

A Man Like None Other Novel

Chapter 6041

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Chapter 6041

“This is... a Corpse Fiend Dragon Lizard born in the Burial God Mountains!”

Ming Li whispered. “It has been devouring the death energy and ancient remnants of souls here for years, and has mutated. Its strength is comparable to a sixth-grade Upper Immortal, and its thick hide makes it extremely difficult to deal with.”

Seemingly sensing the presence of living beings, the Corpse Fiend Dragon Lizard slowly raised its head, its scarlet eyes locking onto David and Ming Li, letting out a low roar, its saliva dripping even faster.

“It’s guarding something.”

David’s gaze fell on the base of the statue, where a faint, eerie light flickered.

Ming Li also saw it and exclaimed excitedly, “It might be a treasure left behind by the Ghost Clan! Mr. Chen, we...”

Before he could finish speaking, the Corpse Fiend Dragon Lizard launched its attack!

Although it was enormous, it was incredibly fast, like a dark red lightning bolt, instantly covering dozens of feet.

Its massive tail, covered in bone spurs, swept across like a battering ram, creating a shrill whistling sound!

“Retreat!”

David shouted, pulling Ming Li back hastily.

Boom!

The giant tail swept across the spot where the two had just stood, blasting a large crater in the ground and sending debris flying.

The violent shockwave shook the entire stone hall, sending dust swirling down.

Missing its target, the Corpse Fiend Dragon Lizard became even more ferocious, unleashing a dark red death breath!

Wherever the breath passed, even space itself was corroded, cracking with fine black lines!

David's eyes narrowed. This time, he didn't dodge, but instead raised his hand and pushed forward.

Chaotic power surged forth, transforming into a gray shield in front of him.

Sizzle! Sizzle! Sizzle!

The death breath struck the chaotic shield, producing a piercing corrosive sound.

But the breath, powerful enough to corrode even metal, couldn't penetrate the chaotic power's defense; instead, it was rapidly decomposed and devoured by the chaotic power.

A hint of confusion flashed in the Corpse Fiend Dragon Lizard's crimson eyes, seemingly not understanding why its breath was ineffective.

But it didn't stop; its massive body pounced again, its claws, bone spikes, and giant tail attacking David simultaneously!

"Ming Li, go retrieve the treasure. I'll deal with it,"

David said calmly, his figure flashing as he proactively faced the Corpse Fiend Dragon Lizard.

Ming Li knew David's strength and didn't waste any words, transforming into a wisp of black smoke and stealthily heading towards the base of the statue.

Seeing that Ming Li was about to touch its treasure, the Corpse Fiend Dragon Lizard became even more enraged, trying to turn around and block him, but David had already reached it.

"Your opponent is me,"

David said calmly, his right hand forming a sword-like gesture, condensing chaotic power, and pointing a finger at the Corpse Fiend Dragon Lizard's forehead.

This seemingly simple finger strike contained the annihilating properties of chaotic power, and its speed was as fast as lightning.

The Corpse Fiend Dragon Lizard instinctively sensed danger, its head jerking sharply to the side, simultaneously raising its forepaw to strike at David.

Poof!

The chaotic finger force grazed the Corpse Fiend Dragon Lizard's scalp, leaving a deep groove in its hard scales, the gray chaotic power like a bone-deep infection, eroding into its body along the wound.

"Roar!"

The Corpse Fiend Dragon Lizard roared in pain, its claws slamming down with even greater speed and force.

David neither dodged nor evaded, his left fist enveloped in chaotic energy, and he unleashed a powerful punch!

Fist and claw collided!

Boom!

A terrifying shockwave erupted from the point of impact, cracking the surrounding ground and tearing away large sections of the murals on the walls.

David staggered, taking three steps back.

The Corpse Fiend Dragon Lizard let out a painful roar; the claws that had slammed down were now shattered, bleeding profusely, and even the bones were cracked!

David frowned slightly. He hadn't expected this beast, only at the sixth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm, to possess such immense power!

If it were a sixth-rank Upper Immortal Realm cultivator, David's punch would have already obliterated them! The

Corpse Fiend Dragon Lizard finally showed fear in its eyes.

This seemingly insignificant human before it possessed such terrifying power!

And that gray energy could so easily break through its proud defenses!

In the instant it hesitated, David moved again.

This time, he held nothing back.

"Chaos, Suppress the Prison!"

David roared, his hands forming a seal, and the chaotic power around him surged wildly, transforming into countless gray chains that coiled around the Corpse Fiend Dragon Lizard like serpents!

The Corpse Fiend Dragon Lizard tried to struggle, but the gray chains tightened rapidly upon contact with its body, constantly devouring the death power and life force within it.

The more it struggled, the tighter the chains tightened, and the faster they devoured it.

In just a few breaths, the Corpse Fiend Dragon Lizard's struggles weakened, its aura rapidly diminished, and the ferocity in its eyes dimmed.

David walked up to it, looking at this enormous creature without a trace of pity.

"It's understandable that you cultivate here by devouring remnant souls and death energy. But you shouldn't have attacked us,"

David said calmly, raising his hand to press on the Corpse Fiend Dragon Lizard's forehead. "Your power is mine now."

The chaotic power surged in, and the Corpse Fiend Dragon Lizard let out a final, unwilling roar.

The massive body rapidly withered and weathered, eventually turning to ashes, leaving only a fist-sized, dark red demon core and a section of the hardest spine.

David put away the demon core and spine; these were excellent materials for refining weapons and pills.

At this moment, Ming Li had also retrieved the eerie treasure emitting a ghostly light from under the statue's base.

It was a palm-sized, jet-black metal piece shaped like a token.

The token's surface was engraved with dense ghost race characters and runes; the edges were somewhat damaged, but it still exuded a rich ghostly aura.

"This is... a fragment of the Ghost King's Token!"

Ming Li's hands trembled with excitement. "The Ghost King's Token is one of the highest tokens of the Ghost Race. Holding it allows one to command parts of the Ghost Race and even open certain Ghost Race secret realms! Although it's just a fragment, it's priceless!"

David took the token fragment and examined it. It was icy cold to the touch, and the ghostly aura it contained was extremely pure, even faintly resonating with the chaotic power within his body.

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“It seems this trip to the Burial God Mountains wasn’t in vain.”

David returned the token to Ming Li. “Since it belongs to the Ghost Clan, keep it safe. It might help you find your own kind.”

Ming Li gave David a grateful look and solemnly put away the token fragment.

The two searched the stone hall again, finding several broken Ghost Clan magical artifacts and some ancient materials, a considerable haul.

Leaving the stone hall, they continued westward.

The rest of the journey was relatively peaceful, although there were still dangers, but they were all within their capabilities.

Twenty days later, they finally crossed the Burial God Mountains and arrived in the Western Regions.

The scene before them made both of them frown.

Unlike the icy plains and snowy rivers of the Northern Region and the green mountains and clear waters of the Central Region, the Western Regions were an endless desert and Gobi.

Yellow sand filled the sky, and the land was barren for thousands of miles.

The scorching wind swept across like knives, stirring up clouds of dust.

The air was filled with a dry and desolate atmosphere, and the spiritual energy was thin and violent.

Occasionally, they could see some withered poplars and cacti, as well as animal bones scattered among the sand dunes.

"The Western Regions... the environment is indeed harsh,"

Ming Li sighed. "No wonder it's called a land of exile. Surviving and cultivating here is ten times harder than in other great regions."

David, however, seemed thoughtful: "The harsher the environment, the more it tempers a person. The demons who can survive here must be extraordinary."

The two adjusted their direction and flew towards the Ten Thousand Demon Mountains as mentioned by Han Yuan Zhenren.

The deeper they went into the Western Regions, the harsher the environment became.

Sandstorms, quicksand, poisonous scorpions, sand snakes... all sorts of dangers appeared one after another.

The temperature difference between day and night was extreme; eggs could be cooked during the day, and rocks could be cracked at night.

But the two were highly skilled, and these natural dangers could not harm them.

What truly alarmed them was the increasing number of human traces, or rather, the traces of divine activity.

Three days later, beside a dried-up riverbed, they saw the first divine stronghold.

It was a simple yet heavily guarded fortress, built of thick rock. Divine warriors patrolled the walls, and several small flying boats hovered above, their detection arrays gleaming. Scattered

around the fortress were the corpses of demons, some weathered, others still fresh, clearly recently killed.

"A divine stronghold suppressing demons,"

David said coldly. "It seems True Immortal Han Yuan was right; the divine race is bloodily suppressing the demon rebellion."

The two bypassed the stronghold and continued deeper.

The further they went towards the Ten Thousand Demon Mountains, the denser the divine strongholds became, and the more demon corpses appeared.

A faint smell of blood permeated the air, refusing to dissipate even in the sandstorm.

Occasionally, traces of small-scale battles could still be seen: collapsed hills, scorched earth, and shattered fragments of magical artifacts...

"Mr. Chen, the situation is worse than we imagined,"

Ming Li said gravely. "The divine race's influence here is deeply entrenched, and the demon race's resistance is likely in dire straits."

David nodded: "First, find the demon race's resistance and understand the specific situation. Blindly acting will only expose ourselves."

According to Han Yuan Zhenren's map, the Ten Thousand Demon Mountains are located in the central part of the Western Regions, a vast mountain range stretching for hundreds of thousands of miles. It was once a sacred land for the demon race, but now it is a key area suppressed by the divine race.

After flying for another five days, the two finally saw the outline of the Ten Thousand Demon Mountains.

It was an endless, crimson mountain range, like a giant dragon crawling on the earth.

Strange peaks rose abruptly from the mountains, jagged rocks scattered about, and some ruined buildings and ancient demon totems could be vaguely seen.

But now, many peaks had been leveled, many valleys filled in, and everywhere was the scars of battle.

Above the mountains, reconnaissance airships of the divine race circled, their probes sweeping across the ground.

"We can't fly any further, we'll be discovered,"

David whispered. The two landed, concealed their presence, and used the terrain as cover to stealthily advance deeper into the mountains.

Entering the Ten Thousand Demon Mountains, the atmosphere became even more oppressive.

This place, once vibrant with life, was now deathly still.

Occasionally, they could see a few demons who had managed to survive, all wounded and terrified, hiding in caves or burrows, afraid to show themselves.

David and Ming Li captured several lone demons and used soul-searching techniques to gather information, finally piecing together the current situation in the Ten Thousand Demon Mountains:

The Demon-Suppressing Hall, stationed in the Western Regions by the Divine Race, is led by a Demon-Suppressing Venerable at the peak of the seventh rank of the Upper Immortal Realm. Under its command are five Demon Kings, all traitors who have defected to the Divine Race, three thousand Divine Race guards, and tens of thousands of demon servants.

The demon resistance is led by the “Golden-Winged Roc King,” the “Nine-Tailed Celestial Fox,” and the “Mountain-Moving Giant Ape.”

At its peak, it had one hundred thousand demon soldiers, but after years of bloody battles, only less than thirty thousand remain, scattered and surrounded in several dangerous locations, barely clinging to life.

The Golden-Winged Roc King escaped severely injured, his whereabouts unknown. The Nine-Tailed Celestial Fox is trapped in the Illusionary Heavenly Array, its fate unknown. The

Mountain-Moving Giant Ape is suppressed under the Divine Race’s Demon-Sealing Array, suffering the torment of soul refining day and night.

The remnants of the resistance, now led by a few demon generals, are putting up a desperate fight in the Tianyao Valley, the deepest part of the Ten Thousand Demon Mountains, but they are also in a precarious situation and could be wiped out by the gods at any moment.

”Tianyao Valley...”

David memorized the name, “That might be our only breakthrough.”

The two avoided the god patrols and stealthily made their way towards Tianyao Valley.

What they saw along the way was horrifying.

Burned-down demon villages, mountains of demon corpses, demon heads displayed on flagpoles... The gods were using the bloodiest methods to demonstrate their dominance, attempting to completely destroy the demons’ will to resist.

”These beasts...”

Ming Li gritted his teeth. Although he wasn't a demon, he was a fellow race oppressed by the gods and felt their pain deeply.

David's eyes were cold; he didn't speak, but the killing intent in his heart grew stronger.

Three days later, they finally approached the Tianyao Valley area.

The terrain here was treacherous, surrounded by mountains, easy to defend and difficult to attack.

At this moment, the outer perimeter of the Heavenly Demon Valley was already completely surrounded by the divine army, leaving no room for escape.

In the sky, dozens of divine flying ships circled, forming a sealing array.

On the ground, temporary fortresses rose from the ground, with divine guards and demon servants patrolling back and forth.

Further out, there were numerous detection arrays, ready to sound an alarm at the slightest disturbance.

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"The defenses are too tight; a direct assault is impossible," Ming Li frowned.

David observed for a moment, then pointed to an inconspicuous mountain peak on the left side of Tianyao Valley: "There's a weak point in the formation there. And there's a three-breath interval between patrols. We can infiltrate within those three breaths."

Ming Li looked closely and indeed found that the formation light near that mountain peak was dimmer than elsewhere, and the patrols were passing by at slightly longer intervals.

"Mr. Chen has excellent eyesight," Ming Li said admiringly.

The two waited patiently until night fell.

The dark and windy night was the perfect time to infiltrate.

The moment the patrol passed the mountain peak again and turned to leave, David moved.

“Go!”

he shouted, his figure transforming into an almost invisible gray shadow, shooting towards the weak point in the formation! Ming Li followed closely behind.

Three breaths passed in the blink of an eye.

Like ghosts, the two successfully crossed the sealing line and entered the Tianyao Valley before the formation light reappeared.

Upon entering Tianyao Valley, the atmosphere suddenly changed.

The chilling silence outside was shattered, replaced by a tragic and tense atmosphere.

The valley was dotted with makeshift tents and fortifications, and wounded demons were everywhere, their groans, cries, and curses filling the air.

A heavy stench of medicine and blood permeated the air.

Many demon soldiers leaned wearily against rocks, their eyes filled with despair and numbness.

Occasionally, a demon general would pass by, loudly rallying morale, but with little effect.

The sudden appearance of David and Ming Li immediately caused a commotion.

“Who goes there?!”

“Enemy attack!”

“Protect the general!”

Dozens of demon soldiers quickly surrounded them, all wounded, but their eyes were fierce, their weapons pointed at the two.

“Don’t be nervous, we are not gods,”

David said calmly, releasing a wisp of chaotic aura. The ancient and vast aura startled the surrounding demon soldiers.

“Who are you? How did you get in?”

"A one-eyed wolf demon general stepped forward, warily eyeing David.

"We're here to help you,"

David said directly. "Take us to your leader."

The wolf demon general sneered, "Help? Just the two of you? Who knows if you're spies sent by the gods! Seize them!"

The demon soldiers were about to attack.

Just then, an old and weary voice rang out, "Stop."

The crowd parted, and an old man with white hair and beard, leaning on a cane, slowly walked over.

He was not fully transformed, still retaining a pair of antlers on his head. His body was wrapped in bandages, and his aura was weak, but his eyes were unusually clear.

"Old Deer!" The wolf demon general quickly bowed.

The old man, called Old Deer, sized up David and Ming Li, lingering on David for a few more seconds. A hint of surprise flashed in his eyes: "The aura emanating from this fellow Daoist... is quite peculiar. I have lived for eight thousand years and have never seen such primal, ancient power."

David's heart stirred; this old deer demon had extraordinary eyesight. "I am David, and this is my companion, Ming Li. We have crossed the Burial God Mountains to find the demon race's resistance army and fight against the gods together,"

David said calmly.

"Crossed the Burial God Mountains?"

Elder Lu's eyes flashed. "That's a death trap; even a fifth-grade Upper Immortal has no chance of survival. The two of you who managed to cross it must be incredibly strong."

He paused, then added, "However, how can the two of you possibly fight against tens of thousands of gods' troops? Especially with the Demon Suppression Venerable in charge."

David smiled slightly: "Many people aren't necessarily useful. I alone once slew five Venerables of the Divine Punishment Hall."

Upon hearing this, the entire place fell silent.

All the demons stared wide-eyed at David in disbelief.

The five Venerables of the Divine Punishment Hall!

Those were the highest rulers of the gods in the Eastern Region, each a top-tier expert at the seventh grade Upper Immortal level!

Slain by one person?

"You... what did you say?" Elder Lu's voice trembled.

"I say, the five Venerables of the Eastern Region's Divine Punishment Hall—Xuanbing, Chiyan, Qingmu, Houtu, and Gengjin—have all died by my hand."

David's tone was calm, yet carried an undeniable confidence. "Now, the entire Thirteen Heavens are after me."

He raised his hand, and a gray sword light appeared in his palm. The annihilating aura contained within that sword light made all the demon race feel their souls tremble.

Elder Lu stared intently at the sword light for a long time, then took a deep breath and slowly knelt down: "This old man, Lu Ming, pays respects to my benefactor!"

Although the other demon race members did not understand what was going on, seeing Elder Lu kneel down, they also knelt down.

David was taken aback: "Elder Lu, what do you mean by this?"

Elder Lu's eyes were filled with tears: "My benefactor, you do not know! Those five Venerables of the Divine Punishment Hall have our demon race's blood on their hands!"

"For hundreds of years, countless demon race members have had their souls extracted and refined by them, dying without a complete corpse! My benefactor has killed them, thus avenging our demon race's blood feud! Please accept this old man's bow!"

As he spoke, he kowtowed heavily.

The other demons then realized what was happening and were immediately filled with excitement:

"So it's our benefactor!"

"He killed the five Venerables and avenged us!"

"Our benefactor is above us, please accept our bow!"

David quickly helped Elder Lu up: "Please rise, everyone. I have a long-standing grudge against the gods, and killing them was what I should do."

"Now, the most urgent task is to discuss how to break the current predicament and rescue our trapped demon brethren."

Elder Lu stood up, wiped away his tears, and solemnly said: "Our benefactor, please come with me. I will take you to see our current temporary leader, the Iron-Backed Bear King."

Under Elder Lu's guidance, David and Ming Li arrived at the largest tent deep within the Heavenly Demon Valley.

Inside the tent, a black bear-like giant, over twelve feet tall and as strong as a mountain, was pacing anxiously.

He was not yet fully transformed, still retaining thick black fur on his back, his arms as thick as pillars, and his aura had reached the peak of the sixth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm.

However, he had multiple wounds on his body, the deepest of which was a diagonal cut from his left shoulder to his right abdomen, almost tearing him open. Although it was bandaged, blood was still seeping out.

This was none other than the Iron-Backed Bear King, the current temporary leader of the demon race's resistance army.

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"Elder Lu, you've arrived. And these two are..."

The Iron-Backed Bear King frowned upon seeing David and Ming Li.

Elder Lu quickly recounted David's identity and deeds.

After listening, the Iron-Backed Bear King's bear eyes widened, staring intently at David: "You...you really killed the five Venerables of the Divine Punishment Hall?"

David nodded.

The Iron-Backed Bear King suddenly burst into laughter, his laughter filled with grief and elation: "Good! Good! Well done! Those five old bas***s attacked my father back then, causing him to be severely wounded and die!"

"This enmity is irreconcilable! Brother Chen, from this day forward, you are my brother, the Iron-Backed Bear King! I will go through fire and water for you whenever you are of any use!"

The demon race is straightforward and clear about their grudges.

David had killed their enemy, immediately winning the Iron-Backed Bear King's trust and friendship.

David didn't mince words: "Bear King, what's the situation now? Is there any way to break this deadlock?"

The Iron-Backed Bear King's smile vanished, his expression grave: "It's terrible. We've been besieged here for three months. Our food and medicine are almost exhausted, the wounded aren't receiving effective treatment, and morale is low."

"The Divine Race has set up the Nine Heavens and Ten Earths Demon-Sealing Array on the outer perimeter. We can't break out, and they can't attack in for the time being, but they're constantly wearing down our strength. Once we're weak enough, they'll launch a full-scale attack."

"Moreover..."

The Iron-Backed Bear King gritted his teeth, "They're torturing and killing our captured demon brethren every day on the battlefield, using the most cruel methods to try and destroy our will."

David's eyes were icy: "Where are the Demon-Suppressing Venerable and the Five Demon Kings now?"

"The Demon-Suppressing Venerable is stationed at the Demon-Suppressing Palace headquarters, three thousand miles from here."

"The five demon kings each lead a large army, surrounding the Heavenly Demon Valley. Among them, the 'Crimson Scorpion King' and the 'Black Bat King' are the strongest, both at the seventh rank of the Upper Immortal Realm, while the other three are at the peak of the sixth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm."

The Iron-Backed Bear King pointed to the sand table: "The Crimson Scorpion King is in the east, the Black Bat King in the west, and the other three in the south, north, and southeast."

David looked at the sand table, pondered for a moment, and a cold glint flashed in his eyes: "Since they have divided their forces to surround us, then we will defeat them one by one."

"Defeat them one by one?"

The Iron-Backed Bear King smiled bitterly, "Brother Chen, we currently have less than 20,000 soldiers capable of fighting, and most of them are wounded."

"Each of the five demon kings' armies has more than 30,000, well-equipped, and waiting in ambush. It will be difficult for us to break out, how can we defeat them one by one?"

David smiled slightly: "There is no need to mobilize a large army. I alone am enough."

The tent was silent.

Elder Lu and the Iron-Backed Bear King looked at David in disbelief.

"Brother Chen, you're not joking, are you?"

The Iron-Backed Bear King frowned. "Although you killed the Five Venerables, that was a sneak attack or a strategy of defeating them one by one, right? Now the Five Demon Kings have a large army protecting them, how could you possibly..."

"Bear King, just tell me, among the Five Demon Kings, who deserves to die the most, and who is the most cruel to their fellow demons?"

David interrupted him, his tone calm yet carrying an undeniable confidence.

A glint of hatred flashed in the Iron-Backed Bear King's eyes: "The Crimson Scorpion King! That traitor! He was originally the chieftain of the Crimson Scorpion Demon Clan, but in order to curry favor with the gods, he personally slaughtered three demon tribes that refused to submit, sparing neither the old, weak, women, nor children!"

"He also invented the torture of 'Ten Thousand Scorpions Devouring the Heart,' specifically used to torment captured demon warriors! I wish I could devour his flesh alive!"

"Alright, let's start with him then." David nodded, looking at Ming Li, "Ming Li, you stay here and assist the Bear King in defense. I'll be right back."

"Mr. Chen, I'll go with you!" Ming Li hurriedly said.
"No need,"

David waved his hand. "Too many people would only make us more vulnerable. Don't worry, I know what I'm doing."

With that, he nodded to the Iron-Backed Bear King and Elder Deer, then his figure blurred, transforming into a streak of gray light, silently leaving the tent and disappearing into the night.

The Iron-Backed Bear King and Elder Deer exchanged bewildered glances.

"Elder Deer, this Brother Chen... can he really do it?"

The Iron-Backed Bear King was still somewhat skeptical.

Elder Deer remained silent for a long time before slowly saying, "Bear King, did you sense his aura? That power... I've never seen anything like it before, but it instinctively fills me with awe and fear. Perhaps... he really can create a miracle."

The Iron-Backed Bear King gazed in the direction David had disappeared, his bear eyes gleaming with hope: "I hope so... our demon race can't afford any more failures."

...

David left the Heavenly Demon Valley and stealthily made his way towards the Crimson Scorpion King's army camp in the east.

He concealed all his aura; the power of chaos made him seem to blend into the night, and even when he passed over the heads of the divine patrol, they were completely unaware.

Three thousand miles were covered in an instant.

The Crimson Scorpion King's army camp was located in a sheltered canyon, brightly lit and heavily guarded.

The camp stretched as far as the eye could see, housing at least 40,000 troops, a third of whom were divine guards and two-thirds were demon servants who had pledged allegiance to the gods.

In the center of the camp, a particularly magnificent and enormous tent stood out conspicuously. Dozens of fierce-looking Crimson Scorpion guards stood watch outside, and faint sounds of women weeping and men laughing could be heard from within.

David scanned the area with his divine sense, locking onto the tent.

Inside, a middle-aged man clad in crimson armor, with a sinister face and a scarlet scorpion tail trailing behind him, was drinking and making merry, his arms around two women.

Two disheveled fox-girls were in his arms, their faces still wet with tears, their eyes filled with fear.

This was the Crimson Scorpion King, a seventh-grade Upper Immortal.

"Your Majesty, have another drink..."

one of the fox-girls forced a smile, offering a wine cup.

The Crimson Scorpion King leered as he accepted the drink, downing it in one gulp. Then, he pinched the girl's chin, saying, "Little beauty, once I've wiped out those ungrateful bas***s from the Heavenly Demon Valley, I'll take you as my concubine and guarantee you a life of wealth and luxury."

A flicker of disgust flashed in the girl's eyes, but she dared not show it, only nodding obediently.

Just then, a calm voice suddenly rang out from inside the tent:

"You probably won't have that chance."

The Crimson Scorpion King's expression changed drastically. He abruptly pushed the girl away, stood up, his scorpion tail held high, its poisonous stinger gleaming coldly: "Who?!"

At the tent entrance, a gray figure appeared out of nowhere—it was David.

He stood with his hands behind his back, looking at the Crimson Scorpion King with indifferent eyes, as if he were looking at a dead man.

"Guards! Guards!" the Crimson Scorpion King roared.

But outside the tent, all was silent; there was no response.

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“No need to shout, they’re all asleep,” David said calmly, walking step by step towards the Crimson Scorpion King.

The Crimson Scorpion King’s pupils contracted. He sensed that the auras of the guards outside the tent had vanished—not from death, but as if they had fallen into the deepest sleep, impossible to wake.

When did this person make his move?

How could he have been completely unaware?

“You...who are you?”

A sense of foreboding rose in the Crimson Scorpion King’s heart. Crimson demonic power surged around him, and his scorpion tail, like a venomous dragon, lunged at David!

This strike was as fast as lightning, the venomous needle containing enough poison to kill a sixth-grade Upper Immortal!

But David merely raised his right hand, his index and middle fingers gently pinching it.

Snap!

The scorpion tail venomous needle, powerful enough to pierce metal, was firmly held in place by David’s two fingers, completely immobile!

“What?!”

The Crimson Scorpion King was horrified, trying to pull back his scorpion tail, only to find it clamped like an iron clamp, utterly unable to move!

David tightened his fingers slightly.

Crack!

The Crimson Scorpion King’s incredibly tough scorpion tail stinger was actually crushed!

“Ah!”

The Crimson Scorpion King let out a shrill scream. The scorpion tail was one of his natal magic weapons, connected to his soul. The shattering of the stinger injured his soul.

But he was a veteran of countless battles, and the excruciating pain only fueled his ferocity. He slammed his other hand towards a crimson gourd at his waist!

That was his other natal magic weapon, the Crimson Scorpion Venom Sand. Once released, the venomous sand would blanket the sky, corroding everything in its path; anyone below the seventh rank of the Upper Immortal Realm would die upon contact!

However, David was faster.

The instant the Crimson Scorpion King struck the gourd, David had already taken a step forward, appearing before him, his left hand forming a sword-like gesture, pointing towards his brow.

The Crimson Scorpion King tried to dodge, but the surrounding space seemed to freeze; he couldn't move!

"No!" Despair filled the Crimson Scorpion King's eyes. *

Poof! *

The chaotic finger force pierced his brow.

The Crimson Scorpion King's body stiffened, the light in his eyes quickly dimmed, his demonic power dissipated, and he collapsed to the ground as if all his energy had been drained.

David didn't even glance at his corpse, but with a wave of his hand, he collected the crimson gourd and the Crimson Scorpion King's storage ring.

Then, he looked at the two terrified fox-girls and said gently, "Don't be afraid, I'm here to save you. Get dressed and come with me."

The two girls snapped out of their daze, quickly straightening their clothes and looking at David gratefully.

David led them out of the tent.

Outside the tent, dozens of Crimson Scorpion guards lay sprawled on the ground, snoring loudly, clearly under David's Chaos Bewitching Technique.

David didn't kill them, not out of mercy, but because he didn't want to alert the enemy.

He took the two fox-girls, transformed into streaks of light, and silently left the Crimson Scorpion King's camp, returning to the Heavenly Demon Valley.

The entire process took less than the time it takes for an incense stick to burn.

The Crimson Scorpion King had fallen.

And the divine army remained completely unaware. When David returned to the Heavenly Demon Valley with the two fox-girls, the Iron-Backed Bear King and Elder Deer could hardly believe their eyes.

"The Crimson Scorpion King... is he really dead?"

The Iron-Backed Bear King stared wide-eyed, repeatedly examining the Crimson Scorpion King's token that David had brought back—the crimson scorpion-shaped token.

"Dead, his soul and spirit annihilated."

David's tone was calm, as if he had only done something insignificant.

He handed the two fox-girls over to Elder Lu for safekeeping, then looked at the sand table: "Next is the Black Bat King. He excels at nighttime operations and sonic attacks, and his bat demons are incredibly fast. We must eliminate him before dawn."

The Iron-Backed Bear King trembled with excitement: "Brother Chen, your... your methods are simply unpredictable! If we can truly eliminate the five traitorous demon kings, our chances of breaking through will be much greater!"

Elder Lu, however, was somewhat worried: "Mr. Chen's slaying of two demon kings will likely quickly alert the Demon Suppressor. If he personally intervenes, coupled with the divine army's encirclement, I'm afraid..."

David's eyes flashed with a cold light: "We must lure him out. Hiding in the Demon Suppressor's Hall makes him harder to kill. If he dares to personally besiege me, I have my own ways to deal with it."

He glanced at the sky: "Time is of the essence. I'll set off immediately. Bear King, organize an elite squad and wait for my signal."

"Once the Black Bat King is defeated, you will raid the enemy camp on the western front and seize supplies."

"Understood!" The Iron-Backed Bear King nodded emphatically.

David transformed into a streak of light once more, disappearing into the night.

Western Front, Black Bat King's Camp.

Unlike the extravagance of Red Scorpion King, Black Bat King's camp was eerie and sinister.

All the tents were built in underground caves, countless bat demons hung upside down from the rock walls, and the entire camp was utterly silent, save for the occasional ultrasonic probe.

Black Bat King himself was cultivating in the deepest pool of blood.

He had transformed into a tall, thin man in black, with enormous black fleshy wings on his back, blood-red eyes, and sharp fangs at the corners of his mouth.

He cultivated an evil art that required absorbing the essence of demons to enhance his cultivation.

Dozens of withered demon corpses floated in the blood pool, all prisoners of the resistance.

Suddenly, Black Bat King opened his blood-red eyes, warily looking towards the cave entrance.

He sensed a strange aura; though extremely faint, its ancient and vast feel instinctively unsettled him.

"Who?"

Black Bat King said in a deep voice, his fleshy wings unfurling, ready for battle.

A gray figure slowly emerged from the shadows—it was David.

"The one who came to kill you," David said calmly.

Black Bat King's pupils constricted; he recognized David's aura.

It was the infamous thug who had recently been the subject of much gossip, the one who had killed the five Venerables of the Divine Punishment Hall!

"It's you!"

Black Bat King's heart skipped a beat, but he immediately sneered, "How dare you trespass on my territory! Now that you're here, don't even think about leaving!"

He suddenly opened his mouth, unleashing a silent sonic attack!

This sonic wave was formless and intangible, yet it directly attacked the soul. An ordinary seventh-grade Immortal would have their soul instantly shattered if struck by this attack.

But David merely frowned slightly; his chaotic power formed a gray barrier outside his consciousness.

The terrifying sonic wave struck the barrier, vanishing without a trace, like a mud ox sinking into the sea.