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The high platform, constructed of millennia-old black ice, exuded a chilling aura. Thick ice pillars stood in the center, stained with dark red blood – this was the “Execution Platform,” the place where Cold Abyss City executed serious criminals.

Below the platform, thousands of cultivators, both residents of Cold Abyss City and outsiders, had gathered to watch the spectacle.

Directly in front of the platform lay an ice jade throne, currently empty.

Clearly, City Lord Cold Abyss Zhenren had not yet arrived.

“Kneel!”

The guards forcibly pressed the prisoner to the ground, facing the throne.

“The City Lord has arrived!” a loud shout rang out.

From afar, a streak of icy blue light pierced the air and landed before the throne.

As the light faded, a middle-aged Taoist priest appeared, dressed in an ice-blue robe, with a gaunt face and a cold demeanor.

His eyes gleamed with a sharp light, his aura unfathomable; he was none other than Han Yuan Zhenren, the Lord of Han Yuan City, a fifth-rank Immortal!

With his arrival, the temperature around the execution platform plummeted, an invisible pressure enveloping the entire area, and the noisy crowd immediately fell silent.

Han Yuan Zhenren coldly swept his gaze over the dozens of prisoners on the platform, as if looking at a group of ants.

“Lord City Lord! We are innocent! We are not spies from Qingming Immortal Continent! We were forced to flee here by the oppression of the gods!”

The young cultivator could no longer hold back, shouting hoarsely, his voice shrill.

“Insolence! You dare to argue even when facing death!” The guard captain stepped forward to attack.

“Wait,” Han Yuan Zhenren said calmly.

The guard captain immediately stopped, bowed, and retreated.

Master Hanyuan looked at the young cultivator, his voice icy: “Oppression by the Divine Race? Escape? How would I know? Isn’t this just an excuse you fabricated to infiltrate Hanyuan City?”

“If Qingming Immortal Continent is truly controlled by the Divine Race, why hasn’t any news spread from the Eastern Region?”

“Because the Divine Race’s power is immense; they’ve sealed off the news! Anyone who dared to spread it has been silenced!”

the young cultivator exclaimed excitedly. “If the City Lord doesn’t believe us, you can send someone to Qingming Immortal Continent to investigate! We are willing to swear on our Dao hearts that if we utter even a single falsehood, may we be struck down by heaven and earth, never to be reincarnated!”

The other prisoners also swore oaths, tears streaming down their faces.

Master Hanyuan frowned slightly, seemingly wavering.

He wasn’t a bloodthirsty person; this purge was due to immense pressure. If Qingming Immortal Continent was truly preparing to invade the north, Hanyuan City would be the first to bear the brunt, and he had to ensure there were no traitors within the city.

But what if... these people were truly innocent?

Just then, David spoke.

His voice wasn’t loud, yet it carried clearly throughout the entire area, carrying a strange calmness and power:

“Lord Hanyuan, what they said is true.”

Whoosh!

All eyes instantly focused on David. Hanyuan Zhenren’s gaze was like lightning as he looked at Chen Ping

: “And who are you? How can you be so sure?”

David slowly rose.

The cold iron shackles on his wrists had already been quietly shattered by the power of chaos, and now they were merely resting on his hands. This rise

immediately made the surrounding guards tense.

“Insolence! Kneel down !”

The guard

captain roared and slapped David’s shoulder, trying to push him down again.

David didn’t even look at him, simply raising his left hand and lightly tapping with his index finger.

*Poof!

The guard captain’s palm, powerful enough to split mountains and shatter rocks, abruptly stopped three inches from David’s shoulder.

He was frozen in place, as if under a spell, his face still contorted in a ferocious expression, his eyes filled with terror. He found himself completely unable to move, even his internal energy had solidified!

“Hmm?”

Master Hanyuan’s eyes narrowed, revealing a serious expression for the first time.

He realized that David’s finger strike contained an extremely obscure and advanced power, instantly sealing the entire cultivation of a second-grade Upper Immortal!

Moreover, David’s cultivation level was revealed the moment he made his move—a seventh-grade Heavenly Immortal!

“I am David, from the twelfth heaven of the lower realm.”

David calmly looked at Han Yuan Zhenren. “As for why I am so certain... it is because I have an old grudge against the gods.”

He flicked his wrist, and the seemingly attached cold iron chain shattered inch by inch, turning into ice shards that scattered.

At the same time, a vast, boundless, chaotic aura, seemingly capable of encompassing and evolving all things, slowly emanated from his body.

This aura was not domineering, yet it made all the cultivators present, including Han Yuan Zhenren, feel a pressure originating from the level of life itself!

“What... what power is this?”

Han Yuan Zhenren was shocked.

He had cultivated for thousands of years and witnessed all kinds of techniques and supernatural abilities, but he had never felt such a peculiar and primal power!

“The power of chaos,”

David said calmly. “The city lord should be able to sense that this power is fundamentally different from the power of reincarnation, the power of the gods, and so on. If I were truly a spy from the Azure Nether Immortal Continent, why would I cultivate such an incompatible power?”

Han Yuan Zhenren remained silent.

Indeed, the aura of the power of chaos was too special, different from any known cultivation system, and could not possibly be a disguise.

“As for them...”

David pointed to the prisoners, “If the City Lord doesn’t believe me, I can vouch for them. If it’s later proven that any one of them is a spy, I, David, am willing to accept any punishment.”

“You vouch for them? What qualifications do you, a mere Celestial Immortal, have to vouch for them?”

Han Yuan Zhenren narrowed his eyes.

“Just because I was able to come to the Thirteenth Heaven from the Lower Realm.”

David’s tone remained calm. “Isn’t the City Lord curious how I broke through the barrier between the two realms and arrived here with the cultivation of a Celestial Immortal?”

These words finally moved Han Yuan Zhenren!

The barrier between the two realms, the membrane of the laws!

These are hard rules!

Lower Realm cultivators, without reaching the Upper Immortal Realm and without sufficient understanding of the laws, simply cannot come to the Middle Realm!

Forcing their way in will only result in being crushed by the laws!

This David, able to arrive at the Thirteenth Heaven with only the seventh rank of the Celestial Immortal Realm, has only two possibilities: either he has an unimaginably powerful figure behind him, or he himself is so special that the laws give him the green light!

Either way, it means this person is definitely not simple!

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Master Hanyuan's expression shifted, and finally, he took a deep breath and waved his hand: "Release them."

"City Lord?" The other guards were astonished.

"I said, release them,"

Master Hanyuan repeated, his voice carrying an unquestionable authority.

The guards dared not disobey and quickly unlocked all the prisoners' shackles.

The prisoners, having escaped death, cast grateful glances at David, some even kneeling in thanks.

"You, come with me,"

Master Hanyuan said to David, then glanced at Ming Li, "and your companion."

With that, he transformed into a streak of icy blue light and flew towards the City Lord's Mansion.

David nodded to Ming Li, and the two of them also took to the air, following closely behind.

Leaving behind the survivors on the execution platform and the stunned onlookers below.

"Who...who was that person?"

"A seventh-grade Celestial Immortal, actually managed to change Han Yuan Zhenren's mind?"

“His aura was terrifying...”

“It seems Han Yuan City is about to change...”

...

City Lord’s Mansion, Reception Hall.

Han Yuan Zhenren dismissed his attendants, leaving only David and Ming Li.

He personally poured David a cup of spiritual tea, his attitude completely different from before: “Fellow Daoist Chen, please forgive my rudeness. The pressure has been immense lately, forcing me to act cautiously.”

David accepted the teacup, calmly saying, “City Lord, you’re too kind. I understand your concerns.”

Han Yuan Zhenren sat down, his gaze fixed intently on David: “Fellow Daoist Chen, let’s not beat around the bush. How did you arrive at the Thirteenth Heaven? What kind of inheritance does your Chaos Power possess? And...you said you have an old grudge against the Divine Race, could you elaborate?”

David took a sip of tea, pondered for a moment, and decided to reveal some of the truth.

The change in Han Yuan Zhenren’s attitude clearly indicated his intention to befriend them, and he also seemed to have no goodwill towards the Divine Race.

“I come from the twelfth heaven of the lower realm. I was able to come to this realm with the help of a senior,”

David said, blurring the existence of Mr. Shi. “As for the power of chaos, I obtained it by chance.”

“As for the Divine Race... I had some conflicts with them when I was in the lower realm.”

“A friend of mine, named Wan Jianxing, was imprisoned by the Divine Race’s patriarch.”

“This time, I came to the thirteenth heaven not only for training but also to cause trouble for the Divine Race.”

“Wan Jianxing... I’ve never heard of him.”

Han Yuan Zhenren shook his head. “However, the Divine Race is indeed arrogant and domineering. Not only in Qingming Immortal Continent, but throughout the entire

thirteenth heaven, and even higher heavens, they have a bad reputation. They consider themselves of noble blood, regard other races as servants, act tyrannically, and have made countless enemies.” He then changed the

subject: “Fellow Daoist Chen, were you truly sincere in guaranteeing those Eastern Region cultivators just now?”

“Of course.”

David nodded. “I believe what they said. Moreover, I deeply abhor the ways of the Divine Race.”

A hint of appreciation flashed in Han Yuan Zhenren’s eyes: “Good! Fellow Daoist Chen is straightforward and a man of principle! Since that’s the case, I will trust you this once. I will properly settle those Eastern Region cultivators and will not make things difficult for them again.”

“Thank you, City Lord.” David cupped his hands in thanks.

“However...”

Han Yuan Zhenren’s expression turned solemn. “The situation in Qingming Immortal Continent is probably even more severe than they say. I have received some secret intelligence; the Divine Race seems to be plotting something big in Qingming Immortal Continent, not just simple territorial expansion.”

“They may very well be using Qingming Immortal Continent as a springboard to gradually erode the entire Thirteen Heavens!”

David frowned. “If that’s the case, we must stop them.”

“It’s difficult.”

Han Yuan Zhenren sighed. “The Divine Race is powerful and has a deep foundation. My Han Yuan City alone, or even the entire Northern Ice Plains, can hardly contend with them. Unless... we can unite with other major regions to fight them together.”

He looked at David, a hint of expectation flashing in his eyes. “Fellow Daoist Chen, although you are only a Celestial Immortal, your strength is extraordinary, your potential is limitless, and you also have an old grudge against the Divine Race.”

“I wonder if you would be interested in going to Qingming Immortal Continent to secretly investigate the Divine Race’s strength and true purpose? If you can obtain conclusive evidence, I can contact the forces of the Central Region and other major regions to deal with them together.”

David's heart stirred.

He was already planning to go to Qingming Immortal Continent to find Senior Musha, and investigating the situation of the Divine Race was also part of his plan.

Now, with Han Yuan Zhenren's request and support, it would be much easier to proceed.

"Alright," David agreed. "I was already planning to go to Qingming Immortal Continent. Firstly, to find an old friend; secondly, to investigate the true strength of the Divine Race and find a way to help my imprisoned senior escape."

"Excellent!"

Han Yuan Zhenren was overjoyed. "Fellow Daoist Chen, please just ask for any support you need! I also have several secret contact points in Qingming Immortal Continent that can provide you with assistance."

The two discussed some details, and Han Yuan Zhenren gave David a brief map of Qingming Immortal Continent, contact information, and a considerable amount of Yuan Crystals as travel expenses.

It was already late when they left the City Lord's Mansion.

"Mr. Chen, are we really going to Qingming Immortal Continent?"

Ming Li asked, somewhat worried. "That place is now a den of dragons and tigers controlled by the God Clan."

"We must go."

David looked eastward, his gaze resolute. "Not only do we want to find Senior Mu Sha, but we also want to see just how arrogant the God Clan really is."

"Besides, with you here, what am I afraid of? You can just reincarnate those God Clan cultivators directly."

Upon hearing this, Ming Li's face immediately turned embarrassed: "Mr. Chen, don't joke around. I'm only at the fifth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm. If it weren't for the Gate of Reincarnation, I'm afraid I wouldn't be your match."

David was speechless. It seemed this guy was just showing off with the Gate of Reincarnation, even calling himself the Lord of Reincarnation—he really dared to call himself that.

However, the fifth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm was still a top-tier existence in the Twelfth Heaven.

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“Thank you for saving our lives, fellow Daoist...”

At this moment, an old man arrived with a group of cultivators, who immediately knelt before David.

These were all people who were about to be beheaded, and they owed their lives to David.

“Fellow Daoists, please don’t be so polite. You have been wronged. I will investigate thoroughly when I go to Qingming Immortal Continent and give you justice,”

David said, helping them up.

“Fellow Daoist, I know you are a good person, but you still shouldn’t go to Qingming Immortal Continent. You will lose your life.” “

These days, everyone in the various sects of Qingming Immortal Continent is living in fear. Not long ago, two cultivators were publicly beheaded for breaking through the barrier and going to the Twelfth Heaven

without permission,” the old man advised David.

“Beheaded? Two cultivators went to the Twelfth Heaven?” David’s heart sank.

“May I ask, sir, were those two cultivators a man and a woman?”

David asked nervously.

“How did you know?”

the old man asked, somewhat surprised.

David’s body trembled slightly involuntarily. He thought of Mu Sha and his wife; they had gone to the Twelfth Heaven for his sake, but returned shortly after.

Could it be them?

Were they also in the Azure Nether Immortal Continent?

“Mr. Chen, do you know those two cultivators?” Ming Li, who was standing nearby, seemed to notice David’s unusual mood and asked.

“I don’t know, I don’t know if they are people I know.”

David shook his head, then looked at the old man and asked, “Sir, do you know where in the Azure Nether Immortal Continent those two were beheaded?”

“Of course, in Jade Immortal City in the Eastern Azure Nether Immortal Continent. That’s the territory of the Jade Immortal Palace. We escaped from that place,”

the old man said.

“Then, sir, do you know who beheaded those two cultivators?”

David asked anxiously.

The old man shook his head: “Then I don’t know. I’ve only heard about it; I haven’t seen it with my own eyes.”

“Thank you!” David cupped his hands in thanks to the old man, then looked at Ming Li and said, “Ming Li, let’s go to Jade Immortal City in Qingming Immortal Continent immediately...”

Before David finished speaking, he vanished in a streak of light.

Ming Li quickly followed.

At this moment, David was extremely anxious, and at the same time, he hoped that the two cultivators were not Mu Sha and his wife. Otherwise

, he would raze the entire Qingming Immortal Continent and annihilate all the gods. David and Ming Li traveled at full speed, traversing the vast buffer zone between the Northern Ice Plains and Qingming Immortal Continent, and finally arrived at Jade Immortal City on the western border of Qingming Immortal Continent seven days later.

Jade Immortal City was completely different in style from Hanyuan City. Instead of ice and snow, it boasted a beautiful, spring-like landscape all year round. The city walls, constructed of pure white jade, soared into the clouds, their surfaces shimmering with a pale blue spiritual light.

Within the city, spiritual energy permeated the air, with magnificent palaces and pavilions standing side by side, and cranes and other mythical birds soaring among them—a scene of celestial grandeur. However, upon entering the city, David keenly sensed a suppressed, tense atmosphere beneath this peaceful facade.

While there were many cultivators on the streets, most hurried about, exchanging few words, their eyes filled with wariness and aloofness. Occasionally, small teams of cultivators, clad in uniform blue robes and exuding a sharp aura, patrolled, their chests embroidered with the characters “Jade Immortal,” their keen eyes scanning passersby—these were the enforcement disciples of the Jade Immortal Palace.

Concerned for the safety of Mu Sha and his wife, David had no time to observe the city. He immediately grabbed a passing middle-aged cultivator, cupped his hands, and asked, “Fellow Daoist, may I ask if, recently, there was... was there any public beheading of cultivators in the city?”

A man and a woman, no less?” Upon hearing this, the middle-aged cultivator’s face changed drastically, as if he had seen a ghost. He waved his hands repeatedly,

“I don’t know, I’ve never heard of it! Fellow Daoist, you’ve come to the wrong person!” With that, he hurriedly left without looking back, as if avoiding a plague. David frowned deeply and asked several more cultivators, with the same result.

Whenever the words “beheading” or “a man and a woman” were mentioned, the other party either vehemently denied it or looked terrified and hurried away, as if this topic were some kind of taboo. “It seems this matter is a closely guarded secret in Jade Immortal City; ordinary cultivators dare not discuss it at all,” Ming Li whispered.

“Mr. Chen, this place is not like Cold Abyss City. Under the influence of the Divine Race, I’m afraid everyone is on edge.” “Then how can I inquire?” David was extremely anxious.

“Every major city where cultivators gather has its shady dealings.” A glint of malice flashed in Ming Li’s eyes. “Information selling, black market transactions, underground gambling... as long as you have money or enough power, you can always find something in these places.

As far as I know, there’s a special information trading place called Zhiwen Pavilion in the dark alleys of the western district of Jade Immortal City.” “Lead the way!” David said without hesitation. The two walked through streets and alleys, avoiding the bustling main streets, and arrived at a relatively secluded area in the west of the city, with low and messy buildings.

The streets here were narrow and damp, and the air was filled with a strange smell of mildew mixed with the stench of cheap pills and blood. The pedestrians were dressed

plainly, even somewhat tattered, and their eyes were mostly mercenary, wary, or fierce, completely out of place with the immortal atmosphere of the main city.

At the end of the deepest alley, there was an inconspicuous little shop with a mottled wooden plaque hanging above the door, on which the three characters Zhiwen Pavilion were written in blurred dark red paint. There were no guards at the entrance, but David could sense that several hidden security and isolation barriers were in place around the shop.

Pushing open the door, he found the interior dimly lit, with only a single, dim oil lamp flickering on the counter. Behind the counter sat a hunched old man with a scarred face, squinting as he wiped a black dagger in his hand with a dirty cloth.

The old man's aura was subtle, but David could sense that his cultivation was at least at the third rank of the Upper Immortal Realm. "Buying information, or selling information?" the old man asked without looking up, his voice hoarse and broken.

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"Buying information."

David stepped forward. "Regarding the recent public beheading of two cultivators in Jade Immortal City, a man and a woman. I need the details, who the executioners were, and where their bodies are."

The old man, wiping his dagger, paused slightly, raising his eyelids. His cloudy eyes scrutinized David and Ming Li, lingering on David for a moment, seemingly surprised by his Celestial Immortal cultivation.

"This information... is very expensive," the old man said slowly.

"How much?" David asked.

The old man held up three fingers: "Thirty thousand high-grade Yuan Crystals."

"Thirty thousand?"

Ming Li gasped.

Even in the Thirteenth Heaven, high-grade Yuan Crystals are a valuable currency. Thirty thousand high-grade Yuan Crystals are enough to buy a decent high-grade magic weapon, or to support an ordinary cultivator's luxurious cultivation for decades!

This is simply outrageous!

David frowned.

The Yuan Crystals he possessed were sponsored by True Person Han Yuan, and combined with the spirit stones and immortal stones he brought from the Twelfth Heaven, he only had a little over five thousand high-grade Yuan Crystals in total, far from enough.

"Can I use other treasures as collateral?" David asked.

The old man shook his head: "This shop only accepts Yuan Crystals, no credit, no collateral."

A cold glint flashed in David's eyes, and the chaotic power within his body fluctuated faintly.

He was extremely anxious at this moment, and being treated so difficult, he could hardly suppress the urge to forcefully interrogate him.

"Mr. Chen!"

Ming Li quickly transmitted his voice to stop him, "This place is heavily fortified, this old fellow's cultivation level is unknown, and he may have a powerful backer. Forcing a move could lead to unforeseen circumstances, and might even alert the Jade Immortal Palace or the Divine Clan!"

David took a deep breath, forcing himself to calm down. Ming Li

was right; this was territory controlled by the gods, and caution was necessary.

Just then, the curtain inside the shop was suddenly lifted, and a young cultivator with a bruised and swollen face and tattered clothes was kicked out, staggering and falling to the ground.

"Get out! If you dare to try to fool me with false information again, I'll break your legs next time!"

A rude voice came from behind the curtain.

The young cultivator, with a mournful face, scrambled out of the shop.

David's heart stirred, and he said to the old man, "We'll discuss the information later."

After saying that, he pulled Ming Li and turned to leave.

The two quickly followed the young cultivator who had been beaten out and stopped him at the corner of the alley.

The young cultivator was startled, looking warily at David and Ming Li: "You... what do you want? I have no money!"

"Fellow Daoist, please don't be alarmed."

David tried to soften his tone, taking out a small bag of Yuan Crystals, containing about a few dozen mid-grade Yuan Crystals. "We just want to ask you about something; this is our payment."

Seeing the Yuan Crystals, the young cultivator's eyes lit up, but he immediately looked around warily and lowered his voice: "This isn't the place to talk. Follow me."

He led David and Ming Li through a maze of turns, arriving at an even more dilapidated, almost collapsing abandoned hut.

"What do you two want to ask?"

the young cultivator asked eagerly as he closed the door, his eyes frequently glancing at the Yuan Crystal bag in David's hand.

"About the recent beheading of two cultivators, a man and a woman, in Jade Immortal City, what do you know?" David got straight to the point.

The young cultivator's face turned deathly pale in an instant, and he shook his head repeatedly: "I don't know! I don't know anything! This is something you can't ask about, or you'll lose your head!"

David handed him the Yuan Crystal bag: "As long as you tell me, these are yours. And we guarantee we will never reveal that you told us."

The young cultivator looked at the Yuan Crystal, his eyes filled with even more struggle.

He clearly needed the money, but he was even more afraid of getting into trouble.

David added fuel to the fire: "We just want a general idea, like... the execution location? That shouldn't be considered top secret, right? Once we know the location, we'll find out ourselves."

The young cultivator gritted his teeth, grabbed the Yuan Crystal Bag, and said rapidly, "The execution location is at Fallen Soul Slope, three hundred miles east of the city!"

That's where the Jade Immortal Mansion deals with serious criminals; it's incredibly sinister!"

"Those killed there are said to have their souls imprisoned, never to be reincarnated! That's all I know; I really don't know anything else! Please, please stop asking!"

With that, he flung open the door like a startled rabbit and ran away without looking back.

"Fallen Soul Slope... soul imprisonment..."

David chewed on those words, his unease growing stronger.

Senior Mu Sha and his wife were highly skilled; if it were an ordinary beheading, their methods might offer a sliver of hope.

But in this kind of forbidden place specifically targeting the soul...

"Mr. Chen, what do we do now?" Ming Li asked.

"To Fallen Soul Slope!"

David declared resolutely. "I want to see them alive or dead... I'll find their traces!" Without

further delay, the two left the city and sped eastward.

Three hundred li was but a short distance for them.

When David saw the place called Fallen Soul Slope, his heart sank.

The site, located between two barren mountains, was a low-lying slope, small in area but permeated with an oppressive, deathly aura.

A layer of gray mist shrouded the slope year-round, preventing sunlight from penetrating.

Nothing grew on the ground; the soil was an ominous dark red, as if stained with countless drops of blood.

Faintly, one could hear countless mournful, desperate wails and curses in the air—the unwilling cries of souls who had perished here over the years, their spirits imprisoned.

In the center of the slope stood several bloodstained black stone pillars, bound with thick chains engraved with runes.

This was clearly the execution ground.

David, suppressing the trembling and anger in his heart, landed on the slope.

The soil beneath his feet was soft and sticky, as if he were stepping on rotting flesh.

The omnipresent wails of the ghosts grew clearer, piercing his soul like needles, but were easily blocked by the power of chaos.

He walked to the black stone pillars and examined them carefully.

On the pillars, besides old bloodstains, there were many recent marks.

There were drag marks on the ground, scorch marks from spell attacks, and... several broken fragments of clothing of a special texture.

David picked up a fragment.

It was woven from extremely tough celestial silkworm silk mixed with some kind of ice-attribute spiritual silk, and still retained a faint but pure aura.

This aura... was somewhat similar to the weathered, gentle, and peaceful magical aura of Senior Musa, but seemed weaker and more chaotic.

Another fragment carried a gentle, tranquil wood-attribute life force aura, matching the feeling Musa's wife gave off.

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"It's them...it really is them..."

David's hand, holding the shards, trembled slightly, his nails almost digging into his palm.

Although he had a premonition, when he finally confirmed it, the piercing pain and overwhelming rage almost overwhelmed him.

Senior Mu Sha, the one he saved on the Heavenly Ladder, who appeared at the crucial moment of the Twelfth Heaven, guiding him to the ancient Qi Refiner's cave, telling him

the secrets of the Heavenly Realm, the gentle and unfathomable senior...and his wife, who had just been resurrected and was full of hope for the future...

actually, in this filthy, gloomy Fallen Soul Slope, she was...

"Where's the body? Why isn't there a body?"

Ming Li asked, puzzled after carefully searching the surroundings.

Even if beheaded, the body should still remain.

Even if disposed of, there should be traces.

David forced himself to calm down, unleashing his divine sense to scan the entire Fallen Soul Slope inch by inch.

Soon, he discovered an extremely subtle spatial fluctuation beneath the base of a stone pillar.

This fluctuation was concealed by dense death energy and resentment; were it not for his keen divine sense and possession of chaotic power, it would have been almost impossible to detect.

"There's something below,"

David said in a deep voice, his fingers forming a sword shape, condensing chaotic power, and he lightly sliced towards the base.

*Swoosh!

The sturdy black stone pillar base was easily cut open, revealing a deep, downward-pointing opening, barely wide enough for one person to pass through.

An even denser and purer death energy and resentment, mixed with a trace of... strange spatial power, surged forth from the opening.

The edges of the opening were protected by extremely sophisticated concealment and sealing restrictions; if David hadn't violently broken through them with chaotic power, ordinary cultivators would never have noticed.

"Is this... a passage leading underground? Or... an entrance to some kind of space?" Ming Li asked, filled with doubt and surprise.

Chen

Ping didn't answer. He took a deep breath and leaped into the cave first.

Ming Li followed closely behind.

The cave wasn't vertically downward, but rather a narrow, sloping passageway with smooth walls, as if eroded by some force over a long period.

The deeper they went, the heavier the deathly and resentful aura became, and the more pronounced the strange spatial fluctuations became.

After descending about a hundred feet, the space suddenly opened up, revealing a huge underground space.

In the center of the space was a circular blood pool about ten feet in diameter.

The liquid in the blood pool was viscous like paste, dark red in color, constantly bubbling, emitting a nauseating stench and overwhelming resentment.

Above the blood pool, countless faint, distorted grayish-white light spots floated, those were fragments of divine souls imprisoned here, unable to be reborn. They struggled and wailed silently, radiating endless pain and despair.

And directly above the blood pool, in the dome of the space, was a fist-sized, constantly rotating grayish-white rhomboid crystal.

The crystal emitted a rich aura of the laws of reincarnation, originating from the same source as the Gate of Reincarnation that Ming Li had previously controlled, but even purer and more powerful!

It was this crystal, combined with the unique terrain of the Blood Pool and Fallen Soul Slope, that formed a terrifying "Soul Refining Array," constantly extracting, refining, and imprisoning the souls of those who died here!

David's gaze was fixed on the edge of the Blood Pool.

There, scattered were fragments of clothing and belongings.

A broken, ancient-style longsword. It was an item that Senior Mu Sha never parted with.

A warm, jade hairpin, still retaining a trace of gentle wood spirit aura, belonged to Mu Sha's wife.

There were also some other scattered items and fragments of clothing, all bearing the unique aura of Mu Sha and his wife.

However, there was no corpse.

"The corpse... was thrown into the Blood Pool to be refined?" Ming Li's voice was dry.

David did not answer. He walked step by step toward the edge of the blood pool. With each step, his killing intent grew stronger, and the chaotic aura around him surged uncontrollably, annihilating all the deathly and resentful energy that approached. He bent down and picked up the broken longsword. On

the broken sword, there remained the last faint trace of Musa's divine will, conveying a brief, angry, unwilling, and worried expression for his wife in his final moments, and then... abruptly stopped.

"Ah ... "The Divine Race... Jade Immortal Palace... Good! Very good!" David's voice was as cold as the ice of the Netherworld, each word seemingly carrying a deep-seated hatred and a blood oath. "Senior Mu Sha...

if I don't avenge this, I, David, swear I'm not human!" "I want this Jade Immortal City, not a single chicken or dog left alive! I want this Azure Nether Immortal Continent, all the lackeys of the Divine Race, to be buried with you!"

A violent killing intent soared into the sky, even breaking through the ground, forming a gray vortex of killing intent above Fallen Soul Slope! Ming Li watched in horror. He had never seen David so out of control, so furious.

That terrifying killing intent even made him, a fifth-grade Upper Immortal, feel a chill. He knew that David was truly enraged this time. Azure Nether Immortal Continent was likely to be engulfed in an unprecedented bloodbath.

And all of this was just the beginning. David slowly straightened up and carefully put away the belongings of Mu Sha and his wife. The crimson in his eyes gradually faded, but the coldness and killing intent within them deepened, becoming even more terrifying. "Ming Li," he said calmly, yet with an undeniable command.

"Yes!" Ming Li replied hastily. "

Investigate!"

David said, enunciating each word clearly. "Use all means at your disposal to find out who from the Jade Immortal Palace carried out the execution that day, and who gave the order."

"What connection do they have with the Divine Race? Find out all the participants, without exception!"

"Yes!" Ming Li solemnly accepted the order. He knew that David at this moment was like a volcano about to erupt.

"This harmful thing shouldn't be allowed to live..."

David looked at the secret passage before him, his eyes filled with murderous intent.

“Mr. Chen, we shouldn’t touch this place, otherwise we’ll be noticed very quickly.”

“To find out the identity of the beheaded person and who gave the order, we need to unite with other forces.”

Ming Li advised David.

David slowly regained his composure. He knew that his anger was useless.

“Contact which forces?” David asked.

“Now that Qingming Immortal Continent is in this state, everyone is living in fear. It’s impossible that no one is secretly rebelling.”

“If we find a resistance organization and unite with them to help us gather information, wouldn’t that be twice as effective?”

Ming Li said.

“That’s right. Then let’s go find that kid who sells information.”

David knew that to contact such a force, they needed an intermediary; otherwise, they would have no chance of meeting them.

And that kid who dared to sell false information at the Zhiwen Pavilion was a good choice!