

# A Man Like None Other Novel

## Chapter 6241

Shen Tong said coldly, "Ning Zhi and the Demon Dragon lineage are powerful now. Since they can run rampant in the Fourteenth Heaven, they must have a place in the Demon Realm as well. Let's go find them and seek refuge with them!"

"But...but they killed so many of our people!"

Shen Tong closed his eyes and took a deep breath.

"I know."

He opened his eyes, his eyes filled with bitterness and determination.

"But do we have any other choice now? The Divine Hall can't accommodate us, and we can't go back to the Divine Palace. Only the Demon Realm, only Ning Zhi's side, might offer a glimmer of hope."

"Then Ning Zhi..." an elder hesitated, "Will he take us in? He even killed the Grand Elder when we were negotiating the cooperation."

Shen Tong remained silent for a long time before slowly saying, "I don't know. But it's better than waiting to die here. Besides, this time it's not cooperation, but seeking refuge with him."

He turned around and looked at the disciples of the Divine Palace who had gathered around him. Seeing the confusion and fear in their eyes, his heart ached.

"Gentlemen," he said in a deep voice, "I know I've made you suffer with me. The temple is gone, the holy mountain is gone, and I, as the temple master, have given you nothing."

"But now, we still have a path. A very dangerous path, one that may lead to death, one that may lead to a fate worse than death. But at least, it's a path."

He paused, enunciating each word clearly: "Those who are willing to follow me, gather outside the mountain gate at midnight tonight. Those who are unwilling... stay and fend for yourselves. I don't blame you."

The disciples looked at each other, remained silent for a moment, and then knelt down in unison.

"We swear to follow our temple master to the death!"

Shen Tong looked at them, his eyes reddening, and nodded heavily.

"Good! Good! You're all commendable!"

He turned around, looked into the distance, and a ruthless glint flashed in his eyes.

David, you wait.

And Yao Chen, you wait too.

As long as I, Shen Tong, live, this debt will be settled sooner or later!

Meanwhile, at the summit of Holy Light Peak, in the main hall of the temple,

Yao Chen sat on his throne, holding a communication jade slip in his hand, his brows slightly furrowed.

"David... destroyed the sacred mountains of the temple?"

Below, a guardian elder bowed and said, "Yes, Hall Master. We just received news that David led his men and destroyed all the remaining sacred mountains of the temple. The physical bodies of those Venerables have also been reduced to ashes."

Yao Chen was silent for a moment, then suddenly smiled.

"Interesting."

He put down the jade slip, a hint of amusement flashing in his eyes.

"This David is truly a remarkable figure. The temple besieged him, but he turned the tables and wiped out the temple's stronghold. That old codger Shen Tong is probably too weak to even cry now, isn't he?"

The guardian elder probed, "Hall Master, should we... still keep Shen Tong and the others? With the sacred mountains destroyed, they are of no value to us."

Yao Chen glanced at him and said indifferently, "What's the rush?"

He stood up, slowly walked down the steps, and stood with his hands behind his back.

"Shen Tong is probably more panicked than anyone else right now. He knows that once I find out the Holy Mountain has been destroyed, they will be useless. He will definitely try to escape."

"Then what should we do..."

"Let them escape."

Yao Chen's lips curled into a cold smile. "Send people to follow them and see where they want to go. If we can follow the clues and find other things they've hidden, wouldn't that be even better?"

"Hall Master is wise!"

Yao Chen waved his hand, and the guardian elder bowed and withdrew.

In the main hall, only Yao Chen remained.

He looked out the window, his gaze deep.

"David..."

he murmured softly, the smile on his lips becoming increasingly meaningful.

"Interesting, it's getting more and more interesting."

Night fell at the foot of Holy Light Peak.

Shen Tong led more than two hundred disciples and, under the cover of darkness, quietly left their camp.

They dared not use the teleportation array, fearing discovery by the Divine Hall. They could only walk, traversing mountains and valleys, rushing towards the border of the Holy Light Domain.

Shen Tong walked at the front, his eyes wary, his spiritual energy secretly circulating around him.

Behind him, his disciples followed closely, not daring to make a sound.

A night wind blew, swirling fallen leaves.

Shen Tong's figure appeared exceptionally lonely in the moonlight, yet it exuded a stubborn, unyielding spirit.

And behind Shen Tong and his companions, a faintly visible figure followed closely behind!

## Chapter 6242

Night fell, as if an ink-stained brocade had enveloped the world, with only a lone moon hanging in the sky, its cold, clear light casting a pale, almost ethereal glow over the desolate mountains.

The wind howled, and all was deathly silent.

Deep in the darkness, a dark mass of people hurried along the rugged mountain path, guided by the moonlight.

Leading them was a tall, imposing figure, yet utterly disheveled—none other than the once-powerful Temple Master, Shen Tong.

Behind him followed over two hundred of his remaining disciples, all ragged, haggard, with bloodshot eyes, their steps unsteady yet daring not to falter.

On their escape, they had deliberately chosen treacherous, rarely traveled paths, hiding by day and moving by night.

During the day, they hid in dark caves or deep within the jungle, afraid to light fires, subsisting only on dry rations and cold fruit; the slightest disturbance made them as easily startled as birds startled by a bow.

Shen Tong led the way, each step feeling as if weighed down by lead.

His face was grim, his muscles tense, and his once deep and sharp eyes were now filled only with weariness, humiliation, and despair.

The nightmare of the destroyed Holy Mountain constantly haunted his mind; David's cold face and the tragic scene of the Holy Mountain collapsing and the

Venerable One turning to ashes kept flashing before his eyes, and hatred and fear almost devoured him.

"Palace Master,"

Elder Zhou lowered his voice, warily scanning the surroundings, "a hundred miles ahead is the border of the Holy Domain of Light. Beyond this lies the Demon Domain, a forbidden zone for the righteous path. The pursuers should not dare to step into it."

Shen Tong slowly nodded, his gaze fixed on the horizon.

There, the brilliant golden holy light abruptly ceased, replaced by a gray world and surging dark red demonic mist, like a lurking behemoth, exuding a ferocious aura.

The Demon Domain, the land inhabited by demons, where demonic energy soared and demonic beasts roamed freely, a place that righteous cultivators feared to mention.

Shen Tong felt a deep sorrow and humiliation in his heart, and gave a bitter laugh.

He, once a powerful True Immortal, wielding immense influence, was now like a stray dog, forced to abandon his dignity and flee to the despised Demon Realm for refuge.

But the temple was destroyed, his disciples suffered heavy casualties, and David's power hung like a sword over his head. He had no choice but to seek refuge with the opposing demon race.

"Go," Shen

Tong uttered through gritted teeth, quickening his pace and rushing towards the chilling demonic mist.

Though fearful, the disciples, for the sake of survival, could only muster their strength and follow closely behind.

Night deepened, and after two hours of arduous travel, they were panting, their clothes soaked and icy.

Finally, the first wisp of dark red demonic mist brushed their faces, and they crossed the border, stepping onto the land of the Demon Realm.

Instantly, the pungent smell of sulfur mixed with dense demonic energy filled their nostrils, causing them to cough repeatedly. Those with weaker cultivation turned pale, barely managing to suppress their coughs by circulating their spiritual energy.

Before them lay a desolate plain, the dark red earth cracked and barren.

In the distance, dark mountain peaks stretched endlessly, their summits ablaze with perpetually burning volcanoes. The interplay of fire and demonic energy painted the sky a somber, oppressive crimson, conveying a sense of apocalyptic desolation

. Shen Tong suppressed his unease, signaling everyone to steady their minds and continue onward.

The Demon Realm was fraught with peril, teeming not only with ferocious demonic beasts but also with bizarre creatures that bewitched souls.

His former True Immortal strength had been reduced to a mere half-step True Immortal due to damage to his soul, leaving him only with the foundation of an Upper Immortal. But to protect his disciples, he could only forcefully clear a path, slaying scattered low-level demonic beasts.

# Chapter 6243

For three days and three nights, the group dared not rest, eating dry rations, drinking river water tinged with demonic energy, and taking turns on guard duty in hidden mountain caves.

Along the way, several weaker disciples were scratched by demonic creatures, their bodies engulfed by demonic energy and driven mad. Shen Tong, with a heavy heart, painfully ended their lives, filled with grief but powerless to help. He could only lead the remaining people towards the territory of the Demon Dragon lineage.

On the third day at dusk, a majestic and ferocious black palace came into view.

The palace stood atop a mountain peak, entirely constructed of jet-black demonic jade. Countless ferocious dragon reliefs were carved on the ceiling, their eyes bloodshot, fangs bared, and their bodies wreathed in demonic energy, radiating overwhelming ferocity and oppressive power.

This was the Demon Dragon Palace, the residence of the Demon Dragon leader, Long Yuan.

Shen Tong stopped, gazing at the Demon Dragon Palace, his heart filled with mixed emotions.

Months ago, he led his elite troops to besiege Yunxian City, displaying his might and disregarding the demon race; now, however, his family was destroyed, and he had to humbly beg his former defeated enemy for refuge.

This disparity and humiliation filled him with a heavy weight, yet he had no choice but to accept it.

"Let's go."

Shen Tong suppressed his emotions, forced a humble expression, and strode towards the foot of the mountain.

The disciples behind him lowered their heads, feeling awkward and barely daring to breathe.

Just as they reached the foot of the mountain, before they could even step onto the stone steps, a sharp shout suddenly rang out: "Halt! Who goes there? How dare you trespass into the forbidden area of the Demon Dragon Palace!"

Before the words had even finished, dozens of black figures darted out like ghosts, instantly surrounding the group.

These demon dragon warriors wore jet-black dragon-patterned armor, wielded demon-patterned spears, their eyes cold and their killing intent palpable.

The young general, whose cultivation had reached the peak of the Upper Immortal Realm, swept his sharp gaze over Shen Tong and the others. Noticing the traces of the temple's robes on their bodies, he frowned and

asked, "Are you from the temple? What is your purpose?" Shen Tong quickly stepped forward, bowing deeply and displaying an extremely humble posture. "I am Shen Tong, the temple master. I have come to request an audience with the leader of Longyuan. Please inform him that I have important matters to discuss."

The young general's expression changed drastically. Shock flashed in his eyes, which then turned into wariness and hostility. He took a step back and shouted sharply, "Alert! All troops on alert! Enemy attack! The people from the temple must have come for revenge!"

In an instant, alarm bells rang, and countless demonic dragon warriors surged in like a tide, surrounding the group in layers, their spears pointed, demonic energy soaring into the sky, the atmosphere extremely tense.

Shen Tong's expression changed drastically. He waved his hands frantically and explained, "Misunderstanding! General, please don't misunderstand! I haven't come for revenge, I've come to join Chief Long Yuan! I have no ill intentions!"

The young general sneered, "Join? A dignified temple master, a True Immortal realm expert, joining a demonic dragon? You didn't hold back in hunting down my clan back then, and now you say you're joining? Who would believe that!"

Shen Tong was sweating profusely, wanting to explain but not knowing where to begin, filled with despair.

At the critical moment, a terrifying pressure swept in from the depths of the hall, carrying a strong demonic dragon aura, forcing the warriors to lower their heads and dare not breathe.

Shen Tong's heart sank; he knew Long Yuan had arrived.

Several figures landed swiftly, the leader being none other than Long Yuan.

He wore a dark gold dragon-patterned robe, his face resolute, his eyes cold, followed by several True Immortal realm elders.

Long Yuan sized up Shen Tong, noticing his tattered clothes and lack of authority. A flicker of surprise crossed his eyes, followed by a cold sneer: "So it's the Lord of the Divine Power Palace. You've got some nerve, daring to trespass into my Demon Dragon Palace. Did you not suffer enough defeat in Cloud Immortal City and come here for revenge?"

With that, Long Yuan waved his hand and gave a stern order: "Form ranks! Prepare to meet the enemy! Trespassers will be killed without mercy!"

"Roar!"

The Demon Dragon warriors roared in unison, their killing intent soaring, and they were about to attack.

## Chapter 6244

Shen Tong was terrified, his body trembling. Knowing his cultivation had plummeted and his forces were only remnants, he was no match for them.

In desperation, he disregarded his dignity and knelt before Long Yuan with a thud, his knees hitting the ground with a dull thud.

“Chief Long Yuan! Please calm your anger! It’s a misunderstanding! I’m not here for revenge, I’ve come to seek refuge with you! Please, Chief, take me in!”

Shen Tong’s voice was hoarse and choked with sobs, filled with bitter humility.

Long Yuan was stunned, staring at the kneeling, utterly humble Shen Tong, his face filled with disbelief, even thinking it was a hallucination.

He looked up at the sky to confirm it was real before frowning and saying, “What did you say? Seek refuge?”

A high-ranking True Immortal realm expert, a proud divine cultivator, kneeling and begging for refuge—it was utterly absurd.

Shen Tong, his forehead pressed to the ground, recounted his ordeal in a bitter voice: “Leader, the temple is destroyed, the sacred mountain is scorched earth, my disciples are almost all dead or wounded, and I have been severely injured, my cultivation has plummeted, and I have nowhere to go. I only beg the leader to have mercy and give me a place to stay.”

He looked up, his eyes bloodshot, full of pleading: “I, Shen Tong, swear that from now on I will completely submit to the Demon Dragon lineage, serve them like a dog, go through fire and water without hesitation, and have no

other intentions! If I break this vow, may I be struck down by heaven and earth!"

Long Yuan was silent for a moment, seeing that Shen Tong's pitiful state seemed genuine, and recalling the news of the destruction of the sacred mountain, he believed him somewhat.

Then he laughed loudly, his laughter filled with mocking pleasure: "Shen Tong, Shen Tong, you've finally met your end? Back then, you were so powerful, besieging my clan, killing my compatriots and seizing my territory, how arrogant you were. Now that you're down on your luck, you think of begging me for shelter?"

Shen Tong gritted his teeth and lowered his head, his hands clenched so tightly that blood seeped from his palms, his heart filled with extreme humiliation but daring not to refute, silently enduring it.

Seeing that he dared not speak his anger, Long Yuan felt even more pleased and coldly said, "You say you're surrendering, what qualifications do you have? The temple is gone, the power is gone, only two hundred remnants remain, and you yourself are a stray dog, your cultivation greatly diminished.

If I take you in, I'll have to feed and drink you, adding two hundred mouths for nothing, what benefit will that bring?"

Shen Tong quickly looked up, his eyes flashing with hope, "Leader! Although my cultivation has greatly diminished, my foundation is still there. I was originally a second-grade True Immortal, and as long as I recuperate, I can return to my peak or even advance further.

True Immortal realm combat power is top-tier in the Demon Realm. In the future, when you conquer and expand, I will definitely charge into battle and make great contributions! I am willing to be loyal forever, without any disloyalty!"

Long Yuan's eyes flickered as he fell into deep thought.

After all, Shen Tong was once a True Immortal realm expert. Even a fallen camel is bigger than a horse. His recovery would greatly enhance the combat power of the Demon Dragon lineage, so this deal wasn't a loss.

After a moment of silence, Long Yuan spoke calmly, "Get up."

Shen Tong was stunned for a moment, then overjoyed. He struggled to his feet and repeatedly bowed his hands in thanks, "Thank you for taking me in, Chief! I swear to be loyal to you to the death and will never dare to disobey!"

Long Yuan's eyes were cold as he warned, "Don't be too happy yet. Taking you in is fine, but you must remember that from now on you are no longer the Temple Master, but merely a dog of my Demon Dragon lineage.

I can tell you to go east or west, to die or live. Obey my orders in everything, and do not disobey, understand?"

These words were like sharp blades piercing his heart. Shen Tong's face stiffened, intense humiliation flashed in his eyes, his cheeks flushed red, his fists clenched, and his heart was filled with resentment and anger. But seeing the warriors around him still filled with murderous intent and the terrified disciples behind him, and realizing his desperate situation, he finally suppressed his humiliation and lowered his head humbly, saying, "Your subordinate understands, I will follow your orders. Thank you, Chief."

Long Yuan nodded in satisfaction and was about to give instructions when a cold, indifferent voice carrying endless pressure suddenly came from behind: "Long Yuan, what are you doing?"

Hearing this voice, Long Yuan trembled violently, his smugness and majesty vanishing instantly, replaced by extreme respect, awe, and even panic.

He quickly turned around and stepped forward, bowing deeply: "Senior!"

All the demonic dragon warriors, including the young generals and elders, changed their expressions drastically, bowing their heads and not daring to breathe, clearly showing the utmost respect for the owner of the voice.

Deep within the Demonic Dragon Palace, two figures calmly emerged, each step carrying an invisible pressure that subjugated the surrounding demonic energy.

In front was a young man in black, tall and handsome, with eyes as deep as a cold pool. His aura was restrained, seemingly calm, yet exuding a heart-pounding sense of oppression, as if he were the center of the world.

This person was Ning Zhi.

Sonya was beside him.

Long Yuan quickly stepped forward, bowing respectfully, and explained, "Reporting to Senior, the Temple Master Shen Tong has brought his remaining disciples to seek refuge. I was considering taking them in and specifically requested your permission, Senior."

Ning Zhi paused, his deep gaze falling directly on Shen Tong not far away, giving him a fleeting glance.

Shen Tong trembled violently as if struck by lightning, his hair standing on end, a bone-chilling cold shooting from his feet to the top of his head.

Looking at Ning Zhi, his legs went weak, the image of the destroyed Holy Mountain flashing through his mind, fear surging like a tidal wave, almost overwhelming him.

He instinctively lowered his head, not daring to meet his gaze even slightly, breathing cautiously for fear of displeasing the fiend.

Ning Zhi slowly walked to Shen Tong, calmly looking at him, suddenly a faint smile appearing on his lips.

But this smile held no warmth whatsoever; instead, it made Shen Tong feel an even greater chill, his whole body turning icy cold, his soul almost leaving his body.

“Shen Tong?”

Ning Zhi spoke calmly, his voice serene yet carrying an undeniable pressure. “I remember you. Last time in Yunxian City, you ran away quickly when things went wrong, narrowly escaping with your life.”

Shen Tong trembled violently, unable to hold on any longer, and knelt down again with a thud, his forehead pressed tightly to the ground. His voice trembled as he begged for mercy incoherently: “Senior...Senior, spare my life! Please spare my life! I was blind to your greatness. I offended you in Yunxian City. I know I was wrong. Please forgive me this time! I am willing to completely submit to you, to be at your beck and call, to serve you like a dog or a horse, and to have no other intentions!”

Ning Zhi looked at the kneeling, trembling Shen Tong, saying nothing but watching quietly. His gaze was calm as water, yet it made Shen Tong feel increasingly uneasy, his heart pounding wildly as if it would leap out of his chest.

Shen Tong thought he was hesitating and worried that he wouldn't be taken in, so he quickly continued, his voice becoming increasingly humble and pleading: “Senior, although my cultivation has plummeted, I am still a True Immortal. If you give me a chance, I will quickly recover my cultivation. I will do anything you ask of me in the future, even if it means going through fire and water! I only ask that you take me in and give me a way to live!”

He slowly raised his head, his eyes filled with humble pleading and fear, staring intently at Ning Zhi, awaiting his judgment.

# Chapter 6245

Ning Zhi remained silent for a moment before slowly speaking, his voice indifferent and emotionless: "You said you want to pledge allegiance to me?"

Shen Tong nodded frantically, his voice trembling: "Yes, yes, yes! Your subordinate is willing to pledge allegiance, to be loyal forever, and to serve you at will!"

Ning Zhi's lips curled into a cruel and cold smile, his eyes instantly turning icy and devoid of any warmth. He spoke slowly and deliberately: "But I don't need dogs."

These words struck Shen Tong like a thunderbolt. The pleading hope on his face froze instantly, his smile solidified, his eyes vacant and filled with disbelief. He stood frozen in place, as if his soul had been ripped away.

Before Shen Tong could react, Ning Zhi slowly raised his right hand, and a wisp of pitch-black demonic flame slowly rose from his palm.

This demonic flame, seemingly weak, contained a terrifying power capable of destroying the world. The surrounding air scorched and hissed, space subtly distorted, and a terrifying pressure instantly filled the entire area.

"The Temple Master, a True Immortal Realm expert..."

Ning Zhi repeated softly, his tone tinged with a hint of playful disdain, "You think you're worthy of serving me? Do you think you're qualified?"

Shen Tong's face turned deathly pale, his body trembling violently, his eyes filled with extreme terror. He tried to beg for mercy and try to escape, but under Ning Zhi's oppressive aura, he was stiff and unable to move, unable to even utter a word, only able to let out a weak whimper.

"Senior! Spare me! Please spare me! I... I'll never dare to do it again!"

Shen Tong pleaded desperately with all his might.

But Ning Zhi didn't give him a chance to finish speaking. His eyes were indifferent, and he lightly waved his right hand.

In an instant, black demonic flames erupted from his palm like a volcanic eruption, transforming into a raging black sea of fire, carrying the power to scorch the heavens and boil the seas, instantly engulfing Shen Tong and the more than two hundred disciples behind him, leaving no blind spots.

"No!!!"

Shen Tong let out an extremely shrill and heart-wrenching scream, filled with despair and pain.

He desperately channeled his remaining spiritual energy to resist, but the energy melted instantly before the demonic flames, like snow meeting the scorching sun, offering no resistance whatsoever.

The black demonic flames scorched his flesh and soul relentlessly, the excruciating pain overwhelming him, causing him to writhe and scream in agony.

But the demonic flames clung to him like a leech, impossible to extinguish no matter how much he struggled and fought, only growing ever stronger.

The two hundred disciples behind him were completely swallowed up before they could even utter a few screams, their bodies and souls instantly reduced to nothingness.

In just a few breaths, Shen Tong's screams vanished completely, leaving no trace.

The black demonic flames slowly died down and dissipated.

Only a charred patch remained in the open space before the mountain gate, the hard, dark red ground cracked and melted from the heat; nothing else existed.

Shen Tong and his two hundred disciples left not even a bone or a wisp of soul behind, completely reduced to ashes and vanished from the world. From that moment on, the Temple Master Shen Tong ceased to exist. Long Yuan stood frozen, his face deathly pale, his legs trembling, almost collapsing.

He opened his mouth to speak, but his throat was dry and he couldn't utter a sound, his heart filled with extreme fear and shock.

He had originally thought that taking in a supernatural power would be a great thing, increasing his True Immortal realm combat strength, but he had completely forgotten that Ning Zhi didn't even bother with such a small amount of power.

In Ning Zhi's eyes, supernatural powers were nothing more than ants that he could crush with a flick of his wrist, insignificant.

Ants who submitted to Ning Zhi were meaningless, and even an eyesore, which he

would easily eliminate. Long Yuan was filled with lingering fear, thankful that he hadn't taken it in on his own, otherwise he might have been implicated as well.

He kept his head down, not daring to look at Ning Zhi's back, cold sweat pouring down his body and soaking his inner shirt.

Ning Zhi slowly withdrew his right hand, his expression calm, as if he had just done something insignificant, without the slightest ripple of emotion.

He turned to Sonya beside him, his tone still calm and gentle: "Senior Sister, let's go. There's no need to waste time here."

Sonya nodded slightly, her cold gaze sweeping over the charred marks, a faint, complex expression flashing in her eyes before returning to her usual indifference. Without saying another word, she followed Ning Zhi and slowly walked into the depths of the Demon Dragon Palace, their figures gradually disappearing behind the palace gates.

Long Yuan stood there watching the two departing figures, not daring to move for a long time.

After a long while, he slowly came to his senses, raised his hand to wipe the cold sweat from his forehead and neck, and whispered to his subordinates in a trembling voice: "Quickly... quickly clean this place up, don't leave any trace, and don't spread this matter outside, remember!" After

saying that, he didn't dare to linger, quickly turned around and followed Ning Zhi into the depths of the palace, his awe of Ning Zhi growing even stronger, and he dared not have the slightest disloyalty.

At this moment, atop a dark mountain peak a hundred miles away from the Demon Dragon Palace, behind a massive boulder, a figure lay motionless, trembling violently, his face deathly pale, his eyes filled with utter terror, barely daring to breathe.

This was the spy specially sent by the Divine Hall to track Shen Tong.

He had been cautiously following him from the Holy Domain of Light, careful not to reveal himself, intending to find out Shen Tong's whereabouts and location before immediately returning to the Divine Hall to report to Hall Master Yao Chen.

But he never expected to witness such a horrifying and shocking scene: the black-clad youth, Ning Zhi, with a mere wave of his hand, had reduced Shen Tong, a True Immortal Realm expert, and over two hundred disciples to ashes, leaving not even bones behind. Recalling

the scene of the black demonic flames filling the sky and Shen Tong's agonizing screams, the spy felt his scalp tingle, his body grow cold, and his soul

nearly leave him. He knew in his heart that the young man named Ning Zhi possessed unimaginable strength, an existence beyond human power to contend with; he was simply a ruthless demon who killed without blinking an eye.

Suppressing his fear, he scrambled out from behind the boulder, daring not to linger. He channeled all his spiritual energy and raced madly towards the Holy Land of Light, wishing he could sprout wings and fly back to the Divine Hall.

He had only one thought: he must tell Hall Master Yao Chen everything. This terrifying enemy required the Divine Hall to be on alert, or the Divine Hall would inevitably suffer the same fate as the Temple.

He raced relentlessly for several days, finally arriving back at the Holy Land of Light, reaching the Holy Light Peak where the Divine Hall headquarters was located. At the summit of Holy Light Peak, the magnificent and resplendent Divine Hall stood majestically. The Hall Master, Yao Chen, sat there, clad in a pristine white holy robe, his handsome face and refined demeanor exuding elegance. He toyed with a jade

slip imbued with holy light, his expression serene and composed. Below, the scout who had rushed back from the Demon Realm, covered in dust and disheveled, trembled uncontrollably, his face deathly pale. He knelt in the center of the hall, his head pressed tightly to the ground, his voice trembling so much he could barely speak.

Yao Chen slowly put down the jade slip in his hand, looked at the trembling scout below, his brows furrowed slightly, and his tone was calm with a hint of doubt: "You followed Shen Tong all the way, why are you in such a sorry state? Did something happen? Tell me slowly, there's no need to panic."

The scout swallowed hard, forcibly suppressing his fear, his voice still trembling as he reported everything he had seen in front of the Demon Dragon Palace in the Demon Realm: "Palace...Palace Master, I saw it with my own eyes, there is not a single falsehood!"

Shen Tong led more than two hundred remaining disciples of the Divine Palace to escape into the Demon Realm to seek refuge with the Demon Dragon lineage. The Demon Dragon leader, Long Yuan, had originally agreed to take them in.

But at this moment, that person called..." Ning Zhi's young man in black suddenly appeared, and then... then he simply waved his hand, releasing a ball of black demonic flame, which burned Shen Tong and the more than two hundred disciples to death!

Not even bones, not even a trace of their souls remained, completely reduced to ashes! "

The scout's voice trembled more and more with fear as he spoke: "That Shen Tong was a second-grade True Immortal Realm expert, yet he didn't even have a chance to resist Ning Zhi. His screams didn't even last long before he was gone!"

That black demonic flame was too terrifying; we simply couldn't contend with it!"

Yao Chen's calm expression vanished instantly, his brows furrowed tightly, and his expression became solemn.

He slowly stood up, his tone filled with disbelief: "What did you say? A single fire instantly burned Shen Tong, a True Immortal Realm expert, and more than two hundred disciples to death? They didn't even have the power to resist?"

"Yes! I swear on my life, every word is true! I saw it with my own eyes and dare not conceal anything!" The scout quickly kowtowed, his voice firm.

Yao Chen slowly descended the steps, standing with his hands behind his back in the center of the hall, silent, his aura growing increasingly heavy.

He had learned from the battle of Yunxian City that Ning Zhi was a formidable force, but he never imagined Ning Zhi would be this powerful.

A second-grade True Immortal Realm expert's divine abilities were like ants before him, easily annihilated; this strength far exceeded his comprehension.

He himself was also a True Immortal Realm expert, his cultivation slightly higher than Ning Zhi's, but only by a limited margin.

If Ning Zhi attacked him, or attacked the Divine Hall, how many moves could he withstand?

Could the Divine Hall's protective array withstand that terrifying black demonic flame?

## Chapter 6246

A chill instantly surged from Yao Chen's heart and spread throughout his body, causing him to shiver involuntarily. For the first time, a deep sense of apprehension, even a barely perceptible fear, arose in his heart.

"Go down."

After a long silence, Yao Chen slowly waved his hand, his tone extremely heavy, and said no more.

The scout hurriedly kowtowed in thanks and quickly left the hall, not daring to linger.

Only Yao Chen remained in the hall, silent and still.

He stood there in silence for a long time, then slowly raised his head and looked at the sky outside the hall's window.

The sky above the Holy Land of Light was still a clear, azure blue, and holy light still enveloped the entire land, a scene of peace and tranquility. But a thick cloud of gloom clouded Yao Chen's eyes, and his former composure was gone.

"Ning Zhi..."

he murmured softly, his tone filled with apprehension and a hint of deep-seated fear. "What is this young man's background? What does he want? With him in charge of the Demon Dragon lineage, what exactly does he intend to do?"

He closed his eyes, took a deep breath, and forcibly suppressed the fear and unease in his heart. When he opened his eyes again, the panic in them had disappeared, replaced by a resolute and solemn expression.

He knew that an unprecedented crisis was quietly approaching, and if he was not careful, the Divine Hall would repeat the mistakes of the Divine Temple and be destroyed in an instant.

"Guards!" Yao Chen spoke in a deep voice, his voice authoritative and carrying an unyielding command.

An elder guardian strode into the main hall, bowed respectfully, and said, "Your subordinate is here. What are your orders, Master?"

Yao Chen gazed intently at the distant Demon Realm, his voice heavy and resolute as he spoke each word clearly: "Pass down the order: the Divine Hall is to immediately enter a state of first-level alert. All disciples on missions outside, regardless of their location or whether their missions have been completed, are to be recalled to Holy Light Peak immediately!"

The mountain-protecting array is to be fully activated and operate around the clock without the slightest slackening. All elders are to take turns on duty to guard against any unusual activity!"

The elder guardian strode in astonishment, his face full of confusion, and hurriedly asked, "Master, what major event has occurred that necessitates activating a state of first-level alert? This is an unprecedented measure since the establishment of the Divine Hall!"

Yao Chen did not answer, but continued to gaze into the distance, his eyes deep and his voice low, as he slowly uttered a sentence: "A storm powerful enough to overturn the entire Holy Light Realm is about to arrive. We must be fully prepared, or else we will face utter annihilation." The news of the Divine Hall entering a state of high alert was like a boulder thrown into a calm lake, instantly creating a massive upheaval throughout the Holy Domain of Light.

On Holy Light Peak, the protective array was operating at full capacity, a golden light shield completely enveloping the entire mountain, preventing even a bird from easily passing through.

At the foot of the mountain, checkpoints were set up at every key point, with Divine Hall disciples stationed every three or five steps, their faces grave, as if facing a formidable enemy. The pilgrimage routes, normally open to the public, were now completely closed, with no one allowed to enter or leave.

The news caused an uproar among the various factions within the Holy Domain of Light.

"What is the Divine Hall doing? A state of high alert? That's unprecedented since the Divine Hall's

founding!" "I heard even the elders and disciples on missions have been urgently recalled; is this a war?"

“Could it be that the Demon Clan is about to attack? I heard the Temple of the Fourteenth Heaven has been destroyed, and the Demon Dragon lineage is unstoppable...”

Discussions rose and fell, panic spreading like a plague.

What shocked everyone even more was that news of the annihilation of the Holy Purity Sect spread throughout the entire Holy Domain of Light at the same time.

The majestic mountain gate that had stood for thousands of years was now a ruin.

Thousands of disciples perished; Vice Sect Leader Qingxu, Sect Leader Qingxuan, and even the elders at the True Immortal realm were all dead.

It was said that only a handful of people were responsible for the murders, the leader being a young man, a fourth-grade Upper Immortal, who had killed Sect Leader Qingxuan, a second-grade True Immortal, with a single palm strike.

“A fourth-grade Upper Immortal killing a second-grade True Immortal? How is that possible!”

“I heard that man is called David, the reincarnation of the Dragon Emperor who caused such a stir in the Fourteenth Heaven!”

“He destroyed the Divine Temple, and now he’s in the Holy Domain of Light? What does he want?”

Panic intensified.

Some smaller sects began quietly packing their belongings, preparing to flee.

Mid-sized powers urgently recalled their disciples, activated their protective mountain formations, and tightly closed their gates.

Those forces allied with the Holy Purity Sect were filled with dread, fearing they would be next.

Throughout the entire Holy Land of Light, a tense atmosphere prevailed, with everyone on edge.

Meanwhile, in a small town a hundred miles from Holy Light Peak, David sat leisurely in an unassuming teahouse, sipping his tea.

Yun Xi sat opposite him, her expression serene. Ming Li and Liu Qianqian sat at the next table, close together, whispering to each other.

Yun Yao leaned against the window, listlessly watching the people coming and going on the street.

"Young Master Chen, when are we going to the Divine Hall?" Yun Yao turned and asked softly.

David put down his teacup and said indifferently, "No rush."

Yun Yao pouted, about to say something, when Ming Li suddenly spoke up: "Mr. Chen, I just went out to scout things out, and the situation isn't quite right."

David looked at him.

Ming Li lowered his voice: "The Divine Hall has entered Level One alert. Holy Light Peak is sealed off, the mountain-protecting array is fully activated, and there are patrolling disciples everywhere at the foot of the mountain. Don't even mention going up the mountain, you'll be checked if you get within ten miles."

"Level One alert?" Yun Xi raised an eyebrow. "What is the Divine Hall doing?"

Ming Li shook his head: "I don't know. But there are many rumors outside. Some say the Demon Clan is going to attack, some say..." He glanced at David, hesitating to continue.

"What are they saying?" David asked.

"Some say it's because we destroyed the Holy Purity Sect, and the Divine Hall is afraid we'll come after them, so they're taking precautions in advance."

Upon hearing this, David's lips curled up slightly, a faint smile appearing on his face.

"Because of us?" He shook his head. "Impossible."

"Why?" Ming Li asked, puzzled.

## Chapter 6246

David picked up his teacup, took a sip, and slowly said, "What is the Divine Hall? It's one of the oldest powers in the Holy Domain of Light, established for tens of thousands of years, claiming to be the orthodox lineage of the gods. Their arrogance is ingrained in their bones."

He put down his teacup, his gaze calm: "In their eyes, we are nothing more than a few rogue cultivators at the Upper Immortal Realm, like ants. Even if we destroy the Holy Purity Sect, they will see it as nothing more than dogs fighting each other, not something that would make them feel like they are facing a formidable enemy."

Ming Li nodded thoughtfully.

"Anything that could put the Divine Hall on high alert must be something that they feel is a deadly threat."

David stood up, walked to the window, and looked towards the distant Holy Light Peak. "And it must be something of immense importance."

"Then what do we do?" Yun Yao asked. "Should we still go after the Divine Hall?"

David was silent for a moment, then said calmly, "Go after them, but not now. First, find out what they're afraid of."

He turned to Ming Li: "Ming Li, go and find out if there's anything unusual about the Divine Hall lately. Especially..." He paused, "...anything related to the Demon Clan."

Ming Li was taken aback: "The Demon Clan?"

David nodded, then looked at Yun Yao and said, "Do you remember the monsters we encountered when we were hiding from the Holy Pure Sect and entering a large forest?"

Yun Yao's expression changed slightly.

Of course she remembered those monsters with fused divine and demonic bloodlines.

Their twisted appearances, their crazed eyes, and the eerie presence that simultaneously exuded two completely different auras—even now, the thought of them sent chills down her spine.

"Young Master Chen, you mean..."

"Those monsters couldn't have appeared naturally,"

David said calmly. "There must be someone manipulating them. And in the Holy Domain of Light, the number of forces with that ability and the audacity is extremely limited."

"Mr. Chen, what monsters?" Ming Li asked.

David recounted to the others the inhuman, ghost-like monsters he had encountered when he first came to the Holy Domain of Light.

Ming Li gasped: "Such a thing exists?"

David nodded: "Go investigate. Be careful, don't alert them."

Ming Li nodded emphatically and turned to leave.

Liu Qianqian hesitated for a moment, then followed.

Yun Xi watched David's retreating figure and said softly, "Do you think the Divine Hall is up to something?"

David turned around and looked at her: "The Divine Hall can revive Ghost Clan Venerables using cultivator bloodlines, why can't the Divine Hall do something even more outrageous?"

Yun Xi was silent for a moment, then slowly nodded.

Yes, these so-called righteous paths, outwardly glamorous, often do things even more sordid than the Demon Clan.

"I'll go check too."

Yunxi stood up. "Although the Ghost Clan doesn't have much power in the Holy Land of Light, they can still find a few informants."

David nodded. "Be careful."

After Yunxi left, only David and Yun Yao remained in the teahouse.

Yun Yao leaned against the window, watching the people coming and going on the street, and suddenly whispered, "Young Master Chen, do you think... the Divine Hall would really do such a thing?"

David looked at her without speaking.

Yun Yao turned her head, a hint of confusion in her eyes. "When I was in the Holy Pure Sect, they always said they were the righteous path, the guardians of the Holy Land of Light. But what they did to me... wasn't honorable at all."

She lowered her head, her voice growing softer. "Later, I escaped, thinking that all righteous people in the world were the same. But you, Young Master Chen, are different, Sister Yunxi is different, Mingli and Qianqian are different too. I thought, maybe there are good people in the righteous path too..." Even the people of the Divine Hall, a race of gods, are bad people..." She looked up, her eyes full of confusion. "Then what exactly is the righteous path? What is true light?"

David looked at her, remained silent for a long time, and slowly said, "The righteous path isn't something you talk about, it's something you do. Light isn't something given by others, it's something you have in your heart."

He stood up, walked to the window, and stood with his hands behind his back.

"Those who claim to be on the righteous path aren't necessarily good people. And those demonic cultivators who are despised aren't necessarily bad people. Right and wrong aren't determined by status, but by the heart."

Yun Yao nodded, seemingly understanding.

David didn't say anything more, but just gazed in the direction of Holy Light Peak in the distance, his gaze deep.

A few days later, Ming Li and Liu Qianqian returned first.

Neither of them looked very good.

"Mr. Chen, I've found out." Ming Li sat down, lowering his voice. "The Divine Hall is indeed secretly capturing demonic cultivators."

David's expression remained unchanged. "Continue."

Ming Li said, "It's not just demonic cultivators, but also some ordinary rogue cultivators from the Divine Race. After these people were captured, they never appeared again. Their families and friends went to the Divine Hall to ask for them back, but the answer they received was always, 'This person has left Holy Light Peak and their whereabouts are unknown.'"

"Unknown whereabouts..." David repeated, a cold smile curling at the corner of his mouth.

"There's more." Ming Li continued, "I found someone on the edge of the Demon Realm. His younger brother was one of the demonic cultivators captured by the Divine Hall. He said that before his brother was captured, he secretly sent him a message using a jade slip."

"What did he say?"

Ming Li took a deep breath, enunciating each word clearly. "He said the Divine Hall is carrying out a crazy plan. They want to fuse the bloodlines of the Divine Race and the Demon Race to create a super cultivator who possesses the power of both races."

The teahouse fell silent.

Yun Yao's eyes widened, her face filled with disbelief.

David, however, remained calm, as if he had already guessed it.

"Just as I expected." He said indifferently.

Ming Li continued, "That demonic cultivator said that the Divine Hall captured many people and imprisoned them in a secret place, forcibly injecting them

with another bloodline. Most of them died during the fusion process, and those who survived... became monsters, losing their minds and only capable of killing each other."

"Those monsters..." Yun Yao said tremulously, "are the ones we encountered before?"

Ming Li nodded heavily.

David was silent for a moment, then asked, "Where is that place?"

"Deep in the dense forest, three hundred miles east of Holy Light Peak," Ming Li said. "The Divine Hall has set up a restriction there, and outsiders cannot enter. But that demonic cultivator said that before his brother was captured, he had seen that place from afar."

David stood up, hands behind his back, a cold glint in his eyes.

"The Divine Hall..." he said softly, his tone calm, yet carrying a chilling aura, "is even worse than the Divine Temple."

Yun Xi returned at this moment.

Her expression was equally unpleasant.

"I found out." She sat down, her tone heavy. "The Divine Hall is indeed conducting experiments on bloodline fusion. And..." She paused, "They've succeeded."

David frowned. "Successfully?"

Yun Xi nodded. "I secretly captured a Divine Hall elder and used our Ghost Clan's secret technique to bewitch him, that's how I found out."

He said the Divine Hall successfully created a finished product a few months ago. That monster possesses the dual bloodlines of both the God and Demon

ances, and its strength is terrifying. The Divine Hall has imprisoned it deep within the forbidden area and is still observing it."

## Chapter 6248

"Only one?" David asked.

"There's only one right now," Yun Xi said. "But the Divine Hall is still capturing demonic cultivators and rogue cultivators. Their goal is to create an army like this."

An army of monsters with both divine and demonic bloodlines.

David closed his eyes and took a deep breath.

After a long while, he opened his eyes, his gaze filled with coldness.

"This Divine Hall is more deserving of death than the Divine Temple."

Although the Divine Temple extracted cultivators' bloodlines to revive the Ghost Clan Venerables, at least it had a clear purpose: to revive the strong and strengthen itself.

But the Divine Hall uses living people as experimental subjects, letting them die in agony or turn them into mindless monsters who kill each other.

This is a desecration of life, a trampling of humanity.

"Mr. Chen, what should we do?" Ming Li asked.

David looked out the window, his gaze passing over the town, over the plains, and landing on the Holy Light Peak shrouded in golden light.

"Don't rush," he said calmly. "The Divine Hall is on high alert. It's not wise to force our way in now. And..." He paused, "Someone is more anxious than us."

"Who?" Ming Li was taken aback.

David's lips curled slightly upward: "Those demonic cultivators who were captured aren't without backgrounds. After the war between gods and demons, the number of demonic cultivators decreased, but that doesn't mean they've all disappeared completely. They also have fellow disciples and clansmen. When the time comes, we won't even need to lift a finger; someone will naturally come to settle accounts with the Divine Hall."

He turned to look at everyone: "Let's keep an eye on things and wait for an opportunity."

In the following days, David and his companions settled down in the small town, secretly observing the Divine Hall's movements.

Meanwhile, in the Demon Realm, deep within the Demon Dragon Palace, in a secret chamber, Ning Zhi stood with his hands behind his back, looking at a map hanging on the wall.

The map marked the distribution of power throughout the Heavenly Realm, with the location of the Holy Light Domain circled in red.

Long Yuan stood behind him, not daring to breathe.

Ever since Shen Tong was burned to death by Ning Zhi, Long Yuan had grown increasingly awe of this young man, even to the point of fear.

He was cautious every day, afraid of doing something wrong to anger this ruthless star.

"Long Yuan," Ning Zhi suddenly spoke.

Long Yuan trembled and hurriedly stepped forward: "What are your orders, Senior?"

Ning Zhi turned around, looked at him, and said calmly: "Have there been any reports of demonic cultivators going missing recently?"

Long Yuan was taken aback, thought for a moment, and said: "Yes, Senior. Several small tribes on the border of the Demon Realm have gone missing recently. I sent people to investigate, but we haven't found any clues. I thought they were eaten by demonic beasts, so I didn't pay much attention."

Ning Zhi's eyes turned cold: "Eaten by demonic beasts?"

"I was just guessing..." Long Yuan didn't dare to look Ning Zhi in the eye.

Ning Zhi sneered: "Those missing people were captured by the Divine Hall."

Long Yuan was shocked: "The Divine Hall? What are they doing capturing demonic cultivators?"

Ning Zhi didn't answer, but just looked at the Holy Domain of Light on the map, a hint of killing intent flashing in his eyes.

"Long Yuan, how much do you know about the Divine Hall?"

Long Yuan thought for a moment and said, "The Divine Hall is one of the oldest forces in the Holy Domain of Light, established for tens of thousands of years, and claims to be the orthodox lineage of the gods. They have always considered themselves righteous and look down on our demon race. However, in recent years they have kept a low profile and rarely interact with the outside world." "Keep a low profile?" Ning Zhi's lips curled into a mocking smile. "They're not keeping a low profile; they're quietly doing something big."

He turned to look at Long Yuan: "The Divine Hall is secretly capturing demonic cultivators and rogue cultivators to conduct bloodline fusion experiments. They want to fuse the bloodlines of the divine race and the demon race to create a super cultivator possessing the power of both races."

"The reason my senior sister and I stayed in the Fourteenth Heaven was precisely for this reason. These people of the divine race are too arrogant; they don't take the demon race seriously at all, daring to defy the Heavenly Dao..."

Long Yuan's expression changed drastically: "What?! How dare they!"

The divine race has always revered bloodlines; to steal and fuse bloodlines with others is a great disgrace.

Moreover, the divine race has always looked down on the demon race, considering their bloodline inferior.

Now they're secretly fusing divine and demon bloodlines to artificially create powerful super cultivators.

"Nothing much; it's just that these divine races wouldn't dare."

A cold glint flashed in Ning Zhi's eyes: "I'm a demonic cultivator now, and I'll make them pay the price."

These words sent a chill down Long Yuan's spine.

He understood.

Although Ning Zhi was a human cultivator, he practiced demonic techniques and used demonic energy, making him essentially no different from a demonic cultivator.

The Divine Hall's capture of demonic cultivators for bloodline experiments was, in Ning Zhi's view, a provocation.

"Senior, what do you plan to do?" Long Yuan asked cautiously.

Ning Zhi turned around, his gaze falling on the location of the Holy Domain of Light on the map, a cruel smile curving his lips.

"What to do?"

he repeated softly, his tone calm, yet carrying a chilling killing intent.

"Of course... annihilate them."

Long Yuan's heart skipped a beat, but he dared not say more.

Ning Zhi stood with his hands behind his back, gazing into the distance, his eyes deep and unfathomable.

"The Divine Hall, the Divine Temple, these so-called righteous paths, they all deserve to die."

His tone was indifferent, as if he were discussing a trivial matter.

"The temple is gone. Now, it's the Divine Hall's turn."

Long Yuan trembled and quickly bowed, saying, "This subordinate will go and summon the demonic dragon army immediately!"

"No need." Ning Zhi raised his hand to stop him. "This time, I'll go alone."

The reason Ning Zhi didn't want Sonya to come was because Sonya's state of mind had been unstable recently. If she encountered David again and her memories returned, it would be troublesome.

Long Yuan was stunned: "Senior alone? The Divine Hall's protective formation is no simple matter, and their hall master, Yao Chen, is also a True Immortal Realm expert..."

Ning Zhi glanced at him, his gaze calm, yet it made Long Yuan instantly shut up.

"A formation?" Ning Zhi's lips curled into a disdainful smile. "That thing, can it stop me?"

Long Yuan opened his mouth, but ultimately didn't dare to say anything more.

Ning Zhi turned around and walked out of the secret chamber.

As he reached the door, he suddenly stopped and glanced back at Long Yuan: "Keep an eye on my senior sister while I'm gone. If she loses even a single hair, you know the consequences."

Long Yuan trembled and quickly replied, "Don't worry, senior! I will definitely protect Miss Su!"

Ning Zhi said nothing more and turned to leave.

His figure quickly disappeared into the dark red light outside the Demon Dragon Palace.

Long Yuan stood there, watching Ning Zhi's departing back, his heart filled with mixed emotions.

He knew that the Holy Domain of Light was about to change.

At this moment, at the summit of Holy Light Peak in the Holy Domain of Light,

Yao Chen stood by the window of the main hall, gazing at the golden protective array below the mountain, his brows furrowed.

For some reason, he had a bad feeling these past few days, as if something terrible was about to happen.

"Hall Master,"

a guardian elder hurried in, bowing, "the news of the destruction of the Holy Pure Sect has spread throughout the entire Holy Domain of Light, and all the forces, large and small, are in a state of panic. Several small sects have already closed their doors and fled."

Yao Chen snorted coldly, "They can run away, but they can't hide. Let them run; they'll come back when the storm passes."

The guardian elder hesitated for a moment, then added, "There's one more thing. David, with the Golden Dragon bloodline, seems to have appeared near Holy Light Peak."

Yao Chen frowned, "David? What's he doing near Holy Light Peak?"

"This subordinate is unaware. However, this person's strength is indeed terrifying. A fourth-grade Upper Immortal can kill the Qingxuan Sect Master, a second-grade True Immortal, with a single palm strike. If he comes to cause trouble for our Divine Hall..."

Yao Chen raised his hand to interrupt him: "He's just a junior, no need to make a fuss. If he dares to come, I will naturally let him know that the Divine Hall is not comparable to the likes of the Holy Qing Sect."

The Guardian Elder nodded and was about to leave when Yao Chen suddenly spoke: "How is the experiment going?"

The Guardian Elder was taken aback and whispered: "Everything is going smoothly. The first finished product has stabilized and is extremely strong. According to our estimates, once it is fully mature, its strength will at least reach the third grade of the True Immortal Realm, or even..."

"Even what?"

"It may even break through the third grade of the True Immortal Realm and reach an even higher level."

A hint of excitement flashed in Yao Chen's eyes, but he suppressed it again.

"Continue to observe, and don't make any mistakes. This is our Divine Hall's biggest trump card for turning the tide."

“Yes!”

After the Guardian Elder left, Yao Chen stood alone by the window, looking at the golden light shield below the mountain, a complex expression flashing in his eyes.

He knew perfectly well what he was doing.

Capturing demonic cultivators and rogue cultivators of the divine race for bloodline fusion experiments—if word got out, the reputation of the Divine Hall would be utterly ruined.

Those so-called righteous forces would rise up against it, regarding the Divine Hall as an enemy even more terrifying than the demons.

Moreover, his actions were forbidden by the divine race and violated the laws of heaven.

But he had no other choice; His Majesty of the Divine Hall wanted to control the entire Fourteenth Heaven.

Furthermore, the destruction of the Divine Palace had shown him the impending crisis.

The rise of the Demonic Dragon lineage and Ning Zhi’s terrifying strength were all reminders that if he didn’t become stronger quickly, the Divine Hall would eventually follow in the footsteps of the Divine Palace.

For the future of the Divine Hall, for its glory, he was willing to do anything.

Even make a deal with the devil.

Yao Chen took a deep breath, suppressing his unease, and turned back to his throne.

Meanwhile, in a small town a hundred miles from Holy Light Peak, David stood by the window, gazing towards the distant Holy Light Peak.

"A storm is coming," he murmured.

Yunxi stood behind him, saying calmly, "You sensed it?"

David nodded. "The shady dealings of the Divine Hall will be discovered sooner or later. And those demonic cultivators they captured will eventually be held accountable."

He paused, a faint smile playing on his lips.

"I just didn't expect it to come so quickly."

Yunxi was taken aback. "What do you mean?"

David didn't speak, only gazing at the distant horizon.

There, a black figure was flying towards the Holy Domain of Light at an astonishing speed, its demonic energy almost tangible, causing even the sky to change color wherever it passed.

Ning Zhi had arrived.

Even from a thousand miles away, David could sense Ning Zhi's aura.

He was all too familiar with that aura.

## Chapter 6249

Beneath Holy Light Peak, the wind and clouds shifted.

A golden protective array enveloped the entire mountain, its protective barrier, blessed by countless ancestors of the divine temples over tens of

thousands of years, now swirling wildly. Golden runes flowed across the barrier's surface like living things, emitting a low, buzzing sound.

Yet, before the black figure, this seemingly indestructible barrier was as fragile as paper, sending chills down one's spine.

Ning Zhi stood with his hands behind his back, his feet treading on the void, his black robes fluttering in the wind.

He didn't deliberately release any pressure, yet the invisible oppression solidified the air within a hundred miles.

The ground beneath his feet cracked silently, fine fissures spreading outwards from him. Unseen forces lifted pebbles, suspending them in mid-air before instantly turning them to dust.

On Holy Light Peak, the alarm bells rang loudly.

The ancient bell, passed down for tens of thousands of years, rang on its own the instant the great formation was suppressed, its toll rapid and mournful, each note a death knell.

The disciples of the Divine Hall turned pale, trembling violently. Some collapsed to the ground, their legs giving way; others turned to run but were held back by their companions; still others' hands, gripping their weapons, shook so badly they could barely hold their swords.

"That...who is that?" "

Demonic energy...such terrifying demonic energy! This is not an aura that ordinary demonic cultivators could possess!"

"Quick! Report to the Hall Master! Activate all the restrictions!"

Ning Zhi, at the foot of the mountain, seemed oblivious to everything.

He raised his head, his gaze calmly sweeping over the majestic Holy Light Peak, as if examining an insignificant toy.

The palace atop the peak, shrouded in golden light, was faintly visible. Those flying eaves, brackets, carved beams, and painted rafters—once a sacred place in the hearts of countless cultivators—were now, in his eyes, nothing more than crumbling ruins.

Yao Chen was meditating in the rear hall when he received the news.

He abruptly opened his eyes, his expression changing drastically, and vanished in a flash.

The next instant, he appeared on the stargazing platform at the highest point of the peak.

When he saw the black-clad figure below, his pupils contracted sharply.

Too young.

The face looked to be no more than twenty years old, with fair skin and handsome features. If it weren't for the almost tangible demonic energy surrounding him, one could easily believe he was a direct disciple of some prestigious sect.

But those eyes... those eyes, as deep as an ancient, icy pool, lacked the passion and impulsiveness of youth, only a chilling indifference and a faint hint of weariness, as if nothing in the world was worth a second glance.

"This is... Ning Zhi?"

Yao Chen murmured to himself, his voice trembling slightly, a tremor he himself didn't even notice.

He instinctively clenched his fists, his nails digging into his palms, using pain to suppress the fear in his heart.

He had heard of Ning Zhi's terror.

From the battle at Yunxian City to the destruction of his divine power by fire, everything told him that this young man was not someone he could afford to provoke.

But hearing about him was one thing, seeing him in person was another.

That aura, that oppressive force that even the protective mountain array couldn't block, reminded him of the legendary powerful beings of ancient times.

That was a power that transcended everything, a despair that left no room for resistance.

He had lived for tens of thousands of years, believing he had seen all the strong in the world, but now he realized that before true power, everything he was so proud of was nothing but the arrogance of a frog in a well.

"Hall Master, what do we do?"

A guardian elder approached, his voice trembling, cold sweat beading on his forehead.

Yao Chen took a deep breath, forcibly suppressing his fear, and said in a deep voice, "Stay calm, don't act rashly. Activate the protective mountain array at full power, all elders to your positions, inject spiritual energy into the array's core. No one is allowed to leave the mountain gate even a step."

"But...but what if he attacks..." The elder's voice trembled.

"He won't." Yao Chen stared at the figure below the mountain, his tone barely maintaining composure. "If he wanted to attack, he would have done so already. What is he waiting for?"

What was he waiting for?

Yao Chen didn't know, nor dared he guess.

But he knew that the young man standing there was like a sword hanging over his head, ready to fall at any moment.

And all he could do was pray that the sword wouldn't fall on him.

At the foot of the mountain, Ning Zhi stood quietly, his gaze sweeping across Holy Light Peak without lingering.

Those trembling disciples of the Divine Hall, those elders and protectors on high alert, were like ants in his eyes, not worth a second glance.

His gaze passed over Holy Light Peak, over layers of mountains, and landed on a small town a hundred miles away.

There, he felt a familiar aura.

"David..."

Ning Zhi's lips curled up slightly, a faint smile appearing.

The smile was very faint, almost imperceptible, but something flickered deep within his eyes.

There was expectation, fighting spirit, and a complex emotion that even he himself didn't realize.

In the small town, David stood by the window, his gaze also fixed on the direction of Holy Light Peak.

He sensed that aura, that familiar, hateful demonic energy.

It was like a flame in the darkness, clearly perceptible no matter the distance.

"Ning Zhi,"

he murmured, his tone calm, but his clenched fist betrayed his inner turmoil.

His knuckles were white, veins bulged, and even his breathing became heavy.

Yun Xi stood behind him, her expression grave: "Is it that Ning Zhi?"

David nodded, loosened his fist, took a deep breath, and suppressed his surging emotions.

"He's here. Perfect." He turned to the crowd, a cold glint in his eyes. "Let's go, let's meet him."

Yun Yao was somewhat frightened, instinctively hiding behind Liu Qianqian, only revealing half her face, timidly looking at David.

Ming Li gripped his ghost blade tightly, a fighting spirit flashing in his eyes, a slight smirk playing on his lips.

Liu Qianqian didn't speak, but gently grasped Ming Li's hand. The two exchanged a glance, everything understood without words.

The group left the town, transforming into streaks of light and speeding towards Holy Light Peak.

At the foot of Holy Light Peak, Ning Zhi still stood with his hands behind his back, as if waiting for something.

He didn't wait long.

A moment later, several streaks of light flew from the horizon, piercing the sky and landing at the foot of the other side of Holy Light Peak.

The golden light dissipated, revealing David's figure.

The two were hundreds of feet apart, facing each other from afar.

One was surrounded by golden light, exuding a powerful dragon aura, with the faint phantom of a five-clawed golden dragon coiled behind him. His dragon roar was deep and heavy, shaking the air.

The other was filled with surging demonic energy, his murderous aura soaring to the sky. The ground beneath his feet was corroded by demonic energy, cracking inch by inch, with dark red cracks spreading outwards like a spider web.

The two completely different auras collided in mid-air, stirring up invisible sparks.

There was no sound, no light, yet the aftershocks of the collision slightly distorted the space within a radius of several miles, creating visible folds in the air, like crumpled silk.

## Chapter 6250

"Interesting."

These four words came out of his mouth with a hint of nonchalance, but those who knew him knew that when he said this, he was truly serious.

David didn't speak.

He knew that the previous sword strike was just a test. He took

a deep breath, and the golden dragon bloodline within him boiled completely, the dragon blood surging in his veins, as hot as magma.

He could feel every inch of his muscle burning, every bone trembling—the Dragon Emperor's bloodline responding to his will.

He attacked again.

This time, it was no longer a test.

The sword light was like a rainbow, continuous and unending.

The first sword strike transformed into a golden dragon, baring its fangs and claws, lunging towards Ning Zhi. The dragon's

mouth opened wide, its fangs bared, as if it wanted to devour him, man and soul.

Ning Zhi dodged to the side, and with a backhand punch, slammed into the dragon's head, blasting the dragon into a shower of golden light.

The second sword followed immediately, its tip aimed directly at Ning Zhi's throat.

This sword strike was incredibly fast, so fast that even the sword light couldn't leave a trace in the air, so fast that the elders at the peak of the Upper Immortal Realm on Holy Light Peak couldn't even see the sword's trajectory.

Ning Zhi raised his hand, two fingers precisely pinching the sword tip.

The sound of metal clashing rang out, sparks flying everywhere. Where his fingers touched the sword tip, the air was compressed into a visible, transparent sphere, emitting a piercing buzz.

The third sword, the fourth sword, the fifth sword...

David's attacks were like a storm, each sword faster and more ruthless than the last.

He didn't need any fancy moves, just sword strikes, each one filled with deep hatred and a relentless determination to fight to the death, relentlessly attacking Ning Zhi.

Each sword strike contained earth-shattering power, each one enough to flatten a mountain.

Wherever the sword light passed, the ground was plowed with trenches several meters deep, and the air was filled with a scorching aura, the aftereffects of the collision between sword energy and demonic energy.

Ning Zhi neither dodged nor evaded, meeting David's attacks head-on with punch after punch.

His fist techniques were simple and unadorned, without any fancy variations, yet each punch was terrifyingly precise.

No matter the angle from which David's sword thrust, no matter how fast it was, his fists always struck the sword precisely, neutralizing David's attacks.

The two grew faster and faster.

So fast that the disciples on Holy Light Peak couldn't even see their movements, only two golden and black streaks of light colliding wildly, each collision unleashing a deafening roar.

Golden light and demonic energy intertwined, dyeing the entire sky an eerie dark gold.

So fast that even the True Immortal Realm elders could barely catch afterimages.

Their eyes widened, their faces filled with horror, unable to believe that this was a battle between two Upper Immortal Realm cultivators.

This level of combat was top-tier even among True Immortal Realm cultivators.

Ning Zhi was also capable of fighting beyond his level; although he was currently only at the ninth rank of Upper Immortal Realm, he could truly dominate and instantly kill a second-rank True Immortal Realm cultivator.

The clash between sword light and fist energy grew increasingly fierce and intense.

In just a few breaths, the two had exchanged hundreds of blows.

Each collision unleashed a terrifying shockwave, blasting the surrounding ground into craters, leaving no intact patch of ground within a radius of several miles.

Debris was blasted into the air, only to be pulverized in the next shockwave.

Dust billowed, obscuring the sky, but as soon as it approached the center of their battle, it was instantly vaporized by the violent energy, leaving not a trace.

On Holy Light Peak, Yao Chen watched this scene, his face growing increasingly grim, the veins on his hand gripping the railing bulging. "These two... are monsters."

He originally thought that David's ability to kill the Qingxuan Sect Master with a single palm strike was already his limit.

But now he realized that David's strength was far more terrifying than he had imagined.

That terrifying fighting instinct, that bloodline power that grew stronger with each battle, was simply incomparable to someone like the Qingxuan Sect Master.

Ning Zhi was even more unfathomable.

After fighting David for so long, he was still at ease, even having the energy to observe the surrounding situation.

This strength, this composure, filled him with dread from the bottom of his heart.

What alarmed him even more was that although the two were fighting fiercely, neither of them was using their full strength.

They seemed to be testing each other, probing each other's limits, searching for each other's weaknesses.

"Hall Master, should we..." a guardian elder asked in a low voice, his eyes filled with anxiety.

Yao Chen raised his hand to stop him, a glint of shrewdness flashing in his eyes: "No rush, let them fight. Ideally, they'll both be severely injured, then we can reap the benefits."

He paused, then added, "Pass down the order: all elders, prepare yourselves. Once they're exhausted, attack immediately. Neither of these two can be spared."

The guardian elder nodded and turned to relay the order.

At the foot of the mountain, the battle between David and Ning Zhi continued.

They fought from the ground to mid-air, and then back down.

Golden light and demonic energy intertwined, sword intent and fist energy collided; each move was enough to instantly kill a second-grade True Immortal.

David's sword grew faster and more ruthless.

His eyes were no longer just watching Ning Zhi's movements, but sensing his every action, sensing every flow of demonic energy within him.

The golden dragon patterns on the Dragon-Slaying Sword grew brighter, as if they were about to fly off the blade.

The sword's cry grew more urgent and piercing, responding to its master's will, burning with all its power.

Ning Zhi's fists also grew heavier.

His fists were covered in a layer of black demonic flames, not ordinary flames, but flames condensed from the purest demonic energy, so hot that even the space itself was slightly distorted by the heat.

Each punch left a dark trail in the air that lingered for a long time.

"Boom—!"

Another violent collision.

David was knocked back dozens of feet, his feet carving two deep furrows in the ground. His hands were numb, and the Dragon-Slaying Sword almost slipped from his grasp.

A trickle of blood escaped from the corner of his mouth, and the golden light around him dimmed slightly.

Ning Zhi took three steps back, steadied himself, and his chest rose and fell slightly.

Several cuts from the sword energy ripped through his black clothes, revealing lean but explosive muscles beneath.

He didn't pursue, but coldly looked at David. "Admit defeat, David. You are no match for me now. If you continue, you will die."

David steadied himself, wiped the blood from his mouth, and smiled.

In that smile, there was no fear, no retreat, only an indomitable fighting spirit.

“Admit defeat? Ning Zhi, when have you ever seen me admit defeat?”

He took a deep breath, and the dragon blood within him surged once more.

He could feel that during those hundreds of moves, the bottleneck that had stagnated for so long was beginning to loosen.

That was the threshold of the fifth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm, the breakthrough opportunity he had been searching for.