

A Man Like None Other

Novel

Chapter 6201

Shen Tong nodded slowly, his voice as cold as ten thousand years of ice: "It's not letting them go, it's a temporary halt."

"The temporary pause isn't out of fear of them, but for the sake of better revenge."

"Once we've dealt with David, eliminated the major threat of Yunxian City and the Tianlong Clan, and secured our rear, we'll turn back to settle accounts with the Demon Dragon Clan! By then, no one will be able to help them, no one will be able to stop the wrath of my temple!"

He turned around, his gaze fixed on the direction of Yunxian City, his eyes flashing with golden light, revealing a greedy and resolute nature.

"That David possesses the rare Five-Clawed Golden Dragon bloodline, a supreme treasure of the world, a divine object coveted by countless cultivators!"

"If we can capture him alive, extract his Five-Clawed Golden Dragon bloodline, and supplement it with ancient divine medicine, my cultivation will surely break through to the second rank of True Immortal, reaching the third rank, and even potentially the fourth rank!"

"At that time, my strength will greatly increase, the Divine Palace will return to its peak, and seeking revenge against Long Yuan, and crushing the Demon Dragon Palace, will be as easy as turning my hand, effortless!"

These words pointed the way for all the elders and ignited hope in their hearts.

First, kill David, seize the dragon blood, break through realms, and strengthen the Divine Palace!

Then, destroy the Demon Dragon, avenge the blood feud, wipe away the humiliation, and restore prestige!

Shen Tong whirled around, his gaze sweeping over the crowd. His tone was firm and unwavering: "Pass on my orders!"

"Immediately gather all the elite forces of the Divine Palace, prepare for battle, and accompany me on my personal expedition to Yunxian City!"

"Remember! This battle is not for the massacre of the city, nor for the extermination of the clan, but for one goal: to capture David alive!"

"No matter the cost, bring David back to the Divine Palace!"

Upon hearing this, the last trace of hesitation in the hearts of the elders vanished completely. They bowed deeply, their expressions solemn, their voices resounding in unison throughout the Lingxiao Palace: "Yes, Your Majesty! The Palace Master is wise!"

...

Yunxian City.

This city, nestled among the mountains, was not the most prosperous place in the myriad realms, but because of the presence of the Heavenly Dragon Clan and David, it had become exceptionally peaceful.

In the past, the sun always shone brightly here, the sky was a clear, azure blue, cloudless, and the air was fresh.

In the distance, dozens of giant dragons could often be seen circling and dancing in the sky, their golden scales reflecting a dazzling light in the sunlight.

A clear, resonant dragon's roar echoed faintly, its majestic and solemn tone enveloping the entire Cloud Immortal City in a powerful protective aura.

The city's inhabitants were long accustomed to this sight.

They could see the dragon soaring overhead and hear its roars constantly, feeling no fear, but rather pride.

With the powerful Heavenly Dragon Clan protecting them, and with a peerless expert like David presiding over the city, Cloud Immortal City was like a peaceful paradise amidst the chaos of the world—who would dare to invade?

But today ,

this long-maintained tranquility was utterly shattered.

A destructive aura swept in from the distant horizon.

On the city wall of Cloud Immortal City,

the Heavenly Dragon Clan Chief, Long Zhan, stood with his hands behind his back, his posture as upright as a pine tree.

He wore a long robe embroidered with golden dragon patterns, his face resolute, his eyes like stars, usually exuding composure and authority.

But now, his brows were tightly furrowed, forming a deep "川" shape, his eyes filled with solemnity and unease.

His gaze was fixed on the distant horizon.

There, a blinding golden light was slowly emerging. At first, it was just a faint glimmer of light, but in a short while, the light grew closer and brighter, like a golden tsunami, sweeping across the sky and spreading wildly, instantly dyeing half the sky a dazzling gold and obscuring the sunlight.

The world seemed to be filled only with this chilling gold.

From within the golden light, countless figures flew through the air, densely packed and stretching as far as the eye could see.

At the forefront was an enormous golden warship.

The warship was hundreds of feet long, stretching across the sky, its entire body forged from rare celestial gold, heavy and majestic. Its hull was covered with dense, mysterious, and complex divine runes, each rune shimmering with spiritual light and radiating a terrifying and oppressive pressure.

On either side of the warship, hundreds of elite warriors from the temple, clad in uniform golden divine armor, stood in neat, orderly ranks.

Each of them possessed a sharp aura, cold eyes, and a steady yet powerful fluctuation of spiritual energy. The lowest among them was a seventh-grade Upper Immortal, their expressions solemn, their killing intent palpable, like iron-blooded warriors emerging from mountains of corpses and seas of blood. They remained silent, yet exuded a terrifying aura.

Behind the golden warship was an even denser array of temple disciples.

At a glance, there were at least a thousand of them, spread across the sky like a golden wave, completely obscuring the heavens.

They flew in orderly formation, their spiritual energy flowing together, subtly forming a massive military formation, their oppressive force like a towering mountain, crushing towards Cloud Immortal City.

At the very forefront of this army, at the very center of the warship's bow, stood a figure.

It was none other than the Temple Master, Shen Tong.

He still wore his golden dragon-patterned robe, its hem fluttering in the wind, a purple-gold crown on his head, his face cold and stern, his eyes flashing with golden light, radiating supreme majesty and domineering power.

The terrifying pressure of a peak second-grade True Immortal was unleashed without reservation.

That pressure, like the collapsing sky and overturned mountains and seas, pressed down fiercely on Cloud Immortal City from the heavens.

On the city wall,

Long Zhan's expression changed drastically, his pupils contracted sharply, and a storm of shock surged within him.

"The Temple...it's the Temple's army!"

Behind him, a Heavenly Dragon Clan elder's face was deathly pale, his voice trembling uncontrollably, filled with undisguised horror: "Clan leader...the Temple...they're going to use the entire clan's strength to attack my Cloud Immortal City?! How dare they...how dare they mobilize such a large force!"

Long Zhan took a deep breath, forcibly suppressing the shock and gravity in his heart. His dragon aura surged slightly, stabilizing his stance. He knew that the more critical the situation, the less he could afford to panic.

He was the Heavenly Dragon Clan leader, the guardian of Cloud Immortal City; if he panicked, everyone else would collapse.

"Quickly!"

Long Zhan's voice was deep and urgent, carrying an unquestionable command. "Immediately activate the city's protective array! Activate it at full power! Summon all clansmen, everyone to the city walls, prepare for battle!"

"Yes!"

The powerful Tianlong clan members behind him responded in unison, not daring to delay for the slightest, and immediately turned to act.

"Woo—!"

A deep, urgent, and heavy horn sounded, booming across the sky above Yunxian City.

One horn after another pierced the sky, resounding throughout every corner of the city.

This was a warning horn, a war horn!

The people in the city were originally going about their duties, merchants hawking their wares, pedestrians coming and going, children playing—a scene of peace and harmony.

But when the horn sounded, when they subconsciously looked up at the sky, everyone froze, completely frozen in place.

Chapter 6202

"What...what is that?"

"The sky...why is it all golden light? Such a terrifying aura..." "

It's the temple! Those are the temple's robes! It's the temple's army!"

"My God...so many cultivators, such a massive force...is the temple...is it going to destroy our Yunxian City?!"

Fear, like the most terrifying plague, swept through the entire Yunxian City in an instant.

The calm and tranquility on the faces of the people were instantly replaced by terror.

They panicked, became chaotic, and were terrified.

The once bustling streets instantly became chaotic.

Vendors hurriedly dropped their stalls, scattering their goods all over the ground, not even bothering to pick them up, and fled in panic;

pedestrians were pale-faced, running frantically towards their homes;

children were frightened by the terrifying atmosphere and cried shrilly; women tightly hugged their children, letting out terrified screams; men's faces were ashen, but filled with despair, as they pulled their families to find a hiding place.

Cries, screams, shouts, running, the shattering of objects...

a cacophony of sounds mingled together, turning the entire Yunxian City from a paradise into a place of utter terror.

Those forces that had previously allied themselves with the Chen family and sought refuge in Yunxian City were now terrified, their faces ashen.

They hid in their homes, tightly shutting their doors and windows, peering through the narrow cracks at the overwhelming, murderous army of the temple in the sky, their hearts filled with despair and regret.

"It's over...it's all over..."

"The temple is serious now, they're going to massacre the city!"

"If only...if only we hadn't stayed in Yunxian City, hadn't sided with the Chen family...now we can't leave!"

The city's protective array, under full force, slowly activated.

A pale golden light curtain rose from all sides of the city, like a giant protective shield, enveloping the entire Yunxian City.

The light barrier shimmered with spiritual energy, radiating protective power, yet under the terrifying pressure of the temple army, it appeared so fragile, so insignificant, as if it would shatter at the slightest touch.

Atop the city wall,

Long Zhan stood tall and imposing at the forefront.

Behind him, dozens of powerful Heavenly Dragon Clan warriors stood ready, each radiating dragon energy, their expressions solemn.

Their numbers were vastly outnumbered by the temple's thousands of elite troops, yet not one retreated, not one showed fear.

They were Heavenly Dragons, proud descendants of the dragon race, who would rather die than surrender!

Long Zhan took a deep breath, raised his head, and gazed at the massive golden warship in the sky. He channeled all his spiritual power and shouted loudly.

His voice, like thunder, echoed throughout the heavens and earth, resounding in all directions: "Lord of the Divine Power Palace!"

"Your temple has mobilized an army without cause, oppressing my Cloud Immortal City. What is your intention?!"

The golden warship's bow...

Shen Tong looked down from his high vantage point at the tiny Cloud Immortal City below, and at Long Zhan atop the city walls. His face was expressionless, his tone indifferent and cold, carrying an undeniable air of authority.

"Long Zhan."

"I have come today for one thing only: to hand over David."

His words resonated clearly in everyone's ears.

Long Zhan's expression changed drastically, his heart sinking. As expected, they're after Young Master Chen!

The Temple still refuses to let David go, even going so far as to mobilize such a massive army to threaten Yunxian City!

Long Zhan's eyes flashed, his voice resounding, showing no sign of backing down: "David is the Dragon Emperor recognized by my Heavenly Dragon Clan, and a distinguished guest of my Yunxian City! If you want to capture him, you'll have to get past me first! You'll have to step over the corpses of every member of my Heavenly Dragon Clan first!"

A cold, disdainful smirk curled at the corner of Shen Tong's lips.

"Dragon Battle."

His tone was indifferent, yet utterly contemptuous. "Your Heavenly Dragon Clan is but a few hundred strong. Even if each one is an elite, so what? Behind me are thousands of elite warriors from the Divine Palace, and countless True Immortal Realm experts."

“Do you really think that with your meager numbers and this dilapidated city-protecting formation, you can withstand a single blow from my Divine Palace army?”

He paused, his tone growing increasingly icy, carrying a blatant threat: “I’ll say it again, hand over David.”

“I promise to capture only him. This matter has nothing to do with your Heavenly Dragon Clan, nor with the people of Cloud Immortal City.

If you know what’s good for you and obediently hand him over, I might spare your lives and order that no innocent person in the city be harmed.”

“Otherwise...”

He didn’t finish his sentence.

But the unfinished words, the chilling killing intent, the terrifying pressure—the threat was already crystal clear.

Otherwise, a massacre!

Otherwise, not a single chicken or dog will be spared!

Behind Long Zhan, several elders of the Heavenly Dragon Clan’s expressions changed slightly, their faces showing hesitation.

They looked at Long Zhan, their lips moving slightly, yet they hesitated to speak.

They weren’t afraid of death, but they feared the annihilation of the Heavenly Dragon Clan, feared the innocent civilians in the city being implicated, and the bloodshed flowing like rivers.

On one side was Dragon Emperor David, on the other were the lives of their entire clan and the entire city.

A dilemma.

But Long Zhan didn't even turn his head once.

He still stared intently at Shen Tong in the sky, his eyes firm and unwavering, each word spoken clearly and decisively: "If you want to capture the Dragon Emperor, you'll have to step over my dead body first."

"My Heavenly Dragon Clan would rather die than betray!"

"My Cloud Immortal City would rather die than surrender!"

Shen Tong's eyes suddenly surged with killing intent.

He was completely enraged by Long Zhan's stubbornness, and sneered, his voice icy and chilling: "Fine, fine, 'would rather die than surrender'! Since you're courting death, then I'll grant your wish!" As soon as he

finished speaking,

Shen Tong suddenly raised his right hand and waved it in the air.

"Attack!"

he commanded.

In the sky, thousands of temple disciples stepped forward in unison, their movements perfectly synchronized.

They simultaneously raised their hands, various spiritual energy spells coalescing in their palms—golden, blue, red light... dazzling and illuminating the entire sky. The terrifying fluctuations of spiritual energy caused even the heavens and earth to change color.

A great battle was about to erupt.

The air seemed to freeze; the shadow of death loomed over the entire Cloud Immortal City.

Chapter 6203

Deep within the City Lord's Mansion, outside a secret chamber,

stood a solitary yet imposing figure, as steadfast as a rock, guarding the tightly closed door.

It was Ming Li.

Clad in black, his face was deathly pale, devoid of any color. Beads of cold sweat trickled down his forehead, dripping onto the ground.

In his hand, he gripped the black ghost blade that had been his companion for years, the hilt nearly crushed in his hand.

His gaze was fixed on the massive golden warship in the sky, on the overwhelming army of the temple.

The pressure of the True Immortal Realm pressed down on him like a mountain, making it difficult to breathe, his legs trembling slightly.

Yet he did not retreat a step, nor move an inch, standing there silently, guarding.

Behind him was the secret chamber.

Inside the chamber was David.

Liu Qianqian stood beside Ming Li, her elegant blue robes fluttering in the wind, her black hair flying.

Her cultivation was merely at the Upper Immortal Realm. Under the terrifying pressure of the divine army, her body swayed precariously, almost unable to stand, her face as pale as paper.

Yet, she bit her lower lip tightly, drawing faint blood, and stubbornly refused to collapse.

She remained silent, simply standing beside Ming Li, accompanying him, guarding the door together.

Yun Yao stood behind the two.

Her injuries had not fully healed; old wounds unhealed, new pressure added to her already pale face, devoid of any color, her figure thin and frail, as if a gust of wind could topple her.

She raised her head, gazing at the despairing golden waves in the sky, her eyes filled with fear and unease, her delicate body trembling slightly.

Yet, her steps did not falter.

She too stood guard at the entrance to the secret chamber.

The young master had saved her life, giving her a new life.

Today, with the young master in danger, she would risk her life to stay here.

Chen Wanqing stood at the very front.

She was dressed in a simple white gown, ethereal and otherworldly, her beauty unparalleled. Yet, at this moment, her cold face was expressionless, only filled with solemnity.

She gripped a long sword tightly in her hand, the blade trembling slightly, revealing a hint of unease.

Her cultivation was the highest among the four present, but facing the temple's thousand elite troops, facing the divine abilities of a second-grade True Immortal, she felt no chance of victory, no confidence whatsoever.

Strong, too strong.

The opponent's strength was like an insurmountable chasm.

But she did not retreat.

Chen Wanqing slowly turned her head, her gaze falling on the tightly closed door of the secret chamber behind her, a complex expression flashing in her eyes.

Worry, concern, determination, resolve...

David was inside.

He was in seclusion, healing his wounds, refining his power, recovering his strength.

He knew nothing of what was happening outside.

He didn't know the temple's army was pressing in, didn't know Yunxian City was in imminent danger, didn't know countless people were risking their lives for him.

But he had to live.

As long as he lived, there was hope.

As long as he was alive, there was still hope.

Chen Wanqing took a deep breath, suppressing all her emotions, and slowly turned her head to look at the sky again, her gaze becoming firm and calm once more.

She looked at Yun Yao behind her, her voice light, yet carrying an undeniable concern: "Yun Yao, your injuries haven't healed yet, your spiritual power is unstable. Step back, we'll handle things here."

Yun Yao shook her head, her eyes filled with fear, her voice trembling slightly, yet revealing an unwavering stubbornness: "Sister, I won't retreat."

"Young Master saved me, my life originally belonged to him."

"Today, even if I die, I will die here, guarding Young Master's door."

Chen Wanqing looked into her clear and resolute eyes, a complex and indescribable emotion welling up within her.

She could see that this woman was truly devoted to David, truly willing to give everything for him.

Chen Wanqing didn't say anything more, only nodded slightly, tacitly agreeing to her staying.

Beside them, Ming Li, who had been silent for a long time, suddenly spoke.

His voice was hoarse and dry, like sandpaper rubbing together, carrying a hint of bitterness: "Miss Chen, do you think... we can survive this time? Can we hold out until Mr. Chen comes out of seclusion?"

Chen Wanqing was silent for a moment.

She looked at the growing killing intent in the sky, gently shook her head, and said calmly, "I don't know." He didn't know if he could win.

He didn't know if he could survive.

He didn't know if he could hold out until David returned.

Everything was unknown.

Ming Li suddenly smiled.

The smile was faint, tinged with bitterness, relief, and liberation.

"It's better not to know."

"Anyway, Mr. Chen saved my life long ago; it already belongs to him. Being able to live so many more days, to be by his side, I've already gained so much."

"Even if I die here today, it's worth it."

Liu Qianqian remained silent, only reaching out and tightly grasping Ming Li's hand.

Their hands clasped tightly, conveying each other's warmth and courage.

During this time together, Liu Qianqian had developed unusual feelings for Ming Li, though David was unaware.

Ming Li turned to look at Liu Qianqian beside him, grinning. His smile, though bitter, held a hint of tenderness: "Are you afraid?"

Liu Qianqian gently shook her head, her eyes fixed firmly on Ming Li.

"Afraid? Of course I am. But as long as I'm with you, as long as I'm by your side, I'm not afraid,"

Liu Qianqian said with a smile.

Ming Li smiled and nodded, saying nothing more.

The four stood at the entrance of the secret chamber, like four silent statues, motionless.

Their power was insignificant.

Before the temple's army, they were like ants.

But their will was unbreakable.

In the sky,

the golden light grew stronger and stronger, the pressure increasing, almost crushing the entire Cloud Immortal City.

Within the city

, cries, screams, pleas for help, wails... rose and fell, endless and chaotic, an atmosphere of despair permeating every corner.

In a corner of the city, in a dilapidated house,

a young mother tightly hugged her young child, curled up under the bed, trembling violently, terrified to the extreme.

She covered the child's mouth tightly, not letting him make a sound, fearing to attract the killing god from the sky.

Tears, like broken beads, streamed down her face, soaking her clothes, but she dared not utter a sound.

The child, with innocent, wide eyes, looked at her mother, not understanding what had happened, only feeling fear, her small body trembling.

On the street

, an elderly man with white hair stumbled and fell in the chaotic crowd. His frail body hit the hard ground, and he struggled to get up, only to be mercilessly trampled by the fleeing crowd.

A series of shrill, painful screams rose from the crowd, quickly swallowed by the chaos, ignored and forgotten.

In this chaotic world, human life was cheap.

In a tavern within the city,

a group of cultivators huddled in a corner, trembling, their faces ashen, their eyes filled with despair.

They chanted the names of various gods and Buddhas, clasped their hands together, and prayed incessantly, begging for divine protection, praying to survive this calamity.

But their prayers seemed so pale and powerless before absolute power.

Fear, despair, helplessness, sorrow...

all sorts of negative emotions, like a black tide, completely enveloped the entire Cloud Immortal City, plunging it into an abyss.

Inside that tightly sealed chamber, within

the Demon-Suppressing Tower,

David sat cross-legged, eyes closed. Golden dragon energy swirled around him, his five-clawed golden dragon bloodline coursing through his body, radiating a terrifying yet majestic aura.

He was immersed in his own world, completely focused on healing and breaking through to the next level. He was utterly oblivious

to the war, the fear, the despair, and everything else outside

.

He was still recovering.

Still growing stronger.

Still silently waiting for the moment he would emerge from seclusion.

Chapter 6204

On the city walls of Yunxian City,

a fierce wind howled, and killing intent filled the air.

Long Zhan and Shen Tong stood facing each other across the sky.

One on the city wall, the other in the heavens.

One guarded the city, the other led a massive army to invade.

Their gazes clashed fiercely in mid-air, as if invisible sparks were flying, the air itself seemed to freeze, the atmosphere tense to the extreme, ready to explode at any moment.

Shen Tong's eyes flashed coldly, his voice icy, carrying a final ultimatum: "Long Zhan, I'll ask you one last time, hand over, or not?"

"Hand over David, and all will be well; don't, today will be the day your Heavenly Dragon Clan is destroyed, the day Yunxian City is stained with blood!"

Long Zhan did not answer.

He simply raised his right hand slowly, the movement deliberate yet unwavering.

"Roar—!"

A dragon's roar that shook the heavens and earth erupted from his mouth.

Behind him, hundreds of powerful members of the Heavenly Dragon Clan stepped forward in unison, their golden dragon energy surging wildly and soaring into the sky, transforming into countless golden dragons of various shapes, coiling in the air with roars that shook the heavens and earth, their aura overwhelming.

They gave their answer through their actions:

Fight!

Fight to the death! Never hand over the person!

Seeing this, the last shred of patience in Shen Tong's eyes vanished, replaced by icy killing intent and disdain.

"Stubborn to the end,"

he coldly uttered, waving his hand with a merciless wave of his hand, his voice icy and ruthless: "Since you seek death, then I will grant your wish." "

Form the formation! The Heaven-Locking Formation!"

"Kill!"

The command sounded like the horn of war.

In the sky, thousands of temple disciples moved simultaneously.

They dispersed according to the formation they had practiced countless times, their hands flying, forming complex hand seals, various spiritual energy techniques condensing in their palms, their light shooting into the sky.

Golden spiritual energy intertwined, converged, and entwined in the air.

In the blink of an eye, an enormous golden array, covering the entire Yunxian City, was fully formed.

The array shone brightly with golden light, and profound divine runes flowed within it. Like a giant golden net, it descended from the sky, sealing off the entire Yunxian City and cutting off all escape routes.

Chapter 6205

"Buzz—!"

The protective array of Yunxian City trembled violently.

Fine cracks instantly appeared on the pale golden light screen, like shattered glass, threatening to collapse at any moment.

The array's defense was utterly vulnerable before the Temple's Heaven-Locking Array.

Long Zhan's expression changed drastically, his heart sinking, knowing there was no turning back.

He roared, his voice echoing in the ears of every member of the Heavenly Dragon Clan: "All clansmen, heed my command!"

"Prepare for battle! Follow me, kill!"

"Roar—!"

Hundreds of dragon roars erupted simultaneously, resounding through the heavens.

Hundreds of Heavenly Dragon Clan experts no longer suppressed their power, transforming into their true forms. Golden dragons soared into the sky, claws outstretched, tails sweeping, charging fiercely towards the Temple army with unstoppable momentum.

There was no retreat.

No fear.

Only the determination to fight to the death.

The great battle officially began!

The sounds of colliding spiritual energy, dragon roars, shouts, and exploding spells... instantly resounded throughout the heavens and earth.

Golden light and crimson killing intent intertwined. At

the entrance to the secret chamber of the City Lord's Mansion,

Ming Li watched the fierce battle erupting in the sky, feeling the terrifying fluctuations of spiritual energy and the waning aura of the Heavenly Dragon Clan members. His heart sank.

He gripped the black ghost blade tightly, his knuckles white, and muttered to himself, his voice low and resolute: "It's here...it's finally here."

Chen Wanqing remained silent.

She simply held her longsword tightly, a resolute glint in her cold eyes.

Liu Qianqian closed her eyes, clasped her hands together, and silently prayed.

She prayed that her young master would emerge from seclusion soon.

She prayed that everyone would survive.

Yun Yao raised her head, gazing at the brutal battle in the sky, tears streaming down her face.

In her heart, she silently repeated again and again: "Young master, you must wake up soon. We...we can't hold on much longer. Yunxian City is waiting for you. We are all waiting for you. I need you." On the edge of the Demon Realm,

shrouded year-round in thick demonic mist, the light in the air carries a oppressive, dark red hue. Even the howling winds carry a chilling demonic aura, whipping across the jagged rocks with mournful cries like ghostly wails.

Deep within this desolate and lifeless region, a majestic palace, forged entirely from black demonic rock, stands atop a mountain peak.

The palace ceiling is adorned with countless ferocious dragon reliefs, each line radiating a malevolent aura. This is the Demon Dragon Palace, feared by all forces within the Demon Realm.

Inside, the palace is spacious and solemn. The floor, paved with smooth black jade, reflects the flickering, dark red candlelight. The flickering candlelight casts long and short shadows, adding to the eerie atmosphere.

Seated in the main seat is a tall, imposing figure—Long Yuan, the leader of the Demon Dragon lineage.

He wore a dark gold robe embroidered with dragon patterns, the edges of which were intricately decorated with demonic runes. A faint aura of demonic dragon power emanated

from him. His usually calm and aloof face was now filled with solemnity, his brows furrowed tightly, forming a deep frown.

His right hand unconsciously and rapidly tapped the armrest beside him, crafted from ten-thousand-year-old mystic ice and demonic iron. Each tap produced a soft “tap, tap” sound, exceptionally clear in the silent hall, revealing the unsettling anxiety within him.

Ever since Senior Ning Zhi made his move, slaying the Grand Elder and several core elders of the Divine Temple with a single sword strike, a persistent gloom had hung over Long Yuan’s heart, like an invisible mountain pressing down on him, making it hard for him to breathe.

He knew all too well the Divine Temple's power and the nature of its supernatural abilities. The Divine Temple had stood in the Fourteenth Heaven for tens of thousands of years, always domineering, tyrannical, and vengeful.

The loss of the Grand Elder, a core member of the fighting force, was a tremendous disgrace. The Temple would not let this go unpunished; Long Yuan had no doubt about this.

He had been on high alert day and night, prepared for a full-scale attack from the Temple. He had even ordered all warriors of the Demon Dragon lineage to be on high alert, activated the Demon Dragon Palace's defensive array, and deployed all stockpiled magic crystals and weapons, ready to fight to the death as soon as Shen Tong led his army to attack.

But to his utter surprise, as the days passed, Shen Tong remained inactive.

Not only did he not immediately lead his army to attack the Demon Dragon Palace, but he also remained completely silent. This unusual restraint intensified Long Yuan's unease. He vaguely felt that Shen Tong was brewing some even more sinister conspiracy.

Just as Long Yuan's thoughts were in turmoil, repeatedly speculating about Shen Tong's intentions, a series of hurried footsteps, accompanied by panicked shouts, suddenly broke the silence inside the hall.

"Report—!"

A demonic dragon scout, clad in black scout armor and covered in dust and faint bloodstains, rushed into the hall, ignoring the guards' attempts to stop him. He ran all the way to the center of the hall, where he knelt down on one knee with a thud, his armor striking the ground with a dull thud.

His head was bowed, his chest heaving violently, clearly from his frantic run. His voice was filled with barely concealed urgency and fear: "Reporting to the leader, something terrible has happened! The entire army of the Temple has

been mobilized, not towards my Demonic Dragon Temple, but heading straight for Cloud Immortal City!

The Temple Master, Shen Tong, is personally leading the army, with at least a thousand elite Temple warriors under his command, including more than ten True Immortal Realm experts. The army has already arrived outside Cloud Immortal City and is engaged in a bloody battle with the Heavenly Dragon Clan stationed there. The battle is extremely fierce!" "What?!"

Long Yuan abruptly rose from his seat, his dragon aura erupting violently. The armrests of his chair cracked from the force of his movement. Extreme shock flashed in his eyes, his pupils contracting slightly; clearly, this news was completely beyond his expectations.

Shen Tong hadn't come to the Demon Dragon Palace to seek revenge; instead, he had led his entire main force straight towards Cloud Immortal City?

He stood frozen, his mind racing. After a moment, the shock in his eyes faded, replaced by a look of realization. Then, a cold, mocking smile curled at the corner of his lips: "What a skill! He can endure what ordinary people cannot.

Instead of avenging the murder of his own family, he went to Yunxian City first. He's planning to capture David alive, seize his opportunities, and completely enhance his own strength. Once his combat power is greatly increased, he'll come to settle accounts with our Demon Dragon lineage. A truly shrewd scheme!"

He waved his hand, his tone indifferent as he signaled the scout to leave: "Understood. Go and continue to gather intelligence. Report back immediately if there are any new developments."

"Yes!" The scout respectfully accepted the order, rose, and quickly left the hall.

Long Yuan didn't hesitate any longer. He turned and strode hurriedly towards the back hall. He knew he had to inform Senior Ning Zhi of this matter immediately.

All decisions of the Demon Dragon lineage now rest with Ning Zhi. That seemingly young senior possesses overwhelming power and is the Demon Dragon lineage's greatest asset.

The scenery in the rear courtyard is starkly different from the eerie atmosphere of the front hall, yet it retains the unique eeriness of the Demon Realm.

Several Blood Spirit Trees, which only grow in the Demon Realm, are planted in the center of the courtyard. Their branches and leaves are dark red, and a gentle breeze rustles the leaves, causing a few dark red petals to fall onto the bluestone ground.

Above the courtyard hangs a dark red Demon Sun, its dim light shrouding the entire courtyard in a crimson glow.

Ning Zhi stands with his hands behind his back in the center of the courtyard, his posture upright like a pine tree. His black robes flutter gently in the breeze. He looks up at the Demon Sun in the sky, his eyes deep and cold like a pool, his aura indifferent, as if he were one with the world, and nothing in the world could penetrate his heart.

Sonya stood quietly beside him, dressed in a purple robe that fluttered in the wind. Her black hair swayed gently in the breeze, and her face was cold and beautiful, like a celestial being who had transcended the world. She was out of place with the demonic energy around her, yet she stood shoulder to shoulder with Ning Zhi, appearing so harmonious.

"Senior."

Long Yuan strode into the courtyard, his steps measured and unhurried. He stopped a few steps behind Ning Zhi, bowed deeply, and spoke with utmost respect and urgency: "I just received news from our scouts at the front. The Temple Master, Shen Tong, has led all the Temple's elite forces in a

full-scale attack on Yunxian City. They are now at war with the Heavenly Dragon Clan. Their objective is obvious: to capture David alive while he is in seclusion and seize the opportunity he possesses."

Upon hearing this, a sharp glint flashed in Ning Zhi's previously indifferent eyes. In that glint was the anticipation of a long wait, the chilling aura of facing a powerful enemy, and an indescribable excitement at finally achieving his goal after a long period of silence.

Chapter 6206

He slowly withdrew his gaze from Mo Ri, murmuring softly, repeating those two words: "Yunxian City... David..."

As he finished speaking, the corners of his mouth turned up slightly, forming a meaningful smile. Within that smile lay emotions that no one could understand: the expectation of meeting an old friend, and the fervor of a peak duel.

"Good, very good."

Ning Zhi's tone was calm, yet carried an barely suppressed sense of satisfaction. "I was just about to meet David, but the Temple acted first, diverting a lot of trouble for me and saving me a lot of trouble."

He slowly turned around, his gaze falling on Long Yuan, who stood bowing. His tone remained calm, but his words carried an unquestionable, supreme command: "Long Yuan, immediately gather all capable fighters from your Demon Dragon lineage, whether adult Demon Dragon warriors, Demon Generals, or Demon Commanders. Assemble them all and come with me to Cloud Immortal City."

Long Yuan was slightly taken aback, a hint of confusion on his face. He subconsciously looked up and asked, "Senior, are we going... to rescue David?"

In his view, Ning Zhi had no connection with David, and this mobilization of the entire Demon Dragon army should be to assist David in fighting against the Temple.

Ning Zhi glanced at him indifferently, his gaze calm and unwavering, yet it instantly filled Long Yuan with awe, and he dared not say another word.

Ning Zhi spoke slowly, his tone indifferent: "Save? No, the grudge between David and me is beyond your imagination. As for those people in the Temple..."

At this point, a flash of extreme disdain and contempt crossed his eyes, as if the thousands of powerful figures in the Temple were nothing more than ants in his eyes: "A bunch of obstructive clowns, blocking my path, just kill them. David is mine, and only I can kill him."

Long Yuan's heart skipped a beat, a chill rising from the depths of his soul. He dared not question it in the slightest, and quickly bowed again, loudly accepting the order: "Yes! This junior will immediately go and gather the Demon Dragon Army. They will be assembled outside the hall in a moment, awaiting Senior's command!"

With that, Long Yuan turned and quickly left the courtyard, not daring to delay for a moment.

A moment later, a deep and stirring horn sounded above the Demon Dragon Palace, its sound piercing through the thick demonic mist and spreading throughout the vast demonic realm.

The horn's call was the battle cry of the Demon Dragon lineage, containing ancient demonic sounds that shook the heavens and earth, making the blood of countless Demon Dragon warriors boil.

As the horn sounded, countless dark red figures rose into the air from the mountains surrounding the Demon Dragon Palace, some transforming into human form, others revealing their true forms.

Enormous, dark red-scaled, ferocious demon dragons soared, their wings blotting out the sun, whipping up gales and churning demonic mist.

The densely packed dragons converged into a dark red torrent, rushing towards Cloud Immortal City, changing the color of the sky and surging with demonic energy.

At the very forefront of this demon dragon army, a supreme demon dragon, a thousand feet long, with scales like blood jade and horns gleaming with an eerie light, flew proudly. It was a descendant of the ancestral dragon of the Demon Dragon lineage, its power far surpassing its kin, and was the natal war dragon of Dragon Abyss.

Ning Zhi stood atop the head of the supreme demonic dragon, his robes fluttering, his expression serene, his gaze fixed on the distant Cloud Immortal City, as if the impending bloody battle was nothing more than an insignificant journey to him.

Chapter 6207

Sonya stood quietly beside him, her cool gaze fixed on the distance. Her slender hand clenched slightly as she spoke softly, her voice gentle yet tinged with worry: "Junior brother, this time... are you going to kill him, or to see him?"

Ning Zhi remained silent for a moment. The wind ruffled his black robes, his hair fluttering. He looked towards the horizon and spoke softly, a complex emotion hidden in his tone: "Senior sister, you'll know when you see him." As

soon as he finished speaking, the demonic dragon army increased its speed, like a dark red dragon tearing through the sky, breaking through the clouds, and rapidly approaching Cloud Immortal City.

Cloud Immortal City, a renowned immortal city among the fourteen heavens, was once shrouded in mist and abundant in spiritual energy. The city was filled

with towering buildings, its people lived in peace and prosperity, and cultivators came and went—a scene of peace and flourishing.

But now, this once-immortal city had become a devastating battlefield, scarred and littered with ruins.

In the sky, a deafening battle had raged for a full hour. The roar of spells was incessant, and shockwaves from the energy collisions spread outwards in concentric circles, distorting even the space itself.

The protective array of Yunxian City, built over thousands of years and having withstood countless attacks, had long since shattered under the relentless bombardment of the temple army, turning into countless shimmering specks of light that dissipated into the air without leaving a trace.

The city walls of Yunxian City, forged from ten-thousand-year-old Xuan Jade and incredibly sturdy, were now covered with dense cracks and charred marks—the wounds left by the magical bombardment and the slashing of divine weapons.

Many sections of the city walls had collapsed, massive stones scattered everywhere, some destroying houses, others piling up in the streets, dust billowing and choking the air.

The city's inhabitants were terrified, hiding in their homes, windows and doors tightly shut, huddled in corners, trembling with fear.

They covered their ears, listening to the deafening sounds of battle, dragon roars, and magical explosions outside. Each sound struck their hearts like a hammer blow, filling them with dread, like prisoners awaiting their final judgment, unsure if the next moment would see their homes consumed by war and their lives taken.

The cries of children, the sobs of women, and the sighs of the elderly mingled together, drowned out by the sounds of battle, amplifying the desolation.

Above, golden light clashed and intertwined—the dragon energy of the Celestial Dragon Clan clashing with the golden magic of the temple. Dragon roars shook the heavens, magic boomed, and waves of energy surged.

The battle seemed fiercely contested, but a closer look revealed that the brilliant gold was increasingly tinged with blinding blood—the blood of the Celestial Dragon Clan, staining the entire sky crimson. The

Celestial Dragon Clan had suffered heavy casualties and was on the verge of collapse.

Long Zhan, the patriarch of the Heavenly Dragon Clan, had long since shed his human form and transformed into his true form—a colossal golden dragon, a hundred feet long, with gleaming scales and majestic horns, fiercely battling in the sky.

He fought three True Immortal Realm elders from the Divine Temple alone, each clash unleashing terrifying energy. Long

Zhan was no longer the imposing figure he once was; his shimmering golden scales were covered with countless deep, bone-revealing wounds.

Some were scorched black by magic, others torn open by divine weapons, golden dragon blood gushing forth like a fountain, dripping onto the walls and streets of Cloud Immortal City, staining the ground crimson. Even severely wounded and weakened, Long Zhan fought on relentlessly. His massive dragon body stood like an unshakeable mountain above Yunxian City, fiercely protecting the city and David, who was in seclusion within.

“Roar—!”

Long Zhan let out a thunderous roar, his voice filled with pain and determination. His enormous dragon tail swept out with immense force, lashing out at a temple elder in front of him, forcing him back several steps.

But just as his old strength was exhausted and new strength had not yet arisen, the other two temple elders seized the opportunity to attack together. Two golden spells containing the temple's supreme laws condensed into massive blades of light, carrying earth-shattering power, and slammed into his dragon body.

"Boom!"

With a deafening roar, Long Zhan's massive body trembled violently, golden dragon scales flew everywhere, and two more terrifying, deep wounds appeared on his body, dragon blood gushing out.

His breath grew even weaker, his massive dragon body swayed in the air, and his movements became increasingly sluggish, yet he still steadied himself, his gaze fixed firmly on the temple army ahead, without retreating a single step.

The battlefield below was even more horrific.

The Heavenly Dragon Clan, which originally possessed dozens of powerful dragons, now had fewer than twenty still flying in the sky to continue fighting.

The rest had either perished in battle, their massive dragon bodies lifeless, falling from the sky and crashing into the city, stirring up clouds of dust;

or were severely wounded, their wings broken, barely clinging to life, unable to fight any longer, lying helplessly in the ruins, watching their kin fight to the death.

But those Heavenly Dragon warriors who remained steadfast on the battlefield—not one retreated, not one showed fear.

They all knew in their hearts that behind them was Cloud Immortal City, and behind them was their Dragon Emperor, David.

The Dragon Emperor was still in seclusion within the city, not yet emerging; they were his last line of defense, and they would rather die than retreat!

“Clan Chief...”

An elder of the Heavenly Dragon Clan, covered in blood, his golden dragon blood soaking through his clothes, struggled to reach Long Zhan’s side. His dragon wings were tattered, his breath weak, and his voice hoarse and sorrowful, filled with endless despair. “We... can’t hold on much longer. Our clansmen are almost wiped out. If this continues, it won’t be long before the Heavenly Dragon Clan is completely annihilated, and Cloud Immortal City will fall!”

Long Zhan slowly turned his dragon head, looking down at the corpses of his kin, at those clansmen still fighting bloodily, refusing to retreat even with their last ounce of strength. A deep, unforgettable pain flashed in his eyes, a pain that almost tore his heart apart. But this pain was instantly replaced by an unwavering belief.

“We must hold on, even if we can’t!”

he said in a deep voice. Although his voice was weak and hoarse from blood loss, it was filled with an undeniable determination that shook the heavens and earth. “The Dragon Emperor is still in the city, he hasn’t emerged from seclusion yet. He is the hope of our Heavenly Dragon Clan, the hope of Cloud Immortal City.

As long as he is here, we cannot retreat. Even if we fight to the last man, even if we shed our last drop of blood, we must hold this place until the Dragon Emperor emerges from seclusion!”

The Heavenly Dragon Clan elder looked at the clan leader’s resolute eyes, hot tears welling up in his eyes, mingling with dragon blood as they slid down his cheeks. He nodded fiercely, his voice resounding: “Yes! Clan leader, we will hold on! Even if we are shattered to pieces, we will never retreat!”

With that, he turned around, spread his tattered dragon wings, and once again charged into the battle without hesitation, fighting with the cultivators of the temple. He was quickly surrounded by several temple experts, his figure

swallowed up by golden light. Outside the secret chamber of the City Lord's Mansion in Yunxian City, a similar scene of carnage unfolded.

Ming Li gripped his Ghost Blade tightly; the jet-black weapon was already stained with blood. His hand trembled slightly, not from fear, but from the intense battle that had lasted for an hour, leaving his mind constantly on edge, his physical and spiritual strength nearing their limits.

Before him lay the corpses of three Temple disciples, the vanguard who had attempted to break through the barriers and enter the City Lord's Mansion's secret chamber, killed by him, Chen Wanqing, Liu Qianqian, and Yun Yao in a joint effort.

But this victory had come at a heavy price.

On Ming Li's left arm, a deep, bone-revealing wound stretched from his shoulder to his wrist, the flesh torn open, blood dripping continuously, staining his robes crimson.

Each swing of the Ghost Blade brought excruciating pain, yet he gritted his teeth and persevered, stubbornly guarding the entrance to the secret chamber.

Liu Qianqian's face was ashen, blood trickling from the corner of her mouth. Her spiritual energy was in disarray. Leaning against the cold wall, she was extremely weak, barely able to stand, yet she still gripped her magical weapon tightly, her eyes warily fixed on the front.

Yun Yao was already exhausted, slumped on the cold ground, her legs weak and her body utterly drained. Yet, her hands still gripped her longsword tightly, her eyes resolute. Even though she could no longer fight, she refused to retreat a single step.

Chen Wanqing stood at the forefront of the four, her pristine white dress now stained a glaring crimson, a shocking sight of red and white intertwined.

Her swordsmanship was unparalleled; in this defensive battle, she had single-handedly blocked most of the attacks, slaying several powerful figures from the temple. But now, her aura was also chaotic, her spiritual energy depleted, sweat pouring down her face, her hair disheveled and clinging to her cheeks, a trace of blood at the corner of her mouth—clearly, she was at her last gasp.

Just then, several powerful auras rapidly approached from the sky, heading straight for the City Lord's Mansion.

Chen Wanqing struggled to look up, and when she saw the cultivation levels of the newcomers, a chilling despair flashed in her eyes.

The newcomers were five peak-level Immortal Realm experts from the Divine Palace, each possessing an incomparably powerful aura, far surpassing the previous vanguard disciples.

In her current exhausted state, she could only barely hold off two at most; the remaining three would easily kill all four of them and break through the secret chamber's barrier.

"It seems... today, we really are going to die here,"

she murmured to herself, her voice soft yet filled with endless relief and bitterness, a sorrowful smile playing on her lips.

She slowly turned her head, her gaze falling on the tightly closed stone door of the secret chamber behind her, her eyes filled with anticipation and reluctance.

David, do you know...

we are all waiting for you, the Heavenly Dragon Clan is waiting for you, we are all doing everything in our power to buy you time. "

Come out quickly...

"Kill!"

Five peak-level Immortal Realm experts from the Divine Palace shouted simultaneously, their bodies surging with golden light. They joined forces to unleash several powerful spells, their dazzling light carrying destructive power, as they attacked Chen Wanqing, Ming Li, and the other three, intending to clear away the obstacles in one fell swoop and rush into the secret chamber to capture David alive.

Chapter 6208

Chen Wanqing took a deep breath, suppressing the surging blood within her, and gripped her longsword tightly. The blade emitted its last glimmer of light; she was prepared to fight to the death, even if it meant her soul was scattered, to buy David a final moment in the secret chamber.

Ming Li, Liu Qianqian, and Yun Yao also struggled to their feet, using their last ounce of strength to assume fighting stances, ready to perish together with their enemies.

Just at this critical moment, on the brink of life and death...

"Boom—!"

A deafening, earth-shattering roar resounded from the heavens!

The sound was like the collapse of the sky and the shattering of the earth, like stars falling; the terrifying sound waves swept across the heavens and earth, causing everyone's eardrums to ring, their blood to surge, and their spiritual energy to become chaotic.

The two sides fighting in the middle of the battle paused simultaneously, stunned by this terrifying sound.

In the sky, everyone who had been fiercely battling—whether the temple disciples launching a frenzied attack or the Heavenly Dragon Clan members fighting to the death—instinctively stopped, their faces filled with astonishment. They all looked up towards the direction from which the deafening roar had come.

On the distant horizon, an endless expanse of dark red light, like a monstrous wave, rolled in. Within that light, demonic energy surged, ferocious and overwhelming.

Countless enormous figures appeared and disappeared within the demonic energy, radiating a terrifying pressure that was suffocating and soul-shattering. This pressure swept over, filling all the cultivators present with fear, their legs going weak.

It was demonic energy!

A boundless, pure, and domineering demonic energy—the demonic energy of the Demonic Dragon lineage of the Demon Realm!

Everyone was stunned, their faces filled with disbelief and astonishment. No one had expected that at this crucial moment in the bloody battle of Cloud Immortal City, the Demonic Dragon lineage would suddenly appear!

The Temple Master, Shen Tong, stood at the bow of a massive golden warship, coldly directing the battle. When he sensed the familiar yet terrifying pressure of the demonic dragons and saw the dark red torrent in the sky, his expression drastically changed.

His expression shifted from cold to solemn, then to utter shock, his voice trembling: "The Demonic Dragon lineage...it's the Demonic Dragon lineage! How could they be here?!"

The dark red light grew closer and clearer; countless enormous dark red demonic dragons, blotting out the sun, hovered above Cloud Immortal City, densely packed and stretching as far as the eye could see.

The vast army of demonic dragons faced off against the Temple army, demonic energy and golden light clashing, the atmosphere of the world instantly freezing.

At the very front, atop the largest supreme demonic dragon's head stood two figures:

a man and a woman, both tall and imposing, possessing extraordinary bearing.

The man, dressed in black, possessed unparalleled handsome features. He stood with his hands behind his back, his expression calm and composed, as if all the battles and conflicts in the world were unworthy of his attention. His restrained aura, however, made even a True Immortal Realm expert like Shen Tong feel a deadly threat.

The woman, dressed in flowing purple, was ethereal and otherworldly, her beauty unmatched. She stood quietly beside the man, silent, yet possessing an otherworldly air.

It was Ning Zhi and Sonya.

Chapter 6209

The demonic dragon army came to a steady halt above Cloud Immortal City, its dark red demonic energy shrouding half the sky, rivaling the golden light of the temple.

Long Yuan leaped from the dragon ranks, landing beside Ning Zhi. Clad in a dark gold dragon robe, his aura a mix of dragon might and demonic energy, his gaze coldly sweeping across the entire area, his eyes filled with utter mockery and contempt.

The sky fell silent.

Everyone stopped what they were doing. The temple disciples were ashen-faced, the Heavenly Dragon Clan members filled with astonishment. All eyes were fixed on this suddenly appearing demonic dragon army, unsure whether they were friend or foe.

Long Zhan slowly transformed into human form, covered in blood, his clothes tattered, standing atop the ruined city wall. His gaze fell on Long Yuan, a complex mix of emotions flashing in his eyes.

Despite being dragons, they were natural enemies. The Demonic Dragons had allied with the Demon Clan and fought against the Celestial Dragons for millennia, their hatred running deep. Yet now, the Demonic Dragons had appeared at the Celestial Dragons' most desperate moment, leaving him momentarily unable to discern their intentions.

The members of the Temple were even more grim. They all knew that the Temple's Grand Elder had died at the hands of the Demonic Dragons. With old and new grudges compounded, the appearance of the Demonic Dragon army was undoubtedly adding insult to injury.

Shen Tong took a deep breath, forcibly suppressing the anger, shock, and unease in his heart. His gaze was fixed on Long Yuan, and he said in a deep voice, "Long Yuan! Your Demon Dragon lineage is not behaving itself in the Demon Realm. Why have you suddenly led a large army to appear in Yunxian City? What exactly do you mean by this?"

Long Yuan looked at him, a mocking smile playing on his lips. His tone was indifferent and arrogant: "Shen Tong, don't you know what I mean?"

You led the entire army of the Divine Temple to besiege Yunxian City. It's such a lively battle, so naturally I had to join in the fun. How could I miss such a good show?"

Shen Tong's eyes flashed with anger, almost bursting forth, but he held back.

His gaze swept over Long Yuan and then landed on Ning Zhi beside Long Yuan. The young man in black seemed calm, but he gave Shen Tong an unprecedented sense of danger, as if facing a sleeping primordial beast, making him hesitant to make a move.

A strong sense of unease welled up within him, and he secretly wondered: Could it be that the Grand Elder and several core elders of the Temple died at the hands of this seemingly young man in black?

Suppressing his suspicions and killing intent, Shen Tong said in a deep voice, "Long Yuan, although there are grudges between your Demon Dragon lineage and the Temple, today's matter is an entanglement between my Temple and David and the Heavenly Dragon Clan, and has nothing to do with your Demon Dragon lineage.

Today, I only want to capture David and do not wish to become enemies with your Demon Dragon lineage and add fuel to the fire. If you immediately lead your men and leave the Demon Realm, I can forgive and forget about the matter of the Grand Elder and settle it later!"

Upon hearing this, Long Yuan was slightly taken aback at first, then threw his head back and laughed loudly. His laughter was full of mockery and disdain, and it resounded throughout the entire Cloud Immortal City.

"Let bygones be bygones?"

Long Yuan's laughter abruptly ceased, his face turning cold as he looked at Shen Tong with utter contempt, his tone dripping with sarcasm. "Shen Tong, have you been blinded by war? Have you misunderstood something?

I've led the entire Demon Dragon army here today, not to negotiate or settle scores. You have no right to negotiate with me."

He pointed at Shen Tong, each word deliberate, his voice icy and domineering: "I now order you to immediately take your temple scum and get out of Yunxian City, as far away as possible. Otherwise..."

A cruel and ferocious smile curled at the corner of his lips: "Don't blame me for showing no mercy and leaving you all here in Yunxian City!"

With Ning Zhi present, Long Yuan's arrogance swelled considerably; without Ning Zhi, Long Yuan wouldn't have dared to come at all. Upon hearing this, the elders of the temple were immediately enraged, shouting angrily.

"Insolence! You demonic dragon traitor, how dare you be so arrogant!"

"Palace Master, no need to say anything more to him, give the order! Let's join forces to wipe out the demonic dragon lineage first, then capture David!"

"A bunch of remnants of the Demon Realm, daring to act so presumptuously in the Fourteenth Heaven, today we will completely eradicate them!"

Shen Tong's face was ashen, his aura surging, and he raised his hand to stop the commotion and agitation of the crowd.

He stared at Long Yuan, his eyes surging with killing intent, almost overflowing, but he still restrained himself from making a move. What he truly feared was that young man in black, whose aura was restrained yet extremely dangerous.

"Long Yuan,"

Shen Tong spoke again, his voice suppressing his anger, "I'll say this one last time: our grudges can be settled another day. Today, I'm only arresting David; this has nothing to do with you.

Get out of my way, and I won't make things difficult for you. Otherwise, don't blame me for being impolite!"

Long Yuan scoffed, about to retort, when Ning Zhi beside him gently raised his hand and patted his shoulder.

Long Yuan was startled, instantly understanding the meaning, immediately shut his mouth, and respectfully stepped aside, giving Ning Zhi the seat in front of him, his posture humble and showing utmost respect for Ning Zhi.

Ning Zhi stepped forward slowly, his steps light and deliberate, each step seeming to tread upon the hearts of everyone present. His gaze calmly fell upon Shen Tong, and he spoke softly, his voice not loud, yet clearly carrying to every corner: "You are Shen Tong, the Temple Master?"

Shen Tong's brows furrowed tightly as he sized up the unbelievably young man in black, his unease growing stronger. He coldly replied, "Indeed, it is I. Who are you? Why are you allied with the Demon Dragon lineage?"

Ning Zhi did not answer his question, seemingly disdainful to respond. His tone was calm, yet carried an overwhelming domineering air: "I will give you three breaths. Take your men and get out of Yunxian City immediately, or you will bear the consequences."

His voice was flat and emotionless, yet carried an undeniable and irresistible authority, shocking everyone present.

Shen Tong was completely stunned. Then, a surge of boundless rage erupted from the depths of his heart, rushing straight to his mind.

He was the dignified Palace Master, a peak True Immortal Realm Second Grade expert, one of the overlords who had stood in the Fourteen Heavens for tens of thousands of years, a figure who had roamed the world freely. How could he have ever been treated with such contempt and disregard?

Moreover, the other party was merely a young upstart who looked no more than twenty!

"Youngster!"

Shen Tong laughed in fury, his voice icy and chilling, filled with boundless killing intent. "What are you? How dare you spout such nonsense before me?"

I'll give you one last chance, considering your youth and ignorance. Kneel down and beg for mercy immediately, cripple your cultivation, and perhaps I can spare your corpse. Otherwise, today I will annihilate your soul, condemning you to eternal damnation!"

Ning Zhi looked at him, a faint, contemptuous smile playing on his lips. His gaze was as if he were looking at a clown seeking attention, utterly devoid of emotion.

"One breath,"

he slowly uttered, uttering the first word.

Shen Tong's expression changed drastically. He could no longer suppress his anger and shouted, "You arrogant brat! You think that by killing a few elders of my temple, you are qualified to contend with me?"

Today, I will show you what true strength is and what the difference in realm is!" As soon as he finished speaking, his aura exploded, the terrifying pressure of a peak second-grade True Immortal Realm cultivator, like a towering mountain, bearing endless weight, crushing down on Ning Zhi.

The space itself was slightly distorted by this pressure, and the buildings of Cloud Immortal City below creaked under the weight.

"Two breaths."

Ning Zhi remained calm, his posture upright, standing motionless, as if the crushing pressure was nothing more than a gentle breeze to him, having no effect whatsoever. His aura remained restrained, yet a more terrifying power was quietly awakening within him.

His divine power was completely enraged, his anger boiling over, and he refused to say another word.

"Seeking death!"

he roared, raising his hand to unleash a full-force palm strike towards Ning Zhi!

The palm wind howled, the golden light dazzling to the extreme, condensing his life's cultivation and the supreme laws of the Divine Temple, containing world-destroying power. Wherever it passed, space shattered, and air currents reversed, heading straight for Ning Zhi's chest.

A hint of disdain flashed in Ning Zhi's eyes. His tone was flat as he uttered the last word: "Three breaths."

The instant his words fell, he slowly raised his right hand.

The movement was slow and light, as if it were merely a casual wave, without any deliberate effort or gathering of power.

But the moment he raised his hand, the world instantly changed color!

A fierce wind arose, demonic energy surged, and dark red demonic clouds in the sky billowed wildly. An aura far more terrifying, more domineering, and more ancient than any divine power erupted from Ning Zhi's body.

Like a primordial beast awakening after billions of years of slumber, like a demon god descending above all heavens, this aura instantly crushed the pressure of the divine power, reducing it to nothingness!

The divine power's all-out attack, the dazzling golden palm print, before Ning Zhi was like ice meeting the scorching sun, like an ant encountering a mountain—it melted instantly, without even a ripple, completely vanishing into nothingness.

Shen Tong's pupils constricted sharply, his face instantly turning deathly pale, devoid of any color. His eyes were filled with extreme fear and disbelief as he cried out in shock, "This...this is impossible! What level has your cultivation reached?!"

Having lived for thousands of years and traversed the Fourteen Heavens, he had never seen such a terrifying existence. The strength of this young man before him far exceeded his comprehension. He couldn't believe that there was someone so much more powerful than him in the Fourteen Heavens!

Ning Zhi gave him no time to react or escape.

He raised his hand, his index finger lightly tapping, a seemingly casual movement, yet containing earth-shattering power.

A pure black light shot out from his fingertip, its speed unbelievable, surpassing the limitations of space, instantly piercing Shen Tong's shoulder!

"Pfft!"

Blood splattered, and Shen Tong let out a shrill scream. His massive body flew backward like a kite with a broken string.

He then crashed heavily onto the hull of the golden warship, shattering the sturdy frame. He spat out a mouthful of blood, his aura instantly weakening to the extreme.

"Palace Master!"

The elders of the Temple of Gods cried out in alarm, rushing forward to shield Shen Tong in the center, their faces filled with fear and panic. They had never seen their Palace Master so disheveled, so vulnerable.

Shen Tong clutched his pierced shoulder, blood gushing out, his face deathly pale, his eyes filled with lingering terror. He stared at the black-clad figure in the sky, only one thought in his mind: Escape! Escape immediately! This person was simply beyond their ability to contend with!

Chapter 6210

“What are you all standing there for? Retreat! Attack! Break through the encirclement!”

Shen Tong shouted fiercely, his voice hoarse and filled with endless panic.

Although the elders of the temple were already shrouded in fear and their souls were about to leave, they had no choice but to obey the temple master’s order.

They gritted their teeth, suppressing their fear, and attacked Ning Zhi, summoning their respective divine weapons and spells, trying to buy time for their retreat.

Ning Zhi didn’t even glance at them, his gaze indifferent, as if these people were nothing but dust and weeds, not worth his attention. He simply waved his hand lightly, the movement casual and natural.

Instantly, black demonic flames erupted from his palm, raging fiercely, with terrifyingly high temperatures, containing the power to purify everything, transforming into a sea of fire that swept towards the temple members, scorching and distorting the space in its path.

“Ah—!”

Screams of agony rose and fell, utterly devastating. The temple elders and elites at the forefront were instantly engulfed by the black demonic flames, without even a chance to resist. Not even a trace of their bodies remained before they turned to ashes and vanished into the heavens and earth.

The remaining temple disciples were terrified, losing all will to fight. They turned and fled in panic, their formation completely collapsing, like stray dogs scattering in all directions.

Seeing this, Long Yuan's eyes flashed with a fierce light. He waved his hand and shouted, "Demonic Dragon lineage, follow me and kill! Leave no one alive! Sweep away the remnants of the temple!"

The dark red demonic dragon army surged towards the fleeing temple forces like a tidal wave. The dragons roared, demonic flames surged—this was no longer a battle, but a one-sided massacre.

The temple army utterly collapsed, countless dead and wounded, corpses littering the sky and the ground. The golden light dissipated, and demonic energy raged.

Protected by several loyal elders, Shen Tong desperately fled into the distance. His golden warship, badly damaged, turned tail in a panic, fleeing Yunxian City without a second thought.

He glanced back at Yunxian City one last time, his gaze fixed on Ning Zhi, his eyes filled with resentment, fear, and unwillingness. He dared not linger any longer, roaring, "Retreat! Retreat now!"

Seeing this, Long Yuan was about to lead the demonic dragon army in pursuit to completely annihilate Shen Tong and eliminate any future threat, but Ning Zhi gently stopped him with a raised hand.

"No need to pursue,"

Ning Zhi said calmly, his gaze sweeping across the battlefield and landing on the blood-soaked figure atop the city wall.

Long Zhan, covered in blood and leaning on a broken sword, stood atop the ruined city wall, looking at Ning Zhi with a complex mix of doubt and awe. He didn't know who this terrifyingly powerful young man was, or why he had suddenly intervened to help the Heavenly Dragon Clan repel the Temple army. However, he knew that this person's strength was unfathomable, far beyond his ability to contend with.

Ning Zhi looked at him and spoke calmly, his voice clear: "Are you Long Zhan, the patriarch of the Heavenly Dragon Clan?"

Long Zhan nodded, suppressing the shock and unease in his heart, and clasped his hands in thanks: "Thank you for your help, senior, for saving my Heavenly Dragon Clan and protecting my Cloud Immortal City. The Heavenly Dragon Clan will never forget your great kindness. May I ask how you are addressed, senior, and what brings you here?"

Ning Zhi did not answer his question. His gaze went straight past Long Zhan's body and landed in the direction of the secret chamber of the City Lord's Mansion below. A complex emotion flashed in his eyes, a mixture of expectation, fervor, and a barely perceptible ripple.

"David, in the secret chamber below?"

Long Zhan's expression changed, instantly becoming alert. He instinctively stepped forward, blocking Ning Zhi's path, gripping his broken sword tightly. Although he knew the difference in strength between himself and his opponent was vast, he still didn't want anyone to disturb David's seclusion.

Ning Zhi, seeing his wary expression, smiled gently, allaying his concerns: "Don't be nervous. I won't kill him while he's injured. I'll wait until he recovers, making him die willingly."

Ning Zhi was extremely arrogant at this moment...

He seemed to have forgotten the scenes of being repeatedly defeated and humiliated by David from the mortal realm to the celestial realm, and now to this celestial realm.

Now, Ning Zhi felt incredibly powerful, so he wanted to repay all the humiliation and hatred he had suffered.

Simply killing David while he was injured wouldn't make up for the suffering he had endured over the years, and it would be too easy for David.

He wanted to toy with David, like toying with an ant, leaving David with no say in his own life or death.

Only the feeling of controlling David's life and death could make him feel a little better.

"Senior, are we really going to wait for David to fully recover and come out of seclusion?"

Long Yuan was somewhat puzzled. If Ning Zhi had a grudge against David, he should take advantage of his illness to kill him.

Why wait until the enemy becomes stronger before seeking revenge?

Ning Zhi didn't speak, but only gave Long Yuan a cold look, which immediately frightened Long Yuan into taking several steps back, not daring to utter a sound.

Ning Zhi waited quietly outside Yunxian City, waiting for David to recover and come out of seclusion.