuan quickly composed himself and respectfully replied, "Yes! Senior! The scouts report that Chen Ping has indeed not left Yunxian City, but he has used some secret method to hide his aura, making him impossible to detect. But it is certain..." "He must still be in the city!"

Ning Zhi nodded slowly, a meaningful smile playing on his lips. "Good. Continue to investigate. Report back immediately once you have accurate information about him."

This time, I will personally go to Yunxian City to meet Chen Ping, the man who has shaken the entire Fourteen Heavens.”

Although Long Yuan was extremely puzzled, not understanding why his senior was so persistent about Chen Ping, he dared not ask a single question, only respectfully replying, “Yes! This junior obeys! I will find Chen Ping’s whereabouts as quickly as possible!”

Ning Zhi said no more, and, with Su Yuqi in tow, turned and walked towards the inner hall.

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After taking a few steps, he suddenly stopped, turned back to Long Yuan, and calmly ordered, “By the way, have someone clean up this mess inside the hall, and those temple scum outside. Don’t let them dirty my place; they’re an eyesore.”

“Yes! Don’t worry, Senior! This junior will arrange it immediately and guarantee it will be spotless!”

Long Yuan quickly bowed and replied, only daring to straighten up after Ning Zhi and Su Yuqi’s figures disappeared through the back hall’s entrance.

He looked at the mess and ashes inside the hall, then glanced in the direction Ning Zhi had left, and let out a long sigh.

Just who is this mysterious and unpredictable senior?

His strength is boundless, killing people like chickens, yet he cares so much about Chen Ping.

Long Yuan shook his head, not daring to think further, and immediately beckoned his subordinates to clean up the hall and deal with the temple elites outside.

He knew in his heart that with the fall of the four True Immortal Realm elders of the Divine Temple, a storm sweeping across the entire Fourteenth Heaven was about to arrive.

And at the eye of this storm was the mysterious young man in black before him, and Chen Ping, far away in Cloud Immortal City.

In the quiet courtyard of the rear hall.

Su Yuqi followed Ning Zhi, gazing at the blooming spiritual flowers in the courtyard. After a long silence, she finally couldn't help but speak softly, "Junior Brother, is the Chen Ping you're so determined to find really the one we know?"

Ning Zhi stopped, looked up at the sky, and a deep, mysterious smile appeared on his lips.

He didn't answer directly, but spoke softly, his tone carrying a hint of expectation and a touch of coldness.

"Senior Sister, no need to rush."

"Once we reach Cloud Immortal City, you'll soon know everything."

Su Yuqi looked at Ning Zhi's profile, a complex emotion flashing in her beautiful eyes.

The main hall of the Divine Temple, Lingxiao Palace.

Thirty-six ancient star beads hung high in the dome, revolving day and night, illuminating the entire hall in a golden splendor. The floor was paved with a single piece of Heavenly River Divine Jade, its surface so smooth it reflected light, every inch exuding supreme majesty.

This was the core of the temple's power, a sacred place revered by cultivators from all realms. Normally, the hall was always orderly and solemn, but today, it was shrouded in an oppressive, deathly silence.

Shen Tong sat enthroned on the main throne of the Lingxiao Hall.

He wore a black robe trimmed with gold, the hem embroidered with patterns of divine clouds from the nine heavens and the worship of countless beasts. He wore a purple-gold crown, his face usually dignified and solemn, possessing an air of looking down upon all living beings.

But at this moment, his usually calm face was as somber as the sky before a storm, dark clouds gathering, as if a world-destroying thunderbolt would descend at any moment.

His fingers tightened slightly, his palm clutching a life tablet that had just shattered completely.

The life tablet, crafted from ancient spirit wood, was a symbol of an elder's status and life. Originally, it bore three powerful, ancient characters, exuding boundless majesty—"Grand Elder."

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But now, the life tablet, which had carried the life force of a True Immortal Realm First-Rank expert, was shattered into pieces. Cracks spread like a spiderweb, and the once warm spiritual light had completely dissipated, leaving only a deathly gray.

This meant that the tablet's owner had been utterly destroyed, his soul scattered, his body and soul annihilated, leaving not even a trace of his spirit behind.

The hall was deathly silent.

A dozen or so cultivators dressed in elder robes stood with their heads bowed, lined up on either side, breathing extremely softly, each one as silent as a cicada in winter, not daring to even breathe loudly.

They were all high-ranking figures in the temple, usually ruling their respective regions and wielding great influence. Yet, under the oppressive rage of Shen Tong, they didn't even have the courage to look him in the eye.

Everyone knew the Grand Elder's position in the temple.

He was not only one of the temple's pillars, but also Shen Tong's most trusted and relied-upon confidant. He had followed Shen Tong for thousands of years, risking his life in countless battles, utterly loyal, and had handled numerous thorny problems. He was one of the temple's true pillars of stability.

Now that the Grand Elder's life tablet was shattered, it was tantamount to severing one of Shen Tong's arms. The temple master's wrath was enough to incinerate everything.

In this suffocatingly silent moment,

"Report!"

A shrill and urgent cry came from outside the Lingxiao Palace.

The voice was sharp and trembling, carrying undisguised fear, shattering the silence of the hall.

The next moment, a cultivator dressed in the robes of an inner disciple of the temple stumbled into the hall. His clothes were disheveled, his hair was askew, and his face was covered in cold sweat and panic.

He rushed into the hall, his legs buckled, and he knelt heavily on one knee, his forehead almost touching the cold jade floor.

"Reporting...Reporting to the Temple Master!"

The disciple's teeth chattered, his voice trembling uncontrollably, each word seemingly squeezed from his throat, "The fifty elite soldiers sent to the Demon Dragon Palace...all...all wiped out! Not a single one survived! Not one returned!"

"What?!"

A shout filled with shock and anger suddenly rang out.

The red-faced elder at the head of the left side abruptly stood up, his spiritual energy surging violently, his wide divine robes billowing without wind.

His eyes widened, filled with disbelief, the redness on his face instantly vanishing, leaving only shock and panic.

“Fifty elites? Those were the most carefully selected experts from our temple, each with a cultivation level of at least the eighth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm!”

The red-faced elder stepped forward, his voice trembling. “Where are the Grand Elder and the others? Where is the Grand Elder?! Wasn’t he personally leading the team to put pressure on the Demon Dragon Palace? How could he have ended up like this?!”

The kneeling disciple trembled violently, his body almost collapsing to the ground, his forehead pressed tightly against the earth. He replied in a trembling voice, “Reporting to...reporting to the red-faced elder...not only the Grand Elder...but also the three True Immortal Realm elders who accompanied him...their life tablets...just now, they were all shattered in the Life Tablet Hall!

Not a single ray of light remained...they...they have...completely perished!”

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“Boom!”

It was as if a thunderclap exploded in the hall.

The once deathly silent Lingxiao Palace instantly erupted into chaos!

“Impossible! This is absolutely impossible!”

A tall, thin elder exclaimed in shock, his face ashen. “The Grand Elder is a peak True Immortal Realm First Grade cultivator, with a profound foundation and vast supernatural powers. That Demon Dragon Palace Master, Long Yuan, is only a True Immortal Realm First Grade cultivator. Their realms are similar, but their strengths are worlds apart. How could he possibly kill the Grand Elder?!”

“Could it be...could it be that there are still hidden old monsters in the Demon Dragon lineage that haven’t yet emerged?”

Another elder, his face aged, frowned, his voice tinged with doubt. “...or...” “So...it was the Demon Clan who made the move?! Rumors say the Demon Dragon lineage has long colluded with the Demon Clan. Could it be that this time, a powerful Demon Clan member launched a sneak attack?”

“This is outrageous! Absolutely outrageous!”

“The Demon Dragon lineage is nothing but a small, isolated heretical sect, yet they dare to openly kill an elder of our temple and slaughter our temple’s elite! If this grudge isn’t avenged, what face will our temple have left? From now on, who in all the realms will still respect our temple!”

Angry discussions rose and fell, all the elders’ faces filled with shock, rage, and killing intent.

The Grand Elder held immense prestige within the temple. Though strict, he was impartial and selfless, deeply respected by all the elders and disciples.

Now, his tragic death in the Demon Dragon Palace, along with three True Immortal Realm elders and fifty elite warriors, was not only a devastating loss for the temple but also an unbearable disgrace.

An elder with a sinister face and eyes as sharp as a hawk suddenly stood up, strode into the hall, and bowed respectfully to the Divine Power.

Then, a powerful voice, filled with resolute killing intent, declared: “Palace Master! The Demon Dragon lineage harbors wolfish ambitions, attacking our Temple and killing our elders! This enmity is irreconcilable! I request permission to immediately lead the Temple’s army to raze the Demon Dragon Palace to the ground, leaving no one alive, to avenge our Grand Elder!”

“I also request permission! I am willing to join Elder Yin Zhi on this expedition, and we will not rest until the Demon Dragon is destroyed!”

“And me! When has our Temple ever suffered such humiliation! Please give the order, Palace Master! We are willing to be the vanguard, to tear Long Yuan to pieces!”

Instantly, the hall was filled with righteous indignation.

More than ten elders stepped forward, bowing and volunteering for battle, their eyes bloodshot, brimming with undisguised killing intent.

Rage burned in their chests; they wished they could immediately storm out of the Lingxiao Palace and raze the Demon Dragon Palace to the ground.

Shen Tong remained seated in the main seat, silent.

His eyes were lowered, his gaze fixed on the shattered fragments of his life tablet in his palm.

The rage in his eyes, like a volcano dormant for millennia, was about to erupt, threatening to consume his reason.

The Grand Elder had followed him for millennia.

From the time he was just an ordinary cultivator, the Grand Elder had remained loyal, assisting him all the way to the position of Palace Master, clearing obstacles, stabilizing the temple, and handling countless sect affairs—his most trusted right-hand man.