

# A Man Like None Other

## Novel Chapter 6191

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After arranging everything, David prepared to go into seclusion to heal his injuries.

Long Zhan personally selected a secret chamber with the richest spiritual energy for him and set up multiple layers of restrictions around it to ensure absolute safety.

David stood at the entrance of the secret chamber and looked at everyone.

“During my seclusion, I entrust Yunxian City to you.”

Long Zhan bowed and said, “Your Majesty, rest assured, I will protect Yunxian City with my life.”

Ming Li also patted his chest and guaranteed, “Mr. Chen, rest assured, with me here, no one will dare to cause trouble!” Liu

Qianqian nodded gently, her eyes full of determination.

Chen Wanqing stepped forward, looking at David with concern in her eyes, “David, you must take good care of your injuries. We’ll handle things outside.”

David nodded, his gaze falling on Yun Yao.

Yun Yao quickly said, “Young Master, rest assured, Yun Yao will take good care of her injuries and won’t cause any trouble for everyone.”

David hummed in agreement and turned to enter the secret chamber.

The door of the secret chamber slowly closed, shutting out everyone's gaze.

David took out his Demon-Suppressing Tower and entered it to begin his recovery.

If he were in this secret chamber, without the change in time flow, it would likely take him several years to fully recover.

However, with the Demon-Suppressing Tower, time flowed rapidly; one day outside was equivalent to a hundred days inside. Therefore, David only needed a dozen days to recover!

This injury was more severe than any he had ever sustained before.

Most of his bloodline had been drained, his meridians were severely damaged, and his spiritual power was almost completely depleted.

If it weren't for his deep foundation and unwavering will, he probably wouldn't have survived.

But David was not discouraged.

Having experienced countless life-or-death situations, he understood that every serious injury was a form of tempering.

As long as he persevered, his strength would reach a new level.

He took out several pills, closed his eyes, and began guiding the medicinal power to repair his meridians.

The Demon-Suppressing Tower fell into silence.

Only a faint golden light slowly flowed around him.

Meanwhile, outside the secret chamber,

Long Zhan, after arranging the guards, led everyone away.

Yun Yao was placed in a guest room, with Liu Qianqian tending to her injuries.

Ming Li went to the city wall to continue monitoring the surrounding area.

Chen Wanqing stood on a high point in the city lord's mansion, gazing towards the secret chamber, silent for a long time.

She recalled David's return, his pale face, his weak breath, and an indescribable heartache welled up in her heart.

She also thought of the woman named Yun Yao, the way she leaned against David, and a strange bitterness rose in her heart.

She knew David was never short of women.

She also knew that her relationship with David was nothing more than a martial arts contest to choose a husband.

But she still couldn't help it...

She shook her head, smiled bitterly, and turned away.

Perhaps, this was fate.

...

While David recovered, the Demon Dragon leader Long Yuan had been alone deep within the Demon Realm for several days.

The Demon Realm was vast and boundless, and the deeper one went, the harsher the environment became.

The dark red lightning in the sky grew increasingly dense, each strike carrying earth-shattering power.

On the ground, boiling lava rivers flowed everywhere, emitting a pungent sulfurous smell.

The air was thick with demonic energy; a single breath from such an energy would cause an ordinary cultivator to lose their mind and become a bloodthirsty monster.

Long Yuan transformed into a dark red dragon, traversing the demonic energy.

His scales shimmered with an eerie light, resisting the corrupting influence of the demonic energy.

He flew for five full days.

Five days later, he finally arrived at the deepest part of the Demon Realm.

Here lay a desolate plain, barren of everything, devoid even of lava.

The ground was covered with black gravel, shimmering eerily under the reflection of dark red lightning.

In the center of the plain stood a colossal black palace.

This palace was several times more magnificent than the Demon Dragon Palace, constructed entirely of an unknown black crystal, its surface flowing with dark red patterns, like veins, faintly pulsating.

The palace was surrounded by a dense array of restrictions, each capable of annihilating a True Immortal Realm expert.

Long Yuan landed before the palace, transforming into human form and kneeling respectfully.

"Your subordinate, Long Yuan, requests an audience with Your Excellency,"

his voice echoed across the desolate plain.

A moment later, the palace doors slowly opened, and a beam of black light shot out, landing on Long Yuan.

"Come in,"

an aged voice said, devoid of any emotion.

Long Yuan took a deep breath, stood up, and stepped into the palace.

The interior was even more magnificent than the exterior.

The dome was immeasurably high, inlaid with countless dark red gems, radiating an eerie light.

The walls were covered with ancient runes, which swirled with a dark red light, seemingly alive.

In the very center of the hall stood a massive black throne.

Seated upon the throne was an old man.

The old man's face was aged, deeply wrinkled, and his white hair cascaded over his shoulders.

His eyes were deep purple, so profound they seemed capable of swallowing all light.

His aura was restrained, its depth unreadable, but Long Yuan knew that this lord was the true ruler of the Demon Realm.

He was none other than Mo Wuxin, the Demon Realm Lord who had transformed Long Yuan and the others into demonic dragons.

Beside Mo Wuxin stood two people:

a man and a woman, both young.

The man wore a long black robe, his face handsome, with sword-like eyebrows and bright eyes, a faint smile playing on his lips.

His aura was as deep as the sea, giving an impression of unfathomable depth.

The woman wore a long purple dress, her beauty exquisite, her temperament aloof, her eyes bright as stars.

She stood quietly beside the man, her gaze fixed on Long Yuan, a scrutinizing look in her eyes.

Long Yuan glanced at the two, inwardly surprised.

He had never seen them before.

Who were they?

Why were they standing beside the lord?

But he didn't ask further, simply kneeling respectfully and kowtowing, saying, "Your subordinate, Long Yuan, greets Your Majesty."

Mo Wuxin slightly raised his hand, gesturing for him to rise.

"Get up. What brings you here?" Long Yuan stood up and said respectfully, "My lord, I have important matters to report."

He paused, then recounted the entire story in detail.

From the visit of the Grand Elder of the Temple to the emergence of the Heavenly Dragon Clan, to the young man with the bloodline of the Dragon Emperor, he told everything.

"...Now, Long Zhan has led the Heavenly Dragon Clan to occupy Cloud Immortal City, and that young man has disappeared without a trace. The Temple wants to join forces with my Demon Dragon Clan to kill him. I dare not make this decision on my own, so I have come to ask for your permission, my lord."

After listening, a strange look suddenly flashed across Mo Wuxin's usually calm face.

"Dragon Emperor bloodline?"

he murmured, a glint of light flashing in his deep purple eyes. "Are you sure that young man really has the Dragon Emperor bloodline?"

Long Yuan quickly replied, "Although I didn't see it with my own eyes, according to the temple, when David was testing his bloodline, he manifested a five-clawed golden dragon phantom, its dragon might overwhelming and shocking everyone present.

Moreover, Long Zhan was able to lead the Heavenly Dragon Clan out of the mountains and into Cloud Immortal City, which must mean he recognized David's identity. Therefore, it can be inferred that David should indeed have the Dragon Emperor bloodline."

Mo Wuxin was silent for a moment, then suddenly asked, "What did you say that young man's name was?"

Long Yuan replied, "Reporting to my lord, his name is David."

As soon as he finished speaking, the young man standing beside Mo Wuxin visibly trembled.

A strange light flashed in his eyes, and the smile on his face froze slightly.

The woman in the purple dress noticed his unusual behavior, her brows furrowing slightly. She leaned close to his ear and asked in a voice only the

two of them could hear, "Junior brother, that name David sounds familiar. Isn't he the one we met before?"

The young man didn't answer, only silently watching Long Yuan.

After a moment, he suddenly spoke, his voice clear and bright, "What realm is David at now?"

Long Yuan was taken aback and turned to look at the young man.

His gaze swept over the young man, a hint of disdain flashing in his eyes.

A mere junior dared to interrupt?

He snorted coldly, his tone carrying a trace of arrogance, "I am speaking with an elder. Who do you think you are, daring to interrupt?"

Upon hearing this, the atmosphere in the hall instantly froze.

The young man's smile remained, but a cold glint flashed in his eyes.

Mo Wuxin's expression changed, and he quickly shouted, "Long Yuan! Don't be rude!"

Long Yuan was startled and looked at Mo Wuxin.

Mo Wuxin looked at him, his tone serious: "This is my grand-uncle. Please be more polite."

"What?!"

Long Yuan's eyes widened, his face filled with disbelief.

Grand-uncle?!

This young man, who looked to be no more than twenty years old, was actually Mo Wuxin's grand-uncle?!

What kind of existence was Mo Wuxin?

He was the Lord of the Demon Realm, an ancient monster who had lived for countless years.

His grand-uncle—what kind of seniority did he have?

Long Yuan felt a chill run from the soles of his feet to the top of his head; his legs went weak, and he almost knelt down again.

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He immediately bowed deeply, his tone extremely respectful: "This...this subordinate was blind and offended you, senior. Please forgive me!"

The young man looked at him, smiled faintly, and waved his hand.

"Ignorance is no excuse. Get up."

His voice was gentle, but Long Yuan sensed an undeniable authority within it.

He quickly straightened up, but dared not look up at the young man again.

The young man asked again, "What realm is David at now?"

Long Yuan dared not be negligent and quickly replied, "Reporting to senior, according to the temple, David is now at the third rank of the Upper Immortal Realm."

"Third rank of the Upper Immortal Realm?"

The young man was slightly taken aback, then smiled.

That smile carried a hint of amusement, a hint of nostalgia, and a hint of...excitement. "Third rank of the Upper Immortal

Realm...interesting."

He turned his head to look at the woman in the purple dress beside him.

The woman in the purple dress also looked at him, a complex expression flashing in her eyes.

The young man withdrew his gaze, looked at Mo Wuxin, and said calmly, "Mo Wuxin, I need to meet this David."

Mo Wuxin was taken aback, then nodded, "Since Uncle-Master is interested, then go ahead. Long Yuan, you accompany Uncle-Master."

Long Yuan quickly bowed, "Yes!"

The young man nodded and strode towards the palace gate.

The woman in the purple dress followed beside him, asking softly, "Junior Brother, is it really him?"

The young man didn't answer, but a meaningful smile appeared on his lips.

"Go and see, you'll find out."

The two figures disappeared at the palace gate.

Long Yuan quickly followed, his heart filled with turmoil.

Just who was this David? Why was even his master's uncle interested in him?

He didn't know.

But he knew that what was about to happen was likely to be quite interesting.

Above the Demon Realm, three figures sped past.

The young man at the head of the group gazed into the distance, a complex expression flashing in his eyes. "David... long time no see. I didn't expect you to have reached the fourteenth heaven so quickly."

If David saw this man and woman, he would surely be overjoyed.

The male cultivator was Ning Zhi, who had always wanted to kill David, and the female cultivator was Sonya, whom David had longed for.

However, Sonya no longer recognized David.

It was unclear how these two ended up in the fourteenth heaven, with Ning Zhi even becoming Mo Wuxin's grand-uncle.

Ning Zhi was now a disciple of the Flame Demon, so it seemed Mo Wuxin also belonged to the Flame Demon clan, albeit of a lower generation.

As a direct disciple of the Flame Demon and a cultivator of the Flame Demon clan, it wasn't unreasonable for Mo Wuxin to address Ning Zhi as grand-uncle.

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On the edge of the Demon Realm, black mist lingers year-round, and howling winds whip up dark red sand.

The air is thick with violent and chilling demonic energy; any ordinary cultivator who ventures here will be consumed by it within moments, their soul and spirit annihilated.

In this desolate and barren place, a majestic palace, forged entirely from jet-black dragon bones and crimson iron, stands silently between heaven and earth, like a primordial beast dormant for millennia, radiating a chilling pressure.

This is the Demon Dragon Palace, the foundation of the Demon Dragon lineage.

Layers upon layers of restrictions are densely packed like a spiderweb outside the palace, with phantom images of demonic dragons appearing and disappearing in the void. Each restriction contains terrifying power enough to annihilate even a peak-level Upper Immortal; even a True Immortal who rashly enters will meet a gruesome end.

At this moment, three figures ignored all the barriers and strolled leisurely through layers of light, landing steadily on the white jade plaza in front of the main gate of the Demon Dragon Palace.

The leader, dressed in simple black robes, had a handsome face and a calm demeanor. There was no fluctuation of spiritual energy around him, yet he seemed to be one with heaven and earth, making him unfathomable.

He was Ning Zhi.

Beside him, Sonya, dressed in flowing purple robes, possessed unparalleled beauty and a cold temperament like a snow lotus on a snowy mountain. Her eyes held a hint of curiosity as she quietly observed the eerie palace before her.

She stayed close to Ning Zhi, feeling safe and secure even in the perilous core of the Demon Realm because of the person beside her.

Ahead of the two, the Demon Dragon Palace Master, Long Yuan, was extremely humble. This leader of the Demon Dragon lineage, who had dominated the Demon Realm for millennia and struck fear into the hearts of countless forces, now acted like the most loyal servant, bowing and carefully leading the way.

Long Yuan stepped forward personally, extending his hand covered in fine dragon scales, and slowly pushed open the incredibly heavy palace door.

The moment the door opened, an extremely dense demonic energy, mixed with a luxurious yet eerie aura, rushed out. The hinges turned with a muffled rumble, like the low groan of an ancient beast awakening.

Long Yuan quickly stepped aside to make way, bowing slightly, his tone respectful to the point of obsequiousness: "Senior, please."

Ning Zhi nodded slightly, without any formality, and stepped into the Demon Dragon Palace.

Sonya followed closely behind, her slender footsteps lightly landing on the mirror-like floor, her gaze curiously scanning everything inside.

The scale of the Demon Dragon Palace far exceeded outside expectations. The hall soared into the clouds, its dome inlaid with countless dark red, top-grade demonic crystals, emitting a faint, eerie light that bathed the entire hall in a crimson glow.

Towering pillars, each requiring dozens of people to encircle, stood within the hall. Lifelike bas-reliefs of demonic dragons were carved into their surfaces, the dragons baring their fangs and glaring with fury.

Every scale and whisker was meticulously crafted, and illuminated by the magic crystal light, the dragons seemed to come alive, poised to break free from the pillars and devour everything in their path.

The ground was paved with crimson jade, smooth and warm to the touch, yet exuding a chilling coldness.

Inside the hall, chairs crafted from the bones of rare demonic beasts lined both sides, their backs inlaid with various gemstones. The luxurious atmosphere exuded an eeriness and domineering power, showcasing the strength and tyranny of the Demonic Dragon lineage.

Ning Zhi slowly walked to the center of the hall, stopped, stood with his hands behind his back, and calmly surveyed the surroundings. His tone was evenly indifferent: "This place of yours is quite nice."

Long Yuan quickly followed, standing three steps to Ning Zhi's side, his face plastered with a cautious, apologetic smile: "Senior, you flatter me. This Demonic Dragon Hall of mine is merely a remote and impoverished place in the Demon Realm, utterly shabby and unworthy of your attention. I apologize for the embarrassment."

Ning Zhi smiled faintly, offering no reply.

His seemingly gentle smile only fueled Long Yuan's growing unease; he couldn't fathom the thoughts of this mysterious senior.

Long Yuan dared not be negligent in the slightest, and quickly gestured. Immediately, two demonic dragon guards clad in black demonic armor stepped forward and brought two chairs carved from ten-thousand-year-old warm jade, placing them respectfully beside the main seat.

"Senior has traveled a long way and must be tired from the journey. Please sit down and rest."

Long Yuan bowed and gestured, and only after Ning Zhi and Sonya slowly sat down did he dare to stand to the side with his hands hanging down, not daring to even breathe loudly, let alone sit down himself.

After the two were seated, Long Yuan cautiously spoke, his tone extremely respectful: "Senior has come from afar and must be tired from the journey. Why not rest comfortably in my Demon Dragon Palace for a few days?"

I have already dispatched all my elite spies to search for David's whereabouts. As soon as there is any news, they will report back immediately. I will personally accompany you then, without daring to delay in the slightest."

Ning Zhi glanced at him, his deep eyes devoid of any emotion, and simply nodded slightly: "Very well, go and make the arrangements."

Receiving Ning Zhi's approval, Long Yuan felt as if he had been granted a pardon. He quickly bowed and turned to instruct his subordinates to

immediately prepare the most luxurious guest room in the Demon Dragon Palace and gather the palace's treasured spiritual fruits and teas, ensuring that this mysterious senior was treated with the highest honors.

In a short while, several beautiful maids quickly approached, carrying jade platters laden with rare spiritual fruits and steaming cups of spiritual tea. They gently placed the tea and fruits on the jade table in front of Ning Zhi and Sonya, their movements quiet and discreet.

Ning Zhi picked up the white jade teacup in front of him, took a small sip of the spiritual tea, and savored the rich aroma mixed with a faint spiritual energy. He put down the teacup, his gaze slowly falling on Long Yuan standing to the side, and asked in a calm tone, "You just said that David is currently in Yunxian City?"

Long Yuan's heart tightened, and he quickly stepped forward, bowing as he replied, "Reporting to Senior, according to the reports from my most elite scouts, David did indeed appear in Yunxian City a few days ago, and he even led the entire Tianlong Clan..." They established themselves in Yunxian City, making that major city in Zhongzhou their base.

However, strangely, when their scouts went to investigate in recent days, David had vanished into thin air. Only members of the Tianlong Clan remained in the city, and they couldn't find any trace of him .

"I've tripled the manpower to monitor Yunxian City day and night. I believe it won't be long before we find his exact whereabouts."

Ning Zhi nodded slowly upon hearing this, saying nothing more, his gaze lowered, lost in thought.

Sonya sat beside Ning Zhi, her beautiful eyes fixed on his face.

She observed that Ning Zhi's expression was calm, his brows and eyes devoid of any emotion, yet deep within his profound eyes lay a complex emotion she had never seen before—expectation, coldness, and an unspeakable obsession.

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In all the time she'd known Ning Zhi, she'd never seen him so attentive to anyone.

Who exactly was this David?

Why was he so concerned about her usually aloof junior brother?

Could it be the David she'd met on the Heavenly Ladder?

She opened her mouth, wanting to ask, but seeing Ning Zhi so lost in thought, she swallowed her words, suppressing her doubts.

Sonya was utterly confused. The name David seemed familiar, yet utterly foreign.

Especially during the Heavenly Ladder, when they were trying to kill David, his behavior at the time made him seem like a close acquaintance.

Ning Zhi glanced at Sonya, his expression instantly hardening. He was afraid she'd overthink things.

Although Sonya had completely lost her memories, Ning Zhi was still afraid she might suddenly remember something!

After all, Sonya and David were boyfriend and girlfriend, having longed for each other for so long.

If even a single memory were stirred within Sonya, it would be troublesome.

Long Yuan glanced at Ning Zhi, realizing his presence would be inconvenient, and immediately bowed respectfully, saying, "If Senior has no further instructions, I will take my leave to personally supervise my subordinates in gathering information. I will not delay your affairs."

Ning Zhi waved his hand, signaling him to leave.

Long Yuan bowed again and slowly retreated until he was several feet away from the main hall before daring to turn and leave. In the vast main hall of the Demon Dragon Palace, only Ning Zhi and Sonya remained .

“Senior Sister, rest for a couple of days. Your strength has increased too quickly recently. Even if you have a Fire Spirit Body, haste makes waste. Don’t injure yourself,”

Ning Zhi said to Sonya.

“Okay!” Sonya nodded.

...

Outside the Demon Dragon Palace, on the white jade plaza, Long Yuan stood at the edge of the barrier, letting out a long breath.

He wiped the cold sweat from his forehead, composed himself, and with a gentle gesture, he calmed his mind.

A demonic dragon elder, clad in a grey robe and exuding a chilling aura, immediately stepped forward and bowed respectfully: “Your subordinate greets the leader!”

Long Yuan’s expression darkened, and his tone became serious: “Immediately select the ten most astute and stealthy spies from within the hall and send them to Cloud Immortal City to relentlessly pursue David’s whereabouts.

Remember, they must act in secret, without revealing their identities, and absolutely must not alert the enemy. If they jeopardize your important mission, you will be beheaded!”

“Your subordinate obeys!”

The demonic dragon elder dared not delay in the slightest, and immediately turned and left after receiving the order.

Long Yuan turned back, looking towards the direction of the Demonic Dragon Hall once more, a complex expression flashing in his cloudy eyes.

What was the origin of this suddenly appearing grandmaster uncle?

Just how powerful was he? Why would he be so interested in an unknown David?

He couldn't understand any of these questions.

But he knew in his heart that from the moment this senior stepped into the Demon Dragon Palace, the entire 格局 (geju, a concept encompassing the overall structure and power dynamics) of the Fourteenth Heaven would likely be completely shaken.

What followed was no longer something he, as the Demon Dragon Palace Master, could control.

The only thing he could do now was to do his best to please this senior in order to protect the Demon Dragon lineage in the coming storm.

...

Meanwhile, in the main hall of the Divine Temple.

The atmosphere inside the hall was extremely tense, the air seemed to have solidified, so oppressive that it was hard to breathe.

The Divine Temple Master, Shen Tong, sat high on the throne of the Lingxiao Palace. He wore a golden dragon-patterned divine robe, his face was majestic, and he exuded an awe-inspiring holy aura.

But at this moment, his face was as gloomy as the sky before a storm, and his brows were full of hostility.

Below, more than ten temple elders stood on either side, each exuding a powerful aura. The weakest among them was at the peak of the Upper Immortal Realm, and several were even True Immortal Realm experts. Yet, at this moment, all the elders lowered their heads and remained silent, trembling with fear. No one dared to break the deathly silence.

Shen Tong's cold gaze slowly swept over the crowd below, and his deep and majestic voice echoed in the hall: "You should all already know the news of the Dragon Clan's emergence from the mountains and the entire Heavenly Dragon Clan's entry into Cloud Immortal City."

The elders hurriedly nodded, not daring to voice the slightest objection.

Shen Tong snorted coldly, his tone filled with deep apprehension and killing intent: "That David is already exceptionally talented, with unpredictable methods, making him extremely difficult to deal with. Now, with the entire Heavenly Dragon Clan providing full support, his power is at its zenith.

If we allow him to continue developing like this, it won't be long before he becomes a major threat to our temple, and may even threaten our temple's dominance in the Fourteenth Heaven!"

He paused, his gaze falling on the Grand Elder standing at the forefront, and asked in a deep voice, "Grand Elder, you were ordered to go to the Demon Dragon lineage the other day to discuss a joint alliance with Long Yuan. What was the result?"

Upon hearing this, the Grand Elder immediately stepped forward, bowed respectfully, and replied... "Reporting to the Palace Master, I met with Long Yuan. However, Long Yuan's attitude was very ambiguous. He neither explicitly agreed to join forces with my temple nor directly refused. He only said that this matter was of great importance and required time to consider, asking me to wait for news."

Shen Tong frowned, a hint of disdain and anger flashing in his eyes: "Consider? Long Yuan is clearly deliberately stalling, waiting for us to increase our demands!"

He slowly stood up, his hands behind his back before the main seat, his gaze fixed on the sea of clouds outside the hall, his tone icy: "The appearance of the Heavenly Dragon Clan and the rise of David are not only troubles for my temple, but also mortal enemies for his Demon Dragon lineage.

That old fox Long Yuan..." " Everyone knows perfectly well that the Demon Dragon lineage and the orthodox dragon race are sworn enemies. David, possessing the bloodline of the Dragon Emperor, will certainly not let them off the hook.

His current delay is simply a way to watch the two fight it out, waiting for us to offer more benefits before he'll make a move."

The Grand Elder quickly echoed, "The Palace Master is absolutely right! That Long Yuan is cunning and suspicious; he never acts without a clear benefit. Ordinary benefits are simply not enough for him.

If we want him to willingly join forces with our temple this time, we'll have to show him sufficient sincerity."

Shen Tong turned around, his gaze fixed intently on the Grand Elder, his tone firm: "This time, take more men to the Demon Dragon..." "Dragon Palace.

Gather three True Immortal Realm elders and select fifty elite Upper Immortal Realm warriors to accompany you."

The First Elder's heart skipped a beat, and he quickly replied, "Your subordinate obeys!"

A ruthless glint flashed in Shen Tong's eyes as he coldly said, "Upon arriving at the Demon Dragon Palace, if that Long Yuan is sensible and willing to join forces with my temple to kill David, everything will be fine, and the promised

benefits will be doubled. But if he still doesn't know his place and deliberately delays..."

At this point, Shen Tong's voice suddenly turned cold, filled with murderous intent: "Then let him see the majesty of my temple, which is not something that a heretical demon dragon lineage can provoke at will!"

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"Understood!"

The Grand Elder's heart skipped a beat, knowing that the Palace Master was truly enraged. If Long Yuan didn't cooperate this time, he would have to resort to force.

Shen Tong nodded in satisfaction and waved his hand: "Go, set off immediately. I await your good news."

"Your subordinate takes his leave!"

The Grand Elder bowed and turned to leave quickly, immediately gathering manpower to prepare for the journey to the Demon Dragon Palace.

Three days later, on the edge of the Demon Realm, outside the Demon Dragon Palace.

The sky was still shrouded in thick black mist, and dark red winds howled incessantly. However, today, the white jade plaza of the Demon Dragon Palace was filled with a sacred aura that was incompatible with the demonic energy of the Demon Realm.

A stream of light pierced through the black mist and landed majestically on the plaza. As the light dissipated, dozens of figures dressed in golden divine robes appeared.

The leader was none other than the Grand Elder of the Temple. His hair and beard were completely white, his face imposing, and golden divine power flowed around him. His True Immortal realm aura was released without reservation, forcing the surrounding demonic energy to retreat.

Behind him, three equally powerful True Immortal realm elders stood to his left and right, while fifty Upper Immortal realm cultivators clad in elite divine armor formed neat ranks, each with a solemn expression and an imposing presence.

This time, the Grand Elder was no longer subservient as before. He stood with his hands behind his back, head held high, his gaze fixed on the gates of the Demon Dragon Palace, radiating a superior and oppressive aura, clearly there to exert pressure.

A moment later, the heavy palace doors slowly opened, and Long Yuan's figure emerged from within, standing atop the gates, looking down at the Temple's entourage in the plaza.

When he saw the three True Immortal Realm elders and fifty elite Upper Immortal Realm cultivators behind the Grand Elder, his brows furrowed slightly, and a hint of displeasure flashed in his eyes, but he quickly concealed it, a meaningful smile spreading across his face.

"Grand Elder, it's been several days. How have you been? I didn't expect you to grace my Demon Dragon Palace with your presence again today, bringing so many elite experts. The entourage is far greater than last time; I am truly flattered."

Long Yuan's tone was somewhat teasing, yet neither humble nor arrogant.

The Grand Elder glanced at him indifferently, his tone cold and arrogant: "Chief Longyuan, I have come again on the orders of the Palace Master to discuss joining forces against David. I request that you grant me entry into the palace for further discussion." Longyuan's gaze slowly swept over the three

True Immortal Realm elders behind him, a mocking smile playing on his lips: "Grand Elder

, I am somewhat confused. Have you brought so many experts here today to discuss cooperation, or to demonstrate your power within my Demon Dragon Palace?"

The old man's expression remained unchanged, his tone calm: "Chief, you are overthinking it. I have brought people here not only to discuss cooperation, but also to demonstrate the sincerity of my temple to the Demon Dragon lineage.

Dealing with David is of great importance, and my temple naturally needs to show sufficient resolve to prove our determination."

Long Yuan stared at the Grand Elder for a moment, then suddenly burst into laughter: "Good! What sincerity! Since the Grand Elder is so sincere, then please come into the hall for a discussion!"

With that, he stepped aside to make way, gesturing for them to enter.

The Grand Elder snorted coldly, and led the three True Immortal Realm elders behind him into the Demon Dragon Hall, while the fifty Upper Immortal Realm elites were ordered to remain in the plaza outside the hall and were not allowed to enter without permission.

Inside the hall, Long Yuan went straight to the main seat and sat down, no longer as humble as before. The aura of a demon dragon slowly emanated from his body, displaying the majesty of the temple master.

The Grand Elder and the three temple elders sat in the guest seats, with the two sides seated on either side, and the atmosphere instantly became tense. The Grand Elder cut to the chase without beating around the bush: "Chief Longyuan, last time I came to discuss the alliance with you, you said you needed time to consider it. Now several days have passed, I wonder how your consideration has been?"

Longyuan picked up the teacup in front of him, took a sip of spiritual tea, lowered his gaze, and did not answer immediately, deliberately delaying the time.

Seeing this, the Grand Elder was displeased, but still patiently continued, "Chief, you and I both know perfectly well that David possesses the bloodline of the Dragon Emperor, is the future of the Heavenly Dragon Clan, and is the mortal enemy of your Demon Dragon Clan.

Now he leads the Heavenly Dragon Clan to occupy Cloud Immortal City, and his power is growing stronger every day. If we don't eliminate him soon, he will become a great threat in the future, and your Demon Dragon Clan will be the first to suffer!"

He paused, then offered a heavy-handed condition: "My Temple is willing to put aside past grievances with the Demon Dragon Clan and join forces to kill David.

After the deed is done, all the territory and resources of Cloud Immortal City will belong to the Demon Dragon Clan, and the Dragon Emperor's bloodline and the Dragon Clan's treasures on David will also be at your disposal. My Temple will not take a single penny!

This condition is far more generous than last time, which is enough to demonstrate the sincerity of my Temple, isn't it?"

Upon hearing this, a hint of emotion flashed in Long Yuan's eyes.

Yunxian City is vast and rich in resources. If it could be incorporated into the territory of the Demon Dragon lineage, the power of the Demon Realm would undoubtedly expand significantly.

Furthermore, the Dragon Emperor bloodline within David is something he has always dreamed of. If he could refine the Dragon Emperor bloodline, his strength would surely break through its bottleneck, reaching the second rank of True Immortal Realm, or even higher.

This offer is indeed extremely tempting.

But Long Yuan, being a shrewd and calculating man, remained outwardly calm, simply saying, "Elder, these conditions are indeed tempting, and I am quite interested myself.

However, I reiterate, this matter is of great importance and requires further consideration."

The Elder's brows furrowed instantly, his face darkening. "Chief, you still need to consider? My temple has already shown the utmost sincerity and offered the most generous terms. If you continue to make excuses, it would be incredibly tactless!"

Long Yuan shook his head, his tone calm yet firm. "Elder, I have seen the sincerity of your temple. But I also have my own difficulties.

David has the support of the entire Heavenly Dragon Clan, with numerous True Immortal Realm experts within their ranks; their strength should not be underestimated.

Although my Demon Dragon lineage is strong, we do not wish to waste our forces and make unnecessary sacrifices. Without absolute certainty, I will not easily send troops." Upon

hearing this, the Elder's face turned completely cold.

He slowly stood up, hands behind his back, his gaze fixed on Long Yuan, his tone carrying an undisguised threat: "Chief Long Yuan, I have something to say, but I don't know if I should."

Long Yuan raised his eyes to look at him, his expression indifferent: "Elder, please speak freely."

The Elder took a step forward, his golden divine power surging, his majestic voice echoing in the hall: "Chief, you should know better than anyone the current status of your Demon Dragon lineage!

You have betrayed the orthodox dragon race, sided with the demon race, and cultivated evil demonic arts. You have long been expelled from the dragon race and have become heretics in the world!"

"My temple is the legitimate lineage of the Nine Heavens Divine Race, shouldering the heavy responsibility of guarding the Fourteen Heavens, eradicating evil, and stabilizing the world!

To put it bluntly, if my temple so desires, with just a single command, we can gather the strength of the entire race to wipe out your Demon Dragon Palace and completely annihilate your Demon Dragon lineage in the name of 'eradicating evil!'"

Upon hearing this, the atmosphere in the hall instantly froze to an extreme.

The air seemed to stop flowing, and the golden divine power and dark red demonic energy collided, emitting a hissing sound.

## Chapter 6196

The three True Immortal Realm elders behind the Grand Elder stood up simultaneously, their divine power surging, their gazes as cold as knives, fixed on Long Yuan. They would attack immediately at the Grand Elder's command.

Long Yuan's expression also darkened completely; his previous composure vanished, replaced by overwhelming rage.

He slowly rose, his dark red demonic energy surging wildly like a tsunami, the phantom of a ten-thousand-foot-long demonic dragon faintly appearing behind him, its roar shaking the heavens, its eyes flashing with chilling killing intent.

“Grand Elder! Are you threatening me?!”

Long Yuan’s voice was like ice scraping, carrying boundless ferocity.

The Grand Elder sneered, showing no sign of backing down: “It’s not a threat, just a reminder to the leader to face reality! Your Demon Dragon lineage is no longer the ancient dragon race of yesteryear, but merely a bunch of wretched demons clinging to life!

If you still don’t know your place, don’t blame my temple for being ruthless!”

“Fine! Fine, so-called orthodox lineage of the gods! Fine, so-called eradication of demons!”

Long Yuan laughed in fury, his demonic energy surging to its peak, the terrifying pressure of a first-grade True Immortal sweeping across the entire hall, “Do you really think my Demon Dragon lineage is easily intimidated?! Today I’ll see how your temple will wipe out my Demon Dragon Palace!”

In an instant, the two terrifying auras collided violently within the hall, the void trembled, the demon dragon reliefs on the pillars emitted a series of buzzing sounds, and the blood-red jade marrow on the ground cracked with fine lines, a great battle was about to erupt.

The Grand Elder’s face was icy cold as he sternly demanded, “Long Yuan, I’ll ask you one last time: will you agree to join forces against David, or not?”

Long Yuan’s eyes blazed with fury as he spoke each word with unwavering conviction: “I said I need to consider it! Unless the Temple offers me a guarantee that satisfies me, I will absolutely not send troops!”

The Grand Elder’s eyes flashed with murderous intent as he coldly snorted, “Since you remain obstinate, don’t blame me for being ruthless. I’ll start with you to deter the demons of the Demon Realm!” Before

his words had even finished, the Grand Elder moved, his golden divine power condensing into a divine blade several meters long, which he slashed down towards Long Yuan

's head! Wherever the divine blade passed, the void distorted, demonic energy dissipated, and it carried the power to shatter everything, heading straight for Long Yuan's head!

"Attack!"

At the Grand Elder's command, the three True Immortal Realm elders behind him attacked simultaneously. One summoned a golden divine shield, sealing off Long Yuan's retreat;

another manipulated a hand seal, drawing upon divine lightning from the heavens, which thunderously crashed towards the main seat of the Demon Dragon Palace;

and the third condensed a divine seal, striking directly at Long Yuan's heart—each strike aimed to kill, leaving no room for retreat!

The combined attack of four True Immortal Realm experts was terrifying!

The entire Demon Dragon Palace shook violently, demonic crystals from the dome fell, and the pillars cracked, as if it were about to collapse at any moment.

Long Yuan's expression changed drastically; he hadn't expected the people of the Divine Palace to attack so suddenly, without any restraint.

He roared, and demonic dragon scales instantly covered his entire body. His hands manipulated a secret demonic dragon technique, and dark red demonic flames blazed fiercely: "Divine Palace brats, do you really think I'm afraid of you?!"

He unleashed a demonic dragon claw imprint, colliding violently with the Grand Elder's divine blade! "Boom!"

A deafening roar shook the heavens, divine power and demonic energy raged wildly, and shockwaves swept in all directions.

Long Yuan was forced back three steps, a trickle of demonic blood spilling from the corner of his mouth, clearly at a disadvantage.

After all, he was fighting four against one, and his opponents were elites of the temple; even Long Yuan could not withstand it.

Seeing this, the Grand Elder's face showed a hint of disdain: "Long Yuan, if you knew this would happen, why did you do it in the first place? Today I'll let you know the consequences of provoking my temple!"

Just as the four were about to attack again to completely suppress Long Yuan, a lazy and indifferent voice suddenly came from behind the screen at the back of the hall, carrying a hint of impatience and a condescending mockery.

"What's all the noise about? Fighting on someone else's turf, can't you let people rest in peace?"

The voice was not loud, but it clearly entered everyone's ears, instantly drowning out the roar and explosions in the hall.

Everyone was stunned, stopping what they were doing and turning to look at the back of the hall in astonishment.

Behind the screen, two figures slowly emerged, their steps unhurried and their demeanor relaxed.

The young man at the head, dressed in black, possessed a handsome face and a faint smile playing on his lips. His eyes were indifferent, as if the fierce battle before him was nothing more than child's play.

It was Ning Zhi.

Beside him stood Sonya, her purple robes flowing, her beauty aloof and exquisite. She stood quietly beside Ning Zhi, her gaze calmly observing the people from the temple in the arena, showing no fear whatsoever.

When Long Yuan saw Ning Zhi appear, his expression changed drastically. Startled, he quickly suppressed his demonic energy and forcibly calmed the surging blood within him.

He then strode forward, bowing deeply, his posture even more humble than before: "Senior! This subordinate is incompetent, allowing these people to disturb your rest. This junior deserves to die a thousand deaths. Please punish me, Senior!"

He was filled with fear and dread, terrified that Ning Zhi would be angered by the disturbance, with unimaginable consequences.

Ning Zhi waved his hand, signaling him to rise. His gaze slowly fell on the Grand Elder, scrutinizing him from head to toe. A hint of amusement flashed in his eyes: "You're the Grand Elder of the Temple? The leader of this group of gods?"

The Grand Elder frowned, his heart filled with doubt and suspicion.

This young man before him looked to be no more than twenty years old, with no trace of divine power emanating from him. Why was Long Yuan so respectful to him?

Even with deep awe?

Could this young man be some reclusive old monster?

But no matter how he investigated, he couldn't see through Ning Zhi's strength and could only regard him as an ordinary junior.

He immediately snorted coldly, his expression arrogant, his tone condescending: "It is indeed I! Who are you? Just an unknown junior, yet you dare to interrupt when my Temple is conducting business? Quickly step aside, or don't blame me for dealing with you too!"

In his view, Ning Zhi was merely a guest elder invited by Long Yuan. Even if he had some strength, he could never be a match for the four True Immortal Realm experts of the Temple.

## Chapter 6197

Upon hearing this, Ning Zhi not only wasn't angry, but laughed instead. He walked to the center of the hall and casually found a spot to stand.

Then, he spoke calmly, "I heard clearly from behind that your temple is going to cooperate with the Demon Dragon lineage to deal with that guy named David? And you keep talking about the orthodox lineage of the gods, shouldering heavy responsibilities, and maintaining the stability of the Fourteenth Heaven?"

He shook his head, his tone full of undisguised sarcasm, "Tsk tsk tsk, those words sound so high-sounding, I almost believed them myself."

The Grand Elder's face darkened, and he shouted sharply, "You brat! What do you know? My temple acts with utmost integrity. How dare you spout nonsense and slander the dignity of the gods? Shut up immediately, or I will tear you to pieces!"

The three True Immortal Realm elders behind him also stepped forward at the same time, their divine power surging, their eyes fiercely fixed on Ning Zhi. As soon as the Grand Elder gave the order, they would immediately kill him.

Upon seeing this, Long Yuan's expression changed drastically. He immediately stepped in front of Ning Zhi, his demonic energy surging once more as he glared at the Grand Elder: "Grand Elder! How dare you be so insolent!"

This senior is a distinguished guest of my Demon Dragon Palace. If you dare to be disrespectful to him, you will be making an enemy of the entire Demon Dragon lineage!"

The Grand Elder sneered, his face full of disdain: "Distinguished guest? He's just a greenhorn, how dare he be called a distinguished guest of the Demon Dragon Palace?"

Long Yuan, I think you've lived for tens of thousands of years, and you're getting more and more confused. You actually treat a junior like an honored guest, it's utterly laughable!" Long

Yuan was furious and was about to make a move when Ning Zhi gently raised his hand to stop him.

Ning Zhi patted Long Yuan on the shoulder, his tone calm and confident: "No need to get angry, they're just a bunch of clowns, not worth getting upset with. Leave it to me."

Long Yuan was taken aback, looking at Ning Zhi's composed expression, he felt inexplicably at ease, immediately nodded, and respectfully stepped aside, saying nothing more.

Ning Zhi slowly stepped forward, his gaze falling on the Grand Elder, the smile on his face slowly fading, replaced by a cold indifference: "You just said that I have no right to speak here? And that I'm just an unknown junior, ignorant of my own mortality?"

The Grand Elder raised his head high, arrogantly saying: "What? Did I say something wrong? You, a junior who hasn't even stepped into the True Immortal Realm, don't even have the right to speak in front of me!"

In front of the four True Immortal Realm experts of my Divine Palace, you are no different from an ant, if you dare to spout nonsense again, you will surely die!"

Ning Zhi suddenly laughed.

The smile was gentle and calm, but in the eyes of the Grand Elder, it sent a chill down his spine, as if he were being watched by some primordial beast.

"Grand Elder, do you know?"

Ning Zhi's tone was slow and deliberate, each word deliberate, "What I hate most in my life are people like you who claim to be the legitimate successors of the divine race, high and mighty, self-righteous and arrogant."

The moment his words fell, Ning Zhi's aura suddenly changed.

There was no earth-shattering roar, no dazzling light, but a terrifying pressure originating from the depths of their souls, like an ancient abyss, quietly spread out, instantly enveloping the entire Demon Dragon Palace!

The Grand Elder and the three other temple elders' expressions changed drastically. They felt their bodies stiffen, their souls tremble, as if all the power in the world had been stripped away, leaving them without even the strength to raise their hands.

"You...who exactly are you?!"

The Grand Elder's voice trembled, fear appearing in his eyes for the first time.

Ning Zhi did not answer, but slowly raised his right hand.

His movements were slow and effortless, as if he were merely brushing dust off his sleeves.

Yet, with the raising of his hand, the void instantly froze, the dark red demonic energy and golden divine power obediently submitting, daring not to make the slightest move.

"Arrogant brat! Do you really think we're afraid of you?!"

A True Immortal Realm elder from the Divine Temple roared in shock and fury, unleashing all his divine power to condense a golden divine fist, which he slammed fiercely towards Ning Zhi!

The divine fist tore through the air with boundless power, enough to shatter a mountain! A hint of disdain flashed in Ning Zhi's eyes as he flicked his finger.

A barely perceptible black energy burst forth, colliding violently with the divine fist.

"Pfft—!"

With a soft sound, the elder's all-out divine fist shattered instantly, the black energy continuing its momentum, piercing straight through his dantian!

"Ah—!"

The elder let out a shrill scream, his dantian shattered, his cultivation completely destroyed. He flew backward like a kite with a broken string, crashing heavily into a hall pillar, unconscious.

One move!

Just one move, and a True Immortal Realm elder was crippled!

The remaining Grand Elder and two Temple Elders were terrified, their arrogance vanishing, replaced by extreme fear.

"Attack together! Kill him!"

the Grand Elder roared, no longer holding back, pouring out thousands of years of cultivation to condense a golden divine sword, its blade shimmering with divine runes, its power boundless, slashing towards Ning Zhi!

The other two elders also simultaneously unleashed their natal magic weapons, attacking Ning Zhi from both sides!

The combined power of the three True Immortal Realm magic weapons was terrifying; the entire Demon Dragon Palace began to collapse, the dome crumbling, and debris flying everywhere.

Long Yuan's face turned deathly pale. He instinctively wanted to retreat, but dared not leave Ning Zhi's side, forced to remain standing.

Facing the three's desperate attack, Ning Zhi remained indifferent, showing no sign of panic.

He lightly stepped forward, his figure flashing like a ghost, easily dodging their attacks.

"Too slow, too weak,"

Ning Zhi shook his head slightly, his tone full of disdain. "True Immortal Realm, in your hands, it's a waste of such cultivation." As

he finished speaking, Ning Zhi lightly clenched his right hand.

Countless black flames appeared out of thin air in the void. The flames were as black as ink, devoid of any temperature, yet capable of burning away all divine souls and spiritual power—the ultimate fire of the Flame Demon!

The black flames condensed into three fiery whips, lashing out at the three temple elders with lightning speed, like serpents!

"Divine Shield!"

The First Elder, terrified, hastily summoned his natal divine shield to protect himself.

The other two elders also desperately activated their magical treasures for defense, but before the intense fire, all their shields and treasures were like paper, instantly incinerated without a trace.

"Pfft! Pfft!"

Two muffled thuds echoed as the remaining two True Immortal Realm elders were engulfed by the black flames, their shrill screams resounding throughout the hall. In the blink of an eye, they were reduced to ashes, their souls and spirits annihilated.

The First Elder, relying on his profound cultivation, barely managed to hold out for a moment, but the black flames had already coiled around his arms, frantically burning his bones and soul.

"No... Impossible! What kind of monster are you!"

The Grand Elder's face was contorted with rage, his eyes filled with despair and resentment. "I am the Grand Elder of the Temple, a True Immortal Realm expert. You cannot kill me! The Temple Master will not let you go!"

Ning Zhi slowly walked up to him, looking down at him with an indifferent gaze.

## Chapter 6198

"Can't kill you?"

Ning Zhi chuckled, his tone icy. "Before me, let alone a mere Grand Elder of the Divine Temple, even your Temple Master himself wouldn't dare to be so insolent."

He lightly raised his hand, a flick of black fire shooting from his fingertip, striking the Grand Elder directly between the eyebrows.

"Ah!"

The Grand Elder let out a final, shrill scream as his body was instantly engulfed by the black fire, turning to ashes and dissipating into the air without leaving a trace.

From the moment Ning Zhi made his move to the end, only a dozen or so breaths had passed.

Of the four True Immortal Realm experts from the Divine Temple, one was crippled and three were dead—a complete annihilation!

The main hall was a scene of utter devastation, with rubble scattered everywhere. Divine power and demonic energy intertwined and dissipated, leaving only endless silence.

Long Yuan stood rooted to the spot, completely dumbfounded, staring wide-eyed at Ning Zhi as if he were an invincible ancient god, his heart filled with extreme shock and fear.

True Immortal Realm experts were so utterly vulnerable before this senior!

He had been worried about offending the temple, but now he understood that in front of this mysterious senior, the so-called temple and the so-called True Immortal Realm were nothing more than ants that could be easily destroyed!

Thinking of his previous slight disrespect towards this senior, Long Yuan broke out in a cold sweat, a wave of indescribable fear washing over him.

If the senior had harbored murderous intent when he spoke disrespectfully, he would probably be dead long ago.

Sonya stood beside Ning Zhi, her beautiful eyes showing no emotion, as if the killing before her was nothing out of the ordinary.

She was already used to Ning Zhi's arrogance, but even so, Ning Zhi was always polite to her, his senior sister.

Because Sonya's strength was far greater than Ning Zhi's.

Ning Zhi was being disobedient, so she slapped him twice.

Ning Zhi slowly withdrew the Netherworld Black Flame, dusted off his hands—non-existent dust—his expression indifferent, as if he had just done something trivial.

He turned to look at Long Yuan, who stood there dumbfounded, and said calmly, "What? You're scared after killing a few people from the Temple?"

Long Yuan snapped back to his senses, swallowed hard, and bowed hastily, his voice trembling, "Senior... Senior, I'm not scared, it's just... I just didn't expect your strength to be so overwhelming!

But the Temple's power is immense, and its master is a peak True Immortal Realm Second Grade expert, running rampant in the Fourteenth Heaven. Now that four True Immortal Realm elders have died in my Demon Dragon Temple, he must..." "They won't let this go easily. They'll definitely lead the temple's army to seek revenge. When that time comes..."

Ning Zhi interrupted him calmly, his tone filled with utter disdain and domineering: "Then let them come looking for me."

He raised his eyes to gaze beyond the heavens, his gaze indifferent: "A mere temple, a bunch of arrogant ants of the divine race relying on their ancestors' legacy, is it worth your fear?

Killing them is just killing a few bugs, nothing to worry about."

Long Yuan was utterly speechless.

A True Immortal Realm expert, in this senior's words, is merely an ant, a vermin?

This is a top-tier combatant of the Fourteenth Heaven!

Yet, looking at Ning Zhi's composed expression, he dared not utter a single rebuttal, only nodding repeatedly: "Yes, yes, yes! Senior is right! A bunch of ants, nothing to fear!"

Ning Zhi no longer looked at him, his gaze turning towards the direction of Yunxian City, a cold glint flashing in his deep eyes: "You said before that David is in Yunxian City, but has temporarily concealed his whereabouts?"

Long Yuan quickly composed himself and respectfully replied: "Yes! Senior! The scouts report that David has indeed not left Yunxian City, but has used some secret method to hide his aura, making him impossible to detect. But..." Be sure, he must still be in the city! "

Ning Zhi nodded slowly, with a meaningful smile on his lips: "Okay. Continue to inquire, and if you have accurate information about him, report it immediately.

This time, I want to go to Yunxian City in person to meet David, who shocked the entire fourteen days. "

Although Long Yuan was extremely confused and didn't understand why his senior was so persistent with David, he didn't dare to ask more questions. He just responded respectfully: "Yes! Junior, obey! David's whereabouts must be found as quickly as possible! " Ning

Zhi said no more, and took Sonya with him, turning around and walking towards the back hall.

After walking a few steps, he suddenly stopped, looked back at Long Yuan, and said in a calm tone: "By the way, find someone to deal with the mess in the hall, and the trash in the temple outside. Don't make the place where I stay dirty, it's an eyesore.

"Yes!" Don't worry, senior! The junior will arrange it immediately to ensure that everything is cleaned up! "

Long Yuan quickly bowed and responded. He didn't dare to straighten up until Ning Zhi and Sonya disappeared at the door of the back hall.

He looked at the mess and ashes in the main hall, then glanced in the direction Ning Zhi had left, and exhaled a long breath.

Just who was this mysterious and unpredictable senior?

His strength was boundless, killing people like chickens, yet he cared so much about David.

Long Yuan shook his head, not daring to think further. He immediately beckoned his subordinates to clean up the main hall and deal with the temple's elite troops outside.

He knew that with the fall of the four True Immortal elders of the temple, a storm sweeping across the entire Fourteenth Heaven was about to arrive.

And at the center of this storm was this mysterious young man in black before him, and David, far away in Yunxian City.

In the quiet courtyard of the rear hall,

Sonya followed Ning Zhi, looking at the blooming spiritual flowers in the courtyard. After a long silence, she finally couldn't help but speak softly, "Junior brother, is the David you're so determined to find really the one we know?"

Ning Zhi stopped, looked up at the sky, and a deep, mysterious smile appeared on his lips.

He didn't answer directly, but spoke softly, his tone carrying a hint of expectation and a touch of coldness.

"Senior Sister, no need to rush."

"Once we arrive in Yunxian City, you'll soon know everything."

Sonya looked at Ning Zhi's profile, a complex emotion flashing in her beautiful eyes.

## Chapter 6199

The main hall of the Divine Temple, the Lingxiao Hall.

Thirty-six ancient star beads hang high in the dome, revolving day and night, illuminating the entire hall in a golden brilliance. The floor is paved with a single piece of Heavenly River Divine Jade, its surface

so smooth it reflects light, every inch exuding supreme majesty. This is the core of the Divine Temple's power, a sacred place revered by cultivators from all realms. Normally, the hall is always orderly and solemn, but today, it is shrouded in an oppressive, deathly silence.

Shen Tong sits enthroned on the main throne of the Lingxiao Hall.

He wears a black robe trimmed with gold, the hem embroidered with patterns of divine clouds from the nine heavens and the worship of countless beasts. He wears a purple-gold crown, his face usually dignified and solemn, possessing an air of looking down upon all living beings.

But at this moment, his usually calm face is as gloomy as the sky before a storm, overcast with dark clouds, as if a world-destroying thunderbolt is about to descend.

His fingers tightened slightly, his palm clutching a life tablet that had just shattered completely.

The life tablet, crafted from ancient spirit wood, was a symbol of an elder's status and life. Originally, it bore three powerful, ancient characters exuding boundless majesty—"Grand Elder."

But now, the life tablet, which had carried the life force of a True Immortal Realm First-Rank expert, was shattered into pieces, cracks spreading like a spiderweb. Its once warm spiritual light had completely dissipated, leaving only a deathly gray.

This meant that the tablet's owner had been utterly destroyed, his body and soul scattered, leaving not even a trace of his soul behind.

The hall was deathly silent.

More than ten cultivators dressed in elder robes stood with their heads bowed, lined up on either side, breathing very softly, each one as silent as a cicada in winter, not daring to even breathe loudly.

They were all high-ranking figures in the temple, usually ruling their respective regions and wielding great influence. Yet, under the oppressive rage of Shen Tong, they didn't even have the courage to look him in the eye.

Everyone knew the Grand Elder's status in the temple.

He was not only one of the temple's pillars but also Shen Tong's most trusted and relied-upon confidant, having followed him for thousands of years, risking his life in countless battles, unwavering in his loyalty, and handling numerous thorny problems. He was one of the temple's true pillars of stability.

Now that the Grand Elder's life tablet had shattered, it was tantamount to severing one of Shen Tong's arms. The temple master's rage was enough to incinerate everything. In

this suffocatingly silent moment, a shrill and urgent cry rang out from outside the Lingxiao Palace. The voice was sharp and trembling, filled with undisguised fear, shattering the tranquility of the hall. The next moment, a cultivator dressed in the robes of an inner disciple of the temple staggered into the hall, his clothes disheveled, his hair askew, his face covered in cold sweat and panic. He rushed into the hall, his legs buckling, and he knelt heavily on one knee, his forehead almost touching the cold jade floor. "Reporting...Reporting to the

Hall Master!" The disciple's teeth chattered, his voice trembling uncontrollably, each word seemingly squeezed from his throat. "The fifty elite soldiers sent to the Demon Dragon Palace...all...all wiped out! Not a single one returned!" "What?!" A shout filled with shock and rage suddenly rang out. The red-faced elder at the head of the left-hand side abruptly stood up, his spiritual energy surging, his wide robes billowing without wind. His eyes widened, filled with disbelief, the redness on his face instantly vanishing, leaving only shock and panic. "Fifty elite soldiers? Those were the strongest warriors carefully selected by our temple, each with a cultivation level of at least the eighth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm!" The red-faced elder stepped forward, his voice trembling. "Where are the Grand Elder and the others? Where is the Grand Elder?! Wasn't he personally leading the team to the Demon Dragon Palace to exert pressure? How could he have met such a fate!" The kneeling disciple trembled violently, his body almost collapsing to the ground, his forehead pressed tightly against the earth. He replied in a trembling voice, "Reporting to Elder Red Face... not only the Grand Elder... but also the three True Immortal Realm elders who accompanied him... their life tablets... shattered completely in the Life Tablet Hall!

Not a single ray of light remained... they... they have... utterly perished!"

"Boom!"

A thunderous roar seemed to explode in the hall.

The previously deathly silent Lingxiao Hall instantly erupted into chaos!

"Impossible! This is absolutely impossible!"

A tall, thin elder exclaimed in shock, his face ashen. "The Grand Elder is a peak True Immortal Realm First Grade cultivator with a profound foundation and vast supernatural powers. That Demon Dragon Palace Master, Long Yuan, is only a True Immortal Realm First Grade cultivator. Their realms are similar, but their strengths are worlds apart. How could he possibly kill the Grand Elder?!"

"Could it be... could it be that there are still hidden old monsters in the Demon Dragon lineage that haven't yet emerged?"

Another elder, his face aged, frowned, his voice tinged with suspicion. "Or... could it be that the Demon Clan made a move?! Rumor has it that the Demon Dragon lineage has long colluded with the Demon Clan. Could it be that this time, a powerful Demon Clan member launched a sneak attack?"

"This is outrageous! This is simply outrageous!"

"The Demon Dragon lineage is nothing but a secluded heretical sect, yet they dare to openly kill an elder of our temple and slaughter our elite troops! If this grudge is not avenged, how can our temple maintain its dignity? In the future, who in all the heavens and myriad realms will still take our temple seriously!"

Angry discussions rose and fell, all the elders' faces filled with shock, anger, and killing intent.

The Grand Elder held extremely high prestige within the temple. Although strict, he was fair and impartial, deeply respected by all the elders and disciples.

Now, he had died tragically in the Demon Dragon Temple, along with three True Immortal Realm elders and fifty elite troops. For the temple, this was not only a heavy loss but also a great disgrace.

An elder with a sinister face and eyes as sharp as a hawk suddenly stood up, strode into the hall, and bowed respectfully to the Divine Power.

Then, a powerful voice, filled with resolute killing intent, declared: "Palace Master! The Demon Dragon lineage harbors wolfish ambitions, attacking our Temple and killing our elders! This enmity is irreconcilable! I request permission to immediately lead the Temple's army to raze the Demon Dragon Palace to the ground, leaving no one alive, to avenge our Great Elder!"

"I also request permission! I am willing to join Elder Yin Zhi on this expedition, and we will not rest until the Demon Dragon is destroyed!"

"And me! When has our Temple ever suffered such humiliation! Please give the order, Palace Master! We are willing to be the vanguard, to tear Dragon Abyss to pieces!"

In an instant, the crowd in the hall was filled with righteous indignation.

More than ten elders stepped forward, bowing and volunteering for battle, their eyes bloodshot, brimming with undisguised killing intent.

Rage burned in their chests; they wished they could immediately storm out of the Lingxiao Palace and raze the Demon Dragon Palace to the ground.

Shen Tong remained seated in the main seat, silent.

He lowered his eyes, his gaze fixed on the shattered fragments of his life tablet in his palm.

The rage in his eyes, like a volcano dormant for millennia, was about to erupt, threatening to completely devour his reason.

The Grand Elder had followed him for thousands of years.

From the time he was still an ordinary cultivator, the Grand Elder had never abandoned him, assisting him all the way to the position of Palace Master, clearing obstacles for him, stabilizing the temple, and handling countless sect affairs. He was his most trusted right-hand man.

This bond had long transcended superior and subordinate, like that of brothers.

But now, the Grand Elder was dead.

Dead at the hands of an unknown Demon Dragon Palace Master, not even a trace of his body remained, his life tablet shattered, his soul returned to the heavens and earth.

## Chapter 6200

A soft cracking sound rang out. Shen

Tong abruptly raised his hand, without a single unnecessary movement, and slammed his palm hard onto the armrest of the chair.

That armrest, forged from ten-thousand-year-old black iron mixed with divine metal, was incredibly hard; even a full-force attack from an ordinary Upper Immortal cultivator would struggle to leave a mark. Yet, under his furious strike, it instantly turned into dust, falling in a flurry.

“Boom!”

An extremely violent aura, centered on Shen Tong, swept across the entire Lingxiao Palace!

The shockwave surged like a tsunami, the star beads on the dome shook violently, and all the tables and chairs in the palace shattered.

The expressions of more than ten elders changed drastically. They all circulated their spiritual power to resist, but were still forced to retreat repeatedly, staggering, and finally bowed their heads in unison, trembling with fear.

The entire hall was filled only with Shen Tong’s suppressed rage.

“Longyuan!”

Shentong suddenly looked up, his voice like thunder from the heavens, echoing throughout the hall, making everyone's eardrums buzz and their hearts tremble.

"I will tear you to pieces! I will grind your bones to dust! I will wipe your demonic dragon lineage from the world!"

His eyes were filled with murderous intent, golden light surged, and his spiritual power surged endlessly, as if he would burst out of the sky at any moment and attack the Demonic Dragon Palace.

Shentong suddenly stood up, his aura rising to its peak, about to give the order to mobilize all the army of the temple to flatten the Demonic Dragon Palace.

But at this moment, his steps suddenly stopped.

Rage burned in his heart, but the reason buried deep in his bones held him back at the most critical moment.

Shentong slowly closed his eyes, took a deep breath, and then another.

He forcibly suppressed the raging anger in his heart that was about to burst out of his chest, and the violent aura around him gradually subsided.

He stood there, silent for a long time, his mind racing, rapidly processing and deducing.

Long Yuan.

Only a True Immortal Realm First Grade.

The Grand Elder was a peak True Immortal Realm First Grade expert, his strength far surpassing Long Yuan's. Add to that three other True Immortal Realm elders and fifty elite disciples, and this lineup would be more than enough to overpower even a mid-tier sect.

Even if the entire Long Yuan Demon Dragon lineage went all out, fighting desperately, it would be impossible for them to kill the Grand Elder and his group in such a short time, without even a single one escaping to report back.

This was utterly illogical.

Unless...

Shen Tong suddenly opened his eyes.

The anger in his eyes subsided considerably, replaced by a solemn and cold expression.

Unless, within the Demon Dragon Palace, a hidden powerhouse intervened.

And that powerhouse's strength was definitely far beyond True Immortal Realm First Grade, perhaps even... at the same level as him, or even higher!

He instantly realized that the Demon Dragon lineage was not as simple as it seemed on the surface. Behind them stood the infamous Demon Clan, a pawn planted in this region by the Demon Clan.

Could it be... that a powerful Demon Clan member had personally intervened?

At this thought, the anger in Shen Tong's heart was instantly replaced by a chilling apprehension. The Demon Clan

was ruthless and cunning, possessing immense strength. If they were truly involved, then the Temple's hasty deployment of troops now would be tantamount to walking into a trap.

Shen Tong slowly walked back to his main seat, sat down again, his expression

shifting between anger and uncertainty. Below, the elders, seeing their Temple Master remain silent for so long, their rage turning to silence, couldn't help

but feel a growing sense of doubt. The earlier outburst of anger and calls for battle gradually subsided.

The red-faced elder suppressed his urgency, stepped forward, respectfully clasped his hands in a fist salute to Shen Tong, and asked in a deep voice, "Palace Master, what are you still hesitating about?"

The Demon Dragon lineage killed my elder and insulted my temple. This is an irreconcilable feud. If we don't take revenge immediately, how can we face our fallen brothers? How can we face all the disciples of the hall?"

Shen Tong raised his eyes, glanced at him, and said in a low, cold voice, "Do you think I don't want revenge?"

"The Grand Elder followed me for thousands of years, like a brother. His tragic death has enraged me more than anyone else. I want to tear Long Yuan to pieces!"

He slowly stood up, hands behind his back, his gaze sweeping over each elder present like a blade, his tone heavy and clear: "But have you considered this carefully? Long Yuan, merely a first-grade True Immortal, what makes him capable of killing the Grand Elder, three other True Immortal elders, and fifty elite soldiers?"

"He doesn't have that ability!"

"The Demon Dragon lineage doesn't have that strength either!"

"Therefore, he must have a powerful figure secretly assisting him! And that powerful figure's strength is probably... no less than mine!"

Upon hearing this

, all the elders in the hall paled simultaneously. Their initial anger was instantly extinguished, replaced by deep shock and apprehension.

No less than the Hall Master?

That meant the opponent was at least a peak second-grade True Immortal, or even a third-grade being?

Currently, besides Divine Power, no one else in the Divine Hall possessed such strength!

Seeing the palpable expressions on everyone's faces, Shen Tong continued his deep analysis: "During this period, our temple's three sacred mountains were destroyed, and several True Immortal Realm elders perished one after another. The sect's strength is far from what it used to be,

and its vitality has been severely damaged." "If we rashly start a war with the Demon Dragon lineage now, even if we win in the end, it will inevitably be a pyrrhic victory, and we will pay an extremely heavy price!"

"At that time, will the two major forces, the Divine Hall and the Divine Palace, which have always coveted our temple, let go of this opportunity to kick us while we're down and destroy our temple in one fell swoop?"

"They won't!"

He paused, and a deeper layer of apprehension appeared in his eyes.

"Moreover, David is still in Yunxian City, colluding closely with the Tianlong Clan. David is ruthless and possesses unpredictable strength, repeatedly jeopardizing our temple's important affairs.

If our temple launches a full-scale attack on the Demon Dragon Palace, he could seize the opportunity to launch a sneak attack from behind, cutting off our army's retreat and heading straight for our temple's main hall. At that time, our temple will be attacked from both sides; how can we resist?" "

Caught in a pincer movement, beset by internal and external troubles, our temple will be plunged into utter ruin!"

His words were clear and logical, each one piercing to the heart.

The elders, who had been furious, now exchanged glances, their fervor and anger gradually replaced by solemnity and reason.

They fell silent, carefully considering the temple master's words, growing increasingly alarmed and fearful.

Yes, they had only thought of revenge, neglecting the most perilous situation at hand.

After much hesitation, an elder cautiously asked, "Palace Master... do you mean... we should... spare the Demon Dragon lineage for now? Swallow this insult?"

Spare?

Swallow?

A chilling killing intent flashed in Shen Tong's eyes, so intense that it sent a shiver down the spines of all the elders present.

How could he possibly spare them?

The Grand Elder's blood could not be shed in vain.

The lives of fifty elite warriors could not be lost in vain.

The humiliation of the Temple could not be swallowed so easily.