

A Man Like None Other Novel Chapter 6081

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Chapter 6081

The golden-crowned cultivator seized the opportunity to rush towards David, a golden longsword appearing in his hand: “Boy, prepare to die!”

“Divine King Sword Technique – Heavenly Punishment!”

The golden sword light, like thunder from the heavens, carried a majestic divine might as it slashed towards David.

This sword strike contained the power of the divine royal bloodline; its power was so great that the entire cave trembled.

The golden-crowned cultivator was at the peak of the seventh rank of the Upper Immortal Realm, and with the blessing of the Divine King bloodline, the power of this sword strike was approaching that of the eighth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm!

But David was not afraid at all.

“A mere trick.”

The Dragon-Slaying Sword was held horizontally, gray sword light condensing.

There were no fancy moves, just a simple straight thrust.

Clang!

The tips of the two swords collided precisely.

Time seemed to stand still for a moment.

The next instant, the golden sword light shattered!

The golden longsword in the golden-crowned cultivator’s hand broke into pieces, and he himself was struck as if by a heavy blow, flying backward and crashing into the cave wall, spitting out a mouthful of blood.

“You... what realm are you?!”

The golden-crowned cultivator was horrified.

He clearly sensed that David was only at the peak of the first rank of the Upper Immortal Realm, so why was his combat power so terrifying?

David didn't answer, taking a step forward and already in front of the golden-crowned cultivator, the Dragon-Slaying Sword pressed against his throat.

"Speak, what exactly is going on with this Sacred Mountain? Why is the Divine Race refining ghost corpses?"

The golden-crowned cultivator's face was deathly pale, but a hint of madness flashed in his eyes: "Hehe...you can't stop it...the eight altars have been activated, the blood sacrifice array is complete...the Ghost Weeping Saint Venerable is about to reappear...at that time, you will all die..."

"Stubborn fool."

David pushed the tip of his sword forward, piercing halfway into the golden-crowned cultivator's throat, "If you don't speak, I'll kill you right now."

The fear of death finally overwhelmed his madness, and the golden-crowned cultivator trembled as he said, "I'll talk...I'll talk..."

"The Sacred Mountain...the entire Sacred Mountain...is actually the corpse of the Ghost Weeping Saint Venerable transformed..."

What?!

David and Ming Li were both shocked.

The entire Sacred Mountain was transformed from a single corpse?

"Tens of thousands of years ago, the Ghost Cry Saint Venerable fought a great battle with three True Immortals of the Temple, and was ultimately suppressed here,"

the golden-crowned cultivator said with difficulty. "But his cultivation was extraordinary, and even in death, his body remained indestructible, absorbing the spiritual energy of heaven and earth and transforming into a mountain range..." "

The successive Temple Masters all wanted to control this Saint Venerable's body, but the Ghost Cry Saint Venerable had placed a restriction on it before his death, which could not be controlled by anyone without the bloodline of the Ghost Clan. Until three hundred years ago, the current Temple Master, the Divine Power Master, devised a method to forcibly awaken the remaining consciousness within the body through blood sacrifice, and then used a secret method of the Divine Clan to refine it into a ghost corpse..."

“In this way, the restriction placed on the Ghost Cry Saint Venerable before his death would be eroded by the power of blood sacrifice, and ultimately controlled by the Temple...”

The golden-crowned cultivator coughed up blood: “Eight altars... each corresponding to one of the eight key parts of the body... Once the blood sacrifice array is completed... all living beings within the entire Holy Mountain area will be sacrificed... to awaken the Ghost Cry Saint Venerable’s body... and refine it into a ghost corpse that only obeys the Temple...”

“Your methods are truly vicious!” Ming Li was furious.

The Ghost Clan’s Holy Venerable, even in death, could not find peace; he was to be turned into a puppet by his enemies—what a disgrace!

David’s eyes flashed even colder: “The eight pillars of light on the mountaintop, are those the eight altars?”

“Yes... the Blood Sacrifice Array is 70% activated... in another quarter of an hour... it will be fully formed...”

The golden-crowned cultivator laughed bitterly, “You can’t stop it... the altars are guarded by powerful gods... and once the array is activated... unless three or more altars are destroyed simultaneously... it cannot be interrupted...”

“Now... it’s too late...”

As if confirming his words, the sacred mountain trembled even more violently.

The eight blood-red pillars of light on the mountaintop grew brighter and brighter, the interconnected blood-red energy almost solidifying.

All living beings within the entire sacred mountain range felt their blood boiling; those with weaker cultivation began to bleed from their seven orifices!

The pilgrims were horrified to discover that their essence blood was being uncontrollably drawn from their bodies, turning into blood streaks flying towards the mountaintop.

They wanted to escape, but an invisible barrier seemed to exist within the sacred mountain range, sealing off all paths.

“Help!”

“Let us out!”

“The gods have deceived us! This isn’t the sacred mountain, it’s a demon’s lair!”

Screams and cries echoed throughout the sacred mountain.

Inside the cave, the tremors of the Ghost Cry Saint statue reached their peak.

Large chunks of its stone outer shell peeled away, revealing a pitch-black body within.

It was a hundred-foot-tall ghost-like body, with a human torso, a snake's tail, and eight ferocious arms.

Although its eyes remained closed, the aura it emitted distorted the very space around it.

"It's about to awaken..."

The golden-crowned cultivator stared at the statue with fascination, "The Saint is about to awaken..."

Without hesitation, David ended the golden-crowned cultivator's life with a single sword strike.

"Ming Li, let's split up."

David quickly made a decision. "You go and disrupt the blood sacrifice ritual in the cave to prevent the statue from fully awakening. I'll go to the mountaintop and try to destroy the altar as much as possible."

"But Mr. Chen, there must be powerful gods guarding the mountaintop. You'll be alone..." Ming Li said worriedly.

"It's alright."

David looked at the statue that was about to awaken. "If it fully awakens, that will be the real problem. You do your best to stop it here, and I'll try my best at the mountaintop."

"Also, these controlled cultivators..."

David looked at the cultivators who were being controlled by the Soul-Controlling Bell and were attacking Ming Li.

Ming Li gritted his teeth: "I'll find a way to break the control. The Ghost Clan has a secret technique to break soul control, but it will take time."

"Alright, hurry up."

David said no more, his figure blurred, and he rushed out of the cave.

The Divine Clan cultivators along the way tried to stop him, but no one could stop David's sword light.

He was like a gray lightning bolt, shuttling through the cave passages, and soon rushed out of the cave and into the outside world.

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Chapter 6082

The outside world was a scene of utter devastation.

On the sacred mountain, thousands of pilgrims lay on the ground, groaning in agony.

Their life essence was forcibly extracted, transforming into streaks of blood that flew towards the summit.

Those with lower cultivation levels had already become desiccated corpses, while those with higher levels were struggling to survive.

In the sky, eight crimson pillars of light connected, forming an array that enveloped the entire sacred mountain.

Between the pillars, crimson energy intertwined like chains, forming a massive cage.

David looked up at the summit, his eyes flashing with cold light.

He transformed into a streak of light, rushing towards the summit against the direction from which the blood streaks had flown.

The higher he went, the stronger the suction became, and the denser the crimson energy grew.

If David hadn't possessed the power of chaos, capable of devouring all laws, he too would likely have been affected by this suction, his life essence spilling out.

When he reached the mountainside, a dozen figures suddenly appeared ahead, blocking his path.

Leading them was an old man with white hair, clad in a golden divine robe, his aura as deep as the sea—a peak eighth-grade Upper Immortal!

Behind him stood twelve golden-armored generals, each possessing cultivation levels of the sixth or seventh rank of the Upper Immortal Realm.

“Halt,”

the white-haired elder said calmly. “This is a sacred mountain, no idlers allowed.”

David stopped, coldly staring at the elder. “Your divine race, under the guise of pilgrimage, actually performs blood sacrifices, slaughtering countless lives. Aren’t you afraid of divine retribution?”

The white-haired elder laughed. “Divine retribution? In the Fourteenth Heaven, the Divine Temple is heaven itself. As for you, if I’m not mistaken, you are David from the Thirteenth Heaven, aren’t you?”

“You know me?” David raised an eyebrow.

“Of course I know,”

the white-haired elder stroked his beard. “Destroying the Heavenly Path, killing the Great Venerable, forcing back the Temple’s special envoy... your name is renowned throughout the Temple. The Temple Master is very interested in you and specifically instructed that if he sees you, he should try to recruit you.”

He paused. “David, join the Temple. With your talent, if you are nurtured by the Temple, you will surely become a True Immortal within a hundred years. Why make an enemy of the Temple for those ant-like beings of the lower realms?”

David also laughed. “Recruit me? And then, like the pilgrims on this sacred mountain, one day use me as a blood sacrifice?”

“You are different,”

the white-haired elder shook his head. “You are a genius with the bloodline of the Golden Dragon and the power of Chaos. The Temple will only value you, not harm you.”

“Unfortunately, I don’t believe it.”

David held his Dragon-Slaying Sword level. “Get out of my way, or die.”

The white-haired old man’s face darkened. “You won’t listen to reason, so don’t blame me for being ruthless.”

He waved his hand: “Form a formation! Take him down!”

Twelve golden-armored generals quickly dispersed, forming a battle formation that surrounded David in the center.

As soon as the formation was complete, the auras of the twelve men merged into one, their power surging, even faintly exuding the oppressive aura of a ninth-grade Upper Immortal!

“Kill!” Twelve people shouted in unison, and twelve golden spear shadows, like dragons emerging from the sea, pierced towards David from all directions.

David neither dodged nor evaded, sweeping his Dragon-Slaying Sword horizontally.

“Chaotic Sword Domain – Open!”

The gray domain instantly unfolded, covering an area of a hundred feet.

After entering the domain, the twelve spear shadows slowed down drastically, and their power was greatly reduced.

David’s figure moved like a ghost, weaving through the spear shadows.

With each swing of the Dragon-Slaying Sword, a divine general fell.

The sword light was like lightning, and blood blossomed.

Three breaths later, all twelve divine generals fell to the ground, and the battle formation collapsed.

The white-haired old man’s pupils shrank sharply: “Such a fast sword... such a strange domain...”

He finally put away his contempt: “It seems that the Palace Master underestimated you. Your true combat strength is probably close to the ninth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm.”

“Get out of the way now, it’s not too late.”

David pointed his sword at the old man.

The white-haired elder laughed: “Young man, you are indeed strong. But this is the Holy Mountain, territory cultivated by the temple for ten thousand years.”

He formed hand seals: “I’ll show you the true power of the Holy Mountain Grand Array.”
As soon as he

finished speaking, the Holy Mountain trembled, and eight blood-red pillars of light simultaneously shot down, converging on the white-haired elder.

The white-haired elder's aura rose steadily, from the peak of the eighth rank to the early stage of the ninth rank, then to the middle stage of the ninth rank... finally settling at the peak of the ninth rank!

His white hair turned blood red, his eyes were crimson, and his body was surrounded by blood-red light, like a blood demon descending to earth.

“Under the blessing of the Blood Sacrifice Grand Array, I can briefly possess the power of the peak of the ninth rank.”

The white-haired elder's voice became hoarse and eerie, “David, it's an honor for you to die in this state.”

He struck out with a palm.

The blood-red palm print blotted out the sky, countless vengeful spirits howled within his palm, carrying a terrifying suction force, as if to drain David's essence, blood, and soul.

This was an evil technique infused with the power of the Blood Sacrifice Grand Array!

David's expression turned solemn. The power of this palm strike had indeed reached the peak of the ninth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm, and even faintly touched the threshold of the True Immortal Realm.

He couldn't take it head-on.

David retreated rapidly, simultaneously unleashing dozens of sword lights from his Dragon-Slaying Sword, slashing towards the blood-red palm print.

The sword lights struck the palm print, like mud oxen entering the sea, only creating slight ripples.

The palm print continued its momentum, relentlessly pursuing David.

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Chapter 6083

You can't escape.”

The white-haired elder sneered. "Within the Holy Mountain's boundaries, no matter where you run, you can't escape the array's perception."

David suddenly stopped.

He stopped running and turned to face the blood-red palm print.

"Who said I was going to run?"

The Dragon-Slaying Sword was held upright in front of his chest, and David closed his eyes.

Within his body, the Chaos Dao Seed spun wildly, the Golden Dragon Bloodline boiled, and the Netherworld Qi circulated.

The three forces began to merge under the harmonization of the Yin-Yang Returning Origin Technique.

Chaos was the foundation, the Golden Dragon was Yang, and the Netherworld was Yin.

The three elements returned to one, capable of breaking all laws.

"Slash."

David opened his eyes and slashed out with his sword.

There was no dazzling sword light, no terrifying aura.

There was only a simple and unadorned gray sword light, as thin as a hair, flying silently toward the blood-red palm print.

The white-haired elder initially didn't take it seriously, but the next second, his expression changed drastically.

The moment the gray sword light touched the blood-red palm print, the palm print began to dissolve!

It wasn't shattered, but dissolved, like ice and snow meeting fire, rapidly crumbling.

The vengeful spirit in the palm let out a shrill scream, turning into wisps of smoke and dissipating.

The gray sword light, undiminished in its momentum, pierced through the palm print and shot straight at the white-haired old man.

"Impossible!"

The white-haired old man was horrified and hurriedly summoned all his protective magic treasures.

A golden shield, a jade talisman, a blood-red banner... seven or eight top-tier defensive magic treasures lit up simultaneously, forming layers of barriers in front of him.

But the gray sword light seemed to ignore them, piercing through layer after layer.

*Swoosh!

- The sword light finally pierced through the last barrier and pierced into the white-haired old man's chest.

The white-haired old man's body stiffened, and he looked down at his chest.

There was no wound, no blood, but his life force was rapidly fading.

"What... what kind of power is this..."

he managed to utter these words, his body beginning to turn to ashes and dissipate in the wind.

One sword strike, slaying a peak ninth-grade Upper Immortal!

Although his peak ninth-grade Immortal Realm cultivation was somewhat inflated due to external forces, David's sword strike was still incredibly impressive!

David sheathed his sword, his face pale.

That last strike had nearly exhausted seventy percent of his power. While

the Three Elements Returning to One technique was powerful, it also placed a tremendous burden on his body.

He dared not delay, swallowing several recovery pills before continuing his flight towards the mountaintop.

No one stopped him along the way.

Soon, David reached the summit.

The summit was a massive platform, with eight crimson altars standing in an octagonal pattern at its center.

Each altar was about ten zhang high, intricately engraved with array patterns, from which blood flowed, emanating a thick, pungent stench.

Crimson energy connected the eight altars, forming a complete array. At the center of the array, a gigantic crimson heart floated, beating rhythmically.

Thump...thump...thump...

With each beat, the entire sacred mountain trembled.

Countless blood threads flew in from all directions, converging into the heart.

After absorbing the blood, the heart beat even more powerfully, emitting an increasingly terrifying aura.

David could sense that within that heart, a terrifying being was being conceived—the remnant consciousness of the Ghost Crying Saint Venerable, or rather, the embryonic form of a ghost corpse.

Once the heart was fully formed, the ghost corpse would awaken completely, becoming a killing tool controlled by the temple.

It must be destroyed!

David's gaze swept across the eight altars, quickly locking onto three. According to the golden-crowned cultivator, destroying all three altars simultaneously would interrupt the blood sacrifice formation.

However, the altars were protected by arrays, and the eight altars were interconnected; attacking one would trigger a counterattack from the other seven.

"I have no choice but to force my way through,"

David thought, selecting three of the closest altars. He took a deep breath, preparing to attack simultaneously.

But just then, a familiar voice rang out.

"David, you really came."

David turned to see Lin Wuchen and Yue Liuli emerging from behind an altar.

And it wasn't just them.

From all directions, figures appeared.

There were over thirty Divine Race cultivators, each possessing a powerful aura. The weakest was at the sixth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm, and the strongest, several elders, were at the ninth rank!

They were clearly prepared, waiting for David to walk right into their trap.

“I didn’t expect you to actually dare to come to the Fourteenth Heaven.”

Lin Wuchen looked at David, a complex expression flashing in his eyes. “Being defeated by you in the Thirteenth Heaven is the shame of my life. Today, I will personally wash away this shame.”

Yue Liuli also said coldly, “David, you ruined my temple’s grand plan and killed my temple’s cultivators. Today, you will not return alive!”

David glanced at everyone, his expression calm: “Just you?”

“Arrogant!”

A ninth-rank elder sneered, “David, you are indeed exceptionally talented and have astonishing combat power. But this is a sacred mountain, with the Blood Sacrifice Array enhancing our strength. And you, all alone, how can you withstand us?”

Another elder spoke up: “David, the temple master values talent and will give you one last chance. Join the temple, hand over the secrets of the Golden Dragon Bloodline and the Chaos Power, and I will spare your life. Otherwise, today is your death day.”

David smiled: “Recruit me? And then, like you treated Ghost Cry Saint Venerable, one day turn me into a puppet?”

The elders’ faces darkened.

“Stubborn to the end, then die!”

More than thirty divine cultivators attacked simultaneously.

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Chapter 6084

Various supernatural powers, magical treasures, and formations rained down on David.

The mountaintop platform was instantly engulfed in a dazzling array of colors, and the terrifying energy fluctuations caused the space itself to tremble.

David, at the center of the attack, remained remarkably calm.

This was the moment he had been waiting for.

“Chaotic True Body!”

“Golden Dragon Bloodline!” “

Yin Yang Return to Origin Technique – Three Elements Return to One!”

The three supreme powers erupted simultaneously, and David’s aura instantly surged to its peak.

Half of his body shone with golden light like the sun, while the other half was shrouded in gray mist like chaos, with black energy flowing between his chest and abdomen, perfectly fusing the two powers.

On the Dragon-Slaying Sword, three-colored sword light flickered erratically, and the blade emitted an excited hum.

“Break!”

David unleashed a sword strike, and the three-colored sword light spread out in a fan shape, meeting all the attacks head-on.

Rumble...

A terrifying explosion swept across the entire mountaintop. The protective formations of the eight altars trembled violently, countless cracks appeared on the platform, and several altars even began to tilt. More

than thirty divine cultivators were blasted away by the explosion, and those with weaker cultivation levels were seriously injured and coughed up blood on the spot.

David was also badly injured. Withstanding so many attacks, even with the Three Elements Unity protecting him, he suffered considerable internal injuries.

But he didn’t stop. Taking advantage of the moment the divine cultivators were knocked back, he transformed into three afterimages and simultaneously pounced on the three chosen altars.

“Not good! He’s going to destroy the altars!”

“Stop him!”

The divine cultivators were shocked and hurriedly tried to stop him.

But David's speed was too fast. The three afterimages arrived at the three altars almost simultaneously, and the Dragon-Slaying Sword was swung out.

“Chaos – Heaven Opening!”

Three gray sword lights simultaneously struck the altar bases.

The altar's protective array was like paper before the chaotic sword light, shattering instantly.

The sword light continued its momentum, slashing into the interior of the altars.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Huge cracks appeared on the three altars simultaneously, the cracks spreading rapidly, and finally...

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The three altars exploded!

The moment the altars exploded, the Blood Sacrifice Array violently trembled.

The eight crimson pillars of light dimmed, and the crimson energy chains connecting them snapped inch by inch.

The crimson heart, suspended in the center of the formation, emitted a shrill scream, its beating becoming erratic. The

tremors of the entire sacred mountain ceased.

The blood threads that had been flying towards the summit broke, the suction force within the pilgrims vanished, and their essence blood stopped flowing out.

Inside the cave, the statue of the Ghostly Weeping Saint, which was about to fully awaken, suddenly trembled, the cracks on its surface stopped spreading, and the scarlet light began to fade.

Success!

The Blood Sacrifice Formation had been interrupted!

“No!!!”

The divine cultivators roared in despair.

Their plan, painstakingly crafted for three hundred years and on the verge of success, had been ruined by David alone!

“Kill him! Kill him!”

Lin Wuchen’s eyes were bloodshot, he looked like a madman.

Yue Liuli also gritted her teeth: “David, I will tear you to pieces!”

The remaining twenty-five Divine Clan cultivators attacked again, this time without holding back, all using their strongest killing moves.

David smiled.

The great formation was broken, the ghost corpse failed to awaken, his goal had been achieved.

Now, it was time to leave.

“Ming Li, retreat!”

David transmitted his voice to Ming Li in the mountainside cave.

“Mr. Chen, I have rescued most of the cultivators, and I have also destroyed the Soul Control Bell.”

Ming Li replied, “But the cave entrance is sealed by the Divine Clan, I am breaking through.”

“Hold on, I will come to meet you.”

David no longer fought with the Divine Clan cultivators, he swung the Dragon Slayer Sword and unleashed a ring of sword light, forcing back the crowd, then transformed into a stream of light and rushed towards the mountainside.

“Stop him! Don’t let him get away!”

The Divine Clan cultivators gave chase.

David was extremely fast, and in a few breaths he arrived at the mountainside cave.

A dozen or so divine race cultivators guarded the cave entrance, and the sounds of fighting echoed from within.

“Get out of the way!”

David unleashed a sword strike, a crescent-shaped gray light sweeping across the cave, instantly slicing through the divine race cultivators at the entrance.

He rushed into the cave and saw Ming Li protecting dozens of rescued cultivators, locked in fierce combat with over twenty divine race cultivators.

Although these cultivators were not highly skilled, they had formed a simple battle formation under Ming Li's command, barely holding on.

"Mr. Chen!" Ming Li's spirits lifted upon seeing David.

"Go!" David forced back the attacking divine race cultivators with a single sword strike, opening a passage.

Ming Li led the rescued cultivators swiftly out of the cave,

while David brought up the rear. The divine race cultivators outside had caught up and joined the cultivators inside, numbering over forty, completely surrounding David and his group.

Lin Wuchen and Yue Liuli also arrived, their faces ashen.

"David, you're not getting away today!" Lin Wuchen gritted his teeth.

David scanned his surroundings. The number of Divine Clan cultivators had grown to over fifty, including six at the ninth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm.

A direct confrontation was not an option.

He looked at Ming Li: "How many can you take with you?"

Ming Li smiled bitterly: "With my cultivation level, I can only teleport ten at most. And the distance can't be too far."

David nodded: "That's enough. You take these cultivators and go first; I'll cover the rear."

"No! Mr. Chen, we'll all go together!" Ming Li cried urgently.

"That's an order," David said firmly. "Your presence will only be a burden. Don't worry, if I want to leave, they can't stop me."

Ming Li gritted his teeth and finally nodded: "Mr. Chen, be careful!"

He formed hand seals, unleashing a Ghost Clan secret technique, and a cloud of black mist enveloped the ten cultivators.

The black mist dissipated, and the eleven had vanished.

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Chapter 6085

"Ghost Clan Escape Technique! Chase!" a ninth-rank elder shouted fiercely.

But David blocked their path.

"Your opponent is me."

Holding the Dragon-Slaying Sword horizontally, David faced over fifty powerful members of the Divine Clan alone, showing no fear.

Lin Wuchen laughed angrily: "David, you are far too arrogant! Do you really think we can't do anything to you?"

"Try and see." David said calmly.

The Divine Clan cultivators stopped wasting words and attacked simultaneously.

This time, David did not fight head-on.

His figure blurred, transforming into dozens of afterimages, weaving through the crowd.

Every time the Dragon-Slaying Sword was swung, a Divine Clan cultivator fell.

He did not seek to kill enemies, but only to create chaos, buying more time for Ming Li.

The Chaos Sword Domain unfolded, the gray domain covering an area of a hundred feet. Within the domain, David was like a fish in water, while the Divine Clan cultivators were like being trapped in quagmire.

"Form an array! Don't let him break them one by one!" an elder shouted.

The Divine Clan cultivators quickly formed an array, but David gave them no chance.

He specifically attacked the weak points of the formation, disrupting its structure and preventing the divine race cultivators from forming an effective encirclement.

For a time, over fifty divine race cultivators were held back by David alone, unable to escape.

“Damn it!” Lin Wuchen trembled with rage.

A cold glint flashed in Yue Liuli’s eyes: “Use that move.”

She took out a golden talisman, bit her tongue, and spat out a mouthful of blood essence onto it.

The talisman shone brightly, transforming into a golden chain that coiled towards David.

“The God-King Binding Immortal Rope!” a divine race cultivator exclaimed.

This was a top-tier talisman treasured by the temple; once bound, even a True Immortal would find it difficult to break free.

Sensing the threat of the golden chain, David hurriedly dodged.

But the chain followed relentlessly.

At the same time, other divine race cultivators also unleashed their most treasured magical treasures and talismans, various binding and restraining supernatural powers raining down on David.

The pressure on David increased dramatically.

No matter how strong he was, he couldn’t possibly fight against so many top-tier magical treasures and supernatural powers simultaneously. He

had to leave.

David took a deep breath, unleashing all the remaining power within him.

“Chaos·Golden Dragon·Netherworld—Three Elements Return to One·Boundary Break!”

He gripped his sword with both hands and slashed

at the void ahead. The gray sword light struck the void, tearing open a spatial rift!

Within the rift were chaotic spatial currents, but David didn’t hesitate, stepping into it.

“Trying to run? Dream on!”

Lin Wuchen roared, unleashing the full power of his Immortal-Slaying Sword, a silver sword light chasing after it into the rift.

Yue Liuli also manipulated the God-King Binding Immortal Rope, binding David.

But it was too late.

David's figure disappeared into the crack, and the crack quickly closed.

The silver sword light and golden chains collided with the closed space, bursting with dazzling light, but could not penetrate.

David had escaped.

"Ah!!!" Lin Wuchen roared to the sky, seemingly insane.

Yue Liuli's face was so gloomy it could drip water.

The six ninth-rank elders looked at each other, their eyes filled with horror.

Under the siege of more than fifty powerful members of the Divine Race, within the range of the Holy Mountain's great formation, David not only destroyed the Blood Sacrifice Formation and saved people, but also escaped unscathed.

This strength, this courage, this method...

If this boy is not eliminated, he will surely become a major threat to the Divine Palace!

"Chase him!"

one of the elders gritted his teeth, "He forcibly broke through space, he must be seriously injured, he can't have escaped far!"

"Use all our power to search the area within ten thousand miles of the Holy Mountain, we must find him!"

The Divine Race cultivators transformed into streaks of light, scattering in all directions to search.

Meanwhile, in a valley a hundred miles away from the Holy Mountain, a rift opened in space, and David staggered out.

His face was ashen, and he had a deep, bone-revealing sword wound on his chest, left by Lin Wuchen's final strike.

A mark from a golden chain stretched across his back, nearly breaking his spine.

Even more serious were his internal injuries.

Forcibly using the Three Elements Unity technique to break through space had almost exhausted all his power; his Chaos Dao Seed and Golden Dragon Bloodline were both dim and lifeless.

But he was still alive.

David swallowed the last few pills and sat cross-legged to meditate.

Half an hour later, Ming Li appeared, enveloped in black mist.

“Mr. Chen!” Ming Li was shocked to see David’s injuries.

“It’s alright, I won’t die.”

David opened his eyes. “What about those cultivators?”

“I’ve placed them in a cave a hundred miles away, set up a concealment array, they’re safe for now,” Ming Li said. “Mr. Chen, your injuries...”

“I need time to recover.” David stood up. “It’s not safe here, the Divine Race will be searching soon. We need to leave as soon as possible.”

“Where to?” Ming Li asked.

David looked into the distance, a determined look flashing in his eyes.

“To the Divine Hall.”

“Since the Divine Hall wants to kill me, then I’ll go find their enemy. Moreover, the Divine Hall is the only hope to save Senior Mu Sha’s soul.”

The two transformed into streaks of light and disappeared into the valley.