

# A Man Like None Other Novel Chapter 5951

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“Then... attack together! Annihilate this fiend completely!” Xue Youming hissed.

The two no longer cared about their identities or held back their strength, joining forces to attack the critically injured David!

This was a truly deadly situation.

“Protect David!!!”

Jin Buhuan roared fiercely, his voice distorted with anxiety.

The five elders of the Five Elements Sect rushed out almost simultaneously, disregarding their own safety, standing between David and the two powerful figures.

“Golden lineage disciples, heed my command! Gengjin Sword Formation – Ten Thousand Swords Return to the Origin!”

The Golden Lineage elder’s hair and beard bristled as he summoned his natal magic weapon, the “Gengjin Sword.”

The golden flying sword split in two in mid-air, then into four, then into eight... In the blink of an eye, it transformed into thousands of sword shadows, forming an impenetrable sword formation that swept towards Xue Youming.

Within the sword formation, each sword shadow contained extreme sharpness, enough to cleave through the void.

This was the Gold Clan’s trump card, a move that, once unleashed, would cost at least a century of cultivation, but the Gold Clan elder couldn’t afford to be careless now.

“Wood Clan disciple, Azure Wood Cage – Endless Life!” The Wood Clan elder’s hands moved with lightning speed, his body radiating a surge of azure light.

Countless ancient green vines, as thick as buckets, burst forth from the earth, their tendrils covered in barbs, the tips gleaming with a ghostly green poisonous light, coiling towards Zhan E like living creatures.

These vines were not only incredibly resilient but also possessed immense vitality, capable of rapidly regenerating even when severed. The Wood Clan elder was using his own life force to nurture the vines, each vine consuming a wisp of his life essence.

The Water, Fire, and Earth Clan elders also unleashed their respective ultimate techniques.

The Water Vein Elder summoned nine water dragons, each lifelike, their roars shaking the heavens;

the Fire Vein Elder transformed into a humanoid ball of flame, igniting the air wherever it passed;

the Earth Vein Elder merged directly into the earth, manipulating rocks and soil to condense into a hundred-zhang-tall rock giant.

These five elders, at the peak of the ninth rank of the Celestial Immortal Realm, joined forces to unleash their life's most powerful techniques, their combined might enough to make ordinary Upper Immortal Realm experts retreat.

But... they faced Xue Youming and Zhan E.

The two most powerful demons of the Twelfth Heaven!

"Get out of the way!"

Xue Youming didn't even glance at the myriad sword shadows, merely waving his hand casually.

The pitch-black Nine Netherworld Demonic Qi transformed into a hundred-zhang-wide tidal wave of demonic energy, sweeping out like a tsunami.

Wherever the demonic energy passed, the Gold Vein Elder's myriad sword shadows shattered like paper, his natal Gengjin Sword further corrupted by the demonic energy, its blade rapidly dimming, finally snapping in two with a "crack!"

The Golden Vein Elder was struck as if by a heavy blow. The backlash from the destruction of his natal magic weapon caused him to cough up blood, and he was sent flying backward, crashing heavily into the mountainside, his fate unknown.

Zhan E's approach was even more straightforward and brutal.

Facing the entangling green vines, he didn't even raise a hand, merely letting out a cold snort.

The reincarnation energy around him automatically condensed into countless tiny gray-white energy blades, which spun and shredded like the sharpest meat grinder, instantly cutting the incredibly tough green vines into pieces.

The Wood Vein Elder's face paled. The backlash from the destruction of the green vines caused his life force to rapidly ebb away. His once jet-black hair turned gray at a visible speed, and his face became covered with wrinkles, as if he had aged a hundred years in an instant.

The attacks of the Water, Fire, and Earth Vein Elders were equally futile. Nine water dragons were crushed by Xue Youming's claw, turning into a sky full of mist; the humanoid flames were extinguished by Zhan E's reincarnation energy, and the Fire Vein Elder fell with a scream; the rock giant was blasted into rubble by the combined attack of the two, and the Earth Vein Elder was shattered by the recoil, his internal organs broken, and he was on the verge of death.

Five peak ninth-grade Heavenly Immortals couldn't even withstand a single breath in front of two powerful Upper Immortals! This was the absolute difference in realm. "Ants dare to block the way?" Blood Youming's eyes flashed with killing intent, and the Nine Nether Demonic Qi condensed in his palm into a pitch-black demonic claw that blotted out the sky.

The five fingers of the demonic claw were like hooks, and the tips of the fingers burned with ghostly green flames. With the power to destroy everything, it slammed down on the heavily injured David! If this palm strike landed, let alone David's current critical condition, even if he were at his peak, he might not be able to withstand it.

Death... was just around the corner. But just as the demonic claw descended, a wall of crimson – gold fire appeared out of thin air, blocking David's path.

The wall was only three feet thick, yet it was as solid as a crystalline substance. Countless ancient flame runes flowed across its surface, radiating a heat so intense it could distort space itself.

The demonic claw struck the fire wall, producing a deafening clang like metal clashing, sparks flying, but... it failed to penetrate! The figure of the Earth Fire Ancestor slowly emerged from the fire wall. This usually taciturn ancestor now had his hair and beard bristling, his body engulfed in raging flames, resembling a god of fire.

His eyes held no fear, no hesitation, only a calm acceptance of life and death, and... a resolute determination. "Want to kill him... you'll have to get past me first."

The Earth Fire Ancestor's voice wasn't loud, but it struck everyone's hearts like a hammer blow. "Earth Fire Ancestor, you're courting death!"

Zhan E sneered, the Qi of Reincarnation condensing into a three-zhang-long gray-white spear in his palm. Countless agonizing soul shadows coiled around the spear, its tip gleaming with a chilling light that pierced through everything, aimed directly at the Earthfire Ancestor's brow!

This spear thrust contained Zhan E's understanding of the Dao of Reincarnation; it moved like a dragon, silent and stealthy, yet locked onto the Earthfire Ancestor's soul, leaving him no way to escape. "Then... let's die together." The Earthfire Ancestor suddenly smiled.

The smile was faint, carrying a hint of relief, a hint of acceptance, and a hint of... expectation for the young man behind him. He formed an ancient, almost lost fire seal with his hands in front of his chest.

As the seal took shape, the crimson-gold flames around him surged wildly, their color gradually changing from crimson to pure gold, and then from pure gold to incandescent white.

The temperature was rising rapidly! The air within a hundred feet was completely ignited, turning into a sea of fire. The ground rocks began to melt, flowing with scalding lava. Even space itself distorted and deformed under the intense heat, emitting a cracking sound as it succumbed to the pressure.

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"Earthfire True Scripture – Ultimate Forbidden Technique, True Flame Burns the Heavens – Body Transforms into the Great Sun!"

The voice of the Earthfire Ancestor resounded throughout heaven and earth, each word burning like flames.

"Ancestor, no!!!" David screamed hoarsely, tears mingling with blood streaming down his face.

He knew what this move meant; it was the ultimate forbidden technique recorded in the Earthfire True Scripture, costing the caster all their life force, soul, and cultivation to gain power beyond their limits for a short time.

Once unleashed, the caster would... be annihilated, body and soul, never to be reborn!

But it was too late.

The Earthfire Ancestor's body began to melt in the blazing white flames.

First, his clothes turned to ashes, then his skin, flesh, bones... inch by inch, piece by piece, melting like a candle, transforming into the purest Earthfire True Flame.

The true flames didn't attack the enemy, but instead... surged entirely towards the heavily injured David!

Like a hundred rivers flowing into the sea, endless true flames of earth fire surged into David's body, frantically merging, colliding, and sublimating with his remaining chaotic immortal power, five elements power, and golden dragon bloodline.

"Boy... live on."

The last voice of the Earth Fire Ancestor echoed in David's mind, soft and calm, yet as heavy as Mount Tai.

"Live well, carrying my share."

"The future of the Earth Fire Pavilion... is entrusted to you."

The voice dissipated.

The figure of the Earth Fire Ancestor completely vanished into the blazing white flames, leaving not even a speck of ash.

A generation's ancestor had fallen.

Body and soul annihilated.

And David felt an unimaginably vast power surging within him.

It wasn't a simple infusion of power, but... a fundamental sublimation.

The true essence of earth fire, formed from the Earth Fire Ancestor's lifelong cultivation, surged like the most violent torrent, shattering the broken meridians within him.

It reshaped his damaged organs and repaired his broken bones. More importantly, this power resonated miraculously with his original Chaotic Immortal Power, Five Elements Power, and Golden Dragon Bloodline.

Within his dantian, the primordial star, on the verge of shattering, rapidly stabilized under the nourishment of the Earth Fire True Essence.

The surface cracks healed at a visible speed, and the star's light transformed from dim to bright, and then from bright to dazzling.

Gold, cyan, blue, red, and yellow the colors of the Five Elements flowed across the star's surface.

A hazy, chaotic energy swirled within the star.

Crimson-gold Earth Fire True Flames burned around the star.

A faint, almost imperceptible dragon's roar emanated from the deepest part of the star the awakening of the Golden Dragon Bloodline.

These four forces, originally unrelated, now began a slow but resolute fusion under the Earth Fire Ancestor's life-risked mediation.

"Ugh!!!"

David roared in agony, looking up at the sky.

It wasn't the pain of injury, but the pain of a sudden surge of power and the forced transformation of his body.

He could feel every cell in his body being torn apart and reorganized, every meridian being widened and strengthened, and even his soul becoming more solid and resilient under this impact.

His aura... soared!

The bottleneck of the peak fourth rank of the Celestial Immortal Realm was easily pierced like paper.

Fifth rank of the Celestial Immortal Realm! says

this, but it's not over yet.

The Earth Fire Ancestor possessed the cultivation of a third-grade Upper Immortal. Although due to his advanced age and declining vitality, the actual power he could transmit was less than 30% of his peak strength, it was still vast as the sea for David, a Heavenly Immortal.

Heavenly Immortal, fifth grade, mid-stage, late-stage, peak...

"Boom!!!"

Another barrier was broken through.

Finally, his cultivation steadily reached the peak of the fifth grade of the Heavenly Immortal, only a hair's breadth away from the sixth grade.

But this was only the surface.

The true transformation lay in his control over power, in the... entirely new and unprecedented essence of power generated after the fusion of the four forces.

David slowly stood up.

His wounds had long since healed, leaving no scars.

Beneath his tattered clothes, skin as smooth as jade was revealed, its surface faintly shimmering with alternating four colors of light.

He raised his right hand, and next to the five-colored pattern on the back of his hand, another crimson-gold flame pattern appeared.

Two lines intertwined, forming a profound pattern.

The Dragon-Slaying Sword seemed to sense its master's change, humming excitedly as it automatically flew back into David's hand.

On the sword's blade, a hazy, chaotic aura, the five-colored flowing power of the Five Elements, the crimson-gold true flames of the earth, and a faint golden dragon-shaped phantom—the four forces perfectly merged, transforming into a magnificent sword aura, a hundred feet long and interwoven with four colors.

The sword aura remained still, yet it exuded a terrifying pressure that changed the very fabric of the world. Around the sword aura, space continuously collapsed and repaired, cycling endlessly, as if even heaven and earth could not withstand the existence of this power.

"Blood Netherworld... Zhan E..."

David's voice was calm, eerily calm.

He raised his eyes, looking at the two culprits who had caused the demise of the Earth Fire Ancestor. His eyes held no anger, no hatred, only... a kind of indifference as if looking down upon ants.

"This sword... is a farewell to the Ancestor."

As soon as he finished speaking, the sword aura was unleashed.

The instant the sword aura struck, time seemed to freeze for a moment across the entire battlefield.

That wasn't an illusion; the chaotic power contained within the sword aura truly affected the flow of time in that area.

To everyone else, the four-colored sword aura, though not particularly fast, arrived before Xue Youming and Zhan E in an instant.

Xue Youming and Zhan E's expressions changed drastically.

As powerful beings at the Upper Immortal Realm, their combat instincts far surpassed ordinary people.

The moment they saw the sword aura, an unprecedented sense of crisis arose in both of them—an attack capable of threatening their lives!

“Join forces to block it!!!” Xue Youming roared, no longer daring to hold back.

Pitch-black Netherworld demonic energy surged wildly from his body, condensing into a three-zhang-thick black shield before him.

Countless agonizing, distorted faces struggled and wailed on the shield's surface—the remnants of souls he had devoured and refined, now forcibly extracted to reinforce his defense.

Zhan E also fought desperately.

He spat out three mouthfuls of his life essence blood, which transformed into three blood-red runes in the air, merging into the Qi of Reincarnation.

The grayish-white aura of reincarnation instantly turned crimson, becoming even more viscous and eerie, forming nine layers of crimson barriers before him.

Each barrier was powerful enough to withstand a full-force attack from a second-grade Upper Immortal; with nine layers combined, even a third-grade Upper Immortal might not be able to break through them in a single blow.

This was their trump card for survival.

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“Boom!!!”

The sword energy struck the shield and barrier.

There was no earth-shattering explosion, no cataclysmic impact.

There was only... a sickening “sizzle,” like a hot knife cutting through butter.

Before everyone’s incredulous eyes, the four-colored sword energy, as if encountering no resistance, easily sliced through Xue Youming’s black shield and severed Zhan E’s nine layers of blood-red barrier.

The shield shattered, the barrier crumbled.

Xue Youming and Zhan E simultaneously coughed up blood, their bodies flying hundreds of feet backward, each bearing a deep, bone-revealing sword wound.

Xue Youming’s left arm was severed at the shoulder, Zhan E’s right chest was pierced, the wounds intertwined and corroded by the four forces, making it impossible for them to even stop the bleeding.

But... the sword energy was also completely exhausted.

David groaned, spitting out another mouthful of blood.

He could feel the power injected by the Earth Fire Ancestor rapidly fading; this burst of power beyond his limits couldn’t last.

This sword strike was the last one he could unleash in a short time.

While Xue Youming and Zhan E were severely injured, they hadn’t lost their fighting ability.

“He’s exhausted! Truly exhausted!”

Zhan E clutched the bloody hole in his chest, a maniacal gleam in his eyes. “Kill him! Now! Immediately!”

The two endured the excruciating pain and charged forward again.

This time, they didn’t even use any supernatural abilities, but instead relied on their raw physical strength to obliterate David as quickly and directly as possible.

But just then...

“The Divine King Bow!!!”

With a roar from David, the Divine King Bow appeared from his storage ring.

David didn't want to reveal too much, as it would attract trouble, but in this situation, he had no choice but to take out the Divine King Bow.

The bow didn't exude any pressure, yet it gave off an ancient feeling, as if it had always been there, existing alongside heaven and earth.

“That's... the God King's Bow?!”

Xue Youming's pupils shrank to the size of pinpoints, his voice distorted with extreme shock.

“Whatever bow it is, kill them first!”

Zhan E was also shocked, but his killing intent intensified.

“Fire!!!” David pulled back the bowstring

with all his might.

Countless baleful energies converged towards the God King's Bow

. In this great battle, countless cultivators had died, and the baleful energies of these fallen cultivators had gathered. Now, they were all absorbed by the God King's Bow,

condensing into an arrow!

“Buzz!!!”

The sound of the bowstring vibrating was like the roar of a god, or the thunder of eternity. Time

froze completely at that moment.

Space was frozen solid.

Everyone felt their thoughts, actions, and even heartbeats being forcibly suppressed by an invisible force.

They could only watch helplessly as the golden arrow left the bowstring, shooting towards Xue Youming and Zhan E with a speed that seemed slow but actually surpassed all physical rules.

Wherever the arrow passed, the void shattered inch by inch, revealing the pitch-black nothingness behind. Those spatial cracks were not chaotic, but as if cut by the most precise instrument, neat and smooth, exuding a terrifying aura of destruction.

Xue Youming and Zhan E's faces were ashen, like corpses.

They could clearly feel that this arrow... had locked onto their very soul essence.

No matter where they fled, no matter what supernatural powers they used, this arrow would inevitably hit.

This was the rule of the God-King Bow: the arrow must hit, and the one hit will be injured!

There was no escape, no way to avoid it.

The only option was... to withstand it!

“Join forces to resist!!!” the two roared hoarsely, their voices distorted with fear.

Xue Youming poured all the remaining Nine Nether Demonic Energy into his severed arm, forcibly regenerating a jet-black demonic arm.

The arm formed a seal in front of his chest, condensing into a demonic shield engraved with the face of the Nine Nether Demons.

Zhan E was even more ruthless, directly biting down and shattering his three natal soul teeth—foundational items he had condensed in his soul during his cultivation of the Reincarnation Technique, each containing immense soul power.

The soul teeth exploded, the pure soul power merging with the Reincarnation Energy, creating a ten-zhang-thick gray-black soul wall in front of him.

The demonic shield and the soul wall overlapped, emitting a suffocating defensive aura.

But... it was useless.

The golden arrow arrived.

“Swoosh...”

A light, fleeting sound.

Like a hot knife slicing through butter, or a drop of water falling into a lake.

The golden arrow encountered no resistance, easily piercing the magic shield and the soul wall, and then... passing right through the center of Xue Youming and Zhan E's bodies.

Both men simultaneously spat out a mouthful of black blood mixed with fragments of internal organs.

A bowl-sized hole appeared in each of their chests.

The edges of the wounds were neat and smooth, as if cut by the most precise instrument. Even more terrifying, no blood gushed from the wounds; instead, they presented a bizarre state of "nothingness," where flesh, bones, and even space itself had been completely obliterated by the power carried by the arrow.

Xue Youming looked down at the hole in his chest, his dark pupils filled with disbelief.

He could feel that the foundation of his Nine Nether Demonic Arts... had been severely damaged by this arrow by at least fifty percent!

Without hundreds of years of arduous cultivation, there was absolutely no possibility of recovery. Even more terrifying was that the divine power remaining in the wounds was constantly eroding his life force, preventing the wounds from healing.

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Zhan E was in a similarly miserable state.

The Qi of Reincarnation inherently possessed immortality, allowing ordinary injuries to heal instantly.

But now, the bloody hole in his chest showed no signs of healing; instead, it continued to widen. That was the law-breaking rule contained within the God-King's arrow, forcibly dismantling his foundation of reincarnation.

Although Zhan E wasn't dead, this arrow... had completely rendered them incapable of fighting.

For a short time, let alone continuing to fight, even maintaining consciousness would be difficult.

The arrow continued its trajectory towards the distant horizon, finally disappearing into the void, leaving only a lingering spatial rift.

The battlefield... fell into deathly silence.

Absolute deathly silence.

Everyone looked at David, at the God-King's Bow in his hand, its golden light gradually dimming until it finally returned to its ancient, simple form.

They looked at the two powerful Immortal Realm experts, their chests pierced and their auras utterly depleted.

They looked at this... the earth-shattering arrow that had reversed the course of the battle.

After a brief silence, the Evil Path Palace side was the first to react.

"Palace Master is seriously injured! Retreat! Retreat!!!"

A black-robed elder screamed hoarsely, his voice distorted with fear.

"Ancestor! Protect the Ancestor

and get him out of here!!!" The Nine Nether Palace disciples also panicked, rushing towards the spot where Xue Youming had fallen.

The allied forces completely collapsed.

Having witnessed their two leaders being severely wounded by an arrow, these cultivators, whose morale was already low, had no will to fight

left. They fled like stray dogs, madly fleeing off the battlefield.

Many even killed each other to fight for escape routes, the scene was utterly chaotic.

The allied forces wanted to pursue, but David used his last strength to shout hoarsely, "Don't chase... we... retreat too!"

He knew the situation all too well.

Although the Divine King Bow was powerful, forcibly activating it now would cause backlash far exceeding his expectations.

At this moment, he felt his right hand was completely numb, his fingers unable to bend—damage to his meridians caused by the bow's recoil.

The primordial star in his dantian dimmed again, and new cracks even appeared on its surface. Even

more serious was the depletion of his divine soul.

Activating the Divine King Bow required consuming a vast amount of Daoist energy; his divine soul was now as weak as if it had been hollowed out, making it difficult to even maintain basic consciousness .

The screen blurred before his eyes, his ears rang incessantly, and he felt as if he might faint at any moment.

Meanwhile, the Alliance's losses were devastating.

The Earth Fire Ancestor had fallen, True Person Xuanwei had died in battle, three elders of the Five Elements Sect were seriously injured, and two were slightly injured; the Heavenly Sword Pavilion had lost two sword elders and dozens of elite disciples; the Ten Thousand Beast Valley had suffered over half its beasts killed or wounded, and thirty percent of its beast tamers had perished...

If the fighting continued, even if they managed to annihilate the remaining enemies, they would have very few men left.

At that point, let alone counterattacking the Evil Path Palace, even self-preservation would be a problem.

"Listen to Fellow Daoist David... retreat!"

Jin Buhuan gritted his teeth and ordered, the Five Elements Sect Master's eyes bloodshot, his voice hoarse like a broken bellows.

How he longed to chase after them, to wipe out the remaining enemies, and avenge his fallen comrades!

But as the sect master, he had to be responsible for the surviving disciples.

Although Li Baichuan and Dugu Ao were unwilling, they knew this was their only choice.

Li Baichuan's three-headed Fiery Lion King was on its last legs, and he himself had lost an arm and was bleeding heavily; continuing the fight would surely kill him. Dugu

Ao's iron sword was riddled with cracks and could shatter at any moment, and his own sword intent was becoming unstable due to excessive consumption.

"Retreat!" the two said almost simultaneously.

The remaining disciples of the three major sects began to retreat in an orderly manner.

The seriously wounded were taken away first, the lightly wounded helped each other, and the dead... could only be hastily buried, without even time to erect a tombstone.

Supported by the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord, David took one last look at the battlefield.

Mountains of corpses and seas of blood, severed limbs, and scorched earth stretching for miles.

The blood of the Earth Fire Ancestor and the Xuanwei True Person had long since seeped into the earth, mixing with the blood of countless fallen warriors, staining the entire land a dark red.

Faint weeping could be heard in the wind; it was the surviving disciples mourning their fallen comrades.

The air was thick with the stench of blood and acrid burning, mingled with the eerie aura of reincarnation and the demonic energy of the Nine Netherworlds, creating a nauseating atmosphere of death.

David gripped the Divine King Bow tightly; its blade was icy cold, yet it felt as if scalding blood flowed within it.

It was the blood of the Earthfire Ancestor and the Mysterious Subtle True Man, the blood of countless fallen warriors, the blood of resentment, the blood of revenge.

“Blood Netherworld... Zhan Evil...”

he muttered to himself, each word seemingly squeezed from between his teeth, carrying a deep-seated hatred, an indelible vow.

“Today’s grudge... will be repaid a hundredfold in the future!”

“The day I return... will be the day you... perish!”

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Three days later, 80,000 miles northwest of the Five Elements Mountains, in a hidden valley shrouded in a natural maze.

This is one of the secret realms discovered by the Five Elements Sect in its early years. The entrance is hidden behind a waterfall. The interior space is vast, rich in spiritual energy, and protected by multiple natural formations, making it extremely concealed.

At this moment, the remaining disciples of the three major sects are all hiding here.

Deep in the valley, in a temporarily constructed cave dwelling,

David sits cross-legged, his face as pale as paper, his breath so weak that it is almost imperceptible.

His bare upper body is covered with crisscrossing wounds, the most serious of which is a bloody hole the size of a bowl on his chest.

That was caused by the backlash from the Chaos Returning to Nothingness Pearl. Even after three days of recuperation, the bleeding had only barely stopped, and the chaotic turbulence within was still raging. A

rich medicinal fragrance permeated the cave. Jin Buhuan had brought out almost all the sacred healing medicines treasured by the Five Elements Sect.

Beside David were more than a dozen jade bottles, the pills inside already ingested by him. The medicinal power dissolved within his body, repairing his damaged meridians and internal organs along with the Chaos Immortal Power.

Outside the cave, Jin Buhuan, Li Baichuan, Dugu Ao, the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord, and other high-ranking members of the alliance gathered in a simple stone pavilion, their faces grave, the atmosphere oppressive and suffocating.

"The casualty statistics... are out." Jin Buhuan's voice was dry and hoarse, as if he hadn't drunk water in a long time.

He held a jade slip in his hand, its surface emitting a faint light, covered with densely packed text.

With each line he read, his face paled further, and his hand holding the jade slip trembled slightly.

"The Five Elements Sect..."

He paused, took a deep breath, and continued, "Of the 3,200 disciples, 1,237 died in battle, including 48 elders and deacons of the eighth rank or above of the Heavenly Immortal Realm; 856 were seriously injured, and many



more were lightly injured... almost everyone was wounded.” “Among the five lineage elders, the Metal Lineage elder’s natal magic weapon was destroyed, his soul was severely damaged, and he is unconscious; the Wood Lineage elder’s life force was excessively depleted, and his lifespan has been reduced by at least 500 years; the Water, Fire, and Earth Lineage elders, although their injuries are relatively minor

, will still need at least half a year to recover their fighting strength.” The stone pavilion was deathly silent .

The only sounds were the rustling of leaves in the mountain wind and the suppressed sobs coming from afar.

“Heavenly Sword Pavilion...” Dugu Ao

began, this usually cold and aloof sword fanatic now had bloodshot eyes. “Nine hundred sword cultivators, three hundred and twelve dead, including two sword elders and forty-six elite disciples; two hundred and seven seriously injured, and half of the remaining disciples are wounded. My Lone Peak Sword... is shattered.”

He held a section of the hilt in his hand; the blade had already been completely destroyed in the battle.

That was his natal sword, nurtured for tens of thousands of years. The sword was his life, the sword was gone... the man was not dead, but his foundation was damaged.

“Ten Thousand Beast Valley...”

Li Baichuan’s voice was even lower, this once-bold beast king now hunched over, as if he had aged a hundred years overnight.

“Nine thousand demonic beasts, four thousand three hundred killed in battle, including the Thunderwing Golden Eagle King, the Ironback Earth Dragon King critically wounded, and the Gale Wolf King with a broken leg; four hundred beast tamers, one hundred and eighty-seven killed, and all three Beast Taming Grandmasters perished... My natal battle beast, the Three-Headed Flaming Lion King... is also nearing its end.”

His voice choked with emotion as he finished speaking.

The Three-Headed Flaming Lion King was not only his battle beast, but also his companion and brother who had been with him for nearly ten thousand years.

At this moment, the majestic lion king lay in a cave at the other end of the valley, two of its three heads completely lifeless, and the remaining one coughing up blood, clearly on its deathbed.

A long silence fell once more in the stone pavilion.

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord leaned against a stone pillar, his scarlet demonic eyes filled with exhaustion.

Although he hadn't suffered the same heavy losses as the three major sects, he had also been seriously injured in the battle, and more importantly... he saw no hope.

"The Earth Fire Ancestor has fallen, and True Person Xuanwei has died in battle..."

Jin Buhuan murmured, "Including the Qingming Sword Sect disciples, Five Elements Sect elders, and Ten Thousand Beast Valley masters who died in battle before... In this battle, we have lost at least five top-tier combatants at the ninth rank of the Heavenly Immortal Realm."

"As for the enemy... Xue Youming and Zhan E, although seriously injured, are not dead. Of the three Ghost Kings of the Nine Nether Palace, only the Chi Gui King is dead; the other two are still alive. The elders of the Evil Path Hall also have at least five or six members intact. Once they recover..."

He didn't finish, but everyone understood his meaning.

Once the Evil Path Hall recovers, they will inevitably launch a full-scale attack to wipe out the remaining forces of the alliance.

And given the alliance's current situation... they have no power to resist.

"The problem now is," Dugu Ao said coldly, a hint of despair in his voice, "what do we do next? How long can we hide here? The Evil Path Palace has suffered such a huge loss; they will definitely turn the Twelve Heavens upside down to find us. When they come knocking... that will be the time of our total annihilation."

The stone pavilion fell silent for the third time.

This silence was even more oppressive, even more desperate.

After a long silence, Jin Buhuan slowly spoke, his voice filled with a resigned weariness: "The only thing we can do now... is to hide."

"Hide?"

Li Baichuan smiled bitterly. "How long can we hide? A month? Three months? Or a year?"

"We'll hide as long as we can." Jin Buhuan closed his eyes. "At least... we have to wait for our young friend David to recover. He is our only hope."

"Furthermore,"

he paused, forcing himself to stay alert, “we need to contact other forces that still hold onto justice. The Twelve Heavens are so vast; there must be some who refuse to bow to the Evil Path Hall, who refuse to be enslaved by the Gate of Reincarnation

. If we can find them and unite, perhaps... there is still a glimmer of hope.” “And,” the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord added, “we must find a way to expose the truth about the Gate of Reincarnation. As long as more people know that it’s a trap, that so-called immortality is nothing more than turning living people into puppets, the power of the Evil Path Hall will crumble from within.”

“Easier said than done.”

Dugu Ao sneered. “After this battle, the news that the Lord of Reincarnation bestowed blessings and allowed tens of thousands of cultivators to break through has probably already spread to every corner of the Twelve Heavens.”

“Now everyone believes the Evil Path Temple is the chosen one, the controller of the Gate of Immortality. Who would still believe the words of us losers?”

everyone fell silent again.

Inside the cave, David slowly opened his eyes.

He had heard every word of the discussion outside. He also understood their current predicament.

A desperate situation.

A truly hopeless situation.

But in his eyes, there was no despair.

Only... an unfathomable coldness, and... a desperate, all-or-nothing resolve.

He raised his right hand, looking at the two intertwined lines on the back of his hand, five colors, five elements, crimson gold, and earth fire.

He felt the primordial star in his dantian, dim yet still slowly rotating.

“One month...”

he murmured to himself, his voice hoarse but firm, “Give me one month...”

“Blood Netherworld, Zhan E, Lord of Reincarnation...”

“The day I emerge from seclusion... will be the day you... perish!”

Outside the window, the night deepened.

An atmosphere of oppression, sorrow, and despair permeated the valley.