

A Man Like None Other Novel

Chapter 6211

Outside Cloud Immortal City, the world changed color. The

once majestic celestial city, shrouded in celestial energy and surrounded by auspicious clouds, had long since lost all its peace and tranquility.

Thick, inky demonic energy poured down from the heavens like a raging black torrent, frantically washing over the entire city. The

dark red demonic energy intertwined and swirled with the clouds, churning and rolling across the sky, transforming into countless hideous, terrifying faces that roared silently, completely obscuring the once clear and bright heavens.

Sunlight was utterly blocked out, leaving only an oppressive, dark crimson hue between heaven and earth, as if the end of the world had arrived, even the air filled with a chilling aura of destruction.

Above, a dense army of demonic dragons stretched across the sky like a dark cloud that blotted out the sun, above Cloud Immortal City.

Each dragon was enormous, its scales forged from blood-red iron, gleaming with a cold and ferocious light, its monstrous heads...

Pairs of scarlet eyes were fixed on the ruined city below, their mouths spewing black dragon breath. Each flap of their massive wings stirred up howling winds, swirling up rubble and ashes.

Thousands of demonic dragons stood in neat rows, their imposing aura sweeping across the heavens and earth, forming a terrifying force capable of crushing all living beings.

Just their presence alone sent shivers down the spines of every living being in Cloud Immortal City, making even breathing incredibly difficult.

Long Yuan stood at the forefront of the demonic dragon army, his figure as straight as a spear, his demonic energy churning and boiling around him, transforming into black waves of energy that swirled around him.

He raised his head, his gaze as sharp as a hawk's, vigilantly and solemnly scanning every corner of Cloud Immortal City below, from the crumbling city walls to the desolate streets, and even the still stubbornly standing City Lord's Mansion, not missing a single detail.

As a top expert of the demonic dragon race, he knew very well what this confrontation meant.

The black-clad youth beside him was a being capable of overturning the entire celestial realm's 格局 (geju, a concept encompassing overall structure, overall situation, and overall situation), while the boy in the city about to emerge from seclusion was none other than David, the Dragon Emperor who had once dominated an era.

The enmity between the two had been intertwined for countless lifetimes, an irreconcilable

feud. He dared not be careless in the slightest; the demonic energy around him was constantly on the verge of exploding, his hands clenched tightly, and the demonic essence within his body circulated wildly, ready to deal with any possible emergencies.

Even if the people in the city were already exhausted, he would never underestimate anyone protecting David; each of them had displayed astonishing ferocity and courage on the battlefield.

Not far from Long Yuan, Ning Zhi stood with his hands behind his back, his pure black robe fluttering without wind, gently billowing in the swirling wind and demonic energy, without being stained by a speck of dust.

He was tall and slender, with an indifferent and aloof demeanor, as if he were outside of this cataclysmic upheaval.

The surging demonic energy, the ferocious dragons, and the despair permeating the city couldn't stir the slightest ripple in his heart. It was as if all the strife, slaughter, and life and death in this world were irrelevant to him.

Yet, his eyes, as deep as an ancient, icy pool, never left the direction of the city lord's mansion below, his gaze piercing through layers of demonic energy and ruins, firmly fixed on that tightly closed secret chamber.

Deep within his eyes, there lurked a burning desire and anticipation he had forcibly suppressed for so long, along with a hint of resentment and pleasure that had lain dormant for years.

He had waited for this day for far too long. From the fierce confrontations of the mortal realm to the chaotic escape of the celestial realm, and now to the celestial realm's resurgence, he endured humiliation and hardship, cultivating in seclusion, even falling into the demonic path to gain supreme power, all for this moment.

He would wait for David to emerge from seclusion, then personally trample him underfoot, making him experience all the pain and humiliation he had endured.

Sonya stood quietly beside Ning Zhi, her purple robes fluttering, like a solitary orchid in a secluded valley

, pure and ethereal, like a celestial being banished from the heavens. Her skin was as white as snow, her eyebrows and eyes exquisite, her temperament ethereal, standing out starkly against the surrounding ferocious demonic energy and monstrous dragons, like a snow lotus blooming in the darkness, pure and dazzling.

Her gaze also fell upon the already ruined city below, her delicate brows slightly furrowed, her beautiful face bearing an indescribable confusion and unease.

For some reason, from the moment she arrived in Yunxian City, a strange, inexplicable feeling lingered in her heart.

Her heart burned faintly, as if an invisible thread extended from the city, tightly binding her heart and constantly pulling at her.

It was a familiar yet strange palpitation, a call etched deep within her soul, yet shrouded in a thick fog, impossible for her to touch or see clearly.

She tried to find the source of this strange feeling, but her mind was blank, only a faint throbbing pain remained, as if some crucial memory had been forcibly sealed deep within her soul.

She turned her head and glanced at Ning Zhi, who stood calmly beside her, before speaking softly, her voice clear and cold as a spring: "Junior brother, why are we waiting here? What do the people in the city have to do with us?"

Ning Zhi's lips curled into a faint smile, his gaze still fixed on the city lord's mansion, his tone calm and unwavering: "Senior sister, we're not waiting for the people of this city, but for one person. Someone... someone very important to me, and very important to you."

Sonya's brows furrowed even more: "An important person? But I have no recollection of this city, of anything here."

"It's alright,"

Ning Zhi said calmly, his voice gentle yet carrying an undeniable certainty, "You'll understand when he comes out."

Sonya asked no more questions, simply turning her gaze back to Yunxian City, the strange feeling in her heart growing stronger.

On the city wall of Yunxian City, the atmosphere was extremely oppressive.

Long Zhan was covered in blood, golden dragon blood soaking through his clothes, dripping from the seams of his armor, accumulating into glaring pools of blood on the city bricks beneath his feet.

The longsword in his hand had long since broken, leaving only half of its cracked blade, which he desperately used to prop up his swaying body.

His injuries were extremely severe; his meridians were badly damaged, and his Heavenly Dragon bloodline was in turmoil. The once dazzling golden dragon energy within him had now become dim and weak.

Every breath aggravated his wounds, bringing excruciating pain. Cold sweat constantly seeped from his forehead, mingling with blood and sliding down his cheeks.

Yet, he still stood tall, his gaze piercing, fixed on the black-clad figure in the sky, showing no sign of retreat.

He knew very well that the black-clad youth before him possessed unimaginable strength.

Even the powerful figures of the temple had been severely injured by his attack and forced to flee in disarray; in the entire Heavenly Realm, almost no one could withstand his might.

Chapter 6212

Such an existence, even if the entire Heavenly Dragon Clan were to exert all its strength, in its current weakened state, would be utterly powerless against David, and would only be instantly crushed and reduced to ashes.

What puzzled Long Zhan was that Ning Zhi, despite possessing the power to annihilate the entire Cloud Immortal City, had not made a move.

He stood quietly in the sky, neither ordering the demonic dragon army to attack, nor destroying the city lord's mansion, nor taking advantage of David's seclusion to strike. He simply waited patiently, waiting for the moment David emerged.

Long Zhan couldn't understand what deep-seated grudge this terrifying young man held against David.

Why wait until David was fully recovered and at his peak before taking action?

This defied the code of conduct for any martial artist; it seemed more like a deliberate humiliation and torture.

He dared not ask, nor did he have the right to ask. He could only muster his last ounce of strength to defend the city wall, making himself the last line of defense.

Silently, they prayed again and again that David would turn misfortune into fortune within the Demon Suppression Tower, emerging stronger than before and possessing the power to contend with the terrifying being before them, protecting the city and all those who followed him.

Behind him, the remaining Cloud Immortal City defenders and Heavenly Dragon Clan warriors were equally wounded, each leaning on their weapons, their faces pale, yet their gazes remained resolute as they stared at the sky, not one retreating.

They knew they were protecting not only the City Lord's Mansion, but also the hope of the entire Cloud Immortal City, and the belief of Dragon Emperor David.

Outside the City Lord's Mansion, in the secret chamber,

Ming Li, Liu Qianqian, Yun Yao, and Chen Wanqing stood like four statues, guarding the tightly closed door of the chamber, never leaving its side.

The constant fierce fighting had long since exhausted them; each was heavily wounded, their breaths weak, yet not one showed the slightest fear.

Ming Li's left arm was severely injured by demonic energy, the wound so deep that bone was visible. Although it had been simply bandaged with strips of cloth, the dark demonic poison continued to erode his body, blood constantly seeping through the cloth and dripping onto the ground.

His right hand gripped the ghostly blade tightly, the blade stained with blood, his ghostly aura dim, yet he remained in a fighting stance. If the demonic dragon in the sky dared to set foot in the city lord's mansion, he would charge without hesitation and fight to the death.

Liu Qianqian's face was as pale as paper, devoid of any color, her lips cracked and chapped. Her once bright eyes were now bloodshot, and she was utterly exhausted, only able to stand by leaning against the cold wall.

Her spiritual power was almost depleted, her internal energy chaotic, each heartbeat weak and trembling, yet her gaze remained fixed on the secret chamber door, her eyes filled with worry and determination.

Yun Yao was already exhausted, her slender body swaying precariously, her grip on the longsword almost too heavy to hold, yet she still clenched the hilt tightly, her knuckles white.

Her clothes were stained and disheveled with blood and dust, cold sweat beading on her forehead, yet she refused to retreat an inch. She was David's

maid, and more importantly, a warrior who followed the Dragon Emperor; even if she were to be shattered to pieces, she would stand guard before her master.

Chen Wanqing stood at the forefront of the four, her blood-stained white robes fluttering gently in the wind, like a flickering candle, yet possessing an unyielding beauty.

She looked up at the black-clad figure in the sky, her exquisite face filled with solemnity and worry, her eyes hiding an unyielding unease.

She was one of the very few among them who had truly witnessed Ning Zhi's terrifying strength.

It was a power that transcended everything, crushed everything, and was unmatched, without any element of luck or reliance on external aids—a pure suppression of realm and strength.

Before such power, all struggle and resistance seemed pale and powerless.

After David emerged from seclusion, could he truly contend with him?

Chapter 6213

This question kept recurring in Chen Wanqing's mind, yet she remained unanswered.

She didn't know, nor dared she delve into it.

She only knew that no matter the outcome, no matter what lay ahead—a mountain of knives, a sea of fire, or a deadly predicament—she would stay by David's side, never abandoning him.

In life, they would live together;

in death, they would die together.

“Sister Wanqing, you said... Young Master Chen will be alright after this seclusion, right?”

Yun Yao’s voice trembled, tinged with a sob, as she asked softly.

Chen Wanqing lowered her head, looking at the little girl beside her, who was already trembling with fear but still refused to leave. Her heart softened, and she reached out her slightly trembling hand to gently stroke her head.

Then, in a firm tone, she said, “He will. David is safe and sound, and we will all be alright.”

Though her words had faded, her heart remained suspended in mid-air, tightly gripped, her gaze once again fixed on the sky, on the black-clad figure that had filled everyone with despair.

Inside the secret chamber, however, lay a different scene.

Within the Demon-Suppressing Tower, a world of its own existed, where time flowed drastically differently from the outside.

What might have been a few days outside was, within the Demon Suppression Tower, several years had passed under its time-accelerating laws.

Several years is enough for a sapling to grow into a towering tree, enough for a weakling to refine their cultivation and undergo a complete transformation.

David sat cross-legged at the core of the Demon Suppression Tower, his eyes closed, his expression serene. Golden dragon energy circulated around him, like a small sun illuminating the entire tower’s interior.

His body shone with golden light, the phantom of a five-clawed golden dragon faintly appearing behind him, its roar echoing softly, majestic and sacred.

Having been tempered by the Demon Suppression Tower's accelerated time and nourished by countless rare treasures, the severe injuries he sustained in his battle with the temple's experts had completely healed. Not only had he recovered to his former strength, he was even more formidable than before.

His aura became increasingly solid and profound, like a towering mountain, unfathomable.

The Five-Clawed Golden Dragon bloodline, already awakened, has been further sublimated over the past few years. Its power surges and roars like a vast ocean, coursing through his limbs and bones.

Each flow of blood cleanses his meridians, widening and reshaping them, making them even more resilient and expansive, capable of containing even more terrifying spiritual energy.

The spiritual energy within him is no longer a trickle, but a raging torrent, boundless and powerful, each strand containing terrifying strength.

His cultivation, through years of accumulation, has quietly broken through the bottleneck of the third rank of the Upper Immortal Realm, like a flood bursting its banks, advancing unstoppably into the fourth rank.

Moreover, it wasn't a mere entry into the fourth rank; rather, it surged forward relentlessly, directly reaching the peak of the fourth rank, only a step away from the fifth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm.

This step, though seemingly insignificant, is an insurmountable chasm that countless cultivators cannot cross in their entire lives. But for David now, it was already within reach. He only needed a trigger to achieve another breakthrough.

Years of seclusion had turned misfortune into blessing.

David slowly opened his eyes.

Two dazzling golden beams shot from his eyes, like two golden divine swords, instantly illuminating the entire Demon Suppression Tower. The demonic energy within the tower vanished instantly under the golden light, completely purified.

He slowly stood up, his aura subtly concealed, without any leakage, yet the domineering majesty emanating from his very bones was enough to make heaven and earth tremble.

“Peak of the fourth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm...”

David murmured to himself, his voice calm, yet carrying a hint of satisfaction.

He slowly raised his right hand, gently clenching his fist, feeling the surging, seemingly inexhaustible power within him, feeling the dragon’s might coursing through his bloodline. A faint smile appeared on his lips.

This severe injury, seemingly fraught with danger and a near-death experience, actually allowed him to thoroughly refine his cultivation, break through his bottleneck, and reach a new level.

Every cloud has a silver lining; after great calamity, there is bound to be good fortune.

He waved his hand, and the Demon-Suppressing Tower, suspended in mid-air, instantly transformed into a stream of light, precisely entering his storage ring and disappearing.

Then, he turned around, his gaze calmly fixed on the door of the secret chamber, and with light steps, slowly walked towards it.

He was completely unaware of everything that had happened in the outside world these past few days.

David reached out and gently pressed his hand on the stone door of the secret chamber.

"Creak..."

The heavy stone door slowly opened with his gentle push.

Blinding light shone in from outside, carrying a strong, pungent stench of blood, mixed with the smell of gunpowder and dust, assaulting his senses.

David frowned slightly, a cold glint flashing in his eyes, and stepped out of the secret chamber.

When he saw what was before him, he was instantly stunned.

The city lord's mansion before him was no longer what it had been before his seclusion.

Pavilions and towers had become charred ruins, carved beams and painted rafters were broken and collapsed, gardens and trees had turned to ashes, and the ground was covered with cracks and bloodstains. Everywhere was a scene of devastation.

The once bustling and ethereal city lord's mansion was now a desolate wasteland, scarred and utterly bleak.

The air was thick with the stench of blood, gunpowder, and demonic energy, a pungent and oppressive smell that made it hard to breathe.

What made his pupils shrink even more was the endless, dark red army of demonic dragons in the sky. Their surging demonic energy almost blotted out the entire heavens, and their ferocious aura swept across the land.

David's gaze first fell on Long Zhan, who was covered in blood and barely breathing, atop the city wall.

Seeing Long Zhan's near-exhausted state, yet still stubbornly holding on, seeing the blood still wet on his body, seeing the weariness and determination in his eyes, David felt a chilling killing intent surge within him.

Long Zhan was his brother, his comrade-in-arms who followed him.

Now, he was wounded like this to protect him, to protect the City Lord's Mansion.

All of this was a gift from the heavens.

David's heart felt as if it were being tightly gripped by an invisible hand; anger, heartache, and killing intent intertwined, almost bursting from his chest.

Then, his gaze slowly moved upward, past the army of demonic dragons, and finally landed on the black-clad figure in the sky.

In that instant, David's body jolted violently, as if struck by lightning, frozen in place.

That face, that face etched into his very being, unforgettable for a lifetime.

That faint, mocking smile at the corner of his mouth, those deep, cold, and venomous eyes, that familiar aura lurking within the demonic energy that he hated to the core...

there was no mistake. Absolutely no mistake!

Ning Zhi!

It was Ning Zhi!

David's pupils suddenly contracted, his eyes instantly surging with overwhelming hatred and killing intent, almost materializing and threatening to devour Ning Zhi completely.

The pursuit from the mortal realm, the grudges from the celestial realm, especially with Ning Zhi with Sonya—David had worried countless times that if Sonya were defiled by Ning Zhi, he wouldn't want to live anymore.

Now, seeing Ning Zhi, he wanted nothing more than to rush forward and tear him to pieces to vent his hatred.

But just then, his gaze inadvertently fell upon the purple figure beside Ning Zhi.

In that instant, time seemed to stand still, and all sound in the world vanished.

David was completely stunned, as if struck by lightning, frozen in place, even forgetting to breathe. The figure was dressed in

flowing purple robes, ethereal and aloof, with a slender figure and stunningly beautiful face.

That face, the face he had dreamt of day and night, the face he thought he would have to cross countless heavens and endure countless life-and-death experiences to see again...

Sonya.

It was Sonya!

David's heart pounded wildly, almost bursting out of his chest.

His eyes instantly reddened, tears welled up uncontrollably, and his vision blurred.

He opened his mouth, wanting to call out the name etched deep in his soul, but found his throat as if it were blocked by something, dry and tight, unable to utter a sound.

Years of longing, years of worry, years of torment, years of being absent-minded, all surged into his heart like a flood breaking through a dam, drowning all reason and composure.

He thought Sonya had disappeared deep in the Heavenly Realm, her fate unknown.

He thought he had to ascend to a higher realm, traversing every corner of the Heavenly Realm, to find her trace. He thought

he would have to endure countless life-and-death experiences, withstand countless moments of loneliness, before he could see her again.

But now, she stood there, not far from him, clearly appearing before him.

Without warning, without any preparation.

The person he had longed for day and night was right before him.

"Yu...Yuqi..."

David finally managed to call out, his voice hoarse and trembling, filled with endless longing, excitement, grievance, and ecstasy; every word seemed to be squeezed from the depths of his heart.

He could no longer control his emotions, no longer care about the army of demonic dragons in the sky, no longer care about Ning Zhi whom he hated to the core, no longer care about any dangers around him.

His feet moved.

Like an arrow released from a bow, he rushed towards the purple figure in the sky, disregarding everything.

"Yuqi!"

he shouted, his voice hoarse, yet filled with an unwavering determination.

At this moment, his eyes were only fixed on that purple-clad figure; the entire world seemed to consist only of her. At

this moment, he was no longer the decisive and ruthless Dragon Emperor who shook the fourteenth heaven.

No longer the composed and fearsome power that made countless forces tremble.

He was simply David.

David is a man who misses his beloved so much that he goes mad, loses control, and becomes reckless.

Chapter 6214

Years of separation, years of worry—all transformed into the courage to rush towards her the moment he saw her.

From the sky, Ning Zhi took in David's distraught, frantic, and utterly dejected state. His smile deepened, becoming increasingly smug and mocking.

This was the effect he wanted.

He wanted David to appear so wretched and pathetic, like an ant, under the watchful eyes of everyone.

He wanted to see David suffer, to see David despair, to see David completely lose control because of Sonya.

This was the best torture for David, a thousand times more satisfying than killing him outright.

Ning Zhi slowly turned his head, glancing at the bewildered Sonya beside him. A fleeting, almost imperceptible coldness flashed in his eyes, quickly replaced by gentleness.

Sonya's brows furrowed tightly, her beautiful face filled with confusion and bewilderment.

She watched the figure rushing towards her below, disregarding everything, his reddened eyes, his trembling voice, the intense, unyielding longing and love in his eyes. A complex, indescribable emotion welled up within her.

That figure, that face, those eyes filled with deep affection and pain...

so familiar.

So very familiar.

So familiar, as if she had seen it a thousand times, deep within her soul.

Yet, she could

n't remember. Not a single thing.

She desperately searched her mind, desperately tried to recall everything about this boy, but her mind was blank, only sharp, throbbing pain remained.

It was as if an incredibly strong seal had sealed away all her memories, preventing her from touching them, from breaking through them.

"Do I... know him?"

Sonya murmured to herself, her voice cold, yet filled with deep confusion and bewilderment, and a hint of heartache she herself didn't even realize.

She only remembered seeing David when she climbed the Heavenly Ladder, and David had felt the same excitement when he saw her then.

Ning Zhi didn't answer immediately, but silently watched David, who had lost control in mid-air, savoring the thrill of revenge.

David soared into the air, golden light radiating from his body, dragon might permeating the air. Just as he was about to reach Sonya, he was instantly stopped by Long Yuan, who was prepared, along with several powerful demonic dragons.

"Stop!"

Long Yuan shouted sharply, his voice like thunder, his demonic energy surging. Several demonic dragons instantly formed a solid defensive line, blocking David's path. Their ferocious heads roared, spewing dragon breath, obstructing David's way.

David, however, seemed not to hear him. His gaze remained fixed on Sonya, unwavering, his voice trembling and earnest, filled with endless expectation: "Yuqi! It's me! It's me, David! Look at me, don't you really remember me?! Have you forgotten everything we went through together?!"

Sonya looked at him, seeing the expectation and pain in his eyes, the piercing pain in her heart intensified, her brows furrowing even more tightly.

Does he remember?

Does he really remember?

Should she remember?

She didn't know.

She couldn't remember anything.

But why, seeing him so distraught and in such agony, did her heart ache as if pricked by needles?

Why couldn't she resist reaching out to soothe the pain in his eyes?

Ning Zhi spoke slowly, his voice indifferent and mocking, like a cold blade slicing through the sky, reaching everyone's ears: "David, long time no see. I

never expected that someone of the Golden Dragon bloodline would be so distraught. It truly is an eye-opener.”

This voice forcibly pulled David back to reality from his uncontrollable reverie.

David’s gaze finally shifted from Sonya to Ning Zhi’s face.

The longing, excitement, and ecstasy in his eyes receded like a tide, replaced by overwhelming hatred, icy killing intent, and suppressed rage.

“Ning Zhi!”

David gritted his teeth, each word carrying boundless killing intent, almost freezing the air.

“What did you do to Yuqi?! What did you do to her?!”

He knew very well that Sonya would never forget him, would never look at him with such unfamiliar eyes.

All of this must be Ning Zhi’s doing!

“Ning Zhi must have used some evil means to seal Sonya’s memories!”

Ning Zhi laughed loudly, his laughter filled with endless smugness and mockery, utterly arrogant.

“What did I do?”

He leaned slightly forward, his tone flippant and cruel. “I didn’t do anything. I just helped her find her true self. Before, she was blinded by you, a mere ant, losing her true self. Now, she has awakened and completely rid herself of you, this burden.”

He paused, his gaze sweeping mockingly over David’s pale face, his tone growing increasingly cruel: “She doesn’t recognize you anymore, David. In her

heart, you are now nothing more than an insignificant stranger. Do you believe that with just one word from me, she will draw her sword against you?"

David's heart felt as if it had been gripped tightly by an invisible hand and then crushed, the excruciating pain instantly engulfing his entire body.

His face turned ashen, his body swayed uncontrollably, a metallic taste rising in his throat, which he forcibly swallowed back.

He didn't want to believe it, he refused to believe it.

He turned his gaze to Sonya again, his eyes filled with expectation, pleading, humility, and helplessness—a look never before seen on the once arrogant Dragon Emperor.

"Yuqi...do you really not remember me? We once roamed the mortal world together, made promises together...we..."

David's voice choked, unable to continue.

He clearly saw that Sonya's eyes were still unfamiliar, still confused, still devoid of the tenderness and affection he remembered.

Those eyes, once brimming with love, were now filled only with blankness.

Sonya gently shook her head, a hint of apology and confusion on her beautiful face. Her voice was cold and lost, each word clearly reaching David's ears:

"I...I don't know you."

Six short words,

yet like six incredibly sharp knives, pierced David's heart, pierced his chest, and shattered his soul.

Every word carried excruciating pain.

David's body swayed violently again, his face instantly turning deathly pale, the golden light around him dimming, and the light in his eyes completely extinguished.

On the city wall, Long Zhan watched this scene, a surge of indescribable sorrow and anger welling up within him. He gripped his broken sword tightly, utterly powerless.

Outside the secret chamber, Ming Li, Chen Wanqing, Yun Yao, and Liu Qianqian were all stunned.

They had never seen David like this before.

The David who was always calm, always composed, always decisive in battle, and never defeated by any difficulty.

Chapter 6215

The once mighty Dragon Emperor, now, resembled a utterly abandoned child, lost and disheveled, his eyes filled only with despair and pain.

Yun Yao's eyes instantly reddened, tears streaming down her face. She covered her mouth, afraid to cry out.

Chen Wanqing bit her lower lip tightly until it bled, her eyes filled with heartache and helplessness. She longed to rush forward and comfort the agonizing young man, but she knew that at this moment, no one could soothe the pain in his heart.

Ming Li gripped his ghostly blade tightly, his knuckles white, his heart burning with rage. He wanted nothing more than to rush forward and fight Ning Zhi to the death, but Liu Qianqian held him back, gently shaking her head.

Going up there would only be suicide, and would only distract David further.

In the sky, Ning Zhi took in David's despair, a surge of indescribable pleasure and satisfaction welling up within him.

How many years had passed?

For years, he endured hardship and bided his time, from the mortal realm to the celestial realm, and then to the heavenly realm. He was repeatedly defeated and humiliated by David, forced to flee in disarray like a stray dog.

He had never forgotten those humiliations, those pains, those resentments.

Now, he finally possessed the power to crush David, finally stood atop David's head, finally able to torment and humiliate him at will.

This feeling was even more exhilarating than conquering the world.

He wasn't in a hurry to kill David.

Death would be too easy for him.

He wanted to play with him slowly, torment him slowly, let David taste all the pain and despair in the world, let him experience everything he had endured, and then, he would personally end his life, letting him die in the deepest despair.

Ning Zhi's lips curled into a cruel smile, his tone casual yet filled with endless mockery and oppression: "David, don't worry, I won't kill you while you've just emerged from seclusion and your injuries haven't healed. Winning that way would be dishonorable."

"I'll wait for you, wait until you're fully recovered, wait until you reach your peak, wait until you unleash all your power, and then... I'll defeat you fair and square, making you die with a sense of honor."

He paused, his gaze icy, each word piercing: "Just like back then, when you repeatedly defeated and humiliated me. This time, I'll make you taste all the bitterness of defeat, make you pay the price for everything you've done."

"You're only at the fourth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm now. Your cultivation speed is very disappointing..."

At this moment, Ning Zhi looked down on David. David, at only the fourth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm, was no longer worthy of his attention.

David slowly raised his head.

The listless, pale, and desperate face gradually lost all its weakness.

The pain, confusion, and humility in his eyes slowly vanished.

Instead, there was endless coldness, a dormant killing intent, a chilling aura that froze everything, and the rekindled majesty and pride of the Dragon Emperor.

He would not fall.

Nor would he be broken by this pain.

He would help Sonya regain her memories.

He would repay a hundredfold, a thousandfold, all the humiliation and pain Ning Zhi had inflicted on him and on Sonya.

"Ning Zhi."

David spoke slowly, his voice low and hoarse, yet carrying a chilling aura that made the heavens and earth tremble. Every word was as if forged from ice, resounding and powerful.

"I, David, swear here and now that I will make you repay a hundredfold, a thousandfold, until death do us part for everything you've done to Yuqi."

"As for you..."

He raised his eyes, his gaze clashing fiercely with Ning Zhi's in mid-air, sparks flying, demonic energy colliding with dragon energy, whipping up a howling wind.

David's tone grew colder and more resolute: "I also want to see just how much skill you've gained in all this time, daring to be so arrogant before me."

"You are my defeated opponent, you were before, you are now, and you will never change."

Their gazes locked, and the world fell silent.

All sound vanished.

The demonic dragon army ceased its roar, Long Zhan held his breath, and everyone in Yunxian City stared wide-eyed, holding their breath, their hearts pounding, their eyes fixed on the two figures facing off in mid-air.

It was a fateful duel.

It was the prelude to the complete eruption of grudges accumulated over lifetimes.

Sonya remained quietly beside Ning Zhi, her purple robes fluttering, her gaze fixed on David's face, the confusion and struggle in her eyes growing stronger.

That figure, that familiarity, became clearer and clearer.

The pain in her heart intensified.

Why, when she didn't know him, did it hurt so much?

Why, when she couldn't remember, did it matter so much?

Her brows furrowed deeper, her head throbbed more, as if something was about to break free of its seal and burst forth.

Finally, she couldn't help but raise her hand, gently pressing her throbbing temples, her delicate brows tightly knit.

Ning Zhi noticed Sonya's unusual behavior beside him, his brows furrowing slightly, a flicker of wariness in his eyes before he regained his calm and gentle demeanor.

He spoke softly, his tone gentle, carrying an undeniable soothing quality: "Senior Sister, don't think about it anymore. The past isn't worth your worry. Just remember, I'm your junior brother, and I will always protect you. That's enough."

Sonya slowly raised her head, looking at Ning Zhi's gentle face. A complex emotion flashed in her eyes—confusion, bewilderment, and a barely perceptible distance.

She nodded gently, forcibly suppressing the throbbing pain and memories in her mind, refusing to think about it anymore.

But that figure, bathed in golden light, with cold and resolute eyes, was like a brand, deeply engraved in her heart, indelible and impossible to erase.

Above Yunxian City, demonic energy surged, dragon might roared, killing intent permeated the air, and the atmosphere was extremely tense.

Fated rivals, reunited lovers, forgotten memories, and an irreconcilable feud.

All of this converged at this moment.

An ultimate feud spanning several lifetimes, destined to shake the fourteen heavens, was about to officially begin.

No one knows how this duel will end.

Chapter 6216

Above Yunxian City, the sky and earth changed color. Demonic energy surged like a raging torrent, and a thick, dark fog almost completely obscured the heavens. Within the impenetrable darkness, flashes of crimson lightning occasionally streaked across the sky, exuding a ferocious, world-destroying power.

Simultaneously, a mighty dragon's might awakened like a sacred mountain slumbering for millennia, distorting the void and filling the air with visible golden ripples. Wherever it passed, even demonic energy was forced to retreat.

These two completely different yet equally terrifying auras collided and tore at each other in mid-air, each clash unleashing a devastating gale. The gale, carrying debris and sword energy, swept in all directions.

The walls of Yunxian City trembled violently, and the cultivators within were so terrified they prostrated themselves on the ground, too afraid to even look up. They felt the two oppressive forces pressing down on them like two mountains, making it hard to breathe, their very souls trembling.

David and Ning Zhi stood a full hundred feet apart, facing each other amidst the raging winds and demonic energy. Their auras locked onto each other, neither yielding an inch.

Their gazes clashed fiercely in mid-air, not merely ordinary eye contact, but a direct confrontation of souls and cultivation. Sparks seemed to fly and explode in the void, accompanied by ear-piercing sonic booms.

The oppressive atmosphere was incredibly thick, like solidified ice, suffocating everyone. Even the ferocious demonic dragons coiled behind Ning Zhi ceased their roars, their massive wings slightly folded, not daring to utter a sound.

Pairs of scarlet eyes were fixed on the figure bathed in golden light. Their bestial instincts clearly sensed a deadly threat, a reverence from the depths of their bloodlines that prevented them from making a move.

Golden dragon energy slowly rose around David, like a golden sea of clouds enveloping him, each wisp exuding sacred majesty.

The phantom of a five-clawed golden dragon loomed behind him, its scales clearly visible, its whiskers fluttering in the wind, and its roar echoing faintly between heaven and earth, deep and resonant, making one's eardrums tingle. It was the majesty of the supreme dragon race, not to be profaned by any evil spirit.

He had just emerged from his secluded cultivation, his aura not yet fully stable, his spiritual energy still surging and harmonizing wildly in his meridians.

Yet, the domineering aura that emanated from his very bones, looking down upon the world and arrogance over all living beings, filled all the cultivators present with awe, even the veteran powerhouses of the Heavenly Realm dared not underestimate him in the slightest.

But even with the overwhelming dragon might surrounding him, David's gaze could not be completely taken away from that purple-clad figure, as if an invisible thread was firmly pulling his mind, drawing all his attention to it.

The figure in flowing purple robes stood quietly half a step away from Ning Zhi. Her garments fluttered in the wind, outlining her slender yet upright figure. She was ethereal and otherworldly, like a fairy descended from the heavens, untouched by worldly dust.

Her eyes held a coldness like unyielding ice, yet in David's eyes, that face remained etched deep within his soul, a face that haunted his dreams.

Her gaze was filled with unfamiliarity and confusion, devoid of any former tenderness, affection, or dependence, not even a trace of familiarity. It was as if they were complete strangers.

David's heart felt as if it were being gripped tightly by an invisible hand, repeatedly kneaded and torn apart. A sharp pain spread through his limbs, making it almost impossible for him to breathe, and even the dragon energy around him momentarily became disordered.

He longed to rush over, to embrace the person he yearned for day and night, and to tell her how much he missed her. But the barrier between them was like an insurmountable chasm, making it impossible for him to move forward.

But he couldn't give up. He couldn't afford to fall now.

The thousands of cultivators in Yunxian City were waiting for him, his friends were waiting for him. Even if his heart ached like it was being torn apart, he had to hold on.

David took a deep breath, his chest heaving violently, forcibly suppressing the surging pain and longing in his heart, pressing the overflowing emotions deep within his soul. He slowly raised his right hand and gently clenched it towards the void.

In an instant, golden light flashed!

The brilliant golden light pierced through the demonic energy, and a long sword, entirely black with fine golden patterns flowing across its blade, appeared out of thin air in his hand. The blade was thick, the hilt engraved with dragon patterns, and it was warm to the touch, with a familiar feel.

This was the Dragon-Slaying Sword.

The sword trembled slightly, emitting a deep and long sword cry, as if a divine weapon that had slumbered for eternity had awakened, responding to its

master's call, or as if announcing to the heavens and earth that its master, after enduring hardships, had finally returned.

The golden patterns on the sword spread along David's palm, merging with the dragon energy within him, radiating an increasingly sharp aura.

David gripped the Dragon-Slaying Sword, its tip pointing diagonally at the ground. The chaotic energy around him gradually calmed, and the pain in his eyes was completely replaced by a chilling killing intent.

He was like a volcano dormant for millennia, about to erupt; its surface appeared calm and undisturbed, but within surged a power capable of destroying everything. That killing intent was directed directly at Ning Zhi, without any concealment.

Ning Zhi looked at David's restrained yet resolute appearance, his smile deepening, his eyes filled with mockery and ridicule, as if looking at a clown. The demonic energy around him surged even more violently, making his face appear even more sinister.

"Oh? The Dragon-Slaying Sword?"

He spoke lightly, his voice not loud, but carried throughout Cloud Immortal City by the demonic energy, clearly reaching everyone's ears. His contempt was undisguised. "David, you really are nostalgic. So many years have passed, and you're still using this broken sword. How has the mighty Golden Dragon bloodline fallen so low that you can't even produce a decent divine weapon?"

He paused, his gaze sweeping disdainfully over the Dragon-Slaying Sword in David's hand, his tone growing increasingly contemptuous, even carrying a hint of condescending mockery: "That's true..." "You're only at the fourth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm, practically at the bottom of the fourteenth heaven. Even with an ancient sword like the Dragon-Slaying Sword, how much power can you unleash? You

probably can't even execute a complete sword move. With such meager strength, you dare to fight me? You're simply humiliating yourself."

David calmly looked at him, showing no anger or expression. She simply spoke in a cold, emotionless voice: "Ning Zhi, you talk too much nonsense. If you want to fight, then fight. Why bother making a racket here and becoming annoyed?"

"Heh."

Ning Zhi sneered, a cruel smile curving his lips. Just as he was about to continue his taunts, a sharp, clear female voice suddenly broke the silence in the air.

Chapter 6217

"David!"

Chen Wanqing's figure soared into the sky from the depths of the City Lord's Mansion. Her white robes were already stained with blood, the bloodstains mottled, fluttering in the gale like a candle in the wind, seemingly on the verge of collapse, yet possessing a resolute beauty of desperation, revealing a heartbreaking resilience.

She channeled the last of her spiritual power, disregarding everything, and flew to David's side. She reached out her slightly trembling hand and gently grasped David's sleeve. Her beautiful face was filled with solemnity and worry, her eyes reddening, clearly indicating that she had experienced a fierce battle.

"David, listen to me."

Chen Wanqing's voice was urgent and low, filled with barely concealed panic. Her eyes were fixed warily on Ning Zhi not far away, fearing he might suddenly attack. "This person is extremely strong, far beyond your imagination. He's simply not someone you can contend with right now.

Just before you emerged from seclusion, the Temple Master Shen Tong personally tried to suppress this fiend, but he... severely injured him with a single blow, forcing him to flee in a sorry state. He even broke the Temple's protective array!"

David's pupils contracted slightly, his heart churning with shock.

Temple Master Shen Tong?

He was one of the true top experts of the Fourteenth Heaven, his cultivation already at the peak of the Second Grade of the True Immortal Realm. He stood at the pinnacle of the Fourteenth Heaven, a figure revered by countless cultivators, his divine abilities and techniques reaching the heavens and the earth.

Such a powerful figure was actually severely injured by Ning Zhi with a single blow, unable to even retaliate, and could only flee in a sorry state?

David's heart grew even heavier. He knew Ning Zhi's strength would surge after falling into the demonic path, but he hadn't expected it to surge to this extent, far surpassing the normal realm of the Heavenly Realm.

"This person clearly reached such a level by devouring the souls and cultivation of countless cultivators. The demonic energy around him even has a corrosive effect on the soul."

Chen Wanqing gripped David's sleeve tightly, her tone full of urgency. "David, you must be careful. You must not be careless, and you must not confront him head-on. We must first find a way to retreat and then find a strategy to defeat him." David

was silent for a moment, looking at Chen Wanqing's worried expression, and nodded slightly, his voice calm but firm: "I understand."

Of course, he wouldn't be careless.

From the first moment he saw Ning Zhi, he clearly felt that unfathomable aura, that terrifying power lurking in the dense demonic energy, enough to crush everything. It was a kind of pressure that even he felt apprehensive about, something that the Ning Zhi of the past could never possess.

Ning Zhi was no longer the defeated and pathetic dog he had been, repeatedly beaten and forced to flee.

The current Ning Zhi truly had the right to stand before him, the right to challenge him, and even the right to take his life.

But so what?

A defeated opponent was still a defeated opponent.

Even if he had fallen into demonic ways and his cultivation had skyrocketed, in David's heart, he was still that petty man who only knew how to use underhanded tricks.

David's gaze returned to Ning Zhi, his eyes showing no fear, only a chilling fighting spirit and suppressed killing intent. The dragon energy around him surged once more, and the sword's cry grew increasingly rapid.

Ning Zhi took in the intimate scene between Chen Wanqing and David, a fleeting, almost imperceptible coldness and jealousy flashing in his eyes, which then transformed into a more mocking smile, even carrying a hint of provocation.

He turned his head to look at Sonya beside him, his tone flippant and deliberate, his voice just loud enough for David to hear: "Senior Sister, look, those are David's women.

Oh, right, and not just one, there are several more below, all guarding the entrance to the secret chamber, completely devoted to him, each one crying their eyes out, afraid something might happen to him. Tsk tsk, that guy David,

he's really got a lot of luck with women, he has female companions wherever he goes."

Sonya stood quietly, her gaze following Ning Zhi's words to Chen Wanqing, carefully examining the woman before her.

She was an extremely beautiful woman, her white clothes stained with blood, her temperament aloof and cold, her brows full of concern and worry, tightly holding David's sleeve, as if afraid he might be harmed in any way, her concern genuine and without pretense.

The two stood together, so intimate, so natural, like long-time lovers, without the slightest barrier between them.

For some reason, an indescribable bitterness suddenly welled up in Sonya's heart, like a sour stone lodged in her chest, dull and aching.

It was a completely unfamiliar emotion, so unfamiliar that she couldn't understand it, much less control it, and could only let it spread within her.

Why was she so bitter?

She didn't even know that person, had no relation to him, so why did she feel bitter because he was intimate with another woman?

But why, seeing him standing with another woman, seeing that other woman so intimately holding his sleeve, seeing the gentle look in his eyes towards that woman, did her heart feel as if it had been stabbed by something sharp, a dull ache, making even breathing difficult?

Sonya's brows furrowed tightly, her beautiful face filled with confusion and bewilderment. She tried to suppress this inexplicable emotion, but found it impossible; the bitterness and pain grew stronger and stronger, making her restless.

She desperately suppressed the turmoil in her heart, forcibly averting her gaze from David and looking elsewhere, no longer wanting to see the intimate figures, trying to calm herself down.

Ning Zhi took in Sonya's subtle reactions, his smile deepening, a smug gleam in his eyes.

This was exactly the effect he wanted.

To make David suffer, to make David despair, to make David completely lose his dignity in front of Sonya, to see his beloved as a stranger to him, even jealous because of him—this was a thousand times more satisfying than simply killing David.

He wanted to destroy David's mind little by little, to make him collapse in agony.

"David,"

Ning Zhi spoke again, his tone increasingly arrogant, the demonic energy around him churning even more violently. "You want to fight? Fine, I'll give you that chance, to fulfill your obsession."

He slowly raised his right hand, making a casual gesture of invitation, his face full of mockery and disdain, his eyes practically overflowing with contempt. "Come on, let me see just how much power a fourth-grade Upper Immortal can unleash."

David calmly looked at him, saying nothing, his aura already reaching its peak.

He simply raised the Dragon-Slaying Sword, its tip pointing directly at Ning Zhi, golden light surging around him, dragon might filling the entire sky, forcing the demonic energy to retreat continuously, his aura instantly reaching its limit, his spiritual power surging wildly within him, preparing to unleash his full power.

But just as he was about to take his first step and strike, Ning Zhi suddenly laughed.

That smile, filled with endless smugness and cruelty, exuded a chilling ruthlessness that made every cultivator present tense.

Chapter 6218

"However..."

Ning Zhi's tone shifted abruptly, as if discussing a trivial matter, "Dealing with someone like you doesn't require my personal intervention; it would dirty my hands."

He turned to Sonya beside him, his voice instantly becoming gentle and tender, carrying an undeniable certainty, as if he were giving a perfectly ordinary order.

"Senior Sister, I'll trouble you to teach this arrogant fool a lesson, to show him who he should and shouldn't mess with," Ning Zhi said.

Upon hearing this, the entire area fell silent.

Time seemed to stand still; the howling wind ceased, the churning demonic energy stopped, and all sound vanished, leaving only the rapid breathing of the crowd.

The cultivators of Yunxian City stared wide-eyed, their faces filled with disbelief. They never imagined that Ning Zhi would actually have Sonya deal with David.

David was struck dumb, frozen in place, unable to move. He nearly dropped the Dragon-Slaying Sword from his hand, and the dragon energy around him instantly became chaotic and violently fluctuated.

He looked at Ning Zhi in disbelief, his eyes filled with anger and killing intent, then abruptly turned to look at Sonya, his eyes filled with shock, pain, and despair—a collapse of feeling as if he had fallen from heaven to hell, making his very soul tremble.

“Ning Zhi!!!”

David roared, his voice hoarse and frantic, filled with boundless grief and indignation. His eyes blazed with murderous intent, almost tearing Ning Zhi to shreds. “You dare let Yuqi make a move?! You despicable scoundrel, are you even human?!”

Ning Zhi merely smiled faintly, as if he hadn’t heard David’s roar. His eyes were indifferent, even slightly amusement, as he continued softly to Sonya, “Senior Sister, go. This person is nothing but an insignificant ant, a clown. No need to show mercy, just cripple him.”

Sonya’s brows furrowed tightly, her resistance growing stronger.

She looked at David, frozen in place below, at his deathly pale face, at the intense, unyielding pain and despair in his eyes, at his trembling body, and an indescribable resistance welled up within her.

It was an instinctive resistance that made her unwilling to take a step, unwilling to attack this man.

She didn’t want to make a move.

She didn’t know why, there was no reason in her heart, but she just didn’t want to attack that person, even if Ning Zhi ordered her to, she wouldn’t.

“Senior Sister?”

Ning Zhi’s voice sounded again, still gentle, but with a hint of coldness that was hard to detect, and a subtle threat permeated the air, “What’s wrong? Is there a problem? Or is it that you can’t bear to lay a hand on him?”

Sonya turned her head to look at Ning Zhi.

Ning Zhi's face still had that gentle and harmless smile, but deep in his deep eyes, there was a hint of sinister and obsessive power that she couldn't understand. That emotion made her instinctively feel uneasy and her heart pound.

"I..."

Sonya opened her mouth, wanting to refuse, wanting to say that she didn't want to attack, but the words were interrupted gently by Ning Zhi.

"Senior Sister, trust me."

Ning Zhi's voice was gentle yet firm, carrying an irresistible soothing power, as if coaxing a disobedient child. "This person isn't worth your hesitation. He's our enemy, hostile to both of us.

Go, just consider it... to vent my anger. For so many years, he's always been one step ahead of me; I've long since grown to dislike him. If Master were here, he would have let you take action too."

Sonya remained silent for a moment, her mind a jumble of confusion. The blankness of her memories left her with no basis for judgment. In the end, she nodded gently.

She didn't even know why she had agreed.

Perhaps it was because Ning Zhi was the only person who had stayed by her side since her memories were lost, the only junior brother she trusted;

perhaps it was because deep down, she also vaguely wanted to understand why that person made her so concerned, so restless;

or perhaps it was because Ning Zhi invoked their master, the Flame Demon, making her unable to refuse.

The master's majesty was deeply etched into her soul, and even with her lost memories, that reverence remained.

She took a deep breath, suppressing the chaos and resistance in her heart, and slowly raised her right hand.

A flash of crimson light!

A longsword, entirely crimson with dark red flame patterns flowing across its blade, appeared out of thin air in her hand.

The sword was formed from the purest demonic fire, and its scorching aura instantly spread, distorting and warping the surrounding air. The sword tip trembled slightly, emitting a sharp and intense sword cry, exuding a killing intent capable of incinerating everything.

This was her sword, the Burning Heaven Sword, containing the purest and most yang demonic flames, capable of burning away the soul and consuming all things.

Sonya gripped her longsword tightly, her fingertips tightening until her knuckles turned white. The sword's heat radiated through her palms, yet it couldn't warm the coldness and chaos in her heart.

Her gaze fell on David again, a complex mix of emotions flashing in her eyes—confusion, resistance, bewilderment—ultimately settling into a resolute determination.

She told herself she was merely following her junior brother's orders to deal with an enemy.

Her figure moved.

Clad in flowing purple robes, surrounded by crimson flames, she appeared like a celestial fire god descending from the heavens, her movements light yet

carrying a murderous intent capable of incinerating everything. In an instant, she traversed a hundred feet, hurtling towards David!

Her speed was extreme, leaving only a trail of purple and crimson afterimages. The flames of the Burning Heaven Sword ripped through the sky, carrying a heat capable of burning the soul, aiming straight for David's throat!

David stood motionless, seemingly frozen in terror, the dragon aura around him completely subsiding.

He watched the purple figure rushing towards him, the face he had longed for day and night, the eyes that had once been filled with love, now brimming with unfamiliarity and murderous intent.

David's heart felt as if it were being pierced repeatedly by countless sharp knives, the pain excruciating, suffocating, even his very soul seemed to wail.

Yet he remained motionless.

He even slowly lowered the Dragon-Slaying Sword, letting its tip droop, offering no defense, no counterattack.

"David!!!" Chen Wanqing

's cry rang in his ears, hoarse and desperate. She wanted to rush forward and push David away, to shield him from the sword.

But her body was locked in place by an invisible pressure, unable to move, forced to watch helplessly as the crimson flame pierced towards David.

But David could no longer hear it.

In his world, only that purple figure remained, only that face he loved to the core.

The sword light arrived in an instant!

The blazing sword tip, carrying flames that could incinerate everything, pierced straight towards his throat. If it went in just one more inch, it would pierce his throat, burn his soul with demonic fire, and take his life.

Chapter 6219

David didn't dodge.

He simply looked at Sonya, his eyes filled with pain, longing, guilt, and endless love, without a trace of resentment or anger. His voice was hoarse and trembling, each word seemingly squeezed from the depths of his heart as he softly uttered,

"Yuqi..."

This call was filled with countless thoughts, countless sorrows, and countless obsessions.

The sword tip stopped abruptly just an inch from his throat.

Sonya's hand, gripping the sword, trembled uncontrollably, the flames of the Burning Heaven Sword becoming erratic, and its intense heat dissipating somewhat.

She looked at the person before her, at the pain and love in his eyes, at his pale yet still gentle face, at the deep obsession in his eyes, and an indescribable piercing pain welled up in her heart.

That pain was more unbearable than the burning of any flame, making her almost unable to hold the sword.

Why?

Why couldn't she do it?

Why did seeing his pained and desperate appearance cause her heartache?
Why did she feel reluctance?

"Why...why didn't you dodge?"

Sonya's voice was cold, yet trembled slightly, a tremor she herself didn't notice, her tone filled with confusion.

David looked at her, his eyes filled with tenderness and heartache, as if the person before him wasn't someone trying to kill him, but the most precious treasure he cherished and wanted to protect in his life. Even if she were to take his life, he would gladly accept it.

"Because it's you."

His voice was hoarse and gentle, filled with endless doting. "No matter when, no matter what you do to me, I will never lay a hand on you, I will never run away from you.

Yuqi...do you really...not remember me at all? Can't you recall anything?"

Sonya's hands trembled even more violently, the Burning Heaven Sword almost slipping from her grasp, the flames on its blade flickering, mirroring her current state of mind.

She stared into David's eyes, the love in them so intense, so genuine, seemingly unreal. She desperately searched her memory.

Desperately trying to remember something, trying to find fragments of memory about this person, but her mind remained blank, only sharp, throbbing pains remained, like countless needles piercing her head.

"I...I don't know you."

She spoke again, but her voice wasn't as firm as before, carrying a hint of wavering she herself didn't realize; her inner defenses were crumbling little by little.

David's heart was stabbed again, the pain making him tremble, but he still didn't give up.

"It's okay."

He spoke softly, his eyes full of determination and tenderness. Even amidst despair, he hadn't given up. "It's okay if you don't remember. I'll wait patiently, I'll make you remember. Yuqi, we've been through so much together, so many trials and tribulations.

We've ventured into the mortal world together, faced countless life-or-death crises together, made promises under the starry sky, saying we'd be together for life, never to be separated... You must still remember, you must be able to remember..."

He rambled on, recounting those long-buried memories, those memories that belonged only to the two of them, every word filled with deep affection.

Sonya's brows furrowed tightly, her head throbbing more and more; the blankness of her memory filled her with panic.

But those words, those descriptions, those so-called experiences stirred a growing unease within her, as if something was about to break free of its shackles and awaken.

She had no recollection of them, yet the pain in her heart felt incredibly real.

Why did hearing these words cause her such pain?

Why couldn't she help but believe him? Why did she want to believe these things she had never experienced before?

"Shut up!"

she suddenly hissed, as if to mask the panic in her heart, and thrust the sword forward again!

The scorching tip of the sword pierced David's shoulder, flames instantly burning his flesh. Blood was vaporized before it could even flow, the air filled with the smell of burning flesh, and excruciating pain swept through his body.

David's body swayed slightly, a sharp pain shooting through his shoulder, but he didn't flinch, not even flinching, as if he felt no pain, still looking at Sonya tenderly.

He just looked at her quietly, his eyes devoid of resentment, anger, only heartache and tenderness, as if it wasn't him who was injured, but the woman before him.

"Does it hurt?"

he asked softly, his tone full of heartache, as if asking if he had hurt her.

Sonya froze, her hand gripping the sword stopping.

"It must hurt a lot,"

David said to himself, his voice as gentle as if soothing a child. Memories flooded his mind, and a tender smile curved his lips. "I remember, you were most afraid of pain..." "

Shut up!!!"

Sonya suddenly pulled out her longsword. Blood finally gushed out, only to be instantly evaporated by the flames, leaving the wound charred black. Without hesitation, she thrust again!

This time, the sword was faster and more ruthless, piercing David's abdomen. A deeper wound, more intense pain. Demonic fire raged within him, scorching his meridians and flesh.

David's body swayed violently, his face growing increasingly pale, cold sweat pouring down his forehead, his breath becoming weak, and he almost fell from mid-air.

But he still didn't dodge.

He just looked at Sonya, his eyes filled with undiminished tenderness and heartache. Even though he was severely injured, even though demonic fire burned within him, he still held her dearest in his heart.

"Yuqi..."

His voice was hoarse and weak, yet still filled with boundless love. "Do you remember? Once, you asked me what I would do if you pointed a sword at me, trying to kill me.

I said I would stand there, motionless, and let you stab me. Because I knew you wouldn't really hurt me, you couldn't bear to..."

Sonya's hand trembled so much she could barely hold the sword. The Burning Heaven Sword swayed in her hand, its flames flickering. Her eyes had reddened, tears welling up, but she stubbornly held them back.

Why?

Why was this happening?

Why did this person cause her so much heartache? So much reluctance?

Why couldn't she bring herself to kill him, even though she didn't know him?

"Don't say it..."

she whispered, her voice trembling, pleading. "Please don't say it..."

She didn't want to hear it, dared not hear it. Those words were breaking her heart, pushing her to the brink of collapse.

But the sword in her hand once again thrust out uncontrollably.

The sword pierced David's chest, just a hair's breadth from his heart. Demonic fire surged in instantly, scorching his heart meridian. A little deeper, and it would have pierced his heart, completely incinerating his soul and killing him instantly.

Blood gushed out, then evaporated by the flames, forming a strange blood mist that stained her purple robes and cheeks. The warm blood on her skin sent a shiver down her spine.

Chapter 6220

David's body finally gave way, and he collapsed to one knee in mid-air, his face ashen, his breath extremely weak. The dragon aura surrounding him had completely dissipated, leaving only a faint golden light that seemed ready to extinguish at any moment.

Yet, he still looked up at Sonya, his eyes filled with undiminished tenderness and love. Even on the verge of death, even with demonic fire raging within him, his gaze never left her.

"Yuqi..."

he began with difficulty, blood oozing from the corner of his mouth. Each word aggravated his wounds, causing excruciating pain. "I lost you. I'm so sorry to your father. I think of you constantly, I want to find you, but..."

Sonya's body trembled violently, unable to control herself any longer. Tears streamed down her cheeks, dripping onto the Burning Heaven Sword, mingling with the blood and instantly vaporized by the flames.

Looking at the man before her, covered in blood, barely breathing, yet still gazing at her with such tender love, the pain in her heart felt like it was tearing her chest apart, making it hard to breathe.

Why?

Why did her heart ache so much?

Why did her tears flow uncontrollably?

She raised her hand, wanting to stab again, wanting to end it all, but her hand wouldn't go down, as if weighed down by a thousand pounds, impossible to lift.

Below, Chen Wanqing and the others were already in tears, sobbing uncontrollably. Seeing David's severely injured state, their hearts ached, yet they were powerless.

"David!!!"

Chen Wanqing shouted, her voice hoarse and desperate. She wanted to rush forward, to save David, but David raised his hand to stop her.

David turned his head with difficulty, looked at Chen Wanqing, and gently shook his head. His eyes were weak but firm, clearly saying: Don't come closer, this is between her and me, I'm willing.

Chen Wanqing bit her lip hard, drawing blood, her lip bleeding, but she didn't move again. She could only watch the scene in the air, tears streaming down her face, her heart aching so much she couldn't breathe.

She knew this was David's choice.

Even if he died by Sonya's sword, he would never retaliate, never harm Sonya in the slightest. This was an obsession etched into his bones, one that no one could change.

In the sky, Ning Zhi watched this scene, his smile growing ever wider, more triumphant, more cruel, his eyes filled with the pleasure of revenge.

This was exactly what he wanted.

To see David stabbed repeatedly by his beloved, to see David wretched and insignificant as an ant, to see David struggle in pain and despair, to see him suffer a

fate worse than death. This feeling was a thousand times more exhilarating than conquering the world, more powerful than dominating all heavens.

He wanted to destroy everything David had, including his love, his dignity, his life.

"Senior Sister, continue,"

he said calmly, his voice gentle yet carrying an undeniable command, devoid of any warmth. "This man is not worth your pity. He is merely seeking your sympathy. Kill him, and eliminate any future trouble."

Sonya's body trembled slightly, her tears flowing even more fiercely.

She turned to look at Ning Zhi.

Ning Zhi's face still wore that gentle smile, but for some reason, Sonya suddenly felt that his face had become somewhat unfamiliar, somewhat sinister, even somewhat frightening.

She looked at David again.

David was still kneeling in mid-air, covered in blood, his breath weak, yet he still looked at her with those eyes full of tenderness and love, without a trace of resentment, only heartache.

Those eyes pained her.

Those eyes made her waver.

Her hand holding the sword slowly lowered, the Burning Heaven Sword lost its power, the blade drooped, and the flames gradually extinguished, all killing intent gone.

"I..."

She opened her mouth, unsure what to say.

Sonya's hand slowly fell, the flames of the Burning Heaven Sword completely extinguished, and the blade returned to its calm state.

Looking at the man before her, covered in blood, barely breathing, yet still gazing at her with tender eyes, the piercing pain in her heart almost made her lose her balance.

She didn't want to stab him anymore.

She didn't know who this man was, didn't know what had happened between them, but a voice deep within her told her—she couldn't hurt him anymore.

Sonya took a deep breath, tears silently streaming down her

face. She looked deeply at David, a look filled with confusion, heartache, guilt, and a complex emotion she herself couldn't quite define.

Then, she turned.

Her purple robes fluttered, and with her back to David, to the man she had stabbed so many times, she stepped into the distance, disappearing into the air.

"Yuqi!!!"

David's voice rang out behind her, hoarse and desperate, filled with heart-wrenching pain, "Where are you going? Don't go!"

Sonya paused, her body trembling slightly, but she ultimately didn't turn around.

She didn't know how to face him, how to respond to that intense, suffocating love.

Her mind was blank; the only thing she could do was escape.

"Yuqi!!!"

David struggled to stand up, wanting to chase after her, but his severely injured body wouldn't obey. The moment he moved, the wound on his chest burst open, blood gushing out, and he collapsed into the air again.

He could only use his last strength to watch the purple figure receding into the distance, his eyes filled with despair and reluctance.

"Don't go... please don't go..."

His voice grew weaker and weaker, the light in his eyes dimming, as if half of his soul had been ripped away with Sonya's departure.

In the sky, Ning Zhi's face instantly turned incredibly grim.

He stared intently at Sonya's departing figure, his eyes filled with disbelief and rage.

He never expected that Sonya would back down at the crucial moment, would actually disobey his orders!

"Senior Sister!!!"

Ning Zhi shouted loudly, his voice carrying an unquestionable command, "You stop right there! I told you to kill him, did you hear me?!"

Sonya didn't stop.

Her figure grew farther and farther away, without even turning her head, as if she hadn't heard Ning Zhi's shouts at all, or as if she had heard them but didn't want to pay attention.

Ning Zhi's face turned completely gloomy, so sinister it could drip water.

His hands clenched into fists, his knuckles white, and the demonic energy around him surged wildly, exuding an aura of rage.

"Fine, very well."

He gritted his teeth, enunciating each word clearly, the killing intent in his eyes almost overflowing, "If you don't kill him, I'll do it myself!"

Before the words were finished, Ning Zhi's figure instantly disappeared from the spot!

The next moment, he had already appeared several feet in front of David, the demonic energy around him surging like a monstrous wave.

With a flick of his right hand, a long, jet-black sword, wreathed in menacing demonic energy, appeared in his grasp. Twisted ghost faces were faintly visible on the blade, emitting mournful howls.