

A Man Like None Other

Novel

Chapter 6281

David rested for three more days in the Divine Palace.

During those three days, his body recovered rapidly.

The power brought by the Heart of the Northern Abyss was still slowly integrating within him, his cultivation at the peak of the seventh rank of the Upper Immortal Realm was completely stabilized, and his chaotic power was much more solidified than before.

He even took the time to test his limits; with a single sword strike, he was able to slice off half of the thousand-foot-tall ice peak outside the Divine Palace.

Jiang Xuelan stood beside the ruins of the ice peak, looking at the smooth, mirror-like cut, and remained silent for a long time.

"If you go all out now, no cultivator below the fifth rank of the True Immortal Realm should be your match," she gave a fair assessment.

David sheathed his sword, showing little excitement.

The improvement in his strength was certainly gratifying, but he was always preoccupied with another matter:

Yunxian City.

Would Ning Zhi take advantage of his absence to attack Yunxian City?

Could Long Zhan and Liu Wanqing defend it?

Had Yun Xi and the others returned?

These questions gnawed at his heart like worms.

On the morning of the fourth day, David found Jiang Xuelan.

She stood beneath the Tree of Life, gazing up at its golden canopy.

Morning light filtered through the leaves, bathing her in white, her long hair as black as ink, making her appear as serene as a painting.

"I'm leaving," David said bluntly.

Jiang Xuelan didn't turn around, but her shoulders stiffened slightly.

The change was subtle, so subtle that David wouldn't have noticed it if his perception hadn't been greatly enhanced.

"Your friend has been resurrected and left safely. You truly have no reason to stay here."

Her voice was calm, almost cold.

David walked to her side, standing shoulder to shoulder.

"I promised you three things. Drawing blood counts as one, accompanying you to the ancient battlefield is another. And the last one... have you thought it through?"

Jiang Xuelan finally turned to look at him.

Something flickered in her deep eyes.

There was hesitation, struggle, and a hint of... an emotion David couldn't quite decipher.

"I have," she said.

"Speak."

Jiang Xuelan took a deep breath, turned around, and faced David directly.

"Help me restore the Ice God lineage."

David was taken aback: "What?"

"The Ice God lineage is now down to just me."

Jiang Xuelan's voice was soft, yet every word was clear. "The remnant soul of Bei Mingyuan is within you. You are the only person in this world with a deep connection to the Ice God's bloodline. If you don't help me, the Ice God lineage is truly finished."

David frowned: "How can I help you? I'm not a member of the God race."

"You have the Ice God's bloodline within you."

Jiang Xuelan stared into his eyes. "After our dual cultivation, the power of the Ice God lineage has been fused into your chaotic power. If you're willing, you can use this power to awaken more people who possess the latent genes of the Ice God's bloodline, allowing them to reawaken."

David was silent for a moment.

"What do you mean by awakening?" Jiang Xuelan took out an ice-blue jade slip from her sleeve and handed it to him.

"This is the Bloodline Sensing Technique of the Ice God lineage. After cultivating it, you can sense all those within a radius of ten thousand miles who possess the latent genes of the Ice

God bloodline. These people are scattered throughout the Heavenly Realm, and they themselves are unaware that the blood of the Ice God lineage flows within them. As long as you find them and activate their bloodline with the power of chaos, they can reawaken."

David took the jade slip but didn't immediately examine it.

"Even if I find these people and awaken them, so what?"

"The Ice God lineage declined not because it lacked talent, but because of the targeting by other races within the God Clan. Now that the God Clan is led by the God Emperor lineage, will they sit idly by and watch the Ice God lineage rise again?" David asked.

Jiang Xuelan's expression changed slightly.

David was right.

The decline of the Ice God lineage, on the surface, was due to the dilution and degeneration of its bloodline, but the fundamental reason was the power struggle within the God Clan.

Years ago, a female cultivator from the Ice God lineage eloped with an outsider, violating the ironclad laws of the divine race. The Divine Emperor lineage seized this opportunity, uniting with other races to suppress the Ice God lineage for thousands of years.

Experts were assassinated, resources were cut off, and traditions were destroyed... this is how the Ice God lineage gradually marched towards its demise.

Now, the Divine Emperor lineage has ruled the divine race for tens of thousands of years, its power deeply entrenched.

Even if David helps her awaken countless more Ice God bloodline awakeners, as long as the Divine Emperor lineage exists, the Ice God lineage will never be able to hold its head high.

"I know," Jiang Xuelan's voice lowered, "but I don't care."

David looked at her.

"The glory of the Ice God lineage cannot be recreated by hiding."

Jiang Xuelan's gaze hardened, even carrying a hint of stubbornness. "If the Divine Emperor lineage wants to obstruct us, then destroy the Divine Emperor lineage. If the divine race's alliance system targets the Ice God lineage, then let this system collapse."

David gasped.

"Do you know what you're saying? Destroy the Divine Emperor's lineage? Collapse the Divine Alliance? This is tantamount to waging war against the entire Divine Race."

"I know,"

Jiang Xuelan's tone was terrifyingly calm. "I've waited so many years, not to keep waiting. David, you have the remnant soul of Bei Mingyuan within you, the power of the Ice God's lineage flows through you, you are a part of this. You cannot stand aside."

David remained silent for a long time.

He remembered Jiang Xuelan kneeling before him, remembered her vulnerability as she said, her eyes reddening, "The Ice God's lineage cannot be severed in my hands."

He remembered her desperate protection of him on the ancient battlefield, remembered the relief she felt when she gave him the Heart of Bei Mingyuan.

This woman had already sacrificed too much for her race.

"What do you plan to do?" David asked.

Jiang Xuelan's eyes brightened.

"I'll go with you."

David was taken aback. "With me?"

"You go back to Yunxian City, and I'll go with you,"

Jiang Xuelan said. "Didn't you say Yunxian City is facing a threat from the Demon Clan? I'll help you defend the city. In exchange, you help me find awakened individuals of the Ice God's bloodline in the various heavens of the Celestial Realm."

"What about the Divine Palace?"

Jiang Xuelan glanced at the Tree of Life behind her, a hint of reluctance flashing in her eyes, but it quickly disappeared.

"The Divine Palace existed to protect the last spark of the Ice God's lineage. Now that the spark is in my body, the Divine Palace has no need to exist."

She turned around, facing the direction of the Divine Palace, and raised her right hand.

Ice-blue divine light surged from her palm, transforming into countless strands of light that extended towards every palace and every stone chamber of the Divine Palace.

The moment those strands of light touched the buildings, everything inside—books, pills, magical artifacts, spirit stones—was swept up by the strands of light, turning into streams of light that disappeared into Jiang Xuelan's sleeves.

In the blink of an eye, the entire palace was completely emptied, leaving only the empty stone walls and the Tree of Life.

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"What about the disciples of the Divine Palace?" David asked.

"The Divine Palace only has twelve disciples, all orphans I picked up from various places,"

Jiang Xuelan said calmly. "I arranged for them to be placed in a safe place long ago. The disbandment of the Divine Palace is actually a relief for them."

David looked at this decisive woman, a complex emotion welling up in his heart.

She had prepared for everything long ago.

Not today, not yesterday, perhaps from the moment she decided to cultivate with him, she had already been planning all of this.

"Aren't you afraid I'll refuse?" David asked.

Jiang Xuelan looked at him, the corners of her mouth slightly upturned.

"Would you?"

David smiled bitterly.

He wouldn't.

Not because of the promise, but because he could no longer treat the woman in front of him as an insignificant passerby.

The life-and-death struggle on the ancient battlefield, the side-by-side battle under the Ruins of Return, and that night under the Tree of Life... Some things, once they happen, can never be undone.

"Let's go,"

David sighed. "But before we leave, I need to try out that bloodline sensing technique you mentioned. It would be troublesome if you realized you'd forgotten something after we left and had to come back."

Jiang Xuelan chuckled and handed him the jade slip.

David sat cross-legged, pressed the jade slip to his forehead, and closed his eyes.

The bloodline sensing technique wasn't complicated; essentially, it was an ability to perceive bloodline fluctuations.

David already possessed the Ice God bloodline, and with the power of chaos as a medium, his cultivation was twice as effective.

In less than the time it takes for an incense stick to burn, he mastered this secret technique.

He activated the Ice God bloodline within him, spreading his perception in all directions.

Within a thousand miles, there was no reaction.

Two thousand miles.

Three thousand miles.

When the range of perception expanded to five thousand miles, David's brow suddenly furrowed.

He sensed something.

In the southeast direction, about four thousand seven hundred miles away, there was a faint signal.

The signal was very weak, almost drowned out by the surrounding spiritual energy, but it was undeniably present—the faint fluctuations emitted by the dormant latent genes of the Ice God's bloodline.

"There's someone,"

David said to Jiang Xuelan, opening his eyes. "Southeast, 4,700 li away."

A flicker of surprise crossed Jiang Xuelan's eyes, but she quickly suppressed it.

"Only one person?"

David nodded. "Only one person. However, my perception range is only 5,000 li; I can't sense anything further. Perhaps when my strength increases, the range will be larger."

Jiang Xuelan was silent for a moment, then sighed softly.

"One is good. At least it proves that the flame of the Ice God's lineage hasn't been completely extinguished."

She looked up at the Tree of Life, then turned and walked towards the outside of the Divine Palace.

"Let's go."

David stood up and followed behind her.

The two passed through the Ice Pillar Forest, through the Gale Zone of the Ruins, heading south.

David looked back at the hidden place covered in ice and snow, a feeling of being in another world welling up inside him.

He arrived alone, exhausted and on the verge of death.

He left with two people, his strength greatly increased, and a woman by his side who would help him rebuild a race.

Fate is truly unpredictable.

The two traveled south for about two days.

David's injuries had completely healed, and Jiang Xuelan had almost recovered from her exhaustion.

As they traveled, they exchanged cultivation insights; more accurately, Jiang Xuelan was guiding David on how to better utilize the Ice God bloodline within him. "Your chaotic power is too domineering. Every time you use the Ice God bloodline, you unconsciously mix other powers into it,"

Jiang Xuelan frowned. "While this makes it more powerful, it greatly reduces the tempering effect on the Ice God bloodline."

"Then what should I do?" David humbly asked.

"Pure."

Jiang Xuelan only said one word. "The core of the Ice God lineage's power is 'purity.' You need to learn to strip away the other components from your chaotic power, leaving only the purest Ice God power."

David tried to do it her way, and the effect was indeed much better.

Although he couldn't achieve complete "purity," it was already much stronger than before.

At noon on the third day, the two arrived at an open plain.

David suddenly stopped.

"What's wrong?" Jiang Xuelan asked.

David didn't speak, but simply raised his head and looked north.

In that direction, an aura he was extremely familiar with was rapidly approaching.

That aura was scorching, domineering, and filled with a madness that could destroy everything.

It was Ning Zhi.

"What's wrong?"

Jiang Xuelan asked again; she had already sensed David's abnormality.

"A guest has arrived," David said calmly, but his eyes sharpened like knives.
"An old friend."

As soon as he finished speaking, a black dot appeared on the northern horizon.

The dot grew larger and closer, like a black meteor trailing a long, fiery tail, hurtling towards the two.

In just a few breaths, the black streak of light landed a hundred feet in front of them.

The light dissipated, revealing two figures.

Ning Zhi.

And Sonya.

Ning Zhi was still the same, dressed in black, hands behind his back, a faint demonic aura surrounding him.

His aura was stronger than when they last met, clearly indicating he hadn't been idle.

And Sonya beside him...

David's gaze fell on Sonya, his heart clenching as if gripped by an invisible hand.

She wore a fiery red dress, her long hair cascading down, her features exquisite.

A faint firelight surrounded her, warm and bright, yet possessing a coldness that kept everyone at a distance.

Her eyes... were the same as when they last met, empty and indifferent, as if she were looking at a stranger.

No, even less than a stranger.

A stranger would at least attract her attention, but David, in her eyes, wasn't even worth a second glance.

"David,"

Ning Zhi spoke, a hint of surprise in his voice, "What are you doing here?"

David didn't answer his question, his gaze fixed on Sonya.

"Yuqi..."

Sonya frowned slightly, glancing at him.

There was no hatred, no love, not even any emotion in her eyes, like looking at a roadside stone.

"You know me?" Her voice was as cold as ice.

David's heart felt as if it had been cut by a dull knife.

Know her?

He knew more than just her.

She was the woman he loved most, the one he was willing to protect with his life.

But she didn't remember him. She remembered nothing

.

"Yuqi, come back with me," David's voice was a little hoarse, "I'll find a way to help you regain your memory."

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Sonya's brows furrowed even more, and she took a half step back behind Ning Zhi.

"Junior brother, this person is so strange," Sonya said.

David's fists clenched so tightly they cracked, his nails digging into his palms, blood dripping from between his fingers.

He didn't know what Ning Zhi had done to Sonya this time, that she had completely forgotten about him again.

Back in Yunxian City, Sonya seemed to have recovered somewhat; at least she hadn't attacked David again and had left.

But now, Sonya seemed to be as indifferent as if she were seeing David for the first time.

Ning Zhi looked at David's reaction, a playful smile playing on his lips.

"David, you're still so persistent."

He shook his head. "I've told you, Senior Sister Yuqi has woken up; she's no longer fooled by you. The more you pester her like this, the more ridiculous she'll find you."

David took a deep breath, forcibly suppressing his anger.

"Ning Zhi, what are you doing here?"

Ning Zhi's gaze passed over David and landed on Jiang Xuelan.

"Palace Master of the Divine Palace?"

His eyes narrowed slightly as he sized Jiang Xuelan up and down. "It seems my information was correct; the Divine Palace is indeed here."

Jiang Xuelan looked at him expressionlessly. "Who are you?"

"Ning Zhi."

Ning Zhi announced his name, his tone carrying a hint of arrogance. "You may have heard of me. I destroyed the Divine Temple, and I destroyed the Divine Hall. Today, I'm here to destroy the Divine Palace as well."

His tone was casual and relaxed, as if he were discussing a trivial matter.

"I've long been disgusted by the arrogant attitude of the Divine Race. Each one of them thinks they are superior, of noble blood, and invincible. In reality? A bunch of self-satisfied, corrupt, and decadent trash."

He looked at Jiang Xuelan, his eyes full of disdain. "You're lucky to have met David. Without him, your Divine Palace would already be ruins."

Jiang Xuelan's face darkened.

She had lived for tens of thousands of years and had never been so openly humiliated.

"So you're Ning Zhi?"

Her voice was icy. "I've heard of you. A human cultivator who has fallen into demonic ways, relying on devouring the cultivation of others to improve himself. Does someone like you even have the right to comment on the Divine Race?"

Jiang Xuelan had heard about Ning Zhi from David; after all, the Divine Temple and Divine Hall were destroyed by Ning Zhi.

Ning Zhi's smile froze for a moment.

Then, he laughed.

That smile was even brighter and more dangerous than before.

"Righteous? Of course. Strength is qualification. When your Divine Race was high and mighty, did you ever imagine that one day you would be trampled underfoot by a human cultivator who has fallen into demonic ways?"

His gaze shifted from Jiang Xuelan to David.

"David, I'll give you a chance. Leave now, and I won't make things difficult for you. My target today is the Divine Palace, not you."

David shook his head. "The Divine Palace no longer exists. Jiang Xuelan is with me now; if you touch her, you're touching me."

Ning Zhi's eyes narrowed slightly.

"So, you want to protect her?"

"Yes."

Ning Zhi was silent for a moment, then sighed, looking at him like he was looking at a stubborn child.

"David, you're always like this. You sacrifice yourself for others. Last time it was for those two ants from the divine race, this time it's for this woman from the divine race. When will you learn to live for yourself?"

"You don't understand." David's voice was calm and firm.

"I understand." Ning Zhi's smile turned somewhat bitter. "You think you're doing the right thing, that you're protecting something important. But have you ever thought about whether what you're protecting is worth your life?" He didn't wait for David's reply, and chuckled self-deprecatingly.

"Forget it, there's no point in talking to you. You're just the kind of person you are, you can't change."

He raised his right hand, black demonic energy gathering in his palm.

"Then come on. Let me see how much you've improved these past few days."

Ning Zhi moved.

His speed was extreme, his black figure leaving a trail of afterimages in the air, his fist already slamming into David's face.

This punch was even more ferocious than their last encounter. Demonic energy condensed into a high-speed spinning vortex on his fist, sucking in the surrounding air with a piercing shriek.

David didn't dodge.

He also wanted to see just how much his strength had increased after absorbing the Heart of the Northern Abyss.

The Dragon-Slaying Sword was drawn.

Golden sword light intertwined with purple chaotic power, transforming into a sharp sword light that met Ning Zhi's fist head-on.

Boom!

Fist and sword collided, unleashing a deafening roar.

A terrifying shockwave spread outwards, the ground as if plowed over by a giant plow, soil, rubble, vegetation—everything was hurled into the air and then shredded into pieces by the violent energy.

David remained unmoved.

Ning Zhi was forced back seven steps.

His expression changed.

Last time they fought, he could steadily suppress David.

But this time, David's power was clearly several levels stronger than before.

That feeling... was like facing a completely different person.

"You broke through?" Ning Zhi's voice was somewhat hoarse.

David didn't answer, and thrust out with his sword.

This sword strike was extremely fast, the sword light like lightning slicing through the night sky, aiming straight for Ning Zhi's throat.

Ning Zhi gritted his teeth, throwing out both fists simultaneously, demonic energy condensing into a black shield in front of him.

The sword light struck the shield, producing a piercing friction sound. Dense cracks appeared on the shield, and Ning Zhi was pushed back repeatedly by the force of the sword.

"Impossible..." Ning Zhi's eyes were filled with resentment. "You were clearly no match for me last time..."

"People always improve." David's voice was calm, but his hand showed no mercy.

The second sword followed immediately.

This sword was faster, more ruthless, and more decisive than the first.

The sword light tore through the void, leaving a dark crack.

The spatial fragments at the edge of the crack shattered and annihilated under the impact of the sword energy, emitting a piercing shriek.

Ning Zhi desperately urged the demonic energy within his body, and black demonic flames surged out from within, condensing into a ferocious black fire dragon in front of him.

The fire dragon roared and charged towards David. Wherever it passed, the ground was scorched, leaving a trench several feet deep, and the soil was melted into dark red magma by the high temperature. David

neither dodged nor avoided, and slashed out with his sword.

The golden sword light collided with the black fire dragon, bursting out with a deafening roar. The fire dragon

struggled for less than a breath under the sword light before being cleaved in two. The black demonic flames scattered and flew everywhere, blasting countless large craters into the surrounding ground.

Ning Zhi was struck by the aftershock of the sword's edge, a deep gash tearing open his chest, exposing the bone, from which blood gushed out.

He staggered backward, kneeling on one knee, gasping for breath.

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"Junior Brother!" Sonya exclaimed, rushing to Ning Zhi's side and supporting him.

Ning Zhi pushed her hand away and struggled to his feet.

His face was covered in blood, but the fighting spirit in his eyes burned even brighter.

"Good... very good..." His voice was hoarse, yet carried an almost manic laugh, "David, you really haven't disappointed me."

He turned to look at Sonya.

"Senior Sister, help me."

Sonya hesitated for a moment.

"Help me kill him." Ning Zhi's voice was calm, yet carried an unquestionable command.

Sonya hesitated.

Her hand tightened on the fiery red longsword at her waist, but she didn't immediately draw it.

Her gaze shifted back and forth between David and Ning Zhi, a complex emotion flashing in her eyes.

The emotion was faint, almost imperceptible, but David caught it.

It was... a struggle.

A struggle between the subconscious and the brainwashing technique.

"Yuqi..."

David called her name softly, his voice as gentle as if coaxing a lost child, "You don't recognize me, that's alright. But I beg you, don't let him use you. You are Sonya, you are not anyone's tool."

Sonya's body trembled slightly.

The tremor was so slight that David wouldn't have noticed it if he hadn't been watching her closely.

But Ning Zhi noticed it.

A shadow crossed his eyes, his voice becoming even softer, yet carrying an irresistible allure.

"Senior sister, do you remember Master's instructions? Don't be deceived by any man."

Sonya's eyes became confused.

"Master... Master he..."

"That's right, Master was afraid you would be hurt by a man again." Ning Zhi's voice was like a venomous snake's whisper, "You were seriously injured by the man you loved before, have you forgotten? It was Master who saved you."

A strong hatred welled up in Sonya's eyes.

Her sword was drawn.

The fiery red sword light, like a fire dragon, carrying scorching heat, swept towards David.

David did not dodge.

He couldn't dodge.

He feared that if he dodged, the sword's edge would injure Jiang Xuelan behind him.

He was even more afraid that if he retaliated, he would hurt Sonya.

The fiery red sword light struck his chest squarely.

"Pfft..."

David spat out a mouthful of blood, his entire body thrown back several steps.

A deep wound was torn open in his chest, golden blood gushing from it, dripping onto the ground with a sizzling sound.

"David!" Jiang Xuelan cried out, rushing to his side.

David raised his hand to stop her, his gaze never leaving Sonya.

"Yuqi, I won't fight back." His voice was hoarse, yet unusually firm. "If you really want to kill me, then kill me."

Sonya's hand trembled slightly.

She looked at the wound on David's chest, at the golden blood, and a strange, piercing pain welled up in her heart.

That feeling... was very strange.

She clearly didn't know this person, so why did seeing him injured cause her such heartache?

"Senior sister, don't be fooled by his sweet words," Ning Zhi's voice rang in her ear. "Kill him. Kill him, and it will all be over."

Sonya gritted her teeth and raised her sword again.

The fiery red sword light was even more intense and ferocious than before.

She poured all her spiritual power into this sword strike, aiming for David's throat.

David closed his eyes.

He didn't dodge.

The sword light stopped three inches from his throat. Sonya's hands trembled.

Her knuckles were white, veins bulging, as she gripped the sword hilt.

Sweat beaded on her face, her eyes filled with helplessness and confusion.

"I...I can't do it..." her voice trembled, "I don't know why...I can't do it..."

The sword slipped from her grasp and clattered to the ground.

She clutched her head, crouched on the ground, trembling uncontrollably.

"Why...why is this happening...I don't even know him...why does my heart hurt so much..."

Jiang Xuelan watched this scene, a complex mix of emotions welling up inside her.

She understood.

This woman was the wife David had spoken of.

The woman David would rather die than retaliate against.

She took a deep breath and walked to David's side.

"Leave it to me."

Her voice was soft, yet carried an undeniable strength. "You deal with Ning Zhi, I'll deal with her. I promise, I won't hurt her."

David glanced at her, hesitated for a moment, and finally nodded.

"Don't hurt her." He repeated.

"I know."

David turned to look at Ning Zhi.

His eyes changed.

The gaze was no longer the gentle, tender look of before, but a cold, razor-sharp killing intent.

"Ning Zhi, what did you do to Yu Qi?"

Ning Zhi wiped the blood from his lips and smiled.

"Nothing much. Just let her see the truth."

"The truth?" David's voice was icy. "The truth you speak of is erasing her memories and turning her into your tool?"

Ning Zhi's smile froze.

"I didn't erase her memories. I just... shielded her from some things she shouldn't have."

"Then give her back what she shouldn't have."

Ning Zhi shook his head. "Impossible. She's awake now; she won't be fooled by you anymore."

David fell silent.

He raised the Dragon-Slaying Sword, purple chaotic power condensing on its blade.

"Then I'll fight until you give her back her memories."

Ning Zhi gritted his teeth, his demonic energy surging once more.

The two clashed again.

This time, David held nothing back.

Purple sword light rained down like a storm, each strike faster and more ruthless than the last.

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

Ning Zhi fought with all his might, but his strength was like a mantis trying to stop a chariot before David.

The first sword shattered his protective demonic energy.

The second sword slashed a deep, bone-revealing wound into his left arm.

The third sword pierced his chest, blood gushing out.

Ning Zhi knelt on one knee, gasping for breath. His face was ashen, his eyes dimmed to the extreme.

"You...when did you become so strong..."

David stood before him, the Dragon-Slaying Sword pressed against his throat, "Give Yuqi her memories."

Ning Zhi looked up at him.

A bleak smile appeared on his blood-stained face, "Impossible. Never."

David's sword tip moved closer, a trickle of blood seeping from Ning Zhi's throat.

"Do you think killing me will make a difference?"

Ning Zhi's smile became even more manic. "Her memories are sealed deep within her sea of consciousness, and only I know how to unseal them. If I die, her memories will never return."

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David's hand trembled slightly.

Just then, the battle on the other side also came to a conclusion.

Jiang Xuelan's icy blue divine light clashed dozens of times in the air with Sonya's fiery red sword light. The clash of ice and fire turned the surrounding

area of several hundred feet into a wasteland of scorched earth and frozen ruins.

Although Sonya's strength was not weak, she was still far inferior to an ancient monster like Jiang Xuelan who had lived for tens of thousands of years.

Jiang Xuelan's ice needles pierced through Sonya's protective firelight, precisely sealing seven major acupoints on her body.

Sonya's body instantly froze, standing there like an ice sculpture, unable to move.

"Don't hurt her!" David shouted.

"I know," Jiang Xuelan replied calmly, withdrawing the icy blue divine light from her hand.

Sonya was frozen in place, unable to move, but her consciousness remained clear.

Her gaze passed over Jiang Xuelan and landed on David.

In those eyes, there was confusion, struggle, and a complex emotion that she herself could not explain.

Jiang Xuelan walked to David's side, glancing at Ning Zhi kneeling on the ground. "What should we do with this person?"

David was silent for a moment. "Make him return Yuqi's memories."

Ning Zhi laughed, his laughter full of mockery. "David, you're still so naive. Do you think I'll obediently listen?"

He raised his head, looking in Sonya's direction.

A very subtle glint flashed in his eyes.

"Senior Sister, let's go."

As soon as he finished speaking, a blinding flame suddenly erupted from his body.

That flame was not an ordinary flame, but a power that David had never seen before. It was neither demonic energy nor spiritual power, but a more primal and ancient power.

The flame enveloped Ning Zhi, forming a blazing pillar of light.

The pillar of light shot into the sky, tearing a huge hole in the clouds.

"He's trying to escape!" Jiang Xuelan shouted, her icy blue divine light blasting towards the pillar of light.

But the power of the pillar of light was too terrifying; Jiang Xuelan's divine light was repelled the moment it made contact.

The pillar of light extended to Sonya's side, enveloping her as well.

The ice encasing Sonya melted rapidly in the flames, and her body was lifted by the power of the pillar of light, drifting towards Ning Zhi.

"Yuqi!" David rushed forward, trying to grab her hand.

But the power of the pillar of light was too strong; his hand was bounced back the moment it touched the edge, his palm scalded and torn.

Sonya's body drifted further and further away, her gaze fixed on David.

Suddenly, something shattered in her eyes.

Just before the pillar of light completely engulfed her, her lips moved slightly.

David didn't hear a sound, but he understood her lip movements. "David...it hurts so much..."

Then, a flash of fire, and Ning Zhi and Sonya vanished simultaneously.

Only the torn cloud and the charred air remained in the sky.

David stood there, staring blankly in the direction they had disappeared.

His hand was still dripping blood, and the wound Sonya had inflicted on his chest still throbbed, but none of that compared to the pain in his heart.

"It hurts so much..."

She wasn't talking about physical pain.

It was the pain in her heart.

Although she didn't remember him, although her memories were sealed, although Ning Zhi had been controlling her, her heart still remembered.

She remembered who he was, and what had happened between them.

David crouched down, his hands on the ground, panting heavily.

Jiang Xuelan stood behind him, silent for a long time.

Then, she sighed softly, walked to his side, crouched down, and placed her hand on his shoulder.

"She'll come back."

David didn't speak.

He simply stared in the direction Ning Zhi and Sonya had disappeared, a cold killing intent flashing in his eyes.

"Ning Zhi, next time we meet, I won't give you another chance to escape."

He stood up, wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth, and sheathed the Dragon-Slaying Sword.

"Let's go." His voice was hoarse, yet unusually firm. "Back to Yunxian City."

Jiang Xuelan nodded and followed behind him.

The two walked south, one after the other.

"David, what happened to your wife...? And what deep-seated hatred do you have with Ning Zhi?" Jiang Xuelan asked curiously.

She didn't know the details.

But it seemed that David and Ning Zhi were old acquaintances, and how could Sonya have become like this, not recognizing David?

"Ah, it's a long story. My hatred for Ning Zhi started in the mortal world..."

David sighed softly, a cold glint in his eyes. "With Ning Zhi's strength alone, he couldn't control Yuqi's consciousness at all. It's all because of that Flame Demon..."

"Sooner or later, I'll cut off that old Flame Demon's head and kick it around like a ball."

Feeling the terrifying aura emanating from David, Jiang Xuelan dared not speak anymore. Although Jiang Xuelan didn't know who the Flame Demon was, she knew he was definitely very powerful.

Yet, even facing such a powerful person, David was filled with killing intent, showing no fear or hesitation.

She felt she had chosen the right person to follow. With David, she was certain that the Ice God lineage could regain its former glory.

Chapter 6286

David and Jiang Xuelan traveled south, traversing icy plains and barren frozen tundra, finally setting foot on the road to Yunxian City.

After flying for about five days, the silhouette of a majestic city appeared on the distant horizon.

Yunxian City.

This city, once ravaged by war, had now recovered seven or eight tenths of its former strength.

The city walls had been reinforced, and the number of cultivators patrolling them was double what it used to be.

Caravans and independent cultivators came and went in a steady stream at the city gates; while not exactly prosperous, it was at least no longer desolate.

"This is Yunxian City?" Jiang Xuelan looked at the distant city, raising an eyebrow slightly. "It's larger than I imagined." "

A top ten city in the Fourteenth Heaven, of course it's not small,"

David said. "But compared to your Divine Palace, it's still far inferior."

Jiang Xuelan chuckled: "The Divine Palace only has me, what's so big about it? Your Yunxian City, just the number of cultivators patrolling the city walls alone is no less than three hundred."

The two talked as they walked towards the city gate.

The guards at the city gate recognized David and quickly bowed, "Mr. Chen is back!"

David nodded, "How's the situation in the city lately?"

"Reporting to Mr. Chen, everything is fine," the guard replied respectfully. "Lord Long Zhan has managed the city very well. It's just..."

"Just what?"

The guard glanced at Jiang Xuelan beside David, hesitated for a moment, and whispered, "It's just that Miss Chen Wanqing keeps asking when you'll be back..."

David: "..."

Jiang Xuelan gave him a half-smile.

"Let's go." David coughed and strode into the city gate.

The city lord's mansion of Yunxian City was located in the very center of the city, a vast residence.

Two guards stood at the entrance of the mansion. Seeing David return, they immediately ran inside to report.

Before David even entered the courtyard, a black figure rushed out.

It was Yun Xi.

She was dressed in a black outfit, her long hair tied up high, looking capable and dashing.

"David!" She rushed to David and grabbed his arm. "You finally decided to come back! Do you know how many days you've been gone? Almost a month! You said you'd only have seven days at most!"

"If I had come back a few days later, I would have led my men to attack the Divine Palace..."

David hurriedly explained to Yun Xi, "Something unexpected happened, I was delayed."

Then David glanced at Jiang Xuelan, his face full of apology, but Jiang Xuelan just smiled and didn't seem to care about Yun Xi's words.

"An accident? What kind of accident?" Yun Xi's gaze passed over David and landed on Jiang Xuelan behind him.

Her eyes narrowed slightly.

It was an extremely beautiful face.

Her features were delicate and aloof, her eyebrows like distant mountains, her eyes like cold stars.

Dressed in white like snow, her long hair like ink, she exuded an innate noble temperament.

Most importantly, this woman was beautiful.

Not the kind of beauty that was deliberately made up, but a natural beauty that made people unable to look away.

Yun Xi's gaze lingered on Jiang Xuelan for three seconds, then turned to David.

"Who is she?"

The voice was calm, almost dangerously calm.

Before David could answer, another person walked out of the courtyard.

Chen Wanqing.

She wore a light blue dress, her long hair flowing over her shoulders, her face gentle.

But her eyes narrowed slightly the moment she saw Jiang Xuelan.

"David, you're back." Her voice was gentle as water, but beneath that gentleness lay a barely perceptible wariness. "And who is this?"

David looked at the two women before him, suddenly feeling uneasy.

He subconsciously looked at Jiang Xuelan, wanting her to explain.

Jiang Xuelan, however, simply stood there calmly, a slight smile playing on her lips, an expression of anticipation. David: "..."

He took a deep breath and forced himself to speak, "This is Jiang Xuelan, the Palace Master of the Divine Palace."

The courtyard instantly fell silent.

Yun Xi's eyes widened: "Palace Master of the Divine Palace? That most mysterious Divine Palace of the Divine Race?"

Chen Wanqing was also taken aback: "Palace Master of the Divine Palace? Isn't that a legendary figure?"

Jiang Xuelan nodded slightly, her tone calm: "That is indeed me. However, the Divine Palace no longer exists; I am now just a rogue cultivator."

Yun Xi and Chen Wanqing exchanged a glance, both seeing shock in each other's eyes.

Especially Yun Xi, whose eyes held a hint of embarrassment, after all, she had just said she would attack the Divine Palace.

However, the Divine Palace was the oldest place of inheritance for the Divine Race, more mysterious than the Divine Temple and Divine Hall combined.

Legend has it that the Palace Master of the Divine Palace possessed unfathomable strength, and even True Immortal Realm experts dared not easily provoke her.

How could such a legendary figure have returned with David?

Chen Wanqing's gaze shifted back and forth between David and Jiang Xuelan, her jealousy growing stronger.

"David, what's your relationship with her?" Yun Xi asked directly.

David opened his mouth, unsure how to answer.

His relationship with Jiang Xuelan... was indeed somewhat complicated.

If they were friends, they had cultivated together under the Tree of Life.

If they were Daoist partners, it was just a transaction.

If they had no relationship, they had gone through life and death together, and Jiang Xuelan had even given him the Heart of the Northern Abyss.

"She helped me revive my friends," David finally chose the safest explanation, "In exchange, I helped her with some things."

Yun Xi was clearly not satisfied with this answer, but she didn't press further.

Chen Wanqing didn't say much, but simply walked over and gently took David's hand.

"It's good that you're back," her voice gentle, "Everyone is waiting for you."

David felt a warmth in his heart and tightened his grip on her hand.

"Where's Long Zhan?"

"In the council hall," Chen Wanqing said. "He's been studying the movements of the Demon Realm these past few days, saying that the Demon Dragon lineage has been acting strangely lately."

David nodded and looked at Jiang Xuelan: "You rest for a bit, I'll go check on things."

Jiang Xuelan shook her head: "Don't worry about me, you go do your work."

Yun Xi glanced at her, her tone indifferent: "I'll take Palace Master Jiang to the guest room to rest."

Jiang Xuelan glanced at Yun Xi, the corners of her mouth slightly upturned: "Thank you for your trouble."

The two women exchanged a glance, something seemed to crackle in the air.

David coughed and pulled Chen Wanqing toward the council hall.

Behind them, Yun Xi and Jiang Xuelan walked toward the guest room one after the other.

After a few steps, Yun Xi suddenly spoke: "Palace Master Jiang, you and David... are you really just in a transactional relationship?"

Jiang Xuelan didn't stop, saying indifferently: "What do you think?"

Yun Xi bit her lip: "I don't think so. The way you look at him doesn't seem like you're looking at a transactional partner."

Jiang Xuelan stopped and turned to look at her.

A hint of a smile flickered in those deep eyes.

"Then what kind of look do you think it should be?"

Yun Xi felt a little uncomfortable under her gaze and turned her head away.
"How would I know?"

Jiang Xuelan chuckled softly and continued walking forward.

"Don't worry, I won't take your place."

Her voice was soft, yet clearly reached Yun Xi's ears. "I have my mission, and he has his path. We're just... walking together for a while."

Yun Xi paused, standing there, watching Jiang Xuelan's figure disappear at the end of the corridor.

A complex emotion welled up within her.

This woman... didn't seem so bad after all.

To be precise, her relationship with David was just a transaction; it was just that over this period of time, she herself had slowly grown fond of David.

Chapter 6287

Inside the council chamber, Long Zhan frowned as he stared at a massive map.

The map marked the terrain of the Demon Realm, its cities, and the distribution of power within the Demon Dragon lineage.

The dense red markings almost covered the entire northern half of the map.

"Mr. Chen!" Seeing David enter, Long Zhan quickly stood up, a flicker of surprise in his eyes. "You're finally back!"

David walked to the map and glanced at the markings. "How's the situation?"

Long Zhan's expression turned grave. "Not optimistic. The Demon Dragon lineage has been amassing forces recently, seemingly preparing for some major operation. Our scouts report that Long Yuan has recalled all the Demon Dragons scattered throughout the region; there are now at least a thousand Demon Dragons gathered deep within the Demon Realm."

"A thousand?" David frowned.

"Yes."

Long Zhan pointed to several red markers on the map. "And it's not just the Demonic Dragon. Long Yuan also brought in a demonic cultivator from the depths of the Demon Realm, whose strength is said to be unfathomable. Our scouts saw him from afar and said that the demonic cultivator was surrounded by black flames, and the sky within a hundred miles was dyed black."

David's brows furrowed even more.

Black flames...a demonic cultivator...

could it be Ning Zhi?

No, it shouldn't be.

Ning Zhi's demonic energy is pure black, without any flames.

Moreover, Ning Zhi just appeared at the Divine Palace; it's impossible for him to have gone to the Demon Realm so quickly.

"What is the background of that demonic cultivator?" David asked.

Long Zhan shook his head: "We can't find out. That person's whereabouts are extremely secretive; he never shows his true face. Our scouts only saw his demonic energy from afar; they didn't even see what he looked like."

David was silent for a moment.

"However..."

Long Zhan hesitated for a moment, "There's something strange. Although the Demon Dragon lineage has been gathering, they haven't launched an attack on Yunxian City. Given Long Yuan's personality, he should have attacked long ago. But he hasn't moved, as if he's waiting for something."

"Waiting for what?"

"I don't know." Long Zhan shook his head, "Maybe they're waiting for reinforcements, or maybe they're waiting for some opportunity."

David pondered for a while, then raised his head, a cold glint in his eyes.

"We can't wait any longer. We'll take the initiative."

Long Zhan was taken aback: "Take the initiative?"

"Yes."

David pointed to a mark deep within the Demon Realm on the map. "Instead of sitting here waiting for them to attack, we should just storm their doorstep. We'll wipe out the Demon Dragon lineage, cut off that demon cultivator's claws, and then drag that demon cultivator out."

Long Zhan's expression changed: "Mr. Chen, the Demon Realm is the territory of the demon race.

If we rashly venture deep into it..." "I know." David interrupted him. "But have you considered that the reason the Demon Dragon lineage dares to act so arrogantly outside Cloud Immortal City is because we've been on the defensive? As long as we demonstrate enough strength and let them know we're not to be trifled with, they will actually back down."

He paused and looked at Long Zhan.

"Besides, I won't take too many people. You, the core fighting force of the Heavenly Dragon lineage, plus me, that's enough."

Long Zhan hesitated for a moment, then finally nodded.

"Okay. I'll listen to Mr. Chen."

David patted his shoulder: "Go prepare. We'll depart tomorrow."

Long Zhan turned and left the council hall.

David stood before the map, staring at the red marker deep within the Demon Realm, a cold glint in his eyes.

"Demon Dragon, no matter who's backing you, this time, I won't give you another chance."

That night, when David returned to his room, he found Chen Wanqing sitting on his bed waiting for him. Her expression was complicated, as if she wanted to say something but didn't know how to start.

"What's wrong?" David walked over and sat down beside her.

Chen Wanqing was silent for a moment, then asked softly, "That Jiang Xuelan... are you really not related?"

David was taken aback, then smiled bitterly, "You're still thinking about this?"

"I just want to know."

Chen Wanqing looked up at him, "The way you look at her is different from how you look at others."

David was silent for a moment.

"Her and I..." David chose his words carefully, "I can't say we're not related. We've been through life and death together. She saved me, and I saved her. She helped me a lot, and I helped her a lot. But as for feelings... I can't really explain it."

Chen Wanqing bit her lip, "Then do you like her?"

David didn't answer immediately.

He thought for a while, then said seriously, "I don't know if that counts as liking. But I'm sure of one thing: she's already my woman, and we've cultivated together." "

You cultivated together?"

Chen Wanqing's eyes reddened slightly.

She and David were practically husband and wife, having chosen each other through a martial arts contest. Although she had initially plotted against David, she now genuinely loved him.

Now, David was cultivating with Jiang Xuelan, while she hadn't even slept with him yet!

"You're really annoying," she said, her voice choked with emotion. "Knowing I'd be jealous, you still brought another woman back."

David pulled Chen Wanqing into his arms.

"I'm sorry,"

Chen Wanqing said, leaning against him, listening to his strong heartbeat, her jealousy slowly dissipating.

"Never mind," Chen Wanqing said sullenly. "You have plenty of women anyway, one more won't hurt."

David: "..."

He decided to remain silent.

"I also want to cultivate with you..." Chen Wanqing said.

David looked at Chen Wanqing, hesitant.

Then he said, "Wanqing, I might be going to the Fifteenth Heaven soon, and I won't be able to take you with me. You'll have to stay in Yunxian City. As for when I'll be back, I don't know."

David thought of how many women he had slept with in the Heavenly Realm, perhaps they were all waiting for him to return.

He couldn't turn back; he could only climb towards the highest peak of the Heavenly Realm until he saw his father.

But what about those women?

David had even forgotten some of their names.

Therefore, David didn't want to continue his philandering; he felt somewhat guilty towards Chen Wanqing.

Although they had a martial arts contest to choose a husband, it was all just for show; both had their own ulterior motives, so it didn't count.

"It's alright, I can wait for you..." Chen Wanqing said.

"Wanqing, listen to me, I might never return to the Fourteenth Heaven, so you should find a man you like," David advised.

But to his surprise, Chen Wanqing burst into tears, saying through her tears, "If you never come back, I'll cultivate with you even more; I want to preserve your last bit of tenderness."

After saying this, Chen Wanqing directly took off her clothes...

Seeing this, David could only helplessly submit!

As he pressed himself against Chen Wanqing, David inwardly shouted, "This isn't because I'm a scumbag; these women took the initiative. I can't help it; my charm is just too great!" The next

morning, David woke up refreshed, while Chen Wanqing was still lying in bed, too weak to move.

David, leading Long Zhan and twenty elite warriors from the Heavenly Dragon lineage, set off for the Demon Realm.

Yun Xi, Yun Yao, Ming Li, and Liu Qianqian all wanted to go with him, but David refused.

"I'm enough on my own," he said calmly, yet with an undeniable confidence. "You stay in Yunxian City and guard the home."

Yun Xi was somewhat unwilling, but she knew David was telling the truth.

With David's current strength, there weren't many people in the Fourteenth Heaven who could stop him.

"Then be careful," Yun Xi cautioned.

"Okay."

David, along with Long Zhan and the others, transformed into streaks of light and disappeared into the horizon.

Jiang Xuelan stood on the city wall, watching their departing figures, her brows slightly furrowed.

She had wanted to go with them, but David hadn't allowed it.

Jiang Xuelan turned and walked down the city wall.

Yunxi stood on the city wall, watching Jiang Xuelan's retreating figure, and suddenly asked, "Do you like David?"

Jiang Xuelan paused, but didn't turn around.

"Whether I like him or not, does it matter?"

Yunxi was taken aback.

Jiang Xuelan's voice was very soft, as if she were talking to herself: "I've lived for tens of thousands of years, I'm long past the age of romance. My mission is to rebuild the Ice God lineage, everything else... is unimportant."

She continued walking forward, disappearing around the corner of the city wall.

Yunxi stood there, watching that aloof figure, a strange emotion welling up inside her.

That woman was far more lonely than she had imagined.

The Demon Realm was thirty thousand miles north of Yunxian City, a desolate land shrouded in black mist.

The sky here was always gray, the sun obscured by thick clouds, with only a few pale rays occasionally piercing through the gaps.

The ground was barren, with only charred rocks and cracked earth.

The air was filled with a stench of sulfur and decay, making one want to vomit.

After entering the Demon Realm, David and his group slowed down noticeably.

Not because of any resistance, but because of the eerie silence.

An unnatural silence.

"Mr. Chen, something's wrong,"

Long Zhan whispered. "There are usually many low-level demons wandering the outer edges of the Demon Realm, but we haven't seen a single one after walking for so long today."

David nodded .

He sensed it too.

This Demon Realm seemed to have been emptied out by something.

"Keep going," he said calmly. "Whatever tricks they're playing, we'll settle this today."

The group continued deeper into the area.

After walking for about another hour, a huge valley appeared ahead.

Towering black cliffs lined both sides of the valley, and a wide passage ran through the valley floor. At the end of the passage, a massive stone gate could be vaguely seen.

The stone gate was carved with ferocious dragon reliefs, its two enormous eyes inlaid with blood-red gems, emitting a faint red glow in the darkness.

"That's the lair of the Demon Dragon lineage, Dragon Abyss Valley." Long Zhan's voice was a little tight. "Dragon Abyss is named after this valley."

David looked at the stone gate and suddenly smiled.

Chapter 6288

"Dragon Abyss Valley? A nice name. Unfortunately, after today, it will be renamed."

He took the lead, heading towards the valley.

Long Zhan and twenty elites from the Heavenly Dragon lineage followed closely behind. Just

as the group stepped into the valley, a sudden roar came from behind.

Countless boulders tumbled down from the mountain walls on both sides, completely blocking their retreat.

At the same time, at the end of the valley passage, countless pairs of blood-red eyes lit up.

One after another, demonic dragons emerged from the darkness.

They varied in size, the largest being a hundred zhang long, the smallest still several tens of zhang.

Their bodies were covered in jet-black scales, with dark red light flowing through the gaps in the scales, like magma from the earth. They spewed black smoke from their mouths, their eyes filled with bloodthirsty ferocity.

Leading them was the largest demonic dragon.

Its body was two hundred zhang long, its horns twice as thick as the other dragons, and the demonic energy around it was so dense it was almost tangible.

The moment it saw Long Zhan, a complex emotion flashed in its eyes.

"Long Zhan, long time no see."

Its voice was low and hoarse, with a metallic quality.

Long Zhan looked at it, his eyes filled with hatred: "Long Yuan."

Long Yuan's gaze shifted from Long Zhan to David.

A hint of apprehension flashed in Long Yuan's eyes.

He had witnessed David's power; his combat strength was enough to instantly kill a True Immortal Realm Second Grade cultivator.

This kind of strength was beyond his capabilities.

Moreover, it seemed that David's realm had increased again; even a True Immortal Realm Third Grade cultivator might not be a match for him.

"David, I know you're very capable,"

Long Yuan's voice was low, "but this is the Demon Realm, my territory. No matter how strong you are alone, can you defeat my thousands of demonic dragons?"

The demonic dragons behind it simultaneously let out a low roar, the sound waves shaking the valley.

David looked around at the densely packed demonic dragons, a slight smile playing on his lips.

"Thousands? Quite a few. But..."

He raised his hand, purple chaotic power gathering in his palm.

"For me, quantity is meaningless."

The moment he finished speaking, he moved.

A purple sword beam, like lightning, ripped through the darkness of the valley.

The first strike struck the ten leading dragons, tearing them to shreds like paper.

The second strike cleaved the dragons attempting to ambush him from the mountainside in half, black blood gushing down like a torrential downpour.
The third

strike saw David transform into a purple streak of light, plunging into the dragon horde.

His speed was too fast for the naked eye to follow.

Wherever the sword light passed, dragons fell in droves, like wheat being harvested.

One strike, ten dragons.

Ten strikes, a hundred dragons.

In mere breaths, nearly half of the thousand dragons had been slain.

The remaining dragons finally collapsed.

They roared in terror, scattering and fleeing desperately into the depths of the valley.

David didn't pursue.

He sheathed his sword and turned to look at Long Yuan.

Long Yuan's face had turned deathly pale.

It knew David was strong, but it hadn't expected him to be this strong.

Thousands of demonic dragons hadn't even lasted an incense stick's time before David.

This kind of strength was beyond its ability to contend with.

"Long Yuan," David's voice was calm, "I'll give you a chance. Kneel down, and I might spare your life."

Long Yuan's body trembled slightly.

It looked at David, then at Long Zhan, a struggle flashing in its eyes.

Then...

it slowly knelt down.

The massive dragon body lay prostrate on the ground, its head bowed, its voice hoarse: "I... surrender."

Long Zhan watched this scene, a complex emotion welling up inside him.

He hated Long Yuan.

He had hated him for countless years.

But when Long Yuan actually knelt before him, he found that he didn't feel the satisfaction he had imagined.

"Long Zhan..." Long Yuan's voice was low, "I know you hate me. But I was forced to side with the Demon Clan."

Long Zhan's expression changed: "Forced?"

"Do you think I wanted to be a lackey of the Demon Clan?"

Long Yuan's voice carried a hint of bitterness, "Back then, the Heavenly Dragon lineage was suppressed by the God Clan and was on the verge of extinction. If I hadn't side with the Demon Clan, the Heavenly Dragon lineage would have been wiped out long ago. At least... at least after sidelining with the Demon Clan, the bloodline of the Heavenly Dragon lineage could continue."

Long Zhan's fists clenched so tightly they cracked.

"You still have the nerve to say that? After you sidelined with the Demon Clan, how many members of the Heavenly Dragon lineage did you kill?"

Long Yuan was silent for a moment.

"I killed those who refused to submit. If I hadn't killed them, the Demon Clan would have wiped out our entire clan. I had no choice."

A trace of pain flashed in Long Zhan's eyes.

He knew that what Long Yuan said made some sense.

Back then, the Heavenly Dragon lineage had indeed reached a dead end.

Suppressed by the God Clan, if they hadn't found a backer, the Heavenly Dragon lineage might have truly been wiped out.

But that doesn't mean what Long Yuan did was right.

"Mr. Chen," Long Zhan turned to David, "I want to... handle this myself."

David glanced at him and nodded.

"This is a family matter of your Tianlong lineage; you decide for yourself."

Long Zhan walked up to Long Yuan and remained silent for a long time.

Then he spoke.

"Long Yuan, I won't kill you."

Long Yuan looked up, his eyes full of surprise.

"But you must take us somewhere."

"Where?"

"The lair of that demonic cultivator behind you."

Long Yuan's body stiffened.

Chapter 6289

"That demonic cultivator... has already run away."

Its voice was low. "Three days ago, he suddenly disappeared. Before leaving, he took all his belongings and left nothing behind."

David frowned: "Ran away?"

"Yes."

Long Yuan nodded. "He left in a hurry, as if he was frightened by something. I asked him why, but he wouldn't say. I guess it's because of Ning Zhi's departure."

"Ning Zhi left several days ago and hasn't returned since."

Ning Zhi couldn't even defeat David, so how could that demonic cultivator dare to stay in the Demon Realm?

"Take me to see him." David said.

Long Yuan led the group through the valley and arrived at a grand hall deep within the Demon Realm.

The hall was quite large, but it was now deserted. The doors of the hall were wide open, and the inside was a mess, obviously hastily emptied.

David entered the hall and looked around.

A faint trace of demonic energy remained in the air, but it was so faint that it was almost imperceptible.

He walked to the deepest part of the hall, looked at the empty hall, and suddenly smiled.

"You ran fast."

He raised his hand, and purple chaotic power condensed in his palm, transforming into a ball of purple flame.

The flame landed on the floor of the hall, instantly spreading and engulfing the entire hall.

The purple firelight illuminated the gray sky of the Demon Realm, dispelling the surrounding darkness completely.

David turned and walked out of the hall without looking back.

"Let's go. Go home."

Long Zhan glanced at the burning hall, then at Long Yuan kneeling on the ground, and remained silent for a moment.

"Long Yuan, I won't kill you. But from now on, you and your people are not allowed to set foot in the territory of the Heavenly Dragon lineage again. Otherwise..."

He didn't finish his sentence, but the meaning was clear.

Long Yuan lowered his head: "I understand."

Long Zhan turned and followed David away.

Behind them, the purple flames continued to burn, reducing the once invincible hall to ruins.

On the way back to Yunxian City, Long Zhan remained silent.

David walked beside him, not disturbing him.

He knew that Long Zhan needed time to process what had happened today.

The enemy he had hated for countless years knelt before him, begging for mercy.

But when the time for revenge finally came, he discovered that the enemy's actions were not simply evil.

"Mr. Chen," Long Zhan suddenly spoke, "Did I make a mistake by not killing Long Yuan today?"

David thought for a moment and shook his head.

"There is no right or wrong, only choices. You chose not to kill him; that's your decision. As long as you don't regret it, you didn't do anything wrong."

Long Zhan remained silent for a long time.

"I don't regret it," his voice was soft but firm, "but I won't forgive him either."

David patted his shoulder: "That's enough."

The group quickened their pace and flew towards Yunxian City.

Behind them, the black mist of the Demon Realm gradually dissipated in the purple flames.

For the first time, the land shrouded in darkness revealed its original color:

grayish-white rocks, cracked soil, and the faint green hues in the distance. Three days later, David and his group returned to Yunxian City.

At the city gate, Yun Xi, Chen Wanqing, Yun Yao, Ming Li, Liu Qianqian, and Jiang Xuelan stood waiting.

Seeing David's figure appear on the horizon, Chen Wanqing was the first to rush forward.

"David!" she cried, throwing herself into his arms and hugging him tightly. "You're back!"

David patted her back and smiled, "It's not like we're going to war, what's there to be nervous about?"

Chen Wanqing didn't speak, but buried her face in his chest, her eyes red.

Yun Xi walked over, looked David up and down, and only breathed a sigh of relief after confirming he wasn't injured.

"How's it going in the Demon Realm?" she asked.

"It's resolved," David briefly recounted the events.

When she heard that Long Yuan had knelt and begged for mercy and that the demon cultivator had fled beforehand, Yun Xi's brows furrowed slightly.

"That demonic cultivator ran away? Will he come back?"

"No." David shook his head. "The person behind him is Ning Zhi. Ning Zhi suffered a defeat at the Divine Palace and won't dare to show his face again

for a while. He's gone, so that demonic cultivator won't dare to stay in the Demon Realm either."

Yun Xi nodded and didn't ask any more questions.

The group returned to the City Lord's Mansion. Long Zhan arranged for the disciples of the Heavenly Dragon lineage to rest, while he followed David into the council hall.

"Mr. Chen, what are your plans next?" Long Zhan asked.

David was silent for a moment.

"I'm going to the Fifteenth Heaven."

The council hall instantly fell silent.

Yun Xi's eyes lit up; she had been waiting for this day for a long time.

Jiang Xuelan's expression didn't change, but her fingers twitched slightly.

Chen Wanqing's face instantly turned pale.

"So soon?" Chen Wanqing's voice trembled slightly.

David looked at her, a wave of guilt washing over him.

His relationship with Chen Wanqing was somewhat absurd.

During the martial arts contest for marriage, both of them had their own ulterior motives, and neither of them took it seriously.

But over time, Chen Wanqing had developed genuine feelings for him, and he couldn't deny his own affection for her.

Especially after that night... some things, once done, can never be undone.

"Wanqing, I have to go."

David's voice was soft, yet firm. "Yuqi was taken away by Ning Zhi, and I don't know where she went. I suspect they might have gone to the Fifteenth Heaven. I have to find her."

Chen Wanqing bit her lip, remaining silent.

She knew David was right.

Sonya was his wife, the woman he loved most.

David couldn't abandon her.

Yet, she still felt a deep sadness.

"Then go."

Chen Wanqing's voice was soft, almost inaudible. "I'll wait for you here."

David walked over and took her hand.

"I'll come back."

Chen Wanqing looked up at him, her eyes red, but she didn't let the tears fall.

"I know."

She smiled, a forced yet gentle smile. "You never break your promises."

David felt a warmth in his heart and pulled her into his arms.

Beside them, Yun Xi and Jiang Xuelan exchanged a glance but remained silent.

That evening, David hosted a banquet at the City Lord's Mansion as a farewell feast.

During the banquet, Yun Yao, holding a cup of wine, approached David.

"Young Master Chen, this cup of wine is for you." Her voice was choked with emotion. "Thank you for saving my life. If it weren't for you, I would have..."

"Don't say that." David took the cup and drank it all in one gulp.

Yun Yao's tears finally fell.

"Young Master Chen, you must be careful when you go to the Fifteenth Heaven. I heard from my sister that the Fifteenth Heaven is much more dangerous than the Fourteenth Heaven..."

"Don't worry." David patted her shoulder. "I will take good care of myself."

Yun Yao wiped away her tears, nodded, and turned back to her seat.

Ming Li also stood up.

"Mr. Chen, I'll go to the Fifteenth Heaven with you."

David glanced at him, then at Liu Qianqian sitting beside him, and shook his head.

"No."

"Why?" Ming Li frowned. "Although my strength is not as good as yours, I can at least be of some help."

"It's not because of strength," David interrupted him. "It's because of her."

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He looked at Liu Qianqian.

Liu Qianqian's expression changed slightly, and she tightened her grip on Ming Li's hand.

David's voice softened: "Ming Li, I know you want to help me. But have you thought about what will happen to Qianqian if you come with me to the Fifteenth Heaven? She'll be waiting for you alone in the Fourteenth Heaven. Do you know what that feels like?"

Ming Li fell silent.

Of course he knew.

He himself had waited for Liu Qianqian in the Fifteenth Heaven. He understood

that longing, that torment, that fear of not knowing if she was alive or dead better than anyone else.

"Mr. Chen is right." Liu Qianqian gently tugged at Ming Li's sleeve. "Don't go. I... I don't want to be alone."

Ming Li looked at her, remained silent for a long time, and finally nodded.

"Okay. I won't go."

David smiled: "That's right. Stay with her and don't let her be alone."

Ming Li's eyes reddened slightly, but he didn't let the tears fall.

"Mr. Chen, take care."

"Take care."

After the banquet, David went alone to the backyard of the City Lord's Mansion.

Long Zhan was standing there, looking up at the stars in the sky.

"Mr. Chen." Seeing David approach, Long Zhan turned around and bowed respectfully.

David walked to his side and stood shoulder to shoulder.

"Long Zhan, I entrust Yunxian City to you."

Long Zhan nodded solemnly, "Rest assured, Mr. Chen, I will definitely guard Yunxian City well."

David was silent for a moment, then took out a jade slip from his robes and handed it to him.

"These are some insights I've gained from cultivation, along with annotations on some techniques. Take them and show them to the disciples of the Heavenly Dragon lineage. Perhaps they will be helpful to you."

Long Zhan accepted the jade slip with both hands and carefully put it away.

"Mr. Chen, when will you return?"

David looked up at the sky and remained silent for a long time.

"I don't know." His voice was soft, "Perhaps soon, perhaps a long time. But I promise you, I will definitely return."

Long Zhan nodded and didn't ask any more questions.

David patted his shoulder, turned, and left.

Behind him, Long Zhan stood there, watching his figure disappear into the night, motionless for a long time.

The next morning, before dawn.

David, Yun Xi, and Jiang Xuelan stood at the city gate, ready to depart.

Yun Xi, dressed in a black outfit, her long hair tied high, and the Ghost Blade hanging at her waist, looked dashing and heroic.

Jiang Xuelan, still in her plain white dress, her long hair as black as ink, stood quietly to the side, like a white lotus blooming in the snow.

David wore an ordinary blue robe, the Dragon-Slaying Sword hanging at his waist, looking like an ordinary rogue cultivator .

The city gate was filled with people who had come to see them off.

Chen Wanqing stood at the front, her eyes red, but she didn't cry.

She wore a light blue dress, which swayed slightly in the morning breeze, like a willow branch swaying in the wind.

"David, you promised me," her voice was a little hoarse, "you must come back."

David walked over and gently hugged her.

"I promise you."

Chen Wanqing leaned against him, listening to his strong heartbeat, feeling the warmth of his body, wanting to remember this moment forever.

"Let's go." She released his hand, took a step back, and smiled. "Don't keep them waiting."

David nodded and turned to walk towards Yun Xi and Jiang Xuelan.

Yun Yao walked over and handed David a bundle.

"Mr. Chen, these are some immortal herbs and pills I prepared for you. You'll need them on the road."

David took the bundle and smiled, "Thank you, Yun Yao."

Yun Yao shook her head and stepped aside.

Ming Li and Liu Qianqian stood together, hand in hand, looking at David.

"Mr. Chen, take care." Ming Li's voice was somewhat low.

"You two too." David glanced at them and smiled. "Get married soon, don't delay."

Liu Qianqian's face flushed red, and Ming Li scratched his head somewhat embarrassedly.

David laughed heartily and turned to walk towards the city gate.

"Let's go."

Yun Xi and Jiang Xuelan followed behind him, and the three of them transformed into three streaks of light, disappearing into the horizon.

At the city gate, Chen Wanqing stood there, watching the direction they disappeared in, motionless for a long time.

Tears finally fell.

"David, you must come back."