

A Man Like None Other Novel

Chapter 6221

"David!"

Ning Zhi's voice was icy cold, filled with endless killing intent and resentment. "Today is your death day! I will personally end your life, leaving you without a burial place, your soul scattered to the winds!"

As soon as he finished speaking, the demonic blade in his hand slashed down!

The blade's light was as black as ink, carrying a world-destroying power, cleaving down towards David. The void itself was torn apart by this strike, revealing dark cracks. If this strike landed, David would surely die!

At this critical moment...

"Stop!!!"

A roar rang out, and Long Zhan instantly appeared in front of David. Covered in blood, he held a broken sword, using his last ounce of strength to meet the terrifying blade's light head-on!

Boom!!!

A deafening explosion erupted, golden and black light clashing wildly. Long Zhan's figure was struck as if by a heavy blow, blasted away.

Blood gushed from his mouth as he crashed heavily onto the city wall, creating a huge crater, from which he could never rise again.

“Dragon Battle!!!”

David roared, his eyes filled with grief and rage, but his severely injured body prevented him from even standing.

“David!”

Chen Wanqing rushed forward, shielding David, her spiritual energy surging, her eyes filled with determination.

“And me!”

Ming Li, wielding a ghost blade, soared into the sky from below, his ghostly aura chilling, blocking David’s other side. Even though he was already severely injured, even though he knew he was no match, he would never retreat a single step.

“Young Master Chen, we’ll protect you!”

Yun Yao and Liu Qianqian also rushed forward. Although they were exhausted and could barely stand, they still exerted all their strength to shield David.

Four severely injured and dying people used their last strength to protect David behind them, using their bodies to form the last line of defense.

Ning Zhi watched this scene, a cruel smile curling at the corner of his mouth.

“A bunch of ants, daring to block my way?”

He spoke coldly, his tone full of disdain. “You think you can stop me with just a few defeated soldiers? What a joke.”

He raised his hand and waved it lightly behind him.

"Long Yuan, take the demonic dragons and keep these ignorant fools occupied. I want to kill David with my own hands, to let him die by my blade."

Long Yuan accepted the order, and with a single command, thousands of demonic dragons roared in unison, their massive wings flapping as they swooped down!

Long Zhan struggled to his feet from the ruins and charged forward again;

Chen Wanqing, Ming Li, Yun Yao, Liu Qianqian, and everyone else fought with all their might against the demonic dragon army.

They were no match for them; every clash was fraught with danger, and new wounds were constantly being inflicted upon them.

But not one of them retreated, not one of them flinched, holding their positions tightly, using their lives to buy David the last bit of time.

Ning Zhi didn't even glance at them; his eyes were only on David.

He walked towards David step by step, each step intensifying the demonic energy around him and fueling his killing intent.

"David, do you see that?"

Ning Zhi's voice was filled with boundless smugness. "Your woman, your brothers, are all risking their lives for you. But so what? None of them can save you. Today, you must die by my hand!"

David calmly looked at him, even though he was covered in blood and barely breathing, there was no fear in his eyes.

He slowly stood up, gripping the Dragon-Slaying Sword tightly, its tip pointing at Ning Zhi.

"Want to kill me?"

David's voice was hoarse and weak, yet carried an indomitable arrogance.
"Then try."

Ning Zhi sneered, refusing further words. He flashed forward, instantly appearing before David, his demonic blade slashing down!

David fought with all his might, parrying with his sword!

Clang!!!

Swords clashed, sparks flew, and a terrifying shockwave swept in all directions!

David was sent flying like a kite with a broken string, spitting out blood as he crashed heavily to the ground, creating a huge crater.

He struggled to his feet, but Ning Zhi gave him no chance to catch his breath, slashing down again!

Clang!!!

David was blasted away once more, his wounds reopening, blood staining the ground crimson, yet he gritted his teeth and stood up again.

"David!" Chen

Wanqing's shrill cry rang out. She tried to rush over, but was tightly bound by several demonic dragons, unable to break free.

"Young Master Chen!"

Yun Yao also cried, her sobs heart-wrenching, but she too was bound by the demonic dragons, helplessly watching David being blasted away time and time again.

Ning Zhi watched David fall and rise again and again, his smile growing increasingly cruel.

"You're quite tenacious,"

he said coldly. "But so what? In your current state, you can't even withstand one of my strikes, yet you think you can resist? You're simply courting death!"

Before he finished speaking, he attacked again. This time, the blade's edge was even sharper and more ruthless, aimed directly at David's vitals! Chen

Ping desperately swung his sword to block, but his heavily injured body couldn't withstand the force. The Dragon-Slaying Sword flew from his hand, and he was blasted away again, crashing heavily to the ground, unable to rise again.

Ning Zhi walked step by step to David, looking down at him with mockery and smugness in his eyes.

"David, you've finally met your match."

He slowly raised the demonic blade in his hand, the tip aimed at David's throat. "Back then, you defeated me time and time again, forcing me to flee in disarray. Did you ever imagine that this day would come? That you would die by my hand?"

David looked at him, blood trickling from the corner of his mouth, yet he smiled.

That smile was filled with mockery, disdain, and an arrogance that refused to yield even in death.

"Ning Zhi...you think...you've won?"

David's voice was weak, yet each word was crystal clear. "You...will always...be my defeated foe...always..."

Ning Zhi's face instantly darkened, his eyes blazing with murderous intent.

“Still daring to talk back when you’re about to die!”

He roared, his demonic blade slashing down fiercely!

The blade’s light was as black as ink, carrying the power to destroy everything, aimed straight for David’s head!

David calmly closed his eyes, Sonya’s face appearing in his mind, a gentle smile curving his lips.

Yuqi...

if there is an afterlife, I will find you again, I will love you again...

Just at this critical moment—

a dazzling black light suddenly bloomed before David!

The light was dense yet not blinding, carrying a faint aura of the underworld, instantly enveloping David.

Clang!!!

The deafening sound of metal clashing exploded, a terrifying shockwave sweeping in all directions!

Ning Zhi’s demonic blade was firmly blocked by a long, jet-black sword, unable to fall even an inch further.

“Who?!”

Ning Zhi’s pupils contracted sharply, and he looked up abruptly.

The light dissipated, and a figure stood steadily in front of David.

It was an extremely beautiful woman.

She wore a long black dress, her ink-black hair cascaded over her shoulders, fluttering gently in the wind, her skin was as white as snow, her eyebrows and eyes were exquisitely beautiful, her features were delicate to the extreme, and her temperament was both aloof and enchanting.

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A faint ghostly aura emanated from the woman, yet she showed no ferocity, like a ghostly fairy emerging from the underworld. This

was Yun Xi, the princess of the Ghost Clan.

Holding a jet-black longsword, her aura was vast and boundless, her gaze fixed coldly on Ning Zhi, her eyes filled with rage and killing intent.

"Touch him?"

Yun Xi's voice was icy and chilling, each word sharp and piercing, "Did you ask me?"

Ning Zhi's pupils contracted, and he instinctively took a step back.

He could sense that this suddenly appearing woman was incredibly powerful!

"Yun Xi..."

David's weak voice sounded behind him, his eyes filled with shock and surprise, "You... how could you..."

Yun Xi didn't turn around, but gently said, "Don't be afraid, I will protect you."

After speaking, she looked at Ning Zhi again, the gentleness in her eyes instantly turning into icy killing intent.

"Dare to hurt him, you're courting death!"

Before the words were even finished, Yun Xi's figure vanished from the spot!

The next moment, she appeared before Ning Zhi, her longsword, imbued with overwhelming ghostly energy, slashing down fiercely!

Ning Zhi's expression changed drastically, and he hurriedly swung his sword to block!

Clang! Clang! Clang!

The two clashed fiercely in the void, sword light and blade light crisscrossing, terrifying shockwaves sweeping in all directions, distorting and shattering the void!

The more Ning Zhi fought, the more alarmed he became.

This woman who had suddenly appeared was so powerful; he had no way to defeat her quickly!

Moreover, her ghostly aura carried a strange power that could corrode his demonic energy, making him feel restricted!

Just then, David forced himself to stand up.

He raised his hand, and the Dragon-Slaying Sword flew back into his hand.

Even though he was severely injured and on the verge of death, even though his breath was weak, his eyes still burned with an indomitable fighting spirit.

"Yun Xi, I'm here to help you!"

David shouted, forcibly circulating the remaining spiritual power in his body, and golden light shone around him again, though weak, it still carried the majesty of the Dragon Emperor.

He held the Dragon-Slaying Sword and launched a fierce attack on Ning Zhi!

Yun Xi and Ning Zhi worked in perfect harmony, their attacks relentless from either side, gradually gaining the upper hand over Ning Zhi!

Ning Zhi's expression grew increasingly grim.

Yun Xi alone was already a problem, and now, with the addition of David, who, despite being severely injured, was still recklessly aggressive, he was slowly falling into a disadvantageous position!

What angered him even more was that the demonic dragon army led by Long Yuan was also tightly bound by Long Zhan and the others, unable to break free to help him!

"Damn it!"

Ning Zhi gritted his teeth, his eyes filled with resentment and rage.

He had almost killed David, just a hair's breadth away!

But this damned ghost woman had to appear at this crucial moment, ruining his grand plan!

"David!"

Ning Zhi roared, "You're lucky today! But don't be so smug, next time, you won't be so fortunate!" Before he finished speaking, he swung his sword fiercely, forcing David and Yun Xi back, and his figure instantly retreated.

"Retreat!"

he roared, turning and rushing away into the distance, disappearing into the horizon in the blink of an eye.

Long Yuan and the demonic dragon army also stopped fighting, taking to the air and following Ning Zhi, disappearing into the billowing demonic energy in an instant.

In the sky, the demonic energy gradually dissipated, and sunlight shone down again, illuminating the ravaged Yunxian City.

David could no longer hold on and fell backward, only to be caught by Yun Xi.

"David! David!"

Yun Xi called out twice.

David looked at her weakly, forcing a smile.

"Yun Xi... thank you... you saved me again..."

Yun Xi smiled slightly: "You owe me two lives..."

David smiled, but then his gaze involuntarily turned to the distance, to the direction where Sonya had left.

There, it was empty, nothing was left.

"Yuqi..."

where did you go...

when will you remember me...?"

His consciousness gradually blurred, his vision went black, and he completely fainted.

Seeing this, Chen Wanqing rushed forward and hugged David tightly, tears silently streaming down her face. "David, rest well. No matter how long it takes, I will stay with you until you wake up."

In the distance, Ning Zhi frantically chased after him, finally catching up with the purple figure a thousand miles away from Yunxian City.

"Senior Sister! Senior Sister!"

He blocked Sonya's path, his face full of anxiety and confusion. "Why did you leave?! Why did you let David go?!"

Sonya looked at him quietly, her eyes eerily calm.

"Junior Brother,"

she said softly, "I don't know what's between him and me, I don't know why my heart aches. But I know I can't lay a hand on him again."

Ning Zhi's expression changed, a hint of panic flashing in his eyes.

"Senior Sister, listen to me, he's an enemy, our enemy!"

Sonya shook her head.

Without saying anything, she walked past Ning Zhi and continued forward.

Ning Zhi stood rooted to the spot, staring intently at her retreating figure, his eyes filled with resentment, anger, and a hint of panic he himself didn't realize.

David wasn't dead, and Sonya was beginning to waver.

Everything seemed to be heading in the direction he least wanted to see.

He clenched his fists tightly, his nails digging into his palms, drawing blood.

David...

next time, I will definitely kill you with my own hands!

I definitely will!

Chapter 6223

Above Yunxian City, the demonic energy finally dissipated completely, and the long-awaited sunlight pierced through the clouds, illuminating the ravaged city.

But that sunlight could not illuminate the devastation and sorrow within.

Most of the city walls had collapsed, leaving behind charred marks and deep, unfathomable cracks.

Piles of rubble and stones lay everywhere; the once bustling streets were now ruins, and the air was thick with the pungent stench of blood and acrid heat.

The cultivators staggered out of their hiding places, their eyes filled with a mixture of relief at surviving the calamity and profound grief as they gazed upon the ruins.

Yunxian City had suffered devastating losses in this battle.

Countless cultivators had perished, countless families shattered, and this once-mighty city, standing for so many years, was almost completely reduced to rubble.

Long Zhan stood atop the ruins, covered in blood, his wounds still bleeding, but he had no time to tend to his injuries.

He took a deep breath, forcing his exhausted body to stand firm, and loudly commanded:

"All Tianlong Clan members, heed my order! Immediately begin clearing the battlefield, treating the wounded, and collecting the remains of our fallen brothers!"

His voice was hoarse, yet carried an undeniable authority.

The surviving Tianlong Clan warriors readily obeyed, dragging their wounded bodies to begin clearing the ruins and searching for survivors.

Long Zhan then turned to the still-shaken cultivators in the city and said in a deep voice: "Gentlemen, the demonic dragon has retreated, but the casualties in the city are heavy. I implore you all to lend a helping hand, to treat the wounded, and to rebuild Yunxian City!"

The cultivators nodded, suppressing their fear and grief, and threw themselves into the treatment and cleanup efforts.

In an instant, the sky above Yunxian City echoed with cries of agony, sobs, and shouts, weaving together a tragic elegy for the aftermath of the battle.

Long Zhan watched all this, his eyes filled with heaviness.

They had won this battle, but the price of this victory was far too high.

He turned his head, looking towards the City Lord's Mansion, a hint of worry flashing in his eyes.

David...

you must pull through.

Deep within the City Lord's Mansion, in a relatively intact secret chamber,

David lay quietly on the bed, his face ashen, his breath so weak it was almost imperceptible.

His body was wrapped in bandages, blood seeping through them, a horrifying sight.

The wounds left by the demonic fire were charred black; even though Yun Xi had used her ghostly energy to dispel most of the demonic poison, the wounds were still hideous and terrifying, deep enough to expose bone.

Chen Wanqing sat by the bedside, tightly holding David's hand, her eyes reddening, tears silently streaming down her face.

She sat there, motionless, as if she would stay like that until the end of time.

After an unknown amount of time, David's fingers twitched slightly.

Chen Wanqing looked up abruptly, her eyes filled with joy.

"David! David!"

she called softly, her voice trembling.

David's eyelashes fluttered, and he slowly opened his eyes.

The first thing he saw was Chen Wanqing's tear-streaked face, her eyes filled with intense worry and joy.

"Wanqing..."

David's voice was hoarse and weak, as if squeezed from his throat.

"You're awake! You're finally awake!"

Chen Wanqing cried tears of joy, tightly gripping his hand. "Do you know, I... I almost thought you wouldn't wake up..."

David looked at her, a weak smile forcing a smile.

"I'm sorry to have worried you..." Chen Wanqing shook her head, wiped away her tears, and said seriously, "Lie still and don't move around. Yunxi said your injuries are too severe and you need to rest for at least a month to recover."

David nodded gently, but his gaze involuntarily drifted to the window, to the empty sky.

Looking into his eyes, Chen Wanqing felt a complex mix of emotions welling up inside her.

She remained silent for a moment, then finally asked softly,

"David, who...who is that woman?"

David's body stiffened slightly.

Chen Wanqing continued, "The woman in purple who injured you with the flaming sword. Who...is she to you?"

David remained silent for a long time, his eyes flashing with pain, longing, guilt, and deep love.

He spoke slowly, his voice hoarse,

"Her name is Sonya...she's my girlfriend."

Chen Wanqing's fingers tightened slightly.

Girlfriend.

Of course, she understood that word.

It was the worldly way of saying it, meaning...the woman he loved most.

"She..."

Chen Wanqing hesitated, choosing her words carefully. "Why did she hurt you? She seems like she really doesn't recognize you..."

David closed his eyes, took a deep breath, and slowly opened them.

"She has amnesia."

His voice was filled with endless bitterness. "We came from the mortal world together, experiencing so much. But then, she disappeared. I searched for her for a very, very long time... I never expected that when we met again, she would be under control, her memories sealed."

He paused, his eyes filled with heartache: "She doesn't remember me, doesn't remember anything between us. But I don't blame her, I only blame myself... I lost her, I didn't protect her."

Chen Wanqing listened quietly, a surge of indescribable emotion welling up inside her.

That emotion was bitterness, envy, and a hint of... jealousy that she herself didn't want to admit.

She looked at the tenderness and heartache in David's eyes when he mentioned Sonya, saw his uncomplaining attitude even when he was hurt beyond repair, and suddenly felt a pang of sadness.

She wished that one day, someone could treat her like that.

But that person already had someone else in their heart.

Chen Wanqing lowered her head, remained silent for a moment, then raised it again, forcing a smile.

"She... must be very happy."

David looked at her, a hint of guilt flashing in his eyes.

"Wanqing, I'm sorry, I..."

Chen Wanqing shook her head, interrupting him.

"You don't need to apologize. It's perfectly normal for someone like you to have a few close female friends."

She paused, then said softly, "I only hope you can recover well and get better soon. As for that Miss Su... I believe that one day, she will remember you."

David looked at her, his eyes filled with gratitude.

"Wanqing, thank you."

Chen Wanqing smiled, saying nothing more.

She simply sat quietly by the bedside, accompanying him, watching over him.

Even if he had someone else in his heart, she was willing to stay by his side.

That was enough.

Chapter 6224

Meanwhile, in another part of the City Lord's Mansion,

Yunxi stood in the courtyard, surrounded by ghostly energy, healing her injuries.

She had also sustained some wounds in the battle with Ning Zhi; though not serious, they required rest.

She heard soft footsteps behind her.

Yunxi opened her eyes, turned around, and saw Mingli slowly approaching.

Mingli's aura was also weak, and although his wounds were bandaged, blood still seeped through.

He stopped three steps in front of Yunxi, bowing slightly: "Princess Yunxi."

Yunxi looked at him, a strange light flashing in her eyes.

"Mingli...right? One of David's men?"

Mingli nodded: "Yes."

Yunxi scrutinized him carefully, her brows furrowing slightly.

"You...how come you have the aura of the Gate of Reincarnation on you?"

Mingli was startled, then realized, "Princess, you have good eyesight. Indeed, I have used the Gate of Reincarnation before."

A hint of surprise flashed in Yunxi's eyes, "You used the Gate of Reincarnation? Where is it now?"

Mingli smiled bitterly and shook his head.

"To be honest, Princess, the Gate of Reincarnation was indeed in my possession before, and I even used it to control some forces. But later... it was taken away by a powerful figure named Mr. Shi."

Yunxi frowned slightly: "Mr. Shi?"

Mingli nodded: "Mr. Shi is a friend of David, his strength is unfathomable, and his origins are even more mysterious. When he took the Gate of Reincarnation, he said that this thing was of great importance and could not be used casually."

Yunxi was silent for a moment, then sighed softly.

"I see..."

Ming Li looked at her and tentatively asked, "Princess, if I may be so bold as to ask, why are you so concerned about the Gate of Reincarnation? Could it be... that something has happened to the Ghost Clan of the Fifteenth Heaven?"

Yun Xi gave him a deep look, remained silent for a moment, and slowly said, "You are also a member of the Ghost Clan, so it's alright to tell you."

She paused and continued, "The situation of the Ghost Clan in the Fifteenth Heaven... is not optimistic."

Ming Li's expression hardened: "Please speak plainly, Princess."

Yun Xi looked up into the distance, a heavy look flashing in her eyes: "Do you know about the Reincarnation Bureau?"

"Of course I know, it's the place where our Ghost Clan cultivators reincarnate," Ming Li said.

"That's right, that's the place where our Ghost Clan cultivators reincarnate. Back then, our Ghost Clan suffered a massacre, and many cultivators were annihilated. But many others managed to reach the Reincarnation Bureau with just a wisp of their souls."

"Over the years, many reincarnated Ghost Clan cultivators have been reborn. But just a few hundred years ago, the Reincarnation Bureau suddenly underwent a strange change, trapping countless Ghost Clan cultivators' souls within, unable to escape or reincarnate."

She paused, her voice low: "Those trapped cultivators were the elite of the Ghost Clan, the foundation of our Ghost Clan. If we cannot rescue them, the Ghost Clan's survival in the Heavenly Realm will become increasingly difficult."

Ming Li's pupils contracted, his heart filled with shock.

"Is that so..."

Yunxi nodded. "I came to the Fourteenth Heaven this time to find the Gate of Reincarnation. The Gate of Reincarnation is a supreme treasure of reincarnation, sharing the same origin as the Reincarnation Bureau. Only by

using the power of the Gate of Reincarnation can we enter the depths of the Reincarnation Bureau and rescue our trapped clansmen.”

She looked at Mingli, a glimmer of hope in her eyes. “I thought finding the Gate of Reincarnation would solve the problem, but I didn’t expect that it had already been taken away by that Mr. Shi.”

Mingli was silent for a moment, then said in a deep voice, “Princess, don’t be discouraged. Mr. Shi and David have a close relationship. As long as David recovers, we can ask him to contact Mr. Shi and see if we can borrow the Gate of Reincarnation back.”

A glimmer of light flashed in Yunxi’s eyes.

“You mean... David can contact that Mr. Shi?”

Mingli nodded. “He should be able to. Mr. Shi has helped David many times, and the two have a deep friendship. As long as David asks, Mr. Shi should give him the honor.”

Yunxi took a deep breath, hope igniting in her eyes.

“Alright, then I’ll wait for David to recover.”

She paused, looked at Ming Li, and said softly, “Ming Li, thank you for telling me all this.”

Ming Li shook his head: “You’re too kind, Princess. I am also a member of the Ghost Clan. How could I stand idly by when the Ghost Clan of the Fifteenth Heaven is in trouble? If I can help, I will do my duty.”

Yun Xi looked at him, a hint of approval flashing in her eyes.

“Although you are in the Fourteenth Heaven, you still care about the Ghost Clan. That’s rare.”

Ming Li smiled bitterly: "I am just a wandering soul. If I could return to the Ghost Clan and do my part for the clan, that would be my wish."

Yun Xi nodded and said nothing more.

The two stood side by side in the courtyard, gazing at the distant sky.

That sky, once shrouded in demonic energy, had now regained its clarity.

Inside the secret chamber, David lay quietly, his gaze still fixed on the window.

Yuqi...

where are you?

When...will you remember me?

He slowly closed his eyes, his consciousness gradually sinking into darkness.

On the other side of the distant horizon, a purple figure stood silently atop a mountain peak, looking towards Yunxian City.

Sonya clutched her chest, a dull ache throbbing within her, a pain so intense she could barely breathe.

Why?

Why did she feel so terrible?

Why was her mind filled with the image of that man, covered in blood, yet still looking at her with tender eyes?

She didn't know.

She only knew that she couldn't forget those eyes.

She couldn't forget that "Yuqi."

She couldn't forget...everything about him.

Tears silently streamed down her face, dripping to the ground and turning into glistening drops.

In the distance, Ning Zhi's figure appeared silently, standing not far behind her, his eyes filled with malice and resentment.

He watched Sonya gazing towards Yunxian City, his hatred almost consuming him.

David...

you wait.

One day, I will kill you with my own hands. I

will annihilate your soul, condemning you to eternal damnation!

And Sonya...

can only be mine!

He took a deep breath, suppressing his rage, and slowly stepped forward, a gentle smile returning to his face.

"Senior Sister, it's time to go back."

Sonya didn't turn around, only nodded gently.

She glanced one last time in the direction of Yunxian City, then turned and followed Ning Zhi away.

But that blood-soaked figure, those gentle eyes, that "Yuqi"...

were like a brand, deeply etched into her heart.

Never to be erased.

Yunxian City, City Lord's Mansion.

Night deepened, moonlight spilled down, gilding the ruins with a silvery glow.

Chen Wanqing remained by David's bedside, holding his hand, quietly watching his sleeping face.

She murmured softly, her voice so low only she could hear,

"David... do you know, I also... like you a little."

"But I know you only have her in your heart."

"It's okay, I'll wait. Wait until you're healed, wait until she comes back, wait until you... occasionally look back at me."

Tears streamed down her face, dripping onto the back of his hand.

David's fingers seemed to twitch slightly.

But ultimately, he didn't wake up. He didn't know how to face Chen Wanqing.

In front of Sonya, Chen Wanqing meant nothing. Among all these women, only Sonya held the most important place in David's heart.

Recalling every moment with Sonya, although David hadn't slept with her, and Sonya hadn't truly become his woman,

no other woman could replace Sonya's position.

Chapter 6225

The main hall of the temple!

Shen Tong sat on his throne, his face extremely grim.

The mere thought of Ning Zhi's seemingly effortless attack, that terrifying, overwhelming power, sent shivers down his spine like a nightmare.

He had lived for ten thousand years, ruled the temple for millennia, and traversed the fourteen heavens, yet he had never seen such a terrifying being, and Ning Zhi looked so young.

"Ning Zhi...the Demon Dragon lineage..."

Shen Tong muttered through gritted teeth, his voice hoarse and dry, filled with boundless hatred, "This enmity is irreconcilable! If there is a future, I will tear you to pieces and make you pay for this blood debt!"

But this hatred was quickly suppressed by a deeper anxiety and fear.

He looked out of the hall at the dejected, wounded surviving disciples of the temple, his heart sinking deeper and deeper.

This expedition saw him mobilize the entire elite force of the Divine Palace—several thousand disciples and over a dozen True Immortal Realm elders. Of these, fewer than two hundred survived, and only four True Immortal Realm elders remained. The rest either perished in the demonic flames or were lost and killed in the rout.

The foundation the Divine Palace had built over tens of thousands of years in the Fourteenth Heaven had been almost entirely destroyed in this battle. The once mighty overlord of the divine race was now nothing but an empty shell, teetering on the brink of collapse.

What alarmed him even more was that once news of the Divine Palace's crushing defeat spread, the various forces in the Fourteenth Heaven would undoubtedly stir with rage.

In its heyday, when the Divine Palace was at its peak, it acted with tyranny and brutality, using its overwhelming strength to oppress countless smaller forces, seizing opportunities, occupying secret realms, and slaughtering those who dared to defy it, thus forging countless grudges.

Especially under the guise of worshipping at the sacred mountain, using the pretext of praying for blessings and tribulation as bait, he secretly stole the souls and essence of tens of thousands of cultivators, attempting to resurrect the forbidden Ghost Clan Venerable. Although he tried his best to cover this up, some news still leaked out, causing countless cultivators to dare to be angry but not speak out.

Now that the temple is severely damaged and its strength has plummeted, those forces that were once oppressed will surely take the opportunity to kick it while it's down and launch a group attack.

At that time, the temple will not only fail to avenge itself, but it will probably not even have a foothold. It will be completely devoured and swallowed up, and completely disappear from the map of the Fourteenth Heaven.

"Palace Master, how are your injuries? Your subordinate has prepared a healing elixir for you."

A white-haired elder wearing a golden elder's robe, with a solemn expression, slowly walked into the main control room, holding a radiant elixir in his hands, his tone full of worry.

Shen Tong took the elixir and swallowed it in one gulp. The warm, nourishing power of the elixir spread throughout his body. He slowly closed his eyes and said in a deep voice, "I will not die, but the temple... is now completely destroyed."

Upon hearing this, the white-haired elder sighed deeply, his face filled with bitterness and dejection: "Your subordinate understands. This defeat has resulted in heavy losses for us, with our forces decimated. News of the battle at Cloud Immortal City will spread throughout the entire Fourteenth Heaven within half a day.

Those covetous forces will not let this opportunity pass. I'm afraid our temple's gates will be beyond our defense."

Shen Tong opened his eyes, a ruthless glint in them: "We must defend it even if we can't! The temple's gates are the foundation of our divine race; how can we easily abandon them?"

"No, Lord Temple Master!"

The white-haired elder hurriedly bowed and advised, his tone urgent. "We have just suffered a crushing defeat, and our disciples are in a state of panic and morale is completely gone. Although the protective array is strong, it requires a massive amount of spiritual energy to support it. With our current strength, we simply cannot maintain the array at full power.

Moreover, once the various forces surround us, we will be trapped like turtles in a jar, unable to escape. Defending the mountain gate will only lead to the complete annihilation of the temple's remaining power. At that time, we will not even be able to preserve the last bit of incense offerings!"

Shen Tong's face turned pale and then red. The white-haired elder's words hit the nail on the head, but he was extremely unwilling to abandon the temple that he had painstakingly built up over ten thousand years.

He slammed his hand on the edge of the bed and shouted sharply, "Then what do you suggest I do? Should I lead my remaining disciples to flee everywhere, becoming homeless dogs?"

The white-haired elder was silent for a moment, a resolute glint in his eyes, and said in a deep voice, "Palace Master, the only plan now is to temporarily avoid the limelight and find a powerful backer to preserve the remaining strength of the Temple.

Looking across the entire Fourteenth Heaven, the only one who can protect us at this time, and who has the strength to resist the Demon Dragon lineage and deter all the villains, is the Temple of the Holy Light Domain!"

"The Divine Hall?"

Shen Tong frowned, his face showing resistance and disdain. "That group of hypocritical scoundrels has always disagreed with our Divine Hall's ideals, and we've been enemies for millennia, vying for the rightful place of the divine race. They've been deceitful and treacherous, their hatred running deep.

Now that our Divine Hall has fallen so low, why would they take us in? They'll probably only take advantage of our misfortune and devour our remaining strength!"

The white-haired elder shook his head, analyzing firmly, "Palace Master, times have changed. In the past, we fought against the Divine Hall for the hegemony of the divine race, but now the situation has drastically changed. The Demon Dragon lineage has emerged out of nowhere, and a terrifying being like Ning Zhi is in charge, having already broken through the fourteenth level..." "The overall situation is dire.

Although we have old grudges with the Divine Temple, we are ultimately of the same divine lineage, bound by blood, sharing both glory and ruin."

He paused, then continued, "If we are destroyed, the Demon Dragon lineage's next target will likely be the Divine Temple of the Holy Land of Light.

The Temple Master is a man of great talent and ambition; he will surely see the implications. Our voluntary surrender, offering the remaining troops, secret realm resources, and holy mountain secrets, is not an act of submission, but rather a search for an alliance with the divine race to fight against external enemies.

For the sake of the divine race's greater good, the Temple Master will not exterminate us; instead, he will accept us and strengthen the overall power of the divine race."

Chapter 6226

Upon hearing this, Shen Tong fell into deep thought.

He knew the white-haired elder's words made sense, but the idea of lowering himself to serve his former nemesis was simply unacceptable.

Looking at the emaciated, terrified disciples of the temple outside the window, at his own severely injured body, and at the temple's precarious future, his pride and resentment were gradually crushed by reality.

He knew he had no other choice.

Staying in the Fourteenth Heaven to defend it would only lead to death;

wandering would ultimately result in being devoured by various forces;

only by joining the Holy Light Domain's temple could he survive.

Even if it meant enduring humiliation and having to be subservient, he had to preserve the temple's flame and wait for a chance to rise again.

"Is there no other way?"

Shen Tong's voice was low, carrying a final, desperate struggle.

The white-haired elder sighed deeply, "This subordinate is also unwilling to take this step, but the current situation is dire.

If the Palace Master is unwilling to submit to the Divine Hall, this subordinate can only suggest disbanding the Divine Hall and letting the disciples flee for their lives, perhaps saving some lives.

But in that case, the Divine Hall's millennia-old foundation will be completely wiped out, and you will become the Divine Hall's eternal sinner."

These words completely shattered Shen Tong's last psychological defenses.

He closed his eyes, a murky tear sliding down his cheek—a vulnerability never before seen in a ruler who had wielded power for thousands of years.

After a long while, he slowly opened his eyes, the struggle and resentment in them completely gone, leaving only a cold resolve.

“Very well, as you say.”

Shen Tong spoke slowly and deliberately, his voice hoarse. “Pass down the order: abandon the temple's gates. All surviving disciples, immediately proceed to the teleportation array at the back of the temple. Do not carry any unnecessary supplies; travel light and at full speed to the Holy Light Domain to seek refuge with the Divine Hall!”

“Your subordinate obeys!” The white-haired elder bowed and accepted the order, a hint of relief flashing in his eyes. He quickly turned and went out to relay the message.

A moment later, all the temple disciples learned of the news that they were to seek refuge with the Divine Hall. Although they were surprised, they understood their current predicament. No one objected; they simply remained silent, the atmosphere extremely oppressive.

Shen Tong led the surviving disciples towards the back of the mountain. Looking at the teleportation array before him, inscribed with ancient divine runes, he was filled with mixed emotions.

This teleportation array was a backup plan that the temple had prepared in the past to defend against powerful enemies. It led directly to the edge of the Holy Light Domain and was built using countless rare and precious materials. It had never been used for ten thousand years, yet today it had become the temple's escape route.

“Activate the teleportation array! Everyone, enter in turn, no crowding!”

the white-haired elder commanded loudly. Several temple disciples skilled in array formations immediately stepped forward and injected immortal liquid.

Accompanied by a deep hum, the teleportation array runes lit up, and golden light shot into the sky, forming a huge teleportation portal. On the other side of the portal, the pure white and holy sea of clouds of the Holy Light Domain could be vaguely seen.

Shen Tong looked at the remaining two hundred or so temple disciples behind him, and at the four wounded True Immortal Realm elders, took a deep breath, and said in a deep voice, "Remember today's humiliation and hardship.

This trip to the Holy Light Domain, where we will temporarily live under someone else's roof, will inevitably involve some grievances. Endure them all.

As long as we live, as long as the temple's flame remains burning, one day we will reclaim everything that belongs to us and avenge ourselves!"

"We obey the temple master's command!"

the surviving temple disciples responded in unison, their voices weak but carrying an indomitable fighting spirit.

Shen Tong nodded. "Let's go."

With that, he stepped into the teleportation array first.

A burst of light engulfed his figure.

One disciple after another stepped into the teleportation array, disappearing into the light.

When the last disciple stepped into the array, its light suddenly surged, then slowly dimmed until it went out completely.

The temple was empty.

Only the night wind howled, stirring the dust on the ruins, as if telling the story of its former glory and present desolation.

At the foot of Holy Light Peak in the Holy Domain of Light,

Shen Tong arrived with over two hundred disciples.

“Who dares to trespass into the temple’s territory!”

Dozens of figures instantly appeared around them, surrounding them.

These were the temple’s guards, each exuding a powerful aura, wielding golden spears, their eyes sharp as lightning.

Shen Tong took a deep breath, stepped forward, and clasped his hands in greeting: “I am Shen Tong, the temple master, and I have come with my disciples to request an audience with the temple master!”

The head guard captain frowned, scrutinizing him from head to toe.

“Temple Master?” His gaze swept over the disheveled disciples behind Shen Tong, a hint of surprise flashing in his eyes. “What happened to you...”

Shen Tong gave a bitter smile, making no attempt to hide anything.

“The demons invaded, and the temple was destroyed. We have nowhere else to turn, so we have come to seek refuge in the temple. Please inform the Hall Master that... Shen Tong requests an audience.”

The guard captain was silent for a moment, then nodded.

“Wait a moment.”

He turned and left, his figure disappearing into the light.

Shen Tong stood there, waiting quietly.

The disciples behind him looked anxiously at the temple guards around them, their hearts filled with tension.

They didn't know what awaited them.

Would they be accepted, or expelled?

Would they find a way out, or be trapped in a dead end?

Time passed second by second.

Finally, the light shone again, and the guard captain returned.

He bowed slightly to Shen Tong, his tone becoming more respectful: "The Hall Master requests your presence. Everyone... please follow me."

A great weight lifted from Shen Tong's heart, and he let out a long sigh.

He glanced back at the disciples behind him and nodded.

"Let's go."

More than two hundred people followed the guard captain and stepped into Holy Light Peak.

What awaited them was an unknown fate. The Divine Hall sits atop Holy Light Peak.

Majestic and imposing, the hall is constructed entirely of rare, luminous holy jade. Each piece of jade has been nourished by holy light for countless years, radiating a soft, holy golden light that, while not dazzling, carries a power that inspires awe.

From afar, the entire hall appears as if formed from condensed light, standing silently between heaven and earth, exuding an unchanging sacredness and majesty.

The main gate of the hall is a hundred feet high, its two massive doors carved with the creation myths of the divine race. The sun, moon, stars, mountains, rivers, plants, and all living beings are vividly depicted on the doors, seemingly containing the essence of an entire world.

Above the lintel hangs a huge plaque inscribed with the four ancient divine characters "Divine Hall," the characters ancient and powerful, each stroke flowing with holy light, faintly echoing with the sounds of the Great Dao. A single glance is enough to make one's heart tremble, and one dares not harbor the slightest thought of profanity.

Stepping into the main hall is like entering a true divine kingdom.

Thirty-six massive golden pillars, each requiring dozens of people to encircle, stand in neat rows, supporting the towering dome.

These pillars are cast from pure gold, their surfaces inlaid with countless tiny, luminous crystals. Carved on their surfaces are epic scenes depicting the ancestors of the divine race conquering the heavens, sweeping across all races, and pacifying the four directions.

From the ancient war between gods and demons to suppressing the dark abyss, and protecting the myriad beings of the fourteen heavens, every carving is incredibly detailed and lifelike, as if the ancestors, clad in divine armor and wielding divine weapons, might step off the pillars at any moment to once again conquer the four directions for the divine race.

Each golden pillar exudes a faint pressure, the aura of the divine ancestors, a majesty refined over countless ages, causing those who enter the hall to instinctively restrain their aura and lower their heads.

Above the dome, there were no ornate carvings or jewels of ordinary palaces, only a "Holy Sun" formed from the purest and most primal power of light.

The Holy Sun was not large, yet it seemed to be the core of the entire hall, slowly rotating and casting down endless, warm, and sacred light.

Wherever the light touched, even the dust in the air was purified, and all darkness, filth, and violence were instantly dissolved.

The entire hall was illuminated by the Holy Sun, as bright as day, every corner filled with holy light. Being there felt as if one's soul had been cleansed, and all distracting thoughts, resentment, and bitterness were temporarily suppressed.

This was the most sacred place in the hearts of cultivators of the Fourteenth Heaven's Holy Domain of Light, a holy land that countless people longed to worship at least once in their lifetime.

And at this moment, the Temple Master, Shen Tong, stood in this hall that countless people looked up to.

His figure appeared exceptionally small and forlorn in the vast and majestic hall.

Once upon a time, he was a powerful overlord, a temple lord who rivaled the Divine Hall, possessing tens of thousands of years of divine power, commanding countless powerful warriors, tens of thousands of elite disciples, and believers throughout every corner of the Fourteenth Heaven.

Back then, he was full of vigor and looked down upon all others. A single point of his scepter could change the very fabric of the world, forcing all forces to submit.

Not to mention ordinary clans, even the other top powers had to be cautious and respectful before him.

At that time, how could he possibly take the Divine Hall seriously?

In his mind, the Divine Hall was nothing more than a group of old fogies clinging to tradition and lacking ambition, claiming themselves to be the legitimate successors of the divine race simply because they occupied Holy Light Peak, while in reality they were content with their corner of the land, afraid to participate in external conflicts, only able to eke out a living hiding in the Holy Domain of Light.

He had even openly mocked the Divine Hall on numerous occasions, in front of countless divine cultivators,

saying that the Divine Hall “had only a hollow reputation, occupying a holy land but doing nothing.”

They said the members of the Divine Hall were “nothing more than cowards hiding in the Holy Land of Light, clinging to life in fear.”

They said the Divine Hall was not worthy of being mentioned alongside the Temple, much less worthy of bearing the name of the legitimate divine race.

Chapter 6227

Those words, each one sharp and piercing, echoed throughout the Fourteen Heavens. Everyone knew that the Temple Master, Shen Tong, was sworn enemies with the Divine Hall, regarding it as his greatest adversary and a laughingstock.

Back then, he could never have imagined that one day he would fall into such a predicament.

But now...

everything had changed.

Shen Tong lowered his head slightly, his gaze not fixed on the throne, nor on the elders of the Divine Hall, but rather, out of the corner of his eye, he slowly swept over what lay behind him.

There stood over two hundred disciples of the Divine Hall.

They had long lost the imposing presence and pride of their former selves.

Each one was ragged, their clothes stained with blood and riddled with holes. Some had broken arms, some had deep, bone-revealing wounds on their legs, and some were as pale as paper, clearly severely injured, barely able to stand.

Their faces had lost their former spirit, leaving only weariness, dishevelment, sorrow, and a barely concealed fear and unease.

Looking at his two hundred disciples, Shen Tong felt an overwhelming sense of sorrow and pain.

In his prime, he commanded thousands of elite warriors from the temple, each disciple a carefully selected, exceptionally talented individual. When they marched, banners blotted out the sun, their imposing presence reaching the heavens. Wherever they went, countless races paid homage—a testament to their power and glory.

But now, after a great battle, those thousands of elite warriors were almost entirely wiped out, leaving only these two hundred.

These two hundred were the last embers of the temple, the last remnants of his tens of thousands of years of accumulated power.

He had once been high above, revered by thousands, his word law, and none dared disobey him.

Now, he had to abandon all pride, abandon all dignity, and grovel before his former mortal enemy, whom he had once despised and mocked, begging for refuge. He

had fallen from the clouds to the mire, from a hegemon to a beggar.

This fall, this humiliation, was a thousand times more painful than death itself.

His heart was filled with hatred, anger, resentment, and unbearable frustration.

But he had to endure it.

For the last embers of the temple, for the lives of the two hundred disciples behind him, he had to endure.

As long as they could live, as long as the temple's bloodline could be preserved, he could give up everything, endure any humiliation, accept any ridicule.

Shen Tong took a deep breath, suppressing the surging emotions within him, and slowly raised his head, his gaze finally settling on the golden throne high above the main hall, crafted from pure gold and sacred jade of light.

The throne was enormous and magnificent, carved with patterns of a hundred birds paying homage to the phoenix and all gods worshipping, radiating an awe-inspiring majesty.

It was not merely a seat, but a symbol of power, a symbol of the orthodoxy of the divine race, the most honorable position in the entire Fourteenth Heaven.

Seated on the throne was a figure.

The Hall Master of the Divine Hall—Yao Chen.

Chapter 6228

He wore a pristine white holy robe, spotless and of soft texture, yet exuding boundless holiness.

Ancient and mysterious divine patterns were embroidered on the robe with golden divine thread, these patterns subtly shifting with his breath, echoing the holy light within the hall. Each shift emitted a faint Daoist aura.

His face was handsome and dignified, with sword-like eyebrows, bright eyes, a high nose, and clearly defined lips. Though he appeared to be only middle-aged, he possessed a calm and magnanimous air born from the vicissitudes of countless ages.

There was no deliberate exertion of pressure around him, yet he naturally radiated an aura of holy light that commanded awe and reverence, as if he himself were light, saint, and the most orthodox rule of heaven and earth.

He sat quietly on his throne, upright and serene, his gaze calm as he looked down upon the divine beings below, his eyes as still as water, utterly unwavering, revealing no emotion whatsoever.

There was no anger, no disdain, no mockery, and no pity.

It was like looking at a stranger, at a trivial matter.

Yet, the more tranquil it was, the more unsettling and oppressive it felt.

On either side of Yao Chen stood the twelve guardian elders of the Divine Hall.

Each of these twelve was a True Immortal Realm expert renowned throughout the Fourteenth Heaven; any one of them could easily establish a sect and be revered by thousands.

Their auras were powerful yet restrained, surrounded by holy light, their faces solemn, their eyes sharp, like twelve war gods guarding the Divine Hall, motionless yet exuding a terrifying presence.

At this moment, their gazes were all fixed on Shen Tong and the people of the Divine Hall.

Some gazes were cold, scrutinizing, as if appraising a group of intruders.

Some eyes were contemptuous, disdainful, as if looking at a pack of stray dogs.

Some elders even openly displayed mocking, gloating smiles.

The hall was deathly silent.

Terribly silent.

Only the faint sound of the Holy Sun rotating, only the suppressed breathing of the crowd.

Shen Tong stood rooted to the spot, feeling as if each gaze was a sharp knife, slowly slicing through his body and his heart. The

physical pain was bearable, but this spiritual and dignified torture was like a thorn in his side, making him feel restless and uneasy.

He had lived for ten thousand years, traversing the fourteen heavens, always looking down on others, always mocking others.

He had never suffered such humiliation, never been looked at with such contempt, like an ant.

But he could only endure it. He

had to swallow his anger, even if it meant gritting his teeth.

Shen Tong took another deep breath, suppressing all the turmoil in his heart, and stepped forward, his feet landing heavily on the ground paved with the Holy Jade of Light.

His straight back slowly bent.

Then, facing Yao Chen on the throne, he bowed deeply, his knees touching the ground.

This bow shattered tens of thousands of years of his pride.

This bow erased the temple's former glory.

This bow contained all the resentment and sorrow.

"The temple master, Shen Tong, along with the remaining disciples, pays homage to the head of the temple."

His voice was low and hoarse from the long escape and days of toil, yet he tried his best to maintain a respectful and humble tone, daring not to show the slightest disrespect.

Behind him, more than two hundred temple disciples, ragged and wounded, also suppressed their humiliation and resentment, bowing in unison.

Their movements were uneven; some were too badly injured to bend over, while others trembled slightly, clearly filled with extreme anger and resentment. But they ultimately lowered their heads.

They knew that if the Palace Master was enduring, they had to endure too.

On the throne, Yao Chen remained silent, his gaze barely changing.

He simply watched the kneeling, bowing figures of Shen Tong and the others, his expression calm to the point of indifference.

There was no response, no signal, no order to rise.

Time ticked by.

One second, two seconds, three seconds...

one breath, ten breaths, a hundred breaths...

Shen Tong maintained his bowed posture, his back bent so low it seemed about to break, all his strength concentrated in his legs. Fine beads of cold sweat gradually appeared on his forehead, sliding down his cheeks.

The prolonged bowing left him aching all over, but the physical pain paled in comparison to the humiliation in his heart.

Yao Chen still showed no intention of ordering him to rise.

This deliberate neglect, this silent indifference, was far more humiliating and devastating than any verbal insult or malicious mockery.

This was a blatant show of force.

Shen Tong understood perfectly well.

Yao Chen wanted to make him kneel, to make him wait, to let him experience what it felt like to fall from a high and mighty overlord to an ant trampled upon.

He wanted to tell him that from this day forward, on Holy Light Peak, in the Divine Hall, Shen Tong was nothing.

His pride, his dignity, his status—all were worthless.

Shen Tong gritted his teeth, his jaw clenched so tightly that his lips were almost bleeding, the taste of blood filling his mouth.

He endured.

He endured all his anger, all his humiliation, all his urge to raise his head and roar, to draw his sword.

For the sake of his disciples, for the sake of the Divine Hall's flame, he had to endure.

Finally, after what seemed like an eternity,

Yao Chen slowly spoke from his throne.

His voice was gentle and clear, like a mountain spring, melodious and pleasant, without a trace of hostility. Yet beneath that gentleness lay a lofty detachment and indifference, an undeniable majesty.

"Lord of the Divine Power Hall, no need for formalities, please rise."

These few words carried the weight of a pardon.

Shen Tong slowly straightened up, his stiff body swaying slightly. He struggled to regain his balance, looking up at Yao Chen, forcing a respectful and humble smile.

"Thank you, Hall Master."

Yao Chen looked at him quietly, his gaze lingering on him for a moment before a slight, enigmatic smile playing on his lips.

"Lord of the Divine Power Hall, I remember the last time we formally met was three thousand years ago, at the Divine Clan Grand Ceremony held in the Fourteenth Heaven."

His tone was calm, as if recalling a trivial event, yet every word struck Shen Tong's heart like a gentle hammer blow.

"Back then, the Lord of the Divine Power Hall was full of vigor and high spirits. Standing on the high platform of the grand ceremony, he pointed his finger at me and said in front of everyone that the Divine Hall was nothing but a bunch of cowards hiding in the Holy Domain of Light, afraid to go out and dare not

compete. They were not worthy of being called the legitimate lineage of the Divine Race alongside the Divine Hall."

"These words are still fresh in my memory. I have never forgotten them."

His voice was still gentle, but the sarcasm and ridicule in his words were undisguised and nakedly displayed in front of everyone.

Chapter 6229

The atmosphere in the main hall instantly became even more oppressive.

Shen Tong's face stiffened slightly, turning pale and then flushed, his anger surging within him, but he could only forcefully suppress it.

He bowed slightly again, his tone even more humble, carrying a hint of guilt and remorse: "Back then... I was arrogant and reckless, and in a moment of confusion, I uttered such outrageous words. I beg the Hall Master to be magnanimous and not hold it against me, to forgive my ignorance back then."

"Forgive me?"

Yao Chen repeated softly, then chuckled lightly, the laughter not loud, but clearly echoing throughout the entire hall.

"Lord of the Divine Power Hall, you flatter me. What you said back then wasn't entirely unreasonable; in fact, it could be considered the truth.

The Divine Hall has always been content with its corner of the world, clinging to Holy Light Peak, unlike your Divine Hall, which commands respect and influence throughout the Fourteenth Heaven, wielding immense power and prestige. What glory and arrogance you enjoy!"

He paused, his gaze slowly shifting from the Divine Power Hall's face to the disheveled, wounded disciples of the Divine Hall behind him.

Every disciple seen by that gaze instinctively lowered their head, unable to meet his eyes.

Yao Chen's tone remained gentle, but beneath that gentleness lay a chilling sarcasm and coldness.

"But... I'm a little curious."

"Your temple, so majestic and powerful, commanding the winds and rains of the Fourteenth Heaven, how come, after all that shouting and clamoring, you've ended up like this?"

"The thousands of elite troops of yesteryear are now reduced to only two hundred remnants; the once magnificent temple is now homeless; the once invincible temple master now has to come to the temple begging for shelter."

"This contrast is far too great; it truly baffles me." Upon

hearing this ,

the temple's guardian elders on either side of Yao Chen could no longer contain themselves and burst into laughter.

"Hahahaha—!"

"The Hall Master is absolutely right! I was just wondering too! The Temple is so powerful, how did they end up in such a sorry state?"

"When I came in just now, I thought I was seeing things. How could the Temple Master, a powerful figure who commands respect, bring only two hundred or so defeated soldiers? This isn't a Temple Master at all, he's clearly a bunch of refugees fleeing from their plight!"

"Tsk tsk tsk, how majestic they were back then, pointing their fingers at our Temple and belittling us to nothing. Now look at them, they're coming to us begging for shelter. What goes around comes around!"

“Where did their arrogance go? Where did their domineering spirit go? Why aren’t they still so arrogant now?”

The laughter was grating, arrogant, and unrestrained.

The sarcastic words were sharp, biting, and merciless.

Each sentence was like the sharpest knife, piercing the heart of Shen Tong, piercing the heart of every Temple disciple.

Shen Tong’s face alternated between pale and red, then black, looking extremely ugly.

His hands were clenched into fists, his knuckles white, his nails digging deep into his palms. A sharp pain shot through him, and streaks of blood slowly dripped from between his fingers, falling onto the Radiant Jade ground, a stark contrast to his appearance.

The anger in his heart almost burst out of his chest.

Chapter 6230

But he held back.

He couldn’t be angry, he couldn’t explode, he couldn’t act impulsively.

If he acted impulsively, everyone would die here today.

Shen Tong took a deep breath, suppressing his surging blood and anger, and bowed again, his voice low and hoarse, yet still maintaining the utmost respect.

“The Hall Master is right. I was arrogant and ignorant back then, and now I have brought this fate upon myself.”

"I have come here today to apologize to the Divine Hall and to ask for its help."

He slowly raised his head, his gaze sincere, with a hint of pleading, as he looked at Yao Chen.

"Recently, the demon race has suddenly risen to power, and the demonic dragon lineage has rampaged across the land, cruel and merciless, leaving devastation and barrenness in its wake. In particular, within the demonic dragon lineage, there is a young man named Ning Zhi whose strength is terrifying beyond imagination, far beyond the reach of ordinary cultivators."

"I could not bear to see the divine beings slaughtered by the demons, so I led all the elites of the temple to war, intending to eliminate this scourge for the divine race and protect the peace of this region. However... the disparity between us and the enemy was too great, and we were ultimately defeated. Thousands of disciples were killed or wounded, the temple's foundation was destroyed, and I myself was seriously injured, my cultivation level plummeted."

As he said this, his voice became even lower, filled with endless sorrow and helplessness.

"Now, the temple is destroyed, our home is gone, and various forces in the Fourteenth Heaven are eyeing us covetously. Some want to take advantage of our misfortune, others want to seize the opportunity to annex us. We, the surviving disciples, have nowhere to go, nowhere to escape."

"With no other choice, we have come to the Divine Hall to seek refuge. We implore the Hall Master to consider our shared divine bloodline and common origins, to take us in and give us a way to survive."

"I am willing to offer all the remaining troops, secret realm resources, treasures, and all the secrets, defenses, and hidden features of the Divine Hall's sacred mountain to the Divine Hall as a token of our sincerity, without the slightest falsehood."

Having said this, he no longer hesitated, bowing deeply once more, his posture utterly humble.

Behind him, the more than two hundred temple disciples, seeing their Hall Master so humble, were filled with grief, yet they too knelt down, heads bowed, not daring to raise their heads.

The hall fell silent once more.

The earlier laughter and mockery vanished instantly.

Yao Chen silently gazed at the kneeling Shen Tong, his eyes deep and unfathomable, a complex and enigmatic light flashing within them. There was scrutiny, amusement, indifference, and a hint of barely perceptible calculation.

After a moment, he slowly spoke, his voice still gentle, yet tinged with amusement.

“Palace Master Shentong, you say you’re willing to offer up all the resources of the temple’s secret realm and the secrets of the Holy Mountain?”

Shentong immediately raised his head, not daring to conceal anything, and nodded hurriedly, his tone firm: “Yes! I have not lied, every word I have said is true!”

Although the temple was destroyed, the secret realm still contains a large amount of cultivation resources, divine crystals, immortal herbs, and fragments of divine artifacts, all the foundation accumulated by the temple over tens of thousands of years.”

“Moreover, deep within the Holy Mountain lies the physical body of a Ghost Clan Venerable, sealed away by our temple’s ancestors with painstaking effort. It is a supreme treasure, its value immeasurable.

As long as the Hall Master is willing to take us in and forgive past grievances, all these things will belong to the temple, and I will not keep any for myself!”

Yao Chen nodded slightly, a satisfied look on his face, clearly very tempted by the conditions offered by Shentong.

The temple's tens of thousands of years of heritage, the resources of the secret realm, the secrets of the holy mountain, and even the physical body of the Ghost Clan Venerable...

these are all things that the temple has always wanted but has no way of obtaining.