

A Man Like None Other Novel Chapter 5886

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Beside him, Yan Lie lowered his head, a cold glint in his eyes.

He secretly crushed a communication talisman—the talisman wasn't meant for the Earth Fire Pavilion, but rather... the Evil Path Hall!

The talisman contained only a brief message: "Target: David, possessing the bloodline of the Golden Dragon, recently engaged in fierce battle with the Flame Dragon, possibly injured. Currently located thirty miles north of the Crimson Flame Canyon."

Having done all this, he raised his head, his face regaining its grateful expression: "Fellow Daoist Chen, thank you so much for this. Upon returning to the Earth Fire Pavilion, I will certainly inform my father and request a reward for you!"

Huo Ling'er added, "Yes! I will ask Father to reward you handsomely!"

David looked at them and smiled faintly: "Then thank you in advance. However, the most urgent matter is to leave this place as soon as possible. Although the Flame Dragon was intimidated, it's hard to guarantee it won't pursue us."

"Fellow Daoist Chen is right," Elder Yan Xin nodded, "Set off immediately and return to Crimson Flame City!"

The group set off again, but the atmosphere was completely different.

When David arrived, he was merely a marginalized mercenary guard, used as cannon fodder.

Now, he was everyone's savior, a distinguished guest of the Earthfire Pavilion.

Huo Ling'er followed him almost constantly, showering him with concern, her eyes revealing undisguised affection.

Yan Lie appeared respectful, but his heart burned with murderous intent.

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord remained vigilant, warning David to be careful.

David himself, while recovering, pondered his next move.

The Golden Dragon bloodline had been exposed, though only Yan Lie and Huo Ling'er had seen it for the time being, but Yan Lie... was untrustworthy.

The Evil Path Hall's pursuit was relentless; he needed to improve his strength as soon as possible.

The clues to the Earth Core Jade Marrow Milk still needed to be obtained from the Earthfire Pavilion...

The convoy sped towards the edge of the canyon.

Behind them, deep within the Crimson Flame Canyon, in the lava lake, the Flame Dragon slowly opened its eyes, a hint of confusion flashing in its pupils, then turning into deep awe.

It let out a low roar, its voice carrying a hint of... submission?

Meanwhile, in the shadows on the outskirts of Crimson Flame Canyon, several figures in black robes quietly emerged.

The leader was none other than Elder Blood Soul of the Evil Path Hall.

His crimson eyes gazed in the direction the caravan had departed, a cruel smile curving his lips: "Golden Dragon Bloodline... truly an unexpected delight. Bone Demon, is the formation set up?"

Beside him, a strange figure covered in pale bone spurs chuckled, "Elder, rest assured, the Myriad Ghosts Devouring Soul Formation has been set up. Once they step into the 'Dragon Burial Ravine' on the outskirts of the canyon, they'll be trapped!"

"Very good."

Elder Blood Soul licked his lips. "Notify everyone to prepare to close the net. This time, I, the elder, will personally extract his Golden Dragon Bloodline... that's a great tonic..."

A killing intent, like an invisible net, quietly tightened.

...

After David and his caravan left Crimson Flame Canyon for a hundred miles, they entered a treacherous mountain ravine called "Dragon Burial Ravine."

The terrain here is unique, with towering, dark red cliffs rising hundreds of feet on either side. These cliffs are riddled with honeycomb-like holes, said to be the site of a dragon's demise, its blood staining the cliffs for millennia, hence the name "Dragon Burial Ravine."

The ravine was traversed by only a narrow passage, no more than three zhang wide, winding and dimly lit. A faint, decaying stench permeated the air, a stark contrast to the vibrant life of other parts of the Flame Domain.

“Speed up, get through the Burial Dragon Ravine as quickly as possible,” Elder Yan Xin ordered in a low voice, his face still pale despite taking healing pills.

“The Yin energy here is extremely heavy; we shouldn’t linger.”

Upon hearing this, the disciples of the Earth Fire Pavilion urged their Crimson Flame Beasts to increase their speed.

David and the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord continued to fly along the sides of the convoy, vigilantly observing their surroundings.

Since leaving the canyon, David had had a premonition of something ominous.

It was too quiet.

Although the Burial Dragon Ravine was known for its Yin energy, a small number of ferocious beasts adapted to this environment would usually roam.

But now, apart from the rolling wheels and the thuds of the Crimson Flame Beasts, the surroundings were deathly silent; not even the wind could be heard.

“Something’s not right,”

the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord transmitted his voice. “The yin energy here is too heavy; even my demonic arts are becoming restless.”

David nodded, his chaotic immortal power quietly circulating within his body, expanding his perception to its maximum range.

He could sense faint life force emanating from the holes in the cliffs on both sides, but that force was cold and obscure, unlike that of wild beasts; it was more like... cultivators practicing evil arts!

“There’s an ambush,”

David suddenly transmitted his voice to everyone. “Prepare for battle!”

Almost at the same time as he transmitted his voice—

“Hehehe... You reacted quickly, but too late!”

A sinister, sharp laugh came from all directions, echoing through the mountain stream, its exact direction unclear.

Immediately afterward, countless ghastly green lights suddenly shone from the honeycomb-like holes in the cliffs on both sides!

Each light was a pair of eyes!

Hundreds upon hundreds of black-robed figures leaped out of the holes, like locusts swarming across the landscape, instantly covering the cliffs on both sides of the mountain stream.

They were all dressed in the distinctive black robes of the Evil Path Hall, their faces adorned with demonic masks, and wielding various bizarre and malevolent weapons.

Even more terrifying, the instant these black-robed figures appeared, countless ghastly green runes simultaneously lit up the ground, cliffs, and air above the entire Burial Dragon Ravine!

The runes intertwined, forming a massive array covering the entire ravine!

“Ten Thousand Ghosts Devouring Soul Array, activate!”

the eerie voice from before rang out again. Two ghastly green light curtains, each ten feet high, rose simultaneously at the entrance and exit of the ravine, completely sealing off the entire Burial Dragon Ravine!

The array activated, and countless translucent vengeful spirits crawled out from the runes, emitting shrill screams as they wandered within the array.

A chilling wind howled, and the temperature plummeted; despite being a fiery region, it felt as if one had fallen into an icy abyss!

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“The Evil Path Hall!”

Elder Yan Xin’s expression changed drastically. “How did you know our whereabouts?!”

“Hahaha, old man Yan Xin, you should ask Yama about that!”

At the highest point of the cliff, a blood-red figure slowly emerged.

It was Elder Blood Soul of the Evil Path Hall!

He was shrouded in blood-red mist, his scarlet eyes like two ghostly lamps, staring intently at David in the convoy.

“You are David?”

Elder Blood Soul licked his lips, his eyes filled with greed. “Golden Dragon Bloodline... truly a treasure bestowed by heaven. Today, this elder is determined to have it!”

Before he finished speaking, he waved his hand: “Kill! Leave no one alive! David must be alive!”

“Kill—!”

Thousands of Evil Path Hall cultivators roared in unison, their voices like the wails of ten thousand ghosts, shaking the mountain stream.

They plunged down the cliffs on both sides like a tidal wave, while the vengeful spirits and ghosts within the formation howled and lunged at the convoy!

“Form a defensive formation!”

Elder Yan Xin, though severely injured, remained calm in the face of danger, forcefully summoning his immortal power and slamming his cane heavily on the ground: “Earth Fire Profound Gang Formation!”

The dozen or so surviving Earth Fire Pavilion disciples quickly formed a formation, and a crimson light shield rose again, protecting the three carriages within.

However, this time the light shield was noticeably dimmer—having experienced the continuous attacks of the Flame Dragon and the elder’s severe injury, the Earth Fire Pavilion disciples had exhausted their immortal power and were in extremely poor condition.

David, the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord, and the few remaining guards protected the outer perimeter of the formation, facing the first wave of attack from the Evil Path Hall.

“Heh heh, ants dare to block the way?”

Three seventh-grade Heavenly Immortal level Evil Path Hall deacons were the first to arrive, one wielding a bone staff, one holding a blood blade, and one controlling a ghost banner, attacking David from three directions.

With a swing of the bone staff, thousands of bone spikes rained down like a torrential downpour;

the blood-red blade slashed, tearing through the air with crimson light;

the ghost banner waved, and dozens of fierce ghosts lunged forward, baring their fangs and claws.

David's eyes turned cold, and the Dragon-Slaying Sword was finally drawn!

"Clang—!"

A clear sword cry echoed through the mountain stream, and a hazy, chaotic sword aura soared into the sky.

One sword, and chaos was cleaved!

The gray sword aura swept across, shattering bone spikes,

shattering blood-red blades, and vanishing fierce ghosts wherever it passed! Three deacons of the Evil Path Hall screamed and staggered back, the one wielding the bone staff being grazed on the shoulder by the sword aura, his entire arm severed at the root, blood gushing out!

"A fine sword!"

Elder Blood Soul's eyes lit up, "This sword must also belong to this elder!"

He made his move personally!

Elder Blood Soul's figure blurred, transforming into a blood-red afterimage, instantly traversing a hundred-foot distance, a blood-red hand materializing out of thin air, carrying overwhelming bloodthirsty aura, grabbing towards David!

A full-force attack from the peak of the eighth rank of the Heavenly Immortal Realm!

David dared not be careless, unleashing the full power of his Dragon-Slaying Sword. The gray sword energy collided with the blood-red hand.

"Boom—!"

A terrifying energy shockwave erupted, sending several Evil Path Hall cultivators flying backward, coughing up blood.

David retreated seven steps, a sweet taste rising in his throat, forcing him to swallow back the blood that surged up.

Elder Blood Soul also retreated three steps, a look of surprise flashing in his eyes: "Good lad, you can still withstand an attack from this elder while injured? It seems the defeat of Black Wind Valley was indeed not accidental."

"However, this ends here!"

"Boundless Blood Sea, Ten Thousand Ghosts Pay Homage!"

Elder Blood Soul formed hand seals, his body enveloped in a raging blood mist, transforming into a crimson ocean that dyed half the mountain stream scarlet.

Within the blood sea, countless hideous ghost faces emerged, emitting piercing shrieks, sweeping towards David!

This was Elder Blood Soul's signature technique—Blood Sea Ghost Domain!

Once caught in it, not only would the physical body be corroded by the blood sea, but the soul would also be torn apart by ten thousand ghosts, a fate worse than death!

David took a deep breath, knowing he could no longer hold back.

He pointed his left hand, forming a sword shape, to his brow and uttered a low shout: "Dragon Soul, awaken!"

"Roar—!"

A high-pitched dragon roar resounded again, but this time it didn't come from David's body, but from the Dragon-Slaying Sword!

The Dragon-Slaying Sword trembled violently, the ancient dragon patterns on its blade seemingly coming to life. A phantom of a five-clawed golden dragon rose from the sword, much smaller than the previous phantom David had unleashed, but its dragon might was still awe-inspiring!

This Dragon-Slaying Sword had once slain a true dragon, and a wisp of dragon soul was sealed within it!

Now, awakened by David's own golden dragon bloodline, its power surged!

The golden dragon phantom hovered above David's head, its mouth opening to spew forth a golden dragon breath that collided fiercely with the encroaching sea of blood!

"Sizzle sizzle sizzle—!"

The golden dragon breath and the blood-red ocean eroded each other, erupting with a piercing sound and a sky full of blood mist.

The myriad ghosts in the sea of blood, upon touching the dragon breath, melted away rapidly, like ice and snow meeting the scorching sun.

"What?!"

Elder Blood Soul's expression changed drastically. "You can actually summon a golden dragon?"

David didn't answer. Taking advantage of Elder Blood Soul's shock, he unleashed the Dragon Slayer Sword with all his might: "Dragon Slayer—Breaking Army!"

The golden dragon soul merged with the sword energy, transforming into a hundred-zhang-long golden-gray sword aura that tore through the sea of blood, directly slashing at Elder Blood Soul!

Elder Blood Soul roared, summoning a blood-red shield to block in front of him.

"Clang !!!"

The sound of metal clashing echoed through the mountain stream. A deep crack appeared in the blood-red shield, and Elder Blood Soul flew backward, blood spilling from the corner of his mouth, clearly suffering a serious injury.

But David was also in bad shape.

After continuously battling the Flame Dragon and forcibly summoning the golden dragon, more than half of his immortal power had been consumed, and his blood and qi were severely depleted.

At this moment, his face was as pale as paper, and his hand holding the sword was trembling slightly.

"David!"

Huo Ling'er saw clearly from within the formation and cried out in distress, "Are you alright?!"

She wanted to rush out of the formation to help, but Yan Lie held her back tightly: "Junior Sister Ling'er, don't go out! It's too dangerous outside!"

"But David, he..." Huo Ling'er struggled.

"He's strong, he has his own way!"

Yan Lie said, a hint of pleasure flashing in his eyes it would be best if David died here, saving him the trouble of doing it himself.

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While David was locked in fierce combat with Elder Blood Soul, battles raged elsewhere as well.

Crimson Cloud Demon Lord, transformed into a hundred-foot-tall demonic body with three heads and six arms, wielding six demonic weapons, fought against Elder Bone Demon of the Evil Path Hall.

Lin Feng and Shi Meng, back to back, battled dozens of Evil Path Hall cultivators.

Lin Feng's arrows were unerring, each one claiming a life; Shi Meng wielded his twin hammers like a war god, smashing any approaching enemy into mincemeat.

However, the Evil Path Hall outnumbered them, and the two already bore over a dozen wounds, bleeding profusely.

The Earth Fire Pavilion's defensive formation, besieged by hundreds of Evil Path Hall cultivators and countless vengeful spirits, was on the verge of collapse. The protective shield was riddled with cracks, threatening to shatter at any moment.

"Elder, we can't hold on any longer!"

A disciple of the Earthfire Pavilion collapsed, coughing up blood, and the formation dimmed further.

Elder Yanxin gritted his teeth, took out a crimson jade slip, and crushed it—it was the Earthfire Pavilion's emergency distress signal, but this place was too far from Crimson Flame City, and reinforcements couldn't arrive in time.

“Hold on!” Elder Yanxin roared, “We can’t die here!”

But reality was cruel.

“Crack—!”

The Earthfire Profound Gang Formation finally shattered!

Dozens of Evil Path Hall cultivators and hundreds of vengeful spirits, like sharks smelling blood, swarmed in, attacking the Earthfire Pavilion disciples and the carriage.

Screams rang out one after another.

In just a few breaths, three Earthfire Pavilion disciples were killed by Evil Path Hall cultivators, and two had their consciousness invaded by vengeful spirits, turning them into walking corpses.

Huo Ling’er was targeted by two Evil Path Hall deacons, who recognized her special identity and wanted to capture her alive.

“Princess, be careful!”

Yan Lie stood in front of her, summoning a crimson longsword, and fought the two deacons.

Yan Lie’s performance was strange.

He seemed to be fighting desperately, but his swordsmanship was always just a hair’s breadth off, unable to truly harm his enemies.

The attacks from the two Evil Path Hall deacons were always narrowly avoided by him, or accidentally blocked by other Earth Fire Pavilion disciples.

David caught a glimpse of this scene in the midst of the fierce battle, and his mind was filled with suspicion.

However, he had no time to think about it now, because Elder Blood Soul had recovered and attacked again.

“Boy, you have indeed surprised this elder.”

Elder Blood Soul wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth, his eyes even more greedy, “But that’s enough! Myriad Ghosts Devouring Soul Formation, full power!”

He raised his hands high, chanting obscure incantations.

The entire ghastly green formation of the Burial Dragon Ravine suddenly shone brightly, all the runes burning simultaneously!

In the center of the formation, a ghastly green sphere of light, three zhang in diameter, condensed, within which countless twisted ghost faces could be faintly seen wailing.

“Soul Devouring Ghost King, appear!”

Elder Blood Soul spat out a mouthful of blood essence, merging it into the sphere of light.

“Roar—!”

The sphere of light exploded, and a gigantic ghost king, ten zhang tall, with three heads, six arms, a blue face, and fangs, emerged from it! The

ghost king opened all six eyes simultaneously, its ghastly green gaze sweeping across everyone, causing a piercing pain in their souls, as if they were being ripped from their bodies!

This is the strongest killing move of the Myriad Ghosts Devouring Soul Formation—using the power of ten thousand ghosts to condense a Ghost King, specifically targeting the soul! Even

a ninth-grade Celestial Immortal cultivator would suffer soul damage if locked onto by the Ghost King's gaze!

The Ghost King simultaneously raised all six arms, unleashing six ghastly green beams of light towards David!

It was a pure soul attack, ignoring physical defenses and striking directly at the soul!

David's expression changed drastically.

In this critical moment, the Dragon Pattern Bell on his chest suddenly flew out automatically, hovering above his head.

“Clang—!”

A melodious bell sound rang out, and the Dragon Pattern Bell emitted a soft golden light, enveloping David.

Within the golden light, a true dragon could be vaguely seen moving, forming a soul barrier.

The six soul beams struck the golden light, erupting with dazzling light, but were ultimately blocked.

The Dragon Pattern Bell trembled violently, several fine cracks appearing on its surface, and the Dragon Pattern Bell was also damaged.

“Another treasure?!”

Elder Blood Soul’s eyes turned red. “Good, good, good! They’re all mine!”

He frantically activated the formation, the Ghost King’s six arms waving continuously, unleashing a torrent of soul light like a rainstorm.

David, protected by the Dragon Pattern Bell, barely managed to hold on, but his face grew paler and paler, blood seeping from his seven orifices—although the Dragon Pattern Bell blocked the soul light, the impact still reached his sea of consciousness.

On the other side, Crimson Cloud Demon Lord was besieged by Elder Bone Demon and three Evil Path Hall deacons, already in dire straits, his demonic body riddled with holes.

Lin Feng ran out of arrows, his longbow broke, and he was hacked to death by several Evil Path Hall cultivators. Before dying, he detonated all the explosive talismans on his body, perishing together with his enemies. Shi Meng’s

twin hammers shattered, his body covered in blood, yet he fought on relentlessly, finally pierced through the heart by Elder Bone Demon’s bone spike, dying a heroic death.

The disciples of the Earthfire Pavilion suffered heavy casualties; of the original ten, only five remained, all wounded and surrounded by dozens of Evil Path Hall cultivators, like lambs to the slaughter.

Elder Yan Xin was besieged by three Evil Path Hall deacons; although he killed one, he was struck by the evil weapons of the other two, leaving two deep, bone-revealing wounds on his chest, and he was on the verge of death.

Huo Ling’er, protected by Yan Lie, was unharmed, but seeing her fellow disciples fall one by one, she wept uncontrollably.

Despair enveloped everyone.

“David... we might die here,”

the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord transmitted weakly.

David gritted his teeth, looking at the horrific battlefield around him, at his fallen comrades, at the dying Elder Yan Xin, at the weeping Huo Ling'er...

he couldn't die here.

There were so many promises left unfulfilled.

So many enemies left unslain.

"Ah—!!!"

David roared to the sky, his last remaining blood and immortal power burning wildly!

With the Dragon-Slaying Sword in his right hand and a hand seal in his left, he chanted ancient dragon language: "With my blood, I summon the dragon's soul; with my life, I open the gates of heaven!"

"Forbidden – Dragon Blood Burns the Heavens!"

This was a forbidden technique David had obtained from the Golden Dragon bloodline inheritance—burning his own essence and lifespan in exchange for a temporary surge in strength!

As the incantation was chanted, golden flames ignited around David. These were not ordinary flames, but true dragon blood fire formed from the burning essence of his Golden Dragon!

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"Break!!!"

David gripped his sword with both hands, the Dragon-Slaying Sword merging with the Dragon Blood True Fire, transforming into a golden-red sword aura that pierced the heavens and earth, fiercely slashing down at the Ghost King and Blood Soul Elder!

This sword strike drained all his power!

The Ghost King raised all six arms, attempting to block.

"Swoosh—!"

Like a hot knife through butter, the golden-red sword aura cleaved the Ghost King's phantom in two from head to toe! Its momentum undiminished, it slashed towards the Blood Soul Elder!

The Blood Soul Elder's expression changed drastically, frantically retreating while simultaneously summoning three defensive evil artifacts.

"Bang bang bang!"

The three evil artifacts shattered one after another, the sword aura finally weakening, but still striking the Blood Soul Elder's chest.

"Pfft—!"

Elder Blood Soul spat out a mouthful of black blood, a huge wound running from his shoulder to his abdomen, deep enough to expose bone, almost as if he had been disemboweled!

He screamed and flew backward, crashing heavily against the cliff wall, his breath extremely weak. With

Elder Blood Soul, who was in charge of the formation, seriously injured, the Myriad Ghosts Devouring Soul Formation immediately became unstable, the light barrier fluctuating violently, revealing several weak points.

"Now!"

David roared, his voice hoarse, "Charge out!!!"

He mustered his last bit of strength and rushed towards the weakest point of the light barrier in the formation, slashing out with the Dragon Slayer Sword again!

"Crack!"

A three-zhang-wide gap was cleaved in the light barrier!

"Go!" David shouted back.

Crimson Cloud Demon Lord was the first to react, transforming back into human form, grabbing the dying Elder Flame Heart, and rushing towards the gap.

The remaining five disciples of the Earth Fire Pavilion also reacted, protecting Huo Ling'er as they rushed

out. Yan Lie's eyes flickered, he hesitated for a moment, and then followed.

“Stop them!” Elder Bone Demon roared.

Dozens of Evil Path Hall cultivators rushed towards the breach, attempting to close it again.

“Get out of here!!!”

David stood before the breach, covered in blood, like a war god crawling out of hell.

He held the Dragon-Patterned Bell in his left hand and the Dragon-Slaying Sword in his right. Though his aura was weak, the determination and madness in his eyes instilled fear in all the Evil Path Hall cultivators.

The Dragon-Patterned Bell rang again, its sonic waves sweeping across, sending the first dozen or so Evil Path Hall cultivators flying backward, bleeding from all seven orifices.

The Dragon-Slaying Sword slashed repeatedly, each strike taking a life.

He stood there alone, sword and bell, blocking the breach, buying time for his companions to escape.

One, two, three... the Evil Path Hall cultivators fell like wheat being harvested, but David’s wounds multiplied. A bone spur pierced his left shoulder, a blood-stained blade slashed his right abdomen, and three evil weapons struck his back, leaving it a bloody mess.

But he didn’t retreat an inch.

“David!”

Huo Ling’er cried out, wanting to return to help him.

“Go!!!”

David roared hoarsely without turning his head, “Go quickly!!!”

Crimson Cloud Demon Lord gritted his teeth and forcefully pulled Huo Ling’er out of the gap. Yan Lie and the other disciples of the Earth Fire Pavilion followed closely behind. As the

last man burst through the gap, David finally collapsed, kneeling on one knee and using the Dragon-Slaying Sword to support himself.

“Kill him!” Elder Bone Demon roared.

The remaining Evil Path Hall cultivators swarmed forward.

David looked at the approaching enemies, a cold smile playing on his lips.

He had one last move.

“Explode!”

He detonated the remaining Dragon Blood True Fire within his body.

“Boom—!!!”

Terrifying golden flames erupted from David, engulfing the entire gap area!

Dozens of Evil Path Hall cultivators who had rushed forward were instantly engulfed by the flames, turning to ashes before they could even scream!

Elder Bone Demon was also caught in the blast, screaming as he retreated, half his body charred.

The shockwave of the explosion sent David flying, landing right through the gap on the mountain path outside.

“David!”

Huo Ling’er, who had already escaped to safety, rushed back like a madwoman and hugged the blood-covered, unconscious David.

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord checked him over and breathed a sigh of relief: “He’s still alive, but severely injured. He needs immediate treatment.”

He looked into the Burial Dragon Ravine—the gap in the formation was slowly closing. The Evil Path Hall cultivators, stunned by the explosion, dared not pursue.

Elder Blood Soul was seriously injured, and Elder Bone Demon was also badly wounded; the Evil Path Hall had temporarily lost its ability to pursue.

“Hurry, before they catch up!”

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord carried David on his back, Elder Flame Heart was carried by a disciple of the Earth Fire Pavilion, and the group fled in panic.

They dared not take the main road, and could only venture into the mountains and forests, taking a long detour back to Crimson Flame City.

The atmosphere along the way was terrifyingly heavy.

Of the twenty-odd people who had come, only nine remained: David, the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord, Elder Flame Heart, Huo Ling'er, Yan Lie, and four heavily wounded disciples of the Earth Fire Pavilion.

The others were all dead.

Huo Ling'er held the unconscious David, tears streaming down her face, constantly feeding him healing pills and using her immortal power to heal him.

Yan Lie stood by, his expression shifting between anger and uncertainty. He wanted to say something several times, but seeing Huo Ling'er's sorrowful yet wary eyes, he swallowed his words.

Several days later, the group finally returned to Crimson Flame City in a disheveled state and went directly to the Earth Fire Pavilion.

The entire Earth Fire Pavilion was shaken.

Pavilion Master Huo Fentian personally emerged from seclusion. Seeing his daughter unharmed but weeping uncontrollably, seeing Elder Yan Xin critically injured and on the verge of death, and seeing his disciples suffering heavy casualties, he flew into a rage.

"What happened?! How did the Evil Path Hall know your whereabouts?! And even set up an ambush precisely at the Burial Dragon Ravine?!"

He glared at the survivors, the pressure of his peak ninth-grade Celestial Immortal Realm making the entire hall resonate.

Elder Yanxin, after receiving emergency treatment, barely regained consciousness and weakly said, "Sect Master... this matter... is suspicious. The ambush by the Evil Path Hall... was too precise... as if... they knew our route all along..."

Huo Fentian's eyes were sharp as knives as he swept over everyone: "Among you, did someone leak our whereabouts?"

The crowd exchanged glances, the same question rising in their minds.

Indeed, how could the Evil Path Hall know their exact route and time of return from Crimson Flame Canyon?

And how could they have set up such a large formation in Burial Dragon Ravine beforehand?

There must be a traitor within!

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Yan Lie suddenly stepped forward and knelt on one knee: "Sect Master, this disciple believes that the traitor is likely among those hired guards! Their origins are unknown, and they'll do anything for profit!"

"Moreover... those who escaped in the end were all from our Earth Fire Pavilion; all the guards died in battle, leaving no way to verify the truth!"

This seemed reasonable, but Huo Ling'er abruptly looked up, glaring at Yan Lie: "Senior Brother Yan Lie, what do you mean?! David was also a hired guard! He risked his life to cover our retreat, almost dying in battle! And now you suspect him?!"

Yan Lie hurriedly said, "Junior Sister Ling'er, you misunderstand. I don't suspect Fellow Daoist Chen. We all witnessed Fellow Daoist Chen risking his life to save us."

"But the other guards are a different story... For example, Lin Feng and Shi Meng, who knows if they were spies from the Evil Path Hall, deliberately dying in battle to clear their names?"

"And that cultivator named Chi Yun, he's also a demonic cultivator, it's entirely possible he's colluding with the Evil Path Hall."

Yan Lie desperately tried to smear them.

"You!" Huo Ling'er trembled with anger.

Chi Yun Demon Lord coldly said, "You can suspect me of being a traitor, but right now you should be the one to be suspected."

"What do you mean?" Yan Lie frowned.

"The Evil Path Hall's ambush was so precise, this isn't information that ordinary hired guards could obtain. Only the management of the Earth Fire Pavilion knew the retreat route, and..."

"And what?" Huo Fentian pressed.

"And," Chi Yun Demon Lord slowly said, "during the battle at Burial Dragon Ravine, I noticed a detail: the Evil Path Hall cultivators seemed to intentionally avoid Deacon Yan Lie, rarely killing him. And Deacon Yan Lie's attacks were always intentionally or unintentionally a beat slow, more like a performance." As

soon as these words were spoken, the hall fell silent.

Everyone looked at Yan Lie.

Yan Lie's face paled, then he roared in fury, "Bullshit! What do you mean?! Are you saying I'm a traitor?! I, Yan Lie, am utterly loyal to the Earth Fire Pavilion, how dare you slander me!" "

Pavilion Master, please understand! This disciple risked his life to protect Junior Sister Ling'er, and was injured in the process! This Chi Yun is clearly sowing discord and trying to exonerate himself!"

Huo Ling'er was also stunned.

She had only been concerned with David and her father at the time and hadn't noticed Yan Lie's behavior.

Huo Fentian's eyes were deep as he looked at Yan Lie, then at the unconscious David, and slowly said, "I will personally investigate this matter. Until the truth is revealed, no one is allowed to leave the Earth Fire Pavilion for questioning."

"Yan Lie, go back and recover from your injuries. Ling'er, stay here and recount the details again."

"The rest of you, go back and rest!"

"Yes." Everyone responded.

Yan Lie glared fiercely at Chi Yun Demon Lord, turned and left, his eyes sinister.

Chi Yun Demon Lord, carrying David on his back, was led by his disciple to a quiet room to settle down.

After closing the door, the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord set up a soundproof barrier. Looking at the unconscious David, he sighed, "Kid, you've really messed up this time. You're so badly injured."

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord felt very sorry for him, after all, David had approached the Earth Fire Pavilion for his sake.

Crimson Cloud took out several precious healing pills, fed them to David, and then used his internal energy to heal him.

David's injuries were extremely severe: his body was riddled with holes, and his meridians were severed in many places. If

it weren't for his profound foundation and the fact that his Golden Dragon bloodline kept him alive, he would have died long ago.

David had been unconscious for three days and three nights!

When he slowly opened his eyes, the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord had been guarding him the whole time.

"Awake?" The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord breathed a sigh of relief when he saw that David was awake. "How are you feeling?"

David wanted to speak, but he felt excruciating pain all over his body, his throat was dry, and he couldn't make a sound.

"Don't move, you're badly injured."

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord helped him sit up and fed him some water. "We've returned to the Earth Fire Pavilion, and we're safe for now. But..."

"Senior, how long have I been unconscious?"

David asked after taking a couple of sips of water.

"Three days and three nights..." the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord said.

"It's been so long?" David frowned. "No, we need to leave the Earthfire Pavilion and find a secluded place to recuperate."

David planned to leave the Earthfire Pavilion and find a place to recuperate inside the Demon Suppression Tower.

This would save time.

Three days and three nights would be a year in the Demon Suppression Tower.

His injuries had long since healed.

But in this real space, it would take David at least several months to recover!

"We can't leave. The Earthfire Pavilion Master said that no one can leave the Earthfire Pavilion until the traitor is found."

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord revealed Huo Fentian's suspicion of a traitor.

David frowned slightly and nodded. "It is indeed strange. How did the Evil Path Hall know where we would retreat from after picking the Flame Spirit Grass?"

“If the two of us leave now, it will only make us seem guilty. Even if we’re not traitors, we’ll become traitors.” The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord said helplessly.

David was silent for a moment and then nodded.

Feeling his nearly depleted immortal power and shattered meridians, he smiled bitterly, “If I stay in the Earth Fire Pavilion, my injuries... it will probably take several months to recover.”

“Several months?”

Crimson Cloud Demon Lord frowned, “The Evil Path Hall won’t give us that much time. Although Elder Blood Soul is seriously injured, the Evil Path Hall is powerful, and stronger people will soon come to hunt him down.”

“I know,”

David’s eyes were deep, “so we must find a way to recover as soon as possible.”

Just as the two were talking, light footsteps came from outside the door.