

A Man Like None Other Novel Chapter 6086

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The temple.

Inside the majestic main hall, Shen Tong was discussing with the twelve elders how to subtly spread the news of the Golden Dragon bloodline's emergence.

"This matter needs to be handled subtly."

Shen Tong picked up his jade cup and took a sip of the immortal liquid. "Being too deliberate will only arouse suspicion. It would be best to let those reclusive old fellows find out by chance, so that they will send people down to the

mortal realm on their own initiative." Elder Hong Yan smiled and said, "Don't worry, Palace Master, I have made all the arrangements. Three days later, at the largest underground trade fair in the Northern Region, a broken jade slip containing information about the Golden Dragon Clan's secret realm will unexpectedly appear.

Seventy percent of the jade slip is genuine, and thirty percent is fake, enough to pass for the real thing."

"Very good."

Shen Tong nodded in satisfaction. "That David is only a first-grade Upper Immortal. Even with the bloodline of the Golden Dragon, he can't cause much trouble.

Once the experts of the Fourteenth Heaven swarm down to the mortal realm, even if he has three heads and six arms, he will only face certain death."

The white-haired elder seemed to have a hidden worry: "Palace Master, David was able to defeat Wu Chen and Liu Li, and also kill a Great Venerable. He is probably not an ordinary first-grade Upper Immortal.

If he hides in the demon army or escapes into the void rift, the people we send down to the mortal realm may not be able to succeed easily..."

"It's alright."

Shen Tong put down his jade cup, his expression calm. “He can hide for a while, but not forever. Resources are scarce in the lower realms, and spiritual energy is thin; he can’t remain hidden forever. Besides...”

He paused, a cold smile playing on his lips, “If he truly has the guts, he might come to the Fourteenth Heaven on his own initiative.”

Upon hearing this, all the elders were taken aback.

“What does the Palace Master mean...” the white-haired elder asked tentatively.

“Just a guess.”

Shen Tong said leisurely, “David has been so high-profile in the Thirteenth Heaven, destroying the Path to Heaven and killing a Great Venerable; he’s definitely not someone who’s content to lie low. If he learns what the Golden Dragon bloodline means in the Fourteenth Heaven, he might very well take the risk.”

He looked at the elders: “Give the order to all branch halls to keep an eye out for unfamiliar faces, especially young human cultivators. If David is discovered, report it immediately; no one is allowed to act without authorization.”

“Yes!”

the elders responded in unison.

Just then...

hurried footsteps suddenly came from outside the main hall.

A golden-armored general, looking flustered, almost stumbled into the hall and knelt on the ground.

“Reporting to the Hall Master! Urgent report from the Holy Mountain!”

Shen Tong frowned slightly.

The affairs of the Holy Mountain were always handled by the Golden Crown Venerable, who was usually calm and collected. He had never been so flustered before.

“Speak,”

the golden-armored general said, his forehead dripping with cold sweat, his voice trembling. “The Holy Mountain... the Holy Mountain Blood Sacrifice Array has been destroyed! The three altars are destroyed, the awakening of the Ghostly Crying Saint Venerable has been interrupted, and the Golden Crown Venerable... the Golden Crown Venerable has died in the line of duty!”

Boom!

A terrifying pressure suddenly erupted from the throne, like the collapse of the heavens and the cracking of the earth, like a mountain collapsing and a tsunami crashing.

The twelve elders all paled, and the golden-armored general was struck as if by a heavy blow, forced to the ground, blood seeping from his seven orifices, yet he dared not even utter a groan.

Shen Tong slowly rose.

He still possessed that dignified and calm expression, but the pressure emanating from his body caused the entire main hall to tremble.

The divine beast patterns on the white jade pillars seemed to come alive, emitting a mournful hum.

“What did you say?”

His voice remained calm, yet it was like ten thousand years of ice, chilling to the bone.

The golden-armored general strained to utter a few words: “The Holy Mountain... was attacked... three altars were destroyed... the Golden Crown Venerable died in battle... the Blood Sacrifice Array... was interrupted...”

The divine power

remained silent. He simply stood there quietly.

But the entire temple felt the suppressed rage.

Elder Red Flame paled in horror and abruptly stood up: “Who? Who dares to be so audacious?! The Holy Mountain is heavily guarded by our temple’s troops, and the Blood Sacrifice Array is overseen by elders. Who could possibly break into the summit and destroy our altars?!” The

golden-armored general’s voice trembled: “According to... according to the surviving guards... the attacker was a young human, wielding a gray longsword, with astonishing combat power... He called himself... called himself David...”

“David?!”

Even the white-haired elder exclaimed in shock. Just moments

ago they were discussing how to deal with this lower realm youth, and in the blink of an eye, he had infiltrated the Fourteenth Heaven and directly attacked the Holy Mountain Blood Sacrifice Array, which the temple had cultivated for three hundred years!

“Impossible!”

Elder Hongyan exclaimed sharply. “How could he have reached the Fourteenth Heaven? The Path to Heaven is destroyed; how could a mere First-Rank Immortal cross the barrier between the two realms?”

The golden-armored general prostrated himself, not daring to raise his head. “Your subordinate... Your subordinate doesn’t know. But the surviving guards identified the attacker as matching David’s appearance on the wanted poster, and he possesses the bloodline of the Golden Dragon and the power of Chaos...”

He paused, his voice even lower. “Special Envoys Lin Wuchen and Yue Liuli were on a routine patrol of the Holy Mountain at the time and had a direct confrontation with David. The two envoys confirmed... that the man was indeed David.”

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A deathly silence fell over the hall.

The twelve elders exchanged bewildered glances, their eyes filled with shock and dread.

A mere cultivator from the lower realm, newly arrived at the fourteenth level of the Heavenly Realm, dared to storm the sacred mountain that the temple had cultivated for millennia. Surrounded by over fifty powerful members of the Divine Race and elders empowered by a blood sacrifice array, he single-handedly destroyed three altars, killed the Golden Crown Venerable and dozens of guards, and yet escaped unscathed!

What audacity!

What combat prowess!

Shen Tong slowly returned to his throne, his calm expression finally replaced by a hint of malice.

“Golden Crown... has followed me for three hundred years.”

His voice was low and unreadable. “He was cautious in his actions, and although his cultivation wasn’t top-tier, he never overstepped his bounds. I entrusted the Holy Mountain to him because I trusted him.”

He paused. “He’s dead. The three altars are destroyed. Three hundred years of hard work, all gone in a single day.”

Elder Red Flame said urgently, “Palace Master, now that David’s whereabouts have been exposed, we should immediately send troops to seal off the area within ten thousand miles of the Holy Mountain, and we’ll dig three feet into the ground to capture and kill him!” Elder White Hair hesitated

, “Palace Master, if we send out a large force, the commotion will be too great, and the Divine Hall and Divine Palace will surely notice. If they use this as an excuse to...”

“Use this as an excuse to?”

Shen Tong sneered. “The Holy Mountain has been attacked, the altars destroyed, and I, the dignified Palace Master, have to be so hesitant even when pursuing an assassin?”

Elder White Hair fell silent.

Shen Tong took a deep breath, suppressing the surging killing intent in his heart.

“Issue my order!”

His voice suddenly turned stern: “First, mobilize all the elite troops from the seven cities of the Northern Region, under the command of Elder Hongyan, to seal off the area within a radius of 30,000 li around the Holy Mountain immediately. All cultivators entering and leaving must be strictly investigated!

David is seriously injured and cannot have escaped far; he must be hiding near the Holy Mountain to heal. Even if you have to turn every inch of land upside down, you must find him!”

Elder Hongyan bowed: “Your subordinate obeys!”

“Second, the Holy Mountain Blood Sacrifice Array must not be interrupted.”

Shentong’s gaze was icy. “The three destroyed altars must be repaired within three months. The necessary materials and blood sacrifices must be transferred from other Holy Mountain branch altars.

If there is a shortage of manpower, draw from the various branch halls. In short, I don’t care what methods you use, I want to see all eight altars fully operational again in three months!”

“This...”

The white-haired elder in charge of the Holy Mountain’s affairs looked troubled. “Palace Master, the materials needed to repair the altar are not too difficult to obtain, as each branch altar has its own reserves. However, the blood sacrifice array requires a large amount of living beings’ essence, blood, and soul power as a catalyst, and we need to gather a sufficient number of offerings within three months...”

Shen Tong gave him a cold look.

The white-haired elder’s heart skipped a beat, and he immediately bowed his head: “Your subordinate obeys.”

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“Third,” Shen Tong’s voice grew even colder, “Issue an order to all temples and branch halls in the Fourteenth Heaven to list David as a top-level wanted criminal, effective immediately. A reward of fifty thousand bottles of immortal liquid will be offered.”

He paused, emphasizing each word: “fifty thousand bottles.”

“Fifty thousand bottles?!” The elders gasped.

This amount was enough to tempt even peak ninth-grade Upper Immortals, and might even tempt some rogue cultivators to take the risk!

“Furthermore,”

Shen Tong continued, “spread the news that David possesses the Golden Dragon bloodline and the power of chaos throughout the land. We were hesitant to be too deliberate before, but now that he’s delivered himself to our doorstep, we might as well go with the flow.”

A cold smile curved his lips: “Fifty thousand bottles of immortal liquid as a reward, plus the secret of the Golden Dragon bloodline and the power of chaos... I want to see how many people in the entire Fourteenth Heaven want his head.”

The elders all agreed.

Elder Hong Yan accepted the order and left to prepare to mobilize troops to seal off the Holy Mountain.

The white-haired elder also hurriedly left the hall to begin preparations for repairing the altar.

The other elders each took their assigned tasks and departed.

Soon, only Shen Tong remained in the main hall.

He sat alone on the high golden throne, overlooking the empty hall, his face ashen.

After a long while, he muttered to himself,

“David... David...”

He uttered the name as if chewing on a piece of raw meat that was difficult to digest.

“I underestimated you.”

He slowly clenched his fist, golden divine light flowing in his palm, with faint glimpses of fading stars visible.

“However, do you think that destroying the Holy Mountain altar will ruin my grand plan?”

He sneered.

“There is more than one Holy Mountain. The Ghost Crying Saint Venerable is not the only one.”

He raised his hand and pointed at the air.

A golden talisman appeared from his fingertip, transforming into a stream of light that pierced through the ceiling and flew into the heavens.

The talisman flew towards the depths of the Fourteenth Heaven, to the location of another Holy Mountain.

Ten thousand miles away from the Holy Mountain!

David and Ming Li flew aimlessly. They wanted to go to the Divine Hall, but they didn't know its exact location!

The Fourteenth Heaven was much larger than the Thirteenth Heaven; without knowing its location, it would be very difficult to find!

“Mr. Chen, which direction should we go?” Ming Li asked!

David looked around; all he saw were forests and valleys, not even a town!

“Let’s ask someone for directions first.”

“Let’s see if there’s a small town or market town nearby,” David said.

Just as the two were about to set off, suddenly...

the sounds of fierce fighting came from afar, mixed with a woman’s angry shouts and a man’s arrogant laughter.

“Help...!”

A shrill cry for help shattered the tranquility of the valley.

David and Ming Li exchanged a glance, then simultaneously transformed into streaks of light and rushed towards the source of the sound.

On the western side of the valley, at the edge of a sparse forest,

five golden-armored divine cultivators were surrounding a woman in white.

The woman was in her early twenties, with a face as beautiful as a lotus, delicate features, and a slender figure. Now, however, she was forced into a sorry state, several bloodstains on her dress, and a deep sword wound on her left shoulder revealing bone.

She held a long, cyan sword, its blade flashing with the phantom of a blue phoenix circling around it, clearly not an ordinary weapon.

However, her cultivation was only at the fourth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm, while the weakest of the five Divine Clan cultivators was at least at the fifth rank, and their leader was at the peak of the sixth rank.

“Run, why aren’t you running anymore?”

The leading divine cultivator was a burly man with a thick beard. He licked his lips, his eyes filled with lewdness. “Little lady, you’re quite the runner. You chased me all the way from Cloud Immortal City to here, a full three thousand miles. If it weren’t for the orders to capture you alive, I would have already killed you with one sword.”

The woman in white gritted her teeth: “Your temple is utterly heartless, you harmed my parents, slaughtered my sect, I will haunt you even as a ghost!”

“A ghost?”

The burly man laughed. "You think our temple is afraid of ghosts? We wiped out the Ghost Clan back then.

Let me tell you the truth, the Holy Mountain is short of materials. Capturing you back to offer as a sacrifice to the Holy Venerable is a good way to make the most of you. Brothers, charge! Just don't kill her!"

Five divine cultivators rushed forward.

The woman in white fought desperately, her azure sword light like a rainbow, managing to barely block a few attacks.

But she was outnumbered and outmatched, on the verge of being captured.

Just then...

a gray sword light descended from the sky, like a thunderclap, aimed directly at the burly, bearded man!

"Who goes there!"

the burly man exclaimed in shock, hastily raising his sword to parry.

Clang!

The metal clashed, sparks flying. The burly man felt an overwhelming force emanating from the sword; his hand instantly split open, and the sword flew from his grasp!

He retreated in horror, and upon closer inspection, saw a man in a blue robe standing with a sword, its tip pointing diagonally at the ground, surrounded by a gray mist, appearing both god and demon.

It was David.

"You... who are you?!"

The burly man with a bushy beard trembled and said, "You dare to meddle in the affairs of the Divine Temple? You're tired of living!"

David didn't answer, only giving him a cold glance.

With just that one glance, the burly man felt as if he had fallen into an ice cave.

He had seen countless powerful figures, and quite a few ninth-rank elders, but he had never seen such a calm yet chilling gaze. It wasn't killing intent, but a kind of indifference, as if in David's eyes, he was nothing more than an ant.

“People of the Divine Temple?”

David spoke, his voice calm. “Perfect, I have a score to settle with you.”

He took a step forward.

A gray sword light flashed across the sky like a bolt of lightning, instantly slicing through the throats of three Divine Clan cultivators.

The three didn’t even have time to scream before they collapsed, lifeless.

The remaining two were terrified and turned to flee.

But David was faster.

The sword light flashed again, and two more fell.

In just three breaths, all five Divine Clan cultivators at the fifth and sixth ranks of the Upper Immortal Realm were dead.

The burly man with a thick beard knelt on the ground, clutching his bleeding throat, his eyes filled with resentment and fear.

With all his might, he forced out a few words: “You...you are...Chen...”

Before he could finish, he breathed his last.

David sheathed his sword and turned to look at the woman in white.

The woman in white stared at him blankly, as if she hadn’t yet recovered from the shock she had just experienced.

Her lips trembled slightly, and after a long while, she managed to squeeze out a sentence:

“You...you’re David? The David who destroyed the Path to Heaven, killed the Great Venerable, and just now caused a ruckus on the Holy Mountain?”

David raised an eyebrow: “You know me?”

“Now, who in the entire Fourteenth Heaven doesn’t know you?”

The woman in white smiled bitterly, “The Divine Temple has issued the highest-level wanted notice, offering a reward of fifty thousand bottles of immortal liquid for your life. Although I’ve been hiding in the deep mountains cultivating, I’ve heard the news.”

As she spoke, she suddenly knelt down and kowtowed heavily: “Benefactor above, please accept Liu Qianqian’s bow! I will never forget the life-saving grace you have shown me today!”

David reached out to help her up: “No need for that. The Divine Temple’s evil deeds are punishable by everyone. Please rise.”

Liu Qianqian shook her head, insisting on kowtowing three times before standing up.

This movement aggravated the wound on her left shoulder, and she groaned, her body swaying slightly.

Ming Li stepped forward and handed over a healing pill: “Take this first to stop the bleeding and heal your wounds.”

Liu Qianqian took the pill, hesitating slightly.

Ming Li said calmly, “A Ghost Clan pill, non-toxic.”

A hint of surprise flashed in Liu Qianqian’s eyes, but she didn’t ask any further questions and swallowed the pill.

As the medicine took effect, the wound on her left shoulder healed at a visible speed, and her pale complexion regained some color.

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“Thank you both for your kindness.”

Liu Qianqian clasped her hands in thanks. “May I ask your names?”

“David.”

David pointed to Ming Li. “Ming Li.”

Liu Qianqian nodded, her gaze sweeping over the two of them, then hesitated, as if she wanted to say something but didn’t.

David noticed her hesitation and asked directly, “Miss Liu, you just said that the temple wants to use you as a sacrifice. Do you know why they want to capture you?”

Liu Qianqian's face darkened, and after a long silence, she whispered, "Because I know their secret."

"What secret?"

"The gods are building sacred mountains in various places throughout the Fourteen Heavens, not just this one."

Hatred flashed in Liu Qianqian's eyes. "I was originally a disciple of the Azure Phoenix Sect. Three years ago, a group of gods broke into my sect, saying they wanted to requisition Azure Phoenix Mountain as a branch of the sacred mountain.

When the sect leader refused, they... slaughtered all 378 disciples of my Azure Phoenix Sect, draining their essence and souls to sacrifice to a strange statue with eight arms and a snake's tail!"

Her voice trembled, but she forced back her tears. "I happened to be out training at the time and escaped the calamity. When I returned, I saw the mountain full of corpses, even the sect leader... had been turned into a dried corpse and hung around the statue..."

David remained silent.

Ming Li clenched his fists, the innate hatred for the gods within his ghost race bloodline almost uncontrollable.

Liu Qianqian took a deep breath and continued, "Over the years, I've been hiding from the gods' pursuit while secretly investigating.

I discovered that the temple has built at least nine sacred mountains, scattered throughout the fourteen heavens. Each sacred mountain contains the corpse of a powerful ghost race member, all being used in the same blood sacrifice method, attempting to refine them into ghost corpses!"

"Nine?!" Ming Li exclaimed in disbelief.

When the ghost race was wiped out, he never imagined that the corpses of many powerful ghost race members would still be preserved, intended to be refined into ghost corpses.

Ming Li's body trembled slightly; their ghost race had truly suffered too much.

"Yes."

Liu Qianqian gritted her teeth. "The Temple Master, Shen Tong, is extremely ambitious. He not only wants to refine the Ghost Cry Saint Venerable, but also the corpses of the

other eight ancient powerful figures of the Ghost Clan. Once all nine ghost corpses are refined and form the 'Nine Netherworld Purgatory Array,' the Temple's strength will be enough to crush the Divine Hall and the Divine Palace, and even... he even wants to become the ruler of the entire Divine Clan!"

David's pupils shrank slightly.

This Shen Tong is far too ambitious.

You must know that the Divine King of the Divine Clan, that is, the patriarch, is a Golden Immortal, far beyond what Shen Tong, a mere Immortal, can compare to.

I didn't expect that this Shen Tong also wants to become the patriarch of the entire Divine Clan.

No wonder he wants to refine so many ghost corpses!

"Have you said these things to anyone else?" David asked.

Liu Qianqian shook her head: "No. I dare not say, and no one would believe me. If it weren't for your kindness in saving my life today, I would have intended to perish together with those divine pursuers, taking these secrets to my grave."

She looked at David, her eyes pleading: "My benefactor, I know you are an enemy of the Temple, and I know you possess the bloodline of the Golden Dragon and the power of Chaos. I do not ask you to avenge my Qingluan Sect, I only ask that when you deal with the Temple, you destroy those sacred mountain altars as well. Even if you only destroy one, it will save countless lives from suffering."

David looked at her and slowly nodded: "I will."

Liu Qianqian felt relieved and bowed deeply again.

After her emotions had calmed down a bit, David asked: "Miss Liu, do you know how to get to the Temple?"

Liu Qianqian was taken aback: "The Temple? My benefactor wants to go to the Temple?"

Yes. The temple wants to kill me, so I'll go find their enemy,"

David said. "Moreover, I need the temple's experts to help rescue the souls of a couple."

Liu Qianqian pondered for a moment: "The Holy Domain of Light, where the temple is located, is about 600,000 miles from here. Even if you were to fly, with your cultivation level, it would take more than a month to travel day and night."

“That long?” Ming Li frowned.

“The Fourteenth Heaven is vast and boundless, each domain comparable to the Thirteenth Heaven,”

Liu Qianqian explained. “Moreover, the journey is fraught with danger, inhabited by demonic beasts, spatial rifts, and ancient restrictions... Ordinary cultivators wouldn’t dare to travel such a long distance.”

She paused, then added, “However, my benefactor need not worry. All the major immortal cities in the Fourteenth Heaven are connected by teleportation arrays. As long as you use a teleportation array, you can reach the Holy Domain of Light within a day.”

David’s eyes lit up: “Teleportation array? Where can I use it?”

“The closest is Cloud Immortal City, about three thousand miles from here,”

Liu Qianqian said. “It’s the largest immortal city within a radius of ten thousand miles, and it has a large teleportation array that leads directly to the Holy Domain of Light.”

“Alright, let’s go to Cloud Immortal City,” David decided immediately.

As the three were about to depart, Liu Qianqian hesitated, her face showing difficulty. “My benefactor, there’s something... I’m not sure if I should say it.”

“Speak freely.”

“The teleportation array... requires Immortal Liquid as payment,”

Liu Qianqian said softly. “At least one hundred bottles per person. That’s three hundred bottles for the three of us.”

“Immortal Liquid?”

David frowned slightly. “What’s that?”

Liu Qianqian took out a palm-sized white jade bottle from her bosom and handed it to David.

David took it and uncorked it.

The bottle contained about half a bottle of pale golden liquid, radiating a rich immortal aura, more than a hundred times purer than ordinary spirit stones or immortal crystals.

“This is Immortal Liquid,”

Liu Qianqian said. "Spirit stones and immortal crystals are not circulated in the Fourteenth Heaven; all transactions are priced in Immortal Liquid. This

is because although the spiritual energy here is abundant, it contains a special kind of turbid energy that cannot be directly absorbed for cultivation.

The spiritual energy must be purified and condensed into Immortal Liquid through a special method before it can be absorbed."

"And this condensation method can only be performed in the condensation chambers of the major immortal cities,"

she added. "Cultivators can input their own immortal power into the array of the condensation chamber. The array will draw in the spiritual energy of heaven and earth, combine it with the cultivator's immortal power, and condense it into drops of Immortal Liquid. The person who condenses the liquid receives 30% as payment."

Ming Li suddenly understood: "No wonder when we entered the Fourteenth Heaven, although we felt the spiritual energy was abundant, there was always a sense of stagnation, as if the air we breathed in contained grit. I see."

David pondered: "In other words, Immortal Liquid is both a resource that can be absorbed for cultivation and a currency for transactions."

"Exactly."

Liu Qianqian nodded. "Moreover, each bottle of immortal liquid has a unique spiritual mark, uniformly refined by the city lords' mansions of various immortal cities, making it impossible to counterfeit. Immortal liquids from different immortal cities have different marks, but their value is equal, and they can all be used interchangeably."

She paused, a look of shame on her face: "I'm so incompetent. I've been running for my life for three years, and I have very little immortal liquid left. There are only eight bottles here, not even enough to teleport one person..."

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David waved his hand, "No need to blame yourself. You just saved my life and Ming Li's life; we should be thanking you."

Liu Qianqian was taken aback, "I saved my benefactor?"

"If you hadn't been being chased, we wouldn't have met you."

David rarely joked, "If we hadn't met you, we would still be wandering aimlessly in the wilderness like headless flies, never finding the Divine Hall."

Liu Qianqian paused, then chuckled, the gloom in her eyes dissipating considerably.

Ming Li also smiled, saying, "Mr. Chen is right. Miss Liu, don't worry about the Immortal Elixir; we'll find a way to earn it." Liu

Qianqian nodded, "Ruyan is willing to accompany my benefactor to Yunxian City, and along the way, she can explain the customs and culture of the Fourteenth Heaven to him."

"Alright." David didn't refuse.

The three of them transformed into streaks of light and flew towards Yunxian City.

Three thousand miles was only an hour for cultivators at the Upper Immortal Realm.

Along the way, Liu Qianqian gave David and Ming Li a detailed introduction to the basic situation of the Fourteenth Heaven.

Originally, the Fourteen Heavens comprised thirty-six cities, each governed by a main city, and beneath each main city lay dozens, even hundreds, of smaller immortal cities.

The Divine Temple occupied seven cities, the Divine Hall six, the Divine Palace five, and the remaining eighteen cities were controlled by various neutral forces, ancient families, and alliances of rogue cultivators.

Cloud Immortal City was a medium-sized border immortal city with complex power dynamics.

Nominally under the jurisdiction of the Divine Temple, its control over the area was actually quite weak.

Just then, the clouds and mist ahead gradually dissipated, and a majestic city came into view.

Cloud Immortal City.

Its city walls were hundreds of feet high, constructed entirely of azure-gold immortal stone, gleaming faintly in the sunlight.

Every hundred paces along the walls stood a watchtower, its tip adorned with a fist-sized orb of light—a detection array; any concealment technique would be exposed under the light.

The city gates were even more magnificent, standing thirty feet high, with lifelike carvings of clouds and immortal mountains on the two doors.

Four golden-armored guards stood on either side of the city gate, all at the fifth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm, their eyes sharp as eagles.

“Entering the city requires paying with Immortal Liquid,”

Liu Qianqian whispered. “One bottle per person, allowing a seven-day stay. For long-term residence, a separate identity token is required.”

She took out the white jade bottle from her robes, about to retrieve the Immortal Liquid, when David stopped her.

“No need.”

David took out a storage ring from his robes, which he had obtained by slaying a Great Venerable of the Divine Race in the Thirteenth Heaven, and hadn’t had time to examine it.

Probing it with his divine sense, he discovered that besides numerous magical treasures, pills, and cultivation manual jade slips, there was also an exquisite crystal bottle containing about thirty bottles of pale golden liquid.

It was indeed Immortal Liquid!

David took out three bottles and handed them to Liu Qianqian: “Use these first.”

Liu Qianqian took them, her eyes flashing with surprise: “Benefactor, you... how do you have Immortal Liquid?”

“I killed a Great Venerable of the Divine Race and took it along the way,” David said calmly.

Liu Qianqian gasped.

The Great Venerable of the Divine Race was a being of the eighth rank or higher in the Upper Immortal Realm, second only to the Elder in status.

She already knew from the wanted poster that David was able to kill a Great Venerable, indicating his strength far exceeded his apparent realm.

But hearing it from the person himself still shocked her. She gave David a deep look, asked no further questions, and handed the three bottles of immortal liquid to the city gate guard.

The guard took the liquid, carefully examined the spiritual runes on the bottom of the bottles, and after confirming that everything was correct, handed the three of them three jade tokens.

“Keep these tokens safe; you must return them when you leave the city,”

the guard said officially. “Flying is prohibited within the city, and fighting is forbidden; violators will be severely punished.”

David took the tokens and entered the city with Ming Li and Liu Qianqian.

...

Upon entering Cloud Immortal City, the scene before them suddenly opened up.

The main street, ten zhang wide, stretched straight ahead, with shops lining both sides.

Some sold magical treasures, some bought materials, some refined pills, and some even catered to cultivators' banquets...

The place was bustling with noise and activity, ten times more prosperous than any immortal city in the Thirteen Heavens. The cultivators coming and going on the street had diverse appearances. Their cultivation levels ranged from the fourth to the ninth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm, but the ninth rank was extremely rare.

Occasionally, one or two cultivators would pass by, and the surrounding cultivators would automatically make way and respectfully bow.

“The Fourteenth Heaven is indeed a place where the strong are respected,” Ming Li remarked.

Liu Qianqian nodded: “The ninth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm is already top-tier combat power in the Fourteenth Heaven. Most of the elders of the major forces are at this level. As for the Upper Immortal Realm, those are city lords and sect leaders, but these people rarely appear on the streets.”

She paused and pointed to a five-story pavilion at the end of the street: “That’s the teleportation hall. The teleportation array to the Holy Land of Light is on the top floor.”

David looked over and saw that the pavilion was entirely silver-white, with a huge spatial array floating on the ceiling, flashing with spiritual light from time to time, clearly in operation.

“Let’s go ask about the teleportation fee first,” David said.

The three of them arrived at the teleportation hall, which was bustling with people.

They went straight to the third floor and found the steward in charge of the teleportation array to the Holy Land of Light.

The steward was a middle-aged man with a fair complexion and no beard, and his cultivation was at the seventh rank of the Upper Immortal Realm.

He glanced at the three of them, noticing David and Ming Li were unfamiliar faces, and Liu Qianqian looked tired, assuming they were just ordinary rogue cultivators, so his attitude became somewhat cold.

“Going to the Holy Land of Light? One hundred and twenty bottles of immortal liquid per person.”

David frowned slightly: “I just heard it was one hundred bottles, why the price increase?”

The steward said impatiently: “That happened an hour ago. The temple just issued a notice to increase the Holy Mountain repair tax, raising the cost of all teleportation arrays by 20%. Think it’s too expensive? If you think it’s too expensive, then don’t go.”

A cold glint flashed in Ming Li’s eyes, and he was about to lash out, but David stopped him.

“Excuse me, where in the city can one earn Immortal Elixir?”

Seeing David’s calm attitude, the steward didn’t want to be sarcastic anymore and casually replied, “Earn Immortal Elixir? Simple. Either sell treasures at the Myriad Treasures Pavilion, take on missions at the Mercenary Guild, or work hard at the Elixir Condensation Room in the City Lord’s Mansion. Judging from your appearance, you probably don’t have any valuable treasures. Go to the Elixir Condensation Room; you can earn two or three bottles a day.”

David nodded, “Thank you.”

The three left the teleportation hall, Liu Qianqian’s face somewhat grim.

“One hundred and twenty bottles... that’s three hundred and sixty bottles for the three of us.”

She whispered, “I thought three hundred bottles would be enough, but I didn’t expect the temple to be so greedy, suddenly raising the price.”

David, however, remained calm, "It's alright. Three hundred and sixty bottles is nothing; we can earn it eventually."

The three left the teleportation hall and walked along the main street.