

A Man Like None Other Novel Chapter 5981

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“Mr. Chen, the powerful being has left!”

A voice startled David.

Looking over, he saw the Lord of Reincarnation still kneeling on the ground.

David quickly drew his Dragon-Slaying Sword, glaring menacingly at the Lord of Reincarnation.

“Lord of Reincarnation, what do you want?”

David asked.

“Mr. Chen, I just remembered, my legs are numb from kneeling,” the Lord of Reincarnation said.

“Then...then get up!”

David took a few steps back.

“Thank you, Mr. Chen.” The Lord of Reincarnation slowly rose. “Mr. Chen, my name is Ming Li, I am not the Lord of Reincarnation, but merely someone who stole the Gate of Reincarnation from my clan.”

“I have offended you greatly, Mr. Chen, please forgive me.”

With that, Ming Li bowed ninety degrees to David.

Seeing that Ming Li’s attitude was good and that he didn’t seem to be going to attack him, David sheathed his Dragon-Slaying Sword.

“I ask you, what place is this? And what’s going on with your Ghost Clan?” David asked Ming Li!

Mr. Shi was gone, and David still had many questions, so he could only ask Ming Li!

As soon as David finished speaking, Ming Li respectfully bowed and began to explain.

“Mr. Chen, this place is the edge of the Northern Dark Wasteland in the Thirteenth Heaven.”

Ming Li pointed to the collapsed mountain range in the distance, his voice carrying a hint of vicissitude and desolation, “And this collapsed mountain range was originally an important clan territory of our Ghost Clan in the Thirteenth Heaven.”

“The Thirteenth Heaven?”

David’s heart was shocked. He had arrived at the Thirteenth Heaven so quickly?

He was only at the Celestial Immortal Realm, and what about the requirements for reaching the Thirteenth Heaven?

How could he have arrived at the Thirteenth Heaven in such a daze?

He hadn’t even said goodbye to Jin Buhuan, Li Baichuan, Dugu Ao, and the others, and he hadn’t even had a chance to tell the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord that he was safe.

And his women...

“Exactly.”

Ming Li nodded and continued, “As for our Ghost Clan... it’s a long story.”

He paused, gathering his thoughts, before slowly speaking: “In the vast Heavenly Realm, there are billions of living beings and numerous races. Besides common races like humans, demons, and monsters, there are some special ancient races, and our Ghost Clan is one of them.”

“The Ghost Clan is not formed from the souls of the dead, but is a race that is naturally close to the laws of reincarnation, rebirth, and souls.”

“Our people are born with the ability to communicate between Yin and Yang, guide the souls of the dead, and control a portion of the reincarnation authority.” “In the distant ancient times, the Ghost Clan was an important force in maintaining the order of life and death in the Three Realms. Recognized by the Heavenly Dao

, they established clan territories in various heavens to guide and manage the souls of the dead, helping them to reincarnate.”

“Then why did it...” David looked at the surrounding crumbling mountains, the meaning self-evident.

Ming Li gave a bitter laugh, his eyes flashing with pain and resentment: “The rise and fall of dynasties is a natural law. But the decline of the Ghost Clan is not due to natural disasters, but... human calamity.”

“About thirty thousand years ago, our Ghost King at that time possessed extraordinary cultivation. He comprehended the Great Dao of Reincarnation, glimpsing a trace of the mysteries of the Heavenly Dao, and believed that the existing reincarnation order was flawed, unable to truly realize the principle of karmic retribution and cause and effect.”

“Many heinous villains, after death, possess powerful souls, or are protected by secret methods, often escaping punishment, even reincarnating with their memories to continue their evil deeds.”

“While the kind and weak may suffer in reincarnation, or even have their true spirits annihilated.”

“The Ghost King of the Underworld cared for all living beings and vowed to establish an absolutely just reincarnation order.”

“He began to attempt to forge his own path, breaking away from the existing Heavenly Dao reincarnation system, to establish a new, absolutely fair reincarnation law completely controlled by the Ghost Clan.”

“To this end, he gathered the strength of his entire clan to forge several treasures of reincarnation, including the reincarnation gate you saw.”

David listened intently, then couldn’t help but ask, “This is a good thing, so why did it bring disaster?”

“A good thing?”

Ming Li shook his head, his eyes full of mockery. “Mr. Chen, you are too naive. To create a new path means to forcibly extract a part of the reincarnation law from the existing Heavenly Dao laws and bring it under one’s own control.”

“This is tantamount to severing the authority of the Heavenly Dao and challenging its power!”

“Moreover, many powerful races, sects, and even individuals, having cultivated to a high level, are no longer satisfied with ordinary reincarnation. They yearn to be reincarnated with their memories and cultivation, or even to escape reincarnation and achieve immortality.” “For

the Ghost Clan to establish an absolutely fair reincarnation system means to strip these powerful individuals and forces of their privileges in reincarnation.”

“This touches upon the interests of too many beings. The Heavenly Dao does not allow anyone to challenge its authority, and those powerful forces do not allow anyone to disrupt their plans for immortality.”

“Thus, a campaign to annihilate the Ghost Clan began, with the tacit understanding of many parties.”

Ming Li’s voice deepened. “First, the Heavenly Dao unleashed a backlash of reincarnation, hindering the Ghost Clan’s cultivation and causing their fortunes to decline.”

“Then, led by several of the most powerful divine and ancient clans at the time, dozens of major forces united to launch a full-scale purge of the Ghost Clan, citing their alleged attempt to tamper with the Heavenly Dao, disrupt the order of reincarnation, and plot treason.”

“That battle... the heavens and earth shattered, the sun and moon lost their light. Though our Ghost Clan was strong, how could we withstand the combined annihilation of the Heavenly Dao and various forces?”

“Countless ancestral lands collapsed, and clansmen perished. To protect his clansmen’s retreat, the Ghost King detonated several reincarnation treasures with his own essence, severely injuring the invading enemies, but in doing so, his soul was scattered, leaving only a wisp of his true spirit sealed deep within the Reincarnation Bureau, falling into eternal slumber.”

“Since then, the Ghost Clan has disintegrated, the surviving clansmen scattered and fled, hiding their identities, never daring to call themselves the Ghost Clan again.”

“Most of those powerful reincarnation treasures were also damaged or lost. My branch, by sheer luck, managed to escape to a hidden place in the Thirteenth Heaven with the damaged Gate of Reincarnation, barely surviving.”

Ming Li’s eyes welled with tears as he spoke, but he quickly suppressed them.

“After ten thousand years of recuperation, our branch has barely recovered some of its strength. But the clan’s experts have dwindled, and the inheritance is incomplete; it is no longer the prosperous place it once was.”

“I am the most talented of this generation, and the elders have high hopes for me, hoping I can repair the Gate of Reincarnation, find a way to restore the Ghost King, and revitalize the Ghost Clan.”

“Before we could repair the Gate of Reincarnation, this place was discovered. The scene you see before you is a remnant of the great battle of that time.”

“Fortunately, my clansmen risked their lives to send me away, which is how I survived!”

“So you took the Gate of Reincarnation to the Twelfth Heaven? And you even pretended to be the Lord of Reincarnation, collecting souls to repair the Gate of Reincarnation?” David frowned.

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Ming Li's face showed embarrassment and shame: “Yes... at that time, the clan's resources were scarce, and repairing the Gate of Reincarnation required a massive amount of soul power. Moreover, we were discovered in the clan's territory in the Thirteenth Heaven, and it was impossible for me to stay there.”

“The Twelfth Heaven is a lower realm, where the Heavenly Dao's surveillance is relatively weak, and the highest cultivation level there is no more than the Upper Immortal Realm. With my strength and the power of the Gate of Reincarnation, I could act secretly.”

“I originally planned to use immortality and blessings as bait to attract cultivators to voluntarily offer their soul power, or to collect the souls of those who died in battle, accumulating enough energy to repair the Gate of Reincarnation, and then quietly return, without causing any trouble.”

“Those like Zhan E and Xue Youming are nothing more than pawns who covet power. I used them, and they were willing to do so.”

“I just didn't expect...” Ming Li looked at David and smiled bitterly, “to encounter you, Mr. Chen, and the one behind you... Mr. Shi.”

David was silent for a moment.

He could understand Ming Li and the Ghost Clan's plight. For survival and revival, sometimes they had to do extraordinary things.

But understanding did not mean agreement. It was also a fact that the Ghost Clan had caused turmoil in the Twelfth Heaven and countless casualties in order to repair the Gate of Reincarnation.

“Were the souls of the Hu Clan really sent to the Reincarnation Bureau?” David changed the subject.

“Absolutely.”

Ming Li quickly said, “Mr. Shi is very powerful and has rescued them all and sent them back to where they belonged.”

“Don’t worry, Mr. Chen, the souls of the Hu Clan are intact and undamaged. They have only undergone a baptism of reincarnation, which may be beneficial for their cultivation in the next life.”

David nodded, a great weight lifted from his heart.

Master Hu’s request had finally been fulfilled.

He looked at the desolate scenery around him, feeling the much heavier and purer spiritual energy and law pressure of the Thirteenth Heaven compared to the Twelfth Heaven, and his mind was filled with many thoughts.

“Mr. Shi sent me directly to the Thirteenth Heaven. It seems he thinks I have nothing more to learn in the Twelfth Heaven,”

David mused to himself. “The Thirteenth Heaven, the starting point of the Middle Realm, is the truly vast stage. But...”

He thought of the people still waiting for news of him in the Twelfth Heaven.

Jin Buhuan, Li Baichuan, Dugu Ao—they must still be anxiously waiting outside Reincarnation Peak, right?

And the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord, who had accompanied him for so long, had now left without saying goodbye. He must be very disappointed, perhaps even thinking that he had perished in the Gate of Reincarnation.

“No, we need to find a way to send them a message.”

David looked at Ming Li. “Do you have a way to contact the Twelfth Heaven? Or, could you send me back?”

Ming Li looked troubled. “Mr. Chen, crossing the barrier between the two realms is extremely difficult, requiring a specific passage or token. I was able to go down with the Gate of Reincarnation thanks to a boundary-breaking talisman passed down in my clan, but that talisman can only be used once and becomes invalid afterward.”

“As for sending a message... the laws of the two realms are different, and ordinary means of communication simply cannot penetrate the barrier.”

Seeing David's disappointed expression, Ming Li thought for a moment and then said, "However, Mr. Chen, you don't need to worry too much. Since Mr. Shi sent you to the Thirteenth Heaven, he has his reasons."

"Friends in the Twelfth Heaven, perhaps Mr. Shi has other plans. Moreover, with your current cultivation and potential, Mr. Chen, staying in the Twelfth Heaven is indeed somewhat limiting."

"The Thirteenth Heaven offers more opportunities and is more conducive to your growth. Once your cultivation is fully developed, you can easily return to the Twelfth Heaven."

David sighed, knowing Ming Li was right.

Mr. Shi always acted with his own considerations.

Worrying now was useless; the most urgent thing was to adapt to the environment of the Thirteenth Heaven as quickly as possible and improve his strength. "By the

way, you said this is the edge of the Northern Dark Wasteland? How much do you know about the Thirteenth Heaven? Where should I go now?" David asked.

Being new to the place, he knew nothing about the Thirteenth Heaven and needed a guide.

Ming Li's spirits lifted, and he said, "Mr. Chen has come to the right person. Although my Ghost Clan has declined, we have operated here for many years and have a fairly good understanding of the northern region of the Thirteen Heavens."

"The Thirteen Heavens are vast and boundless, more than ten times the size of the twelve lower heavens combined."

"The forces here are intricately intertwined, including ancient sects, powerful demon kingdoms, mysterious reclusive families, and of course, descendants of fallen ancient clans like ours."

"Generally speaking, the Thirteen Heavens can be divided into five major domains: the Eastern Domain, Qingming Immortal Continent, where human cultivation sects abound;"

"The Western Domain, the Ten Thousand Demon Mountains, is demon territory; the Southern Domain, Tianhuo Yan Continent, has a harsh environment, abundant fire-attribute creatures and mineral deposits;"

"The Northern Domain is the Northern Ice Plains where we are located, with a cold climate and relatively scarce resources, but it is also relatively peaceful, a gathering place for many small forces, independent cultivators, and fallen clans;" "

The Central Domain, Tianyuan Sacred Continent, is the most prosperous, with the richest spiritual energy, and is jointly controlled by several of the strongest forces."

"We're currently on the edge of the Northern Ice Plains. Tens of thousands of miles south, we'll see some cities and markets where cultivators gather.

The largest power in the Northern Ice Plains is the Xuanbing Palace, whose master is said to be a powerful figure at the seventh rank of the Upper Immortal Realm.

Besides that, there are a few slightly weaker sects like the 'Hanco Sect' and the 'Frost and Snow Sword Sect.'

David listened attentively, memorizing this information.

A seventh-rank Upper Immortal Realm expert... that's already a top-tier powerhouse in the Twelfth Heaven, yet here he's merely the master of a regional sect. The overall strength of the Thirteenth Heaven is indeed far superior to that of the lower realms.

"Do you have any suggestions? What should I do now?"

David asked.

His impression of Ming Li had changed somewhat. Despite his predicament, this man didn't forget his clan's fate; he wasn't inherently bad, and he was familiar with the area—a good person to consult.

Ming Li pondered for a moment and said, "Mr. Chen is new here, and his cultivation is at the seventh rank of the Celestial Immortal Realm. He's considered a powerful figure in the Northern Underworld Ice Plains, but not quite top-tier."

"I suggest Mr. Chen find a cultivator's city to settle down in first, to learn about the local customs, power distribution, and cultivation resources."

"The common currency of the Thirteen Heavens is Yuan Crystals, which contain purer spiritual energy than spirit stones in the lower realms. If Mr. Chen has any spirit stones or materials from the lower realms, he can exchange them in the market."

"Furthermore, the cultivation system of the Thirteen Heavens is the same as that of the lower realms, but the techniques and supernatural abilities are more profound, and the quality of pills and magic treasures is also higher."

"If Mr. Chen wants to improve quickly, he needs to acquire higher-level techniques and resources. He could consider joining a sect, becoming a guest elder, or exploring some ancient ruins and secret realms."

David nodded; these suggestions were very pertinent.

He did indeed need to settle down first and understand the environment.

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“And what about you? What are your plans?” David looked at Ming Li.

Ming Li’s expression darkened: “The Gate of Reincarnation is lost, I can’t explain to my clan. My clansmen are all dead or alive, I have nowhere to go.”

Looking at Ming Li’s dejected appearance, David recalled the plight of the Ghost Clan and felt a pang of sympathy.

This clan, once glorious, has now fallen to such a state.

David was silent for a moment, then suddenly said, “If you have nowhere to go, you can come with me. I’m new to the Thirteenth Heaven and need someone to help me get familiar with the situation.”

Ming Li looked up sharply, staring at David in disbelief: “Mr. Chen...you...you don’t blame me?”

“One thing at a time,”

David said calmly. “What you did in the Twelfth Heaven did cause trouble. But you were only doing it for the survival of your clan; you weren’t inherently evil.”

“Now that the Gate of Reincarnation has been taken away by Mr. Shi, you’ve been punished. As long as you don’t do evil again, I, David, am willing to give you a chance.”

Ming Li’s eyes reddened, and he knelt down: “Mr. Chen’s great kindness is something I will never forget! I am willing to follow Mr. Chen to repay the kindness of not killing me and the favor I have shown you!”

“Get up first

,” David helped Ming Li up. “Let’s find a place to rest.”

“Yes!” Ming Li nodded. “Thirty thousand miles south, there is a city called Hanyuan City, one of the largest gathering places for cultivators in the southern part of the Northern

Underworld Ice Plains. The city lord is a rogue cultivator at the fifth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm, so things are relatively fair."

"Mr. Chen, may we go there first?" Ming Li pointed in a direction.

"Alright." David nodded.

The Thirteenth Heaven, a new journey begins.

David looked at his storage ring, which contained not only the vast resources he had obtained from the ancient Qi Refiner's cave and the Youquan Sect, but also the "Primordial Qi Refining True Scripture."

This was his capital to establish himself in this new world.

"Senior Chi Yun, Sect Master Jin, Valley Master Li, Senior Dugu... I apologize for leaving without saying goodbye. Once I have established myself in this realm and achieved sufficient cultivation, I will definitely return to find you."

David silently recited in his heart, a resolute look flashing in his eyes.

Without further hesitation, he leaped up, transforming into a streak of gray light, and sped away.

The cold wind howled, blowing his robes.

Ahead lay an unknown world, stronger opponents, and a broader stage.

Meanwhile, in the Twelfth Heaven, at the ruins of the Evil Path Palace.

On the altar atop Reincarnation Peak, the illusory image of the hundred-zhang-tall Gate of Reincarnation, three days after David stepped through, began to fluctuate violently without warning at noon.

Then, like a bubble, it rapidly faded and dissipated, finally vanishing completely without a trace.

"The Gate of Reincarnation... disappeared?!" Jin Buhuan, the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord ,

and the others waiting outside the peak abruptly stood up, their expressions drastically changed. They had waited for three whole days, but David hadn't emerged, nor had the Gate of Reincarnation shown any unusual activity. Unexpectedly, what they witnessed was the complete disappearance of the Gate of Reincarnation!

“Where’s David? Why didn’t David come out?!” Li Baichuan exclaimed anxiously. Jin Buhuan’s face was pale. His divine sense frantically scanned the altar and the surrounding space, but he could no longer sense any aura related to David or the Gate of Reincarnation. “Could it be...”

A terrifying thought arose in everyone’s minds. “No! Impossible!” the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord roared, his scarlet demonic eyes filled with disbelief. “That kid is incredibly resilient! Even the ancient Qi Refiner’s cave couldn’t trap him, how could the Gate of Reincarnation possibly...” But he couldn’t finish his sentence.

The Gate of Reincarnation had mysteriously vanished, and David was nowhere to be found—this was definitely not a good omen. The group waited for several more days, even venturing into the altar to investigate, but still found nothing. In the end, they had to accept the cruel reality:

David had likely disappeared along with the Gate of Reincarnation, his fate unknown. The alliance members were filled with grief and indignation.

They had just seen hope for revenge, and the leader who had led them to destroy the Evil Path Hall had left in such a way. “Fellow Daoist David is a hero of our Twelfth Heaven!” Jin Buhuan, suppressing his grief, announced to everyone,

“From this day forward, the Twelfth Heaven enters a new era. We must uphold Fellow Daoist David’s legacy, restore order, and protect this realm!” “Furthermore, send additional personnel to establish permanent outposts near Reincarnation Peak to monitor for any anomalies.

Report any news of Fellow Daoist David immediately!” With the orders issued, the alliance began to systematically take over the sphere of influence left behind by the Evil Path Hall and restore order to the Twelfth Heaven. The turmoil triggered by the Gate of Reincarnation gradually subsided with its disappearance and David’s fall.

But some people would never forget the young figure who led them in a desperate counterattack, slaying a powerful Immortal with his Celestial Immortal cultivation, and finally venturing alone into the Gate of Reincarnation.

The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord waited outside Reincarnation Peak for several more days. Every day, he hoped that familiar figure would suddenly appear, with that irritating smile, saying, “Senior, I’ve kept you waiting.” But every day, he was disappointed. The Crimson Cloud Demon Lord finally gave up.

He kowtowed three times heavily before the empty altar. “Boy, you saved my life. I’ll remember this debt.” “Don’t worry, I’ll take care of your family and friends. If you truly die inside, once I revive my beloved and achieve great cultivation, I will definitely find a way to cleave open this cycle of reincarnation and bring your remains out!”

With that, he resolutely turned and transformed into a streak of blood-red light, flying towards the Nine Heavens. He was going to save the woman who had waited for him for countless years. Then, he would return to fulfill his promise.

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David and Ming Li traveled south, traversing tens of thousands of miles of the Northern Wilderness.

The further south they went, the richer and purer the spiritual energy became, far surpassing that of the Twelfth Heaven.

David could sense that the laws of the Thirteenth Heaven were more complete and rigorous, making cultivation twice as effective, but also demanding a higher foundation from the cultivator.

The circulation of his Concentration Technique within his body, after adapting to the laws of this realm, was actually smoother and more powerful than when he was in the Twelfth Heaven.

Three days later, a majestic ice and snow city appeared on the horizon.

The city walls were hundreds of feet high, entirely constructed of some kind of dark blue-green ice, with pale blue runes flowing across their surface, clearly indicating the presence of a powerful defensive formation.

At intervals along the city walls stood cultivators clad in ice-blue armor, their auras deep and concentrated, at least at the Heavenly Immortal realm.

Above the city gate, three ancient seal characters, written in a flamboyant and elegant style, exuded a chilling aura—"Hanyuan City."

" "Mr. Chen, this is Hanyuan City,"

Ming Li introduced. "This city has a history of over ten thousand years and is one of the most important gathering places for cultivators in the southern part of the Northern Underworld Ice Plains, with over one hundred thousand permanent residents."

"The city lord, True Person Hanyuan, is a powerful rogue cultivator at the fifth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm. It is said that he received the inheritance of an ancient immortal in his early years, making his strength unfathomable. Moreover, he is relatively

fair and does not participate in the conflicts between major forces, which is why many rogue cultivators and small sects are willing to settle here."

David nodded, and the two walked towards the city gate.

Dozens of guards were checking people at the city gate. The leader was a burly, scarred man with a fierce aura, whose cultivation had clearly reached the second rank of the Upper Immortal Realm.

David was somewhat speechless; in the Thirteenth Heaven, even Upper Immortals were only good for gatekeepers.

"Halt!"

The scarred man stopped David and his companion, sizing them up. "Unfamiliar faces? Where are you from? What brings you into the city?"

David remained calm. "I am David, a rogue cultivator. This is my companion, Ming Li. We are new to the Northern Ice Plains and wish to stay in the city temporarily to familiarize ourselves with the surroundings."

"Rogue cultivator?"

The scarred man's eyes were suspicious, and he looked at David intently. "Recently, the city lord has ordered a strict inspection of all outside cultivators. Do you have any identification? Or, can anyone verify your origins?"

David frowned slightly.

Identification?

They had just come from the twelfth heaven; where would they get thirteenth heaven identities?

Ming Li quickly stepped forward, took out a jet-black domino from his robes, and said with a forced smile, "Brother, we come from the depths of the Northern Dark Wasteland."

"Our ancestors were a declining family, who have been living in seclusion and cultivating in the wasteland ever since. This is our ancestral emblem. We've come out of the mountains this time to broaden our horizons and seek some opportunities."

The scarred man took the domino and examined it, his expression softening slightly, but he still shook his head: "Without a proper identity jade token, according to the rules, it needs to be temporarily confiscated until our identities are verified."

“Recently, things haven’t been peaceful in the city. One of the city lord’s important magical artifacts has been stolen, and it’s suspected to be the work of outsider cultivators, so all unfamiliar faces are being strictly investigated.”

“What?” David was taken aback. A magical

artifact stolen?

This reason sounded rather far-fetched.

“Brother, please be lenient.”

Ming Li secretly slipped a small bag of Yuan Crystals to him. “We are truly good cultivators, with absolutely no ill intentions.”

The scarred man weighed the bag in his hand, a glint of greed flashing in his eyes, but then he looked troubled. “It’s not that I’m unwilling to be lenient, but the city lord has given a strict order this time.”

“Detain all outside cultivators without clear identities. Anyone who dares to let them pass will be killed without exception. I’m just following orders, so don’t make things difficult for me.”

He waved his hand. “Men, take them to the temporary detention center. We’ll talk about it after we’ve investigated.”

Immediately, four guards at the first rank of the Upper Immortal Realm stepped forward, carrying specially made cold iron chains.

David’s eyes turned cold, and the chaotic power within his body fluctuated slightly.

With his current strength, these guards were no match for him, and forcibly breaking through wouldn’t be difficult.

But as a newcomer, he didn’t want to cause trouble right away and become an enemy of the city lord.

“Mr. Chen, please calm down,”

Ming Li transmitted his voice. “Go with them first and see how things go. True Immortal Han Yuan has a good reputation; he shouldn’t make things difficult for us without reason. Once our identities are verified, he’ll naturally let us out.”

David took a deep breath, suppressing his urge to fight, and allowed the guards to put the cold iron chains on his wrists.

A chilling sealing force emanated from the chains, attempting to seal his magic power, but the chaotic energy flowed slightly, easily dissolving the sealing force.

David pretended to be imprisoned and did not resist.

Ming Li did the same; he had many secret techniques of the Ghost Clan, and chains of this level couldn't restrain him at all.

The two were escorted through the bustling streets.

Han Yuan City was quite lively, with shops lining both sides of the streets, selling pills, magic weapons, and cultivation techniques, as well as restaurants, inns, and even auction houses.

The auras of the cultivators coming and going varied, but they were generally a level stronger than those of the twelfth level of the Heavenly Realm. Upper Immortals were everywhere, but not a single Heavenly Immortal was in sight.

David also concealed his aura, preventing others from recognizing his Celestial Immortal realm.

"It seems the Thirteenth Heaven is indeed the Middle Realm, its overall strength far surpassing the Lower Realm," David thought to himself.

Soon, they were led to a heavily guarded building in the west of the city.

The building was constructed of thick, mysterious ice, heavily guarded at the entrance, and a plaque bore the three large characters: Inspection Division.

Entering the Inspection Division, they passed through several dimly lit corridors and were pushed into a huge cell.

Dozens of cultivators, men, women, and children, were already imprisoned inside, their cultivation levels ranging from the first and second ranks of the Upper Immortal Realm, with even some reaching the third rank. These cultivators all wore expressions of fear, anger, or resentment.

The walls of the cell were covered with sealing runes, and a suffocating atmosphere permeated the air.

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“Two more unlucky souls.”

“Sigh, when will this ever end...”

“Is True Immortal Han Yuan truly determined to purge all the outside cultivators this time?”

The prisoners whispered among themselves, their gazes towards David and Ming Li a mixture of pity and indifference.

David found a corner to sit down, closed his eyes to rest, and secretly observed the situation in the cell.

Ming Li, on the other hand, approached a few prisoners who seemed more approachable and quietly inquired about the situation.

“Fellow Daoists, what exactly happened? We were arrested as soon as we entered the city, and they say the city lord lost a magic weapon?” Ming Li asked.

An old cultivator with a withered face smiled bitterly: “What do you mean by losing magic treasures? Those are all excuses! The real purpose is to purge all cultivators from the Eastern Region, or anyone who might have connections with the Eastern Region!” “

Eastern Region? Azure Nether Immortal Continent?” David opened his eyes.

“Exactly.”

The old cultivator lowered his voice. “True Master Hanyuan received a secret report that the major human sects of Qingming Immortal Continent have been making frequent moves recently, seemingly secretly gathering forces to expand their territory into the Northern Ice Plains.”

“They may have already sent many spies to infiltrate Hanyuan City to gather intelligence, and even prepare for an inside-outside attack.” “

Therefore, the city lord would rather kill the innocent than let the guilty go free, arresting all the cultivators who recently entered the city and whose identities are unknown.”

“Especially those of us who fled from the Eastern Region... Alas, what an undeserved disaster!”

“Fleeing?”

David keenly grasped this word. “Qingming Immortal Continent is a holy land for human cultivation, why would we flee?”

The old cultivator looked around, lowering his voice even further: “Fellow Daoist, you may not know, but Qingming Immortal Continent is no longer ruled by humans!”

“About several hundred years ago, a group of self-proclaimed divine cultivators controlled Qingming Immortal Continent. They were powerful, of noble blood, and extremely arrogant, looking down on us humans.”

“The divine race?”

David’s eyes narrowed.

The divine race again!

Wan Jianxing was imprisoned by the patriarch of the Divine Race!

“That’s right, the Divine Race.”

Fear and resentment flashed in the old cultivator’s eyes. “They used some unknown means to control the high-ranking members of several top sects in the Azure Nether Immortal Continent. Now, the entire Azure Nether Immortal Continent is nominally ruled by human sects, but in reality, it’s all being manipulated by the Divine Race.”

“They ruthlessly oppress human cultivators, plunder resources, and brutally suppress any resistance. Many sect disciples and rogue cultivators couldn’t bear it and fled.”

“We couldn’t stand the oppression of the Divine Race, and we barely escaped with our lives to the relatively peaceful Northern Nether Ice Plains, hoping to settle down here. Unexpectedly... we’ve just escaped one danger only to fall into another!” The old cultivator’s eyes reddened as he spoke.

A young cultivator beside him excitedly interjected, “Those bas***s from the Divine Race don’t treat us like human beings at all! They say we’re an inferior race, only fit to be their slaves!” “My master was turned into a puppet because he refused to submit

! I must take revenge!” “

Keep your voice down!”

the old cultivator quickly covered his mouth. “Walls have ears! If the guards hear us, we’re dead!”

David listened silently, his heart churning with emotion.

The

God Clan... truly arrogant and domineering!

“Isn’t anyone going to do anything about it? What about the major powers in the Central Region’s Tianyuan Sacred Continent?” Ming Li asked.

“Do what? Who’s going to do anything?”

The old cultivator smiled bitterly. “The God Clan has a mysterious origin and immense strength; it’s said they have powerful backers in the Central Region.”

“Moreover, they don’t directly rule the Azure Nether Immortal Continent; they only indirectly control it by controlling human sects.”

“Those major powers are indifferent; as long as their core interests aren’t violated, who would stand up for us small cultivators and sects?”

A stifling silence fell over the cell.

Just then, the cell door slammed open, and a group of fierce-looking guards rushed in.

“Everyone, get up! Line up!”

the head guard captain shouted sternly.

“What? Are they letting us out?” someone asked hopefully.

“Release them?”

The guard captain sneered. “The city lord has ordered that all suspected spies be taken to the execution platform at the northernmost point of the city and executed on the spot as a warning to others!”

“What?!” “

Injustice! We’re not spies!”

“Master Hanyuan, you can’t kill innocent people

indiscriminately!” The cell erupted in chaos, filled with cries, curses, and pleas for mercy.

“Shut up!”

The guard captain lashed a whip at the loudest cultivator, tearing his skin. “Any further disturbance will result in immediate execution! Take them all away!”

The guards rushed forward like wolves, shackling each prisoner with heavier chains and forcibly dragging them out of the cell.

David’s eyes were icy.

He had originally wanted to wait for identity verification, but now it seemed that the City Lord of Hanyuan was determined to use this as an excuse to purge outsider cultivators.

Since that was the case, he couldn’t just sit and wait to die.

“Mr. Chen, what should we do?”

Ming Li asked telepathically, a hint of killing intent flashing in his eyes.

Although he was a ghost, he was not one to be slaughtered at will.

“We’ll see how things unfold,” David replied calmly.

The group was escorted through the frigid streets towards the north of the city.

A large number of onlookers gathered on both sides of the street, pointing and whispering, but no one dared to stop them.

Clearly, the Lord of Hanyuan City held absolute authority in Hanyuan City.

Soon, the group was led to a massive high platform.