

A Man Like None Other

Novel

Chapter 6291

Through the void passage, the three figures were enveloped by endless spatial power, flying towards the fifteenth heaven.

This wasn't David's first time traversing the void passage.

Last time, when traveling from the thirteenth to the fourteenth heaven, his palms sweated with nervousness, fearing the passage would suddenly collapse and he would fall into a spatial rift and be shattered to pieces.

But this time, his mindset was much calmer.

Perhaps it was because his strength had increased, or perhaps it was because—he had someone with him.

Yun Xi was on his left, black ghostly energy surging on her body, resisting the erosion of spatial power.

Her expression was calm, even somewhat expectant; after being away from the fifteenth heaven for so long, they were finally going back.

Jiang Xuelan was on his right, icy blue divine light flowing across her body, freezing spatial power into tiny ice crystals, then gently shattering them.

She closed her eyes, as if resting, or perhaps sensing something.

"What's the fifteenth heaven like?" David asked.

Yunxi thought for a moment, "It's more desolate and dangerous than the Fourteenth Heaven. The spiritual energy is denser, but the laws are also more stringent.

There, cultivators at the Upper Immortal Realm can barely protect themselves; only those at the True Immortal Realm can truly have a foothold."

"Then how did you manage to get from the Fifteenth Heaven to the Fourteenth Heaven?" David asked.

Yunxi was silent for a moment, seemingly choosing her words carefully.

"The Ghost Clan was slaughtered by the God Clan. My people were either dead or scattered. We barely survived. For the future of the Ghost Clan, I could only place my hopes on the Gate of Reincarnation. Once the souls of the Ghost Clan cultivators trapped in the Reincarnation Division are released, then the Ghost Clan will have hope," Yunxi said.

"I'll try my best to help you, to contact Mr. Shi and get the Gate of Reincarnation,"

David sighed softly.

He knew that feeling; being chased and hiding was something David had also experienced.

He was all too familiar with that sense of powerlessness.

Yunxi glanced at him, the corners of her mouth slightly upturned, but she didn't speak.

Just then, Jiang Xuelan suddenly opened her eyes.

"Something's wrong."

Her voice was cold, so cold it seemed to lower the surrounding temperature.

David felt it too.

The void passage was vibrating.

Not the normal, slight tremors caused by natural fluctuations in spatial power, but a violent tremor forced by external interference.

Spatial fragments began to peel off the passage walls, emitting a piercing shriek.

"Someone's interfering with the passage!"

Yun Xi's expression changed drastically. "That's impossible! Void passages are randomly torn apart, not fixed passages. How could someone interfere?"

Before she could finish speaking, a terrifying force crashed into the passage from the outer wall.

Boom!

The entire void passage twisted violently, spatial fragments scattering like a torrential rain.

David felt his body being torn apart by an irresistible force, Yun Xi and Jiang Xuelan growing further and further away.

"David!" Yun Xi's voice came from afar, growing increasingly faint.

"Yun Xi! Jiang Xuelan!"

David desperately reached out, trying to grab something, but all around him were empty spatial fragments and endless darkness.

His body was swept up by the spatial storm, plummeting in an unknown direction.

During the fall, he sensed a trace of energy.

It was demonic energy.

Black, cold, and filled with endless malice.

He recognized it; it was Ning Zhi's.

No, not exactly the same.

Ning Zhi's demonic energy was pure black, while this energy also contained a trace of scorching heat, like magma.

Could it be the Flame Demon?

Thinking this, David's heart trembled. If the Flame Demon wanted to attack him, his strength wouldn't be enough!

David gritted his teeth, trying to steady himself, but the power of the spatial storm was too great.

His chaotic energy circulated wildly within him, purple light surging from his body, barely protecting his vitals.

Then, everything went black.

He lost consciousness.

...

David was awakened by a sharp pain. He opened his eyes to an unfamiliar sky.

The sky was a deep purple, with two suns hanging high, one golden and one silver.

The simultaneous radiance of both suns dyed the earth a strange golden-purple hue.

The spiritual energy in the air was at least ten times denser than in the Fourteenth Heaven, and its quality was purer and more substantial.

But David had no time to appreciate it.

Every part of his body ached.

The bones in his left arm seemed cracked, his right leg was sprained, and there was a wound on his chest, cut by a fragment of space, from which golden blood was still seeping.

Most of his chaotic energy had been depleted, and several small cracks had appeared on the blade of his Dragon-Slaying Sword.

He struggled to sit up and looked around.

It was a wasteland.

Grayish-black scorched earth stretched to the horizon, barren of any vegetation.

The ground was covered with cracked ravines and weathered rocks, and distant hills cast long shadows under the purple sky.

A faint smell of sulfur and an indescribable stench of decay filled the air.

"Yunxi? Jiang Xuelan?" he called out twice.

No one answered.

He had been swept away by the spatial storm.

Yunxi and Jiang Xuelan were nowhere to be seen.

David took a deep breath, forcing himself to calm down.

Yunxi was a member of the Ghost Clan; the Fifteenth Heaven was her homeland, she should know how to survive.

Jiang Xuelan's strength was unfathomable; only a handful of people in the entire Fifteenth Heaven could harm her.

In comparison, he was the one who needed to worry.

He checked his injuries; they weren't fatal, but they weren't minor either.

With the Golden Dragon bloodline's regenerative abilities, it would probably take two or three days to fully recover. Just

as he was about to find a place to heal, a sound suddenly came from afar.

It was the sound of metal clashing, mixed with shouts and screams.

Someone was fighting.

David hesitated for a moment, then stood up and walked towards the direction of the sound.

He wasn't one to meddle, but this was the Fifteenth Heaven, and he knew nothing about it.

Finding a local to understand the situation was far better than groping around blindly.

He walked for about the time it takes for an incense stick to burn, crossed a small hill, and saw the scene below.

Below the hill was a dry riverbed, where a one-sided massacre was unfolding.

On one side were warriors in black armor, about a dozen in number.

Their armor was tattered, covered in knife marks and bloodstains, and their weapons were uneven—some wielded knives, some swords, and others spears.

They were protecting a group of elderly, weak, women, and children, huddled in a corner of the riverbed, trembling.

On the other side were cultivators in white robes, about thirty or forty in number.

Their white robes were embroidered with golden divine patterns, shimmering in the purple sunlight.

Their equipment was excellent, and their movements were perfectly synchronized, clearly indicating rigorous training.

David's pupils contracted slightly. He recognized the divine patterns on those white robes.

Similar patterns appeared in the divine halls and palaces of the Fourteenth Heaven.

They were gods.

The warriors in black armor fought desperately, but they were too few in number and their strength was vastly inferior.

Leading them were several warriors at the first rank of True Immortal Realm, while the opposing leader was a middle-aged man with a sinister expression, at the third rank of True Immortal Realm.

A True Immortal Realm Ghost Clan warrior was surrounded by three Divine Clan cultivators. He fought with all his might, cutting down two, but was pierced through the chest by the third's sword.

As he fell, he still clung tightly to the Divine Clan cultivator's ankle, buying time for his clansmen to escape.

"Retreat! Retreat quickly!"

the elderly man in black armor shouted.

His voice was hoarse and weary, but carried an undeniable authority.

As he shouted, he swung his sword to block an attack from a Divine Clan cultivator, then with a backhand strike, forced the cultivator back.

But his movements were noticeably slower; his left arm hung limply at his side, blood dripping from his fingertips, clearly indicating a serious injury.

The elderly, women, and children stumbled and swam towards the riverbed, but their speed was too slow.

A little girl, about seven or eight years old, was running at the back when she stumbled and fell to the ground.

A divine cultivator rushed forward, grabbed the little girl by the collar, and lifted her up.

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"Let me go! Let me go!"

The little girl struggled desperately, kicking and biting, but her strength was like an ant trying to shake a tree before the divine cultivators.

"Stop!"

the old man roared, trying to rush over to save her, but two divine cultivators blocked his way, one with a sword and the other with a knife, forcing him to retreat repeatedly.

The middle-aged man leading the group slowly walked over, took the little girl from his companion, pinched her chin, and looked her up and down.

"A little brat from the Ghost Clan."

His voice was cold, with a cruel, cat-and-mouse-like quality. "She's quite good-looking. It's a pity, the bloodline of the Ghost Clan doesn't deserve to live."

He raised his hand, a ball of golden light condensing in his palm, and slapped it towards the little girl's head.

The little girl closed her eyes, tears sliding down her cheeks.

"Grandpa... save me..."

"Xing Lie, stop..." the old man shouted at the middle-aged divine man.

But Xing Lie seemed not to hear him.

Just at this critical moment, a purple light pierced the darkness of the riverbed.

Before Xing Lie's palm strike could land, he was blasted away by a terrifying force.

He tumbled several times in the air before crashing heavily into the riverbed's rocky wall, creating a large crater.

Golden blood spilled from the corner of his mouth.

"Who?!" he shouted sharply, his gaze sweeping towards the direction from which the light had come.

David stood on the hill, slowly withdrawing his hand.

His face was still somewhat pale, and his injuries hadn't fully healed, but his eyes were as cold as knives.

"A human cultivator?"

Xing Lie recognized David, paused for a moment, then sneered, "A human cultivator, you dare interfere in the affairs of the gods? Do you know who we are?"

"No." David walked down the hill, each step steady, "and I don't want to know."

Xing Lie's eyes narrowed.

He sensed something unsettling about this human cultivator who appeared to be only at the Upper Immortal Realm.

"I advise you not to meddle in other people's business,"

Xing Lie's voice lowered. "The Divine Clan's Judgment Hall is handling matters; idlers should stay away. If you know what's good for you, you can still leave now."

David ignored him.

He walked to the little girl's side, squatted down, and softly asked, "Are you alright?"

The little girl opened her eyes, saw David's face, and burst into tears, throwing herself into his arms.

"Don't be afraid." David patted her back, stood up, and shielded her behind him.

Then, he looked at Xing Lie.

"Get lost."

Only one word, but the killing intent contained in that word made the Divine Clan cultivators behind Xing Lie involuntarily take a step back.

Xing Lie's face turned ashen.

"You're courting death!"

He waved his hand, "Kill him!"

Thirty or forty Divine Clan cultivators attacked simultaneously, golden holy light surging towards David like a tide.

David raised his right hand, purple chaotic power condensing in his palm.

He didn't use the Dragon Slayer Sword; the Dragon Slayer Sword had been damaged in the spatial storm, and he didn't want to add to its burden.

He simply clenched his fist and unleashed a punch.

The purple fist aura, like a shooting star, trailed a long, fiery tail as it crashed into the golden tide of holy light.

Boom!

The golden holy light was like paper before the purple chaotic power, torn apart, devoured, and annihilated layer by layer.

Wherever the fist aura passed, the divine cultivators fell like wheat being harvested.

Some were blasted away, some had their protective holy light shattered, and some were directly stunned.

In less than three breaths, thirty or forty divine cultivators lay on the ground.

Xing Lie's expression finally changed.

"You...who are you?"

His voice trembled, "Immortal Realm...this is impossible..."

David did not answer.

He took a step forward, his figure like a purple lightning bolt, instantly appearing before Xing Lie.

Xing Lie was shocked and exerted all his strength to activate his holy light, the golden light condensing into a thick light shield in front of him.

David punched the light shield.

Crack!

The light shield shattered.

The second punch struck Xing Lie's chest.

*Pfft...

- Xing Lie spat out a mouthful of golden blood, and was once again sent flying, crashing into a boulder on the riverbed.

He struggled to his feet, the fear in his eyes impossible to conceal. "Retreat!" he hissed. "Retreat quickly!"

The surviving divine cultivators helped him, and they scrambled away.

Silence returned to the riverbed.

David turned to look at the ghost warriors and the elderly, women, and children.

They were looking at him with complex emotions

—gratitude, surprise, but mostly a cautious wariness.

Like a small animal wounded countless times, they dared not easily trust anyone's kindness.

The leading elder struggled to his feet, walked to David, and bowed deeply.

"Thank you for saving my life, benefactor." His voice was hoarse and weary. "I am Youying, an old servant from Youyue Kingdom."

David helped him up: "No need for formalities. You are badly injured; sit down and talk."

Youying shook his head: "It's nothing, just superficial wounds. But you, benefactor..."

He looked at David's pale face and the unhealed wounds on his body, a hint of guilt flashing in his eyes.

"Our benefactor's injuries worsened while saving us. This old man..."

"I told you there's no need for such formalities," David interrupted him. "I was just passing by and couldn't bear to see it."

He paused, then asked, "Are you the Ghost Clan? Were those who were hunting you the God Clan?"

Youying nodded, a hint of hatred flashing in his eyes: "The people of the God Clan's Judgment Hall. They've been hunting our Ghost Clan for thousands of

years. My people... some are dead, some are scattered, and now only these old, weak, and disabled remain."

His voice grew softer and softer, until it was almost a muttering to himself.

David was silent for a moment.

He remembered what Yunxi had said: the God Clan, under the guise of "purging demons," had launched a massacre against the Ghost Clan.

Less than one in ten Ghost Clan survived, the survivors hiding everywhere.

So these were Yunxi's people.

"Where are you going?" David asked.

"We need to go back to Youyue Kingdom," said Youying. "That's the last hiding place for the Ghost Clan. It's deep in the Youming Mountains; the God Clan can't find it yet."

He glanced at the elderly, women, and children behind him and smiled bitterly. "We originally had over three hundred people, but we were chased all the way here, and now only these are left."

The little girl was still clinging to David's leg, refusing to let go.

Tears still clung to her face, but she had stopped crying. She just looked at David with her bright black eyes, as if afraid he would disappear.

Youying looked at the little girl and sighed. "This is Xiaoyou, her parents... in that battle just now..."

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

David looked down at the little girl and reached out to pat her head.

"Your name is Xiaoyou?"

The little girl nodded, her voice small. "Yes."

"Where's your grandfather?"

Xiaoyou's eyes reddened again. "Grandpa... Grandpa protected me..."

She couldn't finish her sentence, burying her face in David's leg, her shoulders shaking.

David didn't ask any more questions.

He was silent for a moment, then said to Youying, "I'll take you back."

Youying was taken aback: "My benefactor, how could I accept this..."

"Just call me David

," David interrupted him. "Besides, I have a friend who is also a ghost. She was swept away by the spatial storm and might be nearby. I'll take you back and look for her."

Youying's eyes suddenly lit up: "A friend? Also a ghost?"

David nodded: "Her name is Yunxi."

Youying's body trembled violently.

"Yunxi...Princess?"

His voice was shaking. "You know Princess Yunxi?"

"Yes!" David nodded.

Overwhelmed with emotion, Youying burst into tears: "Princess Yunxi is the princess of our Youyue Kingdom! She is the daughter of King Yunquan!"

Princess Yunxi left some time ago, saying she was going to find the Gate of Reincarnation, and there has been no news of her since. The king is still worried about her..."

He grabbed David's arm, his voice trembling: "My benefactor, is the princess... is she still alive?"

David nodded: "She is alive. She got separated from me in the spatial storm, but she should be out of danger."

Youying knelt down, tears streaming down his face: "Heaven has eyes... Heaven has eyes..."

The ghost warriors, the elderly, women, and children behind him, upon hearing the news that Princess Yunxi was still alive, also knelt down. Some cried, some laughed, and some murmured to themselves.

David helped them up one by one: "Get up, don't kneel. When we return to Youyue Kingdom, I will find a way to find her."

Youying wiped away his tears and nodded repeatedly: "Okay, okay. My benefactor... no, Mr. David, let's set off now. Youyue Kingdom is deep in the Youming Mountains, two days' journey away."

David nodded, bent down, and picked up Xiaoyou.

Little You nestled on his shoulder, her tiny hands clutching his clothes tightly, and soon fell asleep.

The group headed towards the Netherworld Mountains.

Behind them, the winds of the wasteland whipped up gray-black sand, slowly burying the bloodstains and traces of battle on the riverbed.

Under the purple sky, two suns shone brightly, casting long, long shadows

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Two days later, David and his group finally arrived at the Netherworld Mountains.

This was a mountain range shrouded in black mist, with steep peaks, deep valleys, and strangely shaped rocks and unknown plants everywhere.

The black mist flowed through the mountains, blocking out the sunlight and shrouding the entire mountain range in darkness.

"This is the Netherworld Mountains

," Youying said softly. "It's shrouded in ghostly energy year-round, and outsiders easily lose their way. Our ghost race has hidden here for thousands of years, and the gods have never been able to find our exact location."

David nodded and followed Youying into the black mist.

Youying knew the terrain intimately, leading the group through the mountains, avoiding all traps and dangerous areas.

After about two hours, they arrived at a massive mountain gate.

The gate was natural, forming a natural archway between two mountain peaks, behind which lay a deep valley.

The rock walls on both sides of the valley were covered with ancient runes, emitting a faint blue light.

"These runes were left by our ancestors,"

Ghost Shadow explained. "They can block outside detection and also resist the holy light of the gods."

Passing through the canyon, the view suddenly opened up.

This was an ancient underground city.

Built against the mountainside, layer upon layer, it stretched from the bottom of the canyon deep into the mountainside.

The buildings were constructed of a black stone, ancient and heavy, still showing traces of its former glory despite the passage of time.

But that glory was long gone.

Now, the ancient city was dilapidated, with collapsed buildings and dried blood everywhere.

Countless marks from attacks adorned the city walls, some places still bearing the scorch marks of holy light.

Several Ghost warriors stood at the city gate, wearing the same black armor as Ghost Shadow and his companions, but looking far more weary and haggard.

Seeing Youying return, a young warrior ran over: "Elder Youying! You're back!"

His gaze fell on David, instantly turning wary: "This is..."

"One of us," Youying said. "He's a friend of the princess, he saved us."

"The princess?" The young warrior's eyes widened. "Princess Yunxi?" "

The princess is alive." Youying's voice choked slightly. "This Mr. David is the princess's friend."

The news spread, and the ancient city was in an uproar.

Ghosts poured out from all directions, surrounding David, bombarding him with questions about Yunxi.

"Is the princess really alive?"

"Is she alright?"

"When will she return?"

David was surrounded, unsure of whose questions to answer.

Just then, a deep voice came from behind the crowd.

"Make way."

The crowd parted automatically, making way.

A tall, middle-aged man stepped out from the crowd.

He wore a long black robe, his face was gaunt, his eyes sunken, and his temples were already gray.

His eyes were bloodshot, and his face was etched with the marks of time and hatred. Even in his exhaustion and haggard state, he still possessed an aura that commanded respect.

His gaze lingered on David for a long time.

Then, his eyes widened suddenly.

"You... carry Xi'er's aura."

David looked at the haggard middle-aged man, a complex emotion welling up within him. "Are you Yun Xi's father?"

The middle-aged man nodded, his voice hoarse: "I am Yun Quan. The ruler of Youyue Kingdom."

He walked up to David, scrutinizing him from head to toe, his eyes filled with indescribable emotions—concern, pain, and a sliver of hope suppressed for too long.

"Xi'er... is she still alive?"

David nodded: "Alive. She was swept away by the spatial storm, and we don't know where she landed. But I assure you, she is still alive."

Yun Quan's body trembled slightly.

He closed his eyes, took a deep breath, and when he opened them again, the tears in his eyes had vanished, replaced by a heavy, resolute determination. Come in." He turned and walked deeper into the ancient city. "Tell me, what exactly happened?"

In the council hall of the ancient city, Yun Quan sat in the main seat, listening to David recount his journey from the fourteenth to the fifteenth heaven.

When he heard about Yun Xi's experiences in the fourteenth heaven, his brows furrowed and relaxed intermittently.

When he heard that the void passage had been interfered with and the three of them had been separated by the spatial storm, his expression darkened.

"Mr. Chen, could you tell me if Xi'er obtained the Gate of Reincarnation?" Yun Quan asked.

David shook his head and then recounted the situation regarding the Gate of Reincarnation to Yun Quan.

When he learned that obtaining the Gate of Reincarnation was not guaranteed, Yun Quan's expression turned very grim.

"The Reincarnation Bureau is a place where the souls of our Ghost Clan cultivators transition."

"Its purpose is to house and protect the souls of Ghost Clan cultivators who died in war."

"For tens of thousands of years, the Reincarnation Bureau has been the place where the souls of hundreds of millions of Ghost Clan cultivators have been reincarnated and reborn..."

"But in the last few hundred years, for some reason, the souls within the Reincarnation Bureau have been unable to leave; tens of thousands of Ghost Clan cultivators' souls are trapped there."

His voice grew heavy: "If these souls could be released, the Ghost Clan would have hope for revival."

"Is there any other way?" David asked.

Yun Quan remained silent for a moment.

"Yes, but it's very difficult."

Yunquan sighed softly. "Ancient texts record that as long as three supreme treasures are collected and the Netherworld Lamp is lit, the Path of Reincarnation can be opened, releasing all trapped souls.

The three supreme treasures are the Netherworld Lamp, the Core of Reincarnation, and the Soul-Guiding Fire. Unfortunately, the Ghost Clan has been hunted down for so many years, and these three supreme treasures have been lost; it's long since unknown who possesses them." "

However, there are rumors that the Netherworld Lamp is in the hands of the God Clan's Judgment Hall, the Core of Reincarnation is in the hands of the Demon Clan's Shadow Hall, and the Soul-Guiding Fire is in the hands of the Beast Clan's Heavenly Wolf Tribe."

"With our current strength, we can barely protect ourselves, let alone collect these three supreme treasures."

"As long as there's another way, that's fine." David breathed a sigh of relief.

If the only option was the Gate of Reincarnation, David would be in a real predicament. He couldn't contact Mr. Shi; did he have to face death again?

Perhaps Mr. Shi would appear when he was about to die.

But David didn't want to do that. Since there was another way, that was fine!

"I beg you, please help us." Yunquan looked at David, her face full of pleading.

David remained silent for a long time.

He wasn't a saint and didn't want to get involved in the messy grudges of the Heavenly Realm.

But he had to deal with the Ghost Clan matter, for Yun Xi and for Ming Li.

"Don't worry, I'll help you," David nodded. "Not for the Ghost Clan, but for Yun Xi."

Yun Quan was taken aback when he heard David say this, and glanced at him.

He opened his mouth, wanting to say something, but didn't.

Then he only said, "Thank you."

David smiled slightly: "Don't thank me. You should still send someone to look for Yun Xi, and my other friend Jiang Xuelan." "

Don't worry, Mr. Chen, I've already sent people. Since you're here, Xi'er and the others can't be too far away. The opening of the void passage also has its limitations."

David breathed a sigh of relief after hearing this.

He stood up, walked to the entrance of the council hall, and looked at the dim sky outside.

Purple sunlight shone through the black mist, dyeing the ruins of the ancient city a strange color.

Outside the council hall, Xiao You sat on the steps, clutching a tattered rag doll.

Seeing David emerge, she ran to him and tugged at his sleeve.

"Uncle Chen, are you leaving?"

David crouched down, looking into her eyes. "No. I'll take you home."

Tears welled in Xiao You's eyes again, but this time she didn't cry out loud; she simply nodded firmly.

"Okay."

David picked her up and walked deeper into the ancient city.

Behind them, Yun Quan stood at the entrance of the council hall, watching David's retreating figure, motionless for a long time.

"Xi'er, this David, is he related to you...?" he murmured.

Then, he turned and walked into the council hall.

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David carried Xiao You as they walked for a while through the ancient city.

Xiao You nestled on his shoulder, her small hands gripping his clothes tightly, her breathing gradually becoming steady.

She was asleep, tears still clinging to the corners of her eyes, but a slight smile played on her lips, as if she were having a sweet dream.

David slowed his pace, not wanting to wake her.

The streets of the ancient city were narrow, the buildings huddled together, their walls covered with ancient ghostly runes.

Some runes had faded, while others still emitted a faint blue light, like fireflies flickering in the darkness.

The ghostly cultivators they encountered on the road stopped, looking at David with complex expressions.

There was gratitude, curiosity, but mostly awe.

They had heard about what had happened on the riverbed: a human cultivator, at the Upper Immortal Realm, had repelled a True Immortal Realm third-grade divine race adjudicator with a single punch.

Just who was this young man?

"Mr. Chen,"

Youying caught up from behind, panting, "I'll take you to your lodgings. The King said you are a distinguished guest of our Youyue Kingdom and has arranged the best room for you."

David nodded and followed Youying through several streets to a relatively intact stone hall.

The stone hall wasn't large, but it was very clean.

Two ghost warriors stood guard at the entrance, and immediately straightened their backs when they saw David approaching.

"This was the princess's former residence,"

Youying pushed open the door, his voice tinged with emotion, "After the princess left, the King had it cleaned, saying he was waiting for her to return. Please rest here for now, and when we find the princess..."

He didn't finish his sentence, but the meaning was clear: once Yunxi was found, this would be her home.

David entered the stone hall, which was simply furnished. There

was a stone bed, a stone table, a few stone chairs, and a painting hanging on the wall.

The painting depicted a young woman with delicate features, whose eyes and brows bore a resemblance to Yunxi.

"That was the Queen Mother,"

Youying said softly. "Many years ago... she died at the hands of the gods."

David was silent for a moment, then gently placed Xiaoyou on the stone bed and covered her with a thin blanket.

Xiaoyou turned over, mumbled something, and fell into a deep sleep again.

"Mr. Chen, please rest. I'll go prepare some cultivation resources for you." Youying said, turning to leave.

"Wait a moment."

David called after him, "Elder Youying, I want to ask you something."

Youying stopped. "Mr. Chen, please speak."

"How many people are there in the Ghost Clan?"

Youying was silent.

He stood at the door, his back to David, his shoulders trembling slightly.

After a long time, he finally spoke, his voice hoarse as if sandpaper was being rubbed.

"Originally... there were tens of millions."

He said, "Thousands of years ago, the gods began to slaughter us. Ghost Clan cultivators began to die, flee, or escape to the lower realms."

"I don't know exactly how many Ghost Clan members are left in the entire Heavenly Realm now, but we..."

Youying paused, looking at David, his eyes reddening.

"Now, in the Youyue Kingdom, there are fewer than three hundred people who can wield weapons. Add the old, weak, women, and children, and there are fewer than a thousand. A thousand... Mr. Chen, our Youyue Kingdom once had a population of one hundred thousand, and now only a thousand remain."

His voice trembled.

"We are not demons. We are simply... born ghosts. We cultivate ghost energy because of our bloodline. We don't harm or kill; we just want to live peacefully.

But the gods say we are demons, that we pollute the spiritual energy of the heavens, that our existence is a desecration of the heavens."

"They kill our men, steal our women, and throw our children into the fire to burn them. They say this is purifying the heavens."

Youying's tears finally fell.

"Mr. Chen, what did we do wrong?"

David remained silent.

He didn't know how to answer that question.

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He thought of the humans and demons of the Celestial Realm, of the innocent people slaughtered without restraint simply because of their race.

He thought of Great Stone Village, of the villagers massacred by the demons.

This world had never changed.

"Elder Youying," David's voice was soft, "I'll help you."

Youying looked up at him, her eyes blurred with tears.

"Not for any grand cause, nor for any racial revival,"

David said, "but simply because it shouldn't be like this. You shouldn't be treated like this."

"One day, I will establish a completely equal Celestial Realm, even a universe without classes."

"Regardless of race, all should live together equally, and intermarriage between races is permissible, without any distinction of rank."

Youying opened her mouth, wanting to say something, but in the end, she only bowed deeply.

Then she turned and left. She knew David's idea was good, but what use was it?

The Way of Heaven is such, and who can defy the laws of Heaven?

David sat down by the stone bed, looking at Xiaoyou's peaceful sleeping face, a complex emotion welling up within him.

This child, her parents were dead, and her grandfather was dead too.

She was only a few years old, yet she already knew what loss and fear were.

But she still smiled.

She smiled in his arms.

Perhaps that's why he was willing to help them.

Not because of righteousness, not because of a promise, but simply because...

a child smiled in your arms, and you want to protect her.

That's all.

David had just closed his eyes to rest when a series of hurried footsteps suddenly sounded outside.

"Quick! Quick!"

"Assemble! Everyone assemble!"

"Take the children to the basement! Quick!"

David abruptly opened his eyes and jumped out of bed.

Xiao You was awakened by the noise, rubbing her eyes as she sat up, groggily asking, "Uncle Chen, what's wrong?"

"Nothing." David patted her head. "You wait here, Uncle will go check."

He strode out of the stone hall and saw chaos on the streets outside.

Ghost warriors were running, some towards the city gate, some towards the city wall.

Elders were carrying children to the basement, women were packing supplies, and everyone's face was filled with tension and fear.

David's heart sank.

Had the gods attacked?

He grabbed a ghost warrior running past him and asked, "What happened?"

The warrior recognized David and quickly said, "Mr. Chen, the king sent me to invite you. He's waiting for you at the city gate!"

David followed the warrior through the chaotic streets to the city gate.

Yun Quan was standing on the city wall, looking at the distant sky.

His face was even paler than yesterday, but his eyes were bright, almost frighteningly so.

"King Yun Quan, what happened?" David walked up to the city wall and asked.

Yun Quan turned his head, looked at him, his expression somewhat grave.

"Mr. Chen, we found her. We found Xi'er."

David was stunned: "Found her?"

"Yes." Yun Quan pointed to a ghost cultivator on the city wall, "We just received news that our scouts discovered Xi'er's aura in the eastern section of the Netherworld Mountains. She... she's still alive."

David's heart skipped a beat: "Where is she?"

Yun Quan turned around and pointed east.

"The Heavenly Fire Pit." "What is the Heavenly Fire Pit?" David asked.

Yun Quan didn't answer immediately.

He was silent for a moment, then walked down the city wall and led David to a stone hall in the center of the ancient city.

Three large characters were carved on the door of the stone hall: "Scripture Repository."

"This place stores tens of thousands of years of records and texts of the Ghost Clan."

Yun Quan pushed open the door and led David inside.

The interior of the stone hall was much larger than the exterior. Rows of stone shelves were filled with jade slips and ancient books. Some jade slips were already dim, and some ancient books were yellowed and brittle.

Normally, such a place would be the most secret place of every race, and outsiders would never be allowed to enter.

But now, Yun Quan had actually brought David here, showing his trust in him.

Yun Quan walked to the innermost stone shelf and took down a dark red jade slip.

"The records of the Heavenly Fire Pit are here."

He pressed the jade slip to his forehead, and it glowed faintly.

After a moment, he handed the jade slip to David.

"Take a look for yourself."

David took the jade slip and probed it with his divine sense.

The information from the jade slip flooded in like a tidal wave.

Tens of thousands of years ago, a celestial fire descended from the sky, landing on the eastern section of the Netherworld Mountains.

This celestial fire was no ordinary flame.

The instant it struck, it smashed a mountain range tens of thousands of feet high, creating a crater

thousands of miles in diameter. Rocks melted, the earth cracked, and all living beings within a radius of tens of thousands of miles were reduced to ashes in that instant.

The celestial fire did not extinguish.

It burned in the crater for tens of thousands of years, never extinguished.

No one had ever witnessed the aura of the flames within the crater, hence the name "celestial fire."

This celestial fire possessed its own will, its own anger, and its own hunger.

It would devour any living being that approached it, then turn their souls into new fuel, making the flames burn even brighter.

There was also a creature in the crater... the Celestial Fire Beasts.

They were ferocious beasts that naturally formed within the crater after the celestial fire descended.

Their bodies were formed from condensed flames, and each possessed strength above the True Immortal Realm.

They guarded the Celestial Fire Crater, attacking any living being that approached.

For tens of thousands of years, cultivators at the fifteenth level of the Heavenly Realm had avoided the Celestial Fire Crater.

No one dared approach, no one dared fly overhead.

A True Immortal of the fifth rank had once attempted to explore the secrets of the Heavenly Fire Pit, but never returned.

The Heavenly Fire Pit was the most dangerous place in the Fifteenth Heaven.

Without a doubt.

David finished reading the records in the jade slip and remained silent for a long time.

Then he raised his head and looked at Yun Quan.

"Yun Xi and Jiang Xuelan are in the Heavenly Fire Pit?"

Yun Quan nodded, his face ashen.

"The scouts reported that they are trapped on the edge of the Heavenly Fire Pit. They are injured and still being attacked by Heavenly Fire Beasts. They can't get out of the Heavenly Fire Pit, and those outside can't get in either."

"But..." He paused, his voice becoming even lower, "They are still alive. The scouts could sense Xi'er's aura; although it was weak, she was indeed still alive."

David stood up and placed the jade slip back on the stone shelf.

"I'll go."

Yun Quan looked at him, a complex emotion flashing in his eyes, "Mr. Chen, the Heavenly Fire Pit..."

"I know." David interrupted him, "But I must go."

He didn't say why.

But Yun Quan understood.

It wasn't for any grand cause, nor for any promise.

It was simply because there were people there he needed to protect.

That was all.

Yun Quan remained silent for a long time.

Then, he did something that surprised David: he knelt down on one knee.

"Mr. Chen, on behalf of the Youyue Kingdom and the Ghost Clan, I beg you for a favor."

David quickly helped him up: "What are you doing? Get up and speak!" Yunquan didn't get up.

"Xi'er is my daughter, the princess of Youyue Kingdom. She's been disobedient since she was little, always running away, always making me worry."

During the time she was gone, I thought I'd never see her again. Now she's back, but trapped in the Heavenly Fire Pit."

His voice trembled, his eyes red, but he didn't let the tears fall.

"I, as her father, am useless. I can't defeat the gods, I can't protect my people, and now I can't even save my own daughter. I can only... I can only beg you."

He raised his head, looking at David.

"Mr. Chen, please bring Xi'er back."

David looked at him.

This man, tormented by hatred for thousands of years, this man who had lost his wife, his people, almost everything.

At this moment, he wasn't the ruler of Youyue Kingdom, not the leader of the Ghost Clan; he was just a father.

A father worried about his daughter.

"I'll bring her back," David said.

Yunquan's tears finally fell.

After the news spread, the entire Youyue Kingdom was in an uproar.

Not fear, not retreat, but a determination that had been suppressed for too long, finally erupting.

"The princess is trapped in the Heavenly Fire Pit!"

"We must go save her!"

"Your Majesty, let me go!"

"Me too! My life was saved by the princess!"

Below the city wall, hundreds of ghost warriors gathered. Their armor was worn, their weapons uneven, but flames burned in their eyes.

Yun Quan stood on the city wall, looking at them, his eyes red.

"Brothers,"

his voice was hoarse, yet it resonated in everyone's ears like a bell, "I know she is your princess, my daughter, the hope of our Youyue Kingdom." "

She is trapped in the Heavenly Fire Pit, injured, and besieged by Heavenly Fire Beasts. You all know what the Heavenly Fire Pit is. If we go, we might not come back."

He paused, his gaze sweeping over each face.

"I won't force you. Those who are willing to go, stand on the right."

No one moved.

Then...

everyone stepped forward simultaneously, standing neatly on the right.

Yun Quan's lips trembled.

"You..."

An old warrior stepped forward, a scar running from his brow bone to his chin, a mark left from years ago during the pursuit of the gods.

"Your Majesty, have you forgotten?"

His voice was calm. "If it weren't for the princess holding off the gods' pursuers, we would all be dead long ago. The princess saved our lives. Now that she is in danger, if we cover in the back, would we still deserve to be called the Ghost Clan?"

"Yes!" another young warrior shouted. "What do we care about the Heavenly Fire Pit! Even if it's the eighteen levels of hell, we'll go!"

"Save the princess!"

"Save the princess!"

The shouts rose like a tide, wave after wave.

David stood on the city wall, watching this scene, a warm feeling welling up in his heart.

This was the Ghost Clan.

Hunted for thousands of years, slaughtered millions, the Ghost Clan, eking out a living in the darkness.

They were poor, weak, exhausted, and desperate, but when their princess was in danger, they stood up.

Without hesitation, without retreat.

Yun Quan took a deep breath and nodded vigorously.

"Alright. Let's go then. Everyone, take your best weapons and all the elixirs. We'll depart in an hour!"

The ghost warriors roared in agreement and turned to prepare.

David walked to Yun Quan's side and whispered, "Your Majesty, I have a request."

Yun Quan looked at him, "Please speak, Mr. Chen."

"Once we reach the Heavenly Fire Pit, let me go in first. You all wait outside."

Yun Quan's expression changed, "How can that be..." "

The Heavenly Fire Beasts in the Heavenly Fire Pit are too much for ordinary ghost warriors to handle."

David interrupted him, "Your going in will only increase casualties. I'll go in alone, find Yun Xi and Jiang Xuelan, and bring them out."

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But you..." Yun Quan frowned.

"My chaotic power can devour all power, including heavenly fire," David said. "The Heavenly Fire Pit isn't as dangerous to me as you imagine." What

he didn't say was that the source of supreme fire within him also craved heavenly fire.

It was the power of flame that had been accumulating since the Celestial Realm, dormant deep within his bloodline. He could feel the source of supreme fire within him trembling when the aura of the Heavenly Fire Pit appeared within his perception range.

Excited.

Hungry.

Yun Quan looked into David's eyes and remained silent for a long time.

"Mr. Chen, are you sure?"

David nodded.

"Okay." Yun Quan didn't try to persuade him further. "We'll wait for you outside. One incense stick's time. If you don't come out within one incense stick's time, we'll rush in."

David smiled: "Okay."

After one incense stick's time, Yun Quan personally led three hundred ghost warriors toward the eastern section of the Netherworld Mountains.

David carried Xiao You and handed her over to an old woman.

"Xiao You, Uncle is going out for a bit, I'll be back soon."

Xiao You tugged at his sleeve, refusing to let go. "Uncle Chen, you're lying. They all say the Heavenly Fire Pit is dangerous, and once you go in, you can't come out."

David squatted down, looking into her eyes.

"Xiao You, do you believe Uncle?"

Xiao You nodded.

"Then Uncle will tell you, Uncle will definitely come back. When Uncle comes back, I'll tell you a story."

Xiao You hesitated for a long time before finally letting go.

"Then you must come back."

"I will."

David stood up, turned around, and caught up with the group.

Behind him, Xiao You stood at the city gate, hugging her doll, watching his figure disappear into the black mist.

...

The Heavenly Fire Pit is located in the eastern section of the Netherworld Mountains, about half a day's journey from the Netherworld Moon Kingdom.

Yun Quan led the group through the mountains, walking faster and faster, more and more urgently.

His face grew increasingly grim, because he could feel Yun Xi's aura weakening.

"Faster!" he shouted, "Faster!"

The ghost warriors gritted their teeth, running with all their might.

Finally, after crossing the last mountain ridge, they saw the Heavenly Fire Pit.

David's breath caught in his throat.

It wasn't a pit.

It was a sea.

A sea made of flames.

Crimson flames surged, burned, and roared at the bottom of the enormous pit, covering the land for thousands of miles around.

The temperature of the flames was extremely high; even standing on the ridge, dozens of miles from the edge of the pit, David could still feel the scorching heat hitting him.

The color of the flames constantly changed: crimson, orange-yellow, golden-white, and dark blue—each color representing a different temperature.

The flames at the very center had become almost transparent white, a color so high that even light was distorted.

Within the flames, something was moving.

They were Heavenly Fire Beasts.

Their bodies were formed from condensed flames, and they came in various shapes.

Some resembled dragons, some tigers, some birds, and some fish.

They moved through the Heavenly Fire, emitting deep roars that shook the mountain ridges.

And on a rocky platform near the northern edge of the Heavenly Fire Pit, David saw two familiar figures.

Yunxi and Jiang Xuelan.

They leaned against a massive rock, surrounded by an icy blue shield.

It was a shield formed from Jiang Xuelan's Ice God power.

The shield was constantly melting under the scorching flames, and Jiang Xuelan was continuously injecting new power to maintain it.

Yun Xi leaned against Jiang Xuelan, covered in blood.

Her left arm hung limply at her side, her Ghost Blade stuck in the ground in front of her, its blade riddled with cracks.

Before them stood a horde of Heavenly Fire Beasts.

At least twenty.

They surrounded the ice shield, ramming their bodies against it and scorching the ice with their flames.

The shield was already covered in dense cracks, on the verge of shattering.

"Xi'er!" Yun Quan's voice trembled.

He turned to David, his eyes filled with pleading.

David didn't speak.

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

Then, he slapped Yun Quan's shoulder.

Yun Quan's body jolted, a gentle force pushing him back onto the ridge.

"Wait outside," David said.

Then, he leaped into the Heavenly Fire Pit.

A long trail of purple light traced its path through the pit.

David didn't use the Dragon-Slaying Sword; it had been damaged in the spatial storm, and he didn't want to burden it further in this place.

He simply clenched his fist, gathering chaotic power at his knuckles, and then unleashed a punch.

The first Heavenly Fire Beast pounced head-on, its body like a giant, burning tiger, its jaws agape, lunging at David.

David slammed his fist into its head.

The purple fist energy collided with the heavenly fire, erupting in a blinding light.

The Heavenly Fire Beast's head shattered instantly under the devouring power of chaotic energy, turning into a shower of sparks.

Before its body even fell, a second and a third Heavenly Fire Beast pounced.

David didn't retreat.

His fists rained down like a storm, each punch carrying the devouring power of chaotic energy.

The Heavenly Fire Beasts were as fragile as paper before the chaotic power; one punch after another, they fell one by one.

Wherever the purple light passed, the Heavenly Fire Beasts shattered, scattering sparks in all directions.

But there were too many Heavenly Fire Beasts.

They surged in from all directions, endlessly, an unstoppable force.

Wounds began to appear on David's body; the claws of the Heavenly Fire Beasts tore at his arms, their teeth pierced his shoulders, and their tails lashed his back.

Golden blood dripped, evaporating into golden mist from the Heavenly Fire.

But David did not stop.

His eyes were fixed on the distant rocky platform, on the two familiar figures.

Yun Xi sensed something, looked up, and saw the purple light.

Her eyes reddened.

"David..."

Jiang Xuelan also looked up, watching the approaching purple light, a slight smile playing on her lips.

"It's here."

When David was still a hundred feet away from the platform, the largest Heavenly Fire Beast appeared.

It was ten times larger than the other Heavenly Fire Beasts, its body no longer crimson, but almost transparent white.

It resembled a dragon, with two burning horns on its head and two bottomless fiery holes in its eyes.

Its aura is that of a fifth-grade True Immortal.

Heavenly Fire Beast King

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It stood between David and the platform, its jaws wide open, unleashing a deafening roar.

The roar contained the power of heavenly fire, the sound waves transforming into a tangible shockwave of flames that swept towards David.

David didn't dodge.

He charged forward into the flames, chaotic energy coalescing into a layer of purple armor on his body.

The flames struck the armor, being devoured, transformed, and absorbed by the chaotic energy.

The Heavenly Fire Beast King's eyes flickered; it seemed to sense something—a power within this human that unsettled it.

But it didn't retreat.

It opened its jaws, lunging at David.

David didn't use his fist.

He extended his right hand, fingers spread, palm facing the Heavenly Fire Beast King's gaping maw.

Then, the source of supreme fire within him awakened.

It was the source of supreme fire that had begun accumulating in the Celestial Realm—the supreme fire of the demon race, the fire of the earth's core... countless flame powers slumbered deep within his bloodline. Now, awakened by the power of the Heavenly Fire Pit, they were like a sleeping dragon opening its eyes.

Purple chaotic power and golden supreme fire essence converged in his palm, transforming into a dazzling pillar of light.

The pillar shot into the Heavenly Fire Beast King's mouth, pierced its body, and exited from its tail.

The Heavenly Fire Beast King froze.

Its body began to crumble, starting from its head, turning into sparks bit by bit.

It let out a low hiss, a hiss containing anger, resentment, and a hint of fear.

Then, it vanished.

Countless sparks scattered like fireflies, dyeing the entire Heavenly Fire Pit golden.

David landed on the platform, his legs buckling, almost collapsing to his knees.

Yun Xi rushed over and caught him.

"You're crazy!" Her voice trembled, tears streaming down her face. "Who told you to come! Who told you to come!"

David looked at her and smiled. "Have you forgotten? We agreed to save your people together."

Yun Xi bit her lip, her tears flowing even more fiercely.

Jiang Xuelan stood to the side, watching David, saying nothing.

But her hands trembled slightly, her eyes filled with complex emotions beyond words.

"You're injured." She finally spoke, her voice a little hoarse.

"Just a superficial wound," David said. "What about you?"

Jiang Xuelan shook her head: "I'm fine. Yunxi is more seriously injured and needs to go back for treatment as soon as possible."

David nodded, bent down, and carried Yunxi on his back.

"Let's go."

He turned and walked towards the exit of the Heavenly Fire Pit.

The Heavenly Fire Beasts surrounded them, growling softly, but none dared to charge.

They looked at the purple light on David's body, and the ferocity in their eyes gradually gave way to fear.

That man had killed their king.

The power emanating from that man instilled fear in them to the very core. David walked step by step, his steps steady.

Yunxi, clinging to his back, could feel his heartbeat—strong, steady, and reassuring.

"David," she whispered.

"Hmm?"

"Thank you."

David smiled.

"You're welcome. Hold on tight, I'm going to speed up."

He took a deep breath, and the chaotic power and the source of supreme fire within him erupted simultaneously.

Purple light and golden flames intertwined on his body, transforming into a pillar of light that shot into the sky.

Then, he leaped into the air, carrying Yunxi on his back and Jiang Xuelan in tow, and rushed out of the Heavenly Fire Pit.

Behind him, the flames in the Heavenly Fire Pit suddenly surged violently.

It wasn't anger, nor a roar, but a kind of... resonance.

The moment David, carrying Yunxi, landed on the ridge after rushing out of the Heavenly Fire Pit, his legs buckled, and he collapsed to his knees. Yunxi slid off his back and was caught by Yunquan.

"Xi'er! Xi'er!" Yunquan's voice trembled as he held his daughter, tears streaming down his face. "Are you alright? Are you alright?"

Yunxi leaned against her father's chest, forcing a smile on her pale face. "Father, I'm alright."

"You say you're alright!" Yunquan looked at her covered in blood, his heart aching, unable to speak.

He turned and shouted, "Healers! Where are the healers!"

Two ghost clan healers rushed over, frantically examining Yunxi's injuries.

Her left arm was broken, three ribs were broken, and her internal organs were damaged to varying degrees.

But for the ghost princess, these were not fatal injuries.

What was truly worrying was the almost depleted ghost energy within her body and the divine soul scorched by the heavenly fire.

"She needs to rest." The older healer breathed a sigh of relief. "The princess's injuries are not serious, just that she has consumed too much energy. She will recover after a period of rest."

Yunquan was relieved and turned to look at David.

David sat on the ground, panting heavily.

His condition wasn't much better than Yun Xi's; his body was covered in wounds left by the Heavenly Fire Beast, golden blood still seeping out, and most of his chaotic power was depleted.

But his eyes shone brightly, almost frighteningly so.

"Mr. Chen,"

Yun Quan approached and bowed deeply, "I can't thank you enough. From now on, you are the most honored guest of Youyue Kingdom. Whatever you ask, the entire Youyue Kingdom will do our utmost."

David waved his hand: "Don't thank me. Take them back to recover first."

Yun Quan nodded and arranged for people to lift Yun Xi up.

Jiang Xuelan refused help from others. Although she had also suffered considerable damage, her injuries were much lighter than Yun Xi's.

She walked up to David and looked down at him.

"You're injured too."

"Just superficial wounds," David smiled, "I'll be fine after a rest."

Jiang Xuelan didn't speak.

She reached out, a ball of icy blue light condensing in her palm, and gently pressed it against David's shoulder.

The cool power flowed into his body through his shoulder, gradually dispelling the burning sensation from the wound.

David felt much better: "Thank you."

Jiang Xuelan withdrew her hand and said calmly, "You owe me."

David was taken aback: "What?"

"You owe me a favor." Jiang Xuelan turned around and walked towards the group. "Remember to pay it back later."

David watched her back, not knowing whether to laugh or cry.

The group began to walk back.

Yun Xi was at the front, with Yun Quan following closely beside her.

The ghost warriors surrounded Yun Xi, some singing, some cheering, some wiping away tears.

"The princess is back!"

"The princess is back!"

The voices echoed through the mountains, lingering for a long time.

David walked at the back of the group, his steps somewhat heavy.

Not because he was tired, although he was indeed very tired, but because he always felt that something was watching him.

The feeling was very subtle, like an invisible thread extending from the direction of the Heavenly Fire Pit, gently tying it to his heart.

He stopped and looked back.

The Heavenly Fire Pit was still burning.

Crimson flames surged at the bottom of the pit, but it was much quieter than before.

The fire beasts stopped roaring and lay quietly in the flames, as if waiting for something.

They didn't chase after them.

They were waiting .

Waiting for what?

David shook his head and turned to follow the group.

But he knew in his heart that this matter was not over yet.

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By the time they returned to Youyue Kingdom, it was already dark.

Yunxi was taken back to the stone hall, the same room David had stayed in, which had originally been her room.

The healers went in and out, changing her bandages, feeding her medicine, and channeling ghost energy into her.

Yunquan stayed by her bedside, holding her daughter's hand, unwilling to leave for a moment.

David was arranged to rest in a stone hall next door.

Jiang Xuelan was in another room, the two separated by a wall.

David lay in bed, tossing and turning, unable to sleep.

It wasn't because he was particular about his bed, but because that feeling was still there.

The things in the Heavenly Fire Pit were still calling to him.

That call wasn't a sound, not language, but something more primal, more direct.

Like a resonance of blood, like a resonance of the soul. He could see the flames in the Heavenly Fire Pit with his eyes closed, he could feel the breath of those Heavenly Fire Beasts.

They were waiting for him.

He sat up, put on his clothes, and walked out of the stone hall.

Moonlight streamed through the gaps in the black mist, dyeing the ruins of the ancient city silver-gray.

The ghost warrior on night watch saw him and tried to salute, but he waved him off.

"Couldn't sleep, came out for a walk."

The warrior nodded, asking no further questions.

David walked around the ancient city and arrived at the city gate.

He stood there, looking east.

The eastern sky was tinged with a dark red by the light from the Heavenly Fire Pit, like a piece of red-hot iron.

The light flickered in and out of the black mist, eerie and captivating.

"You felt it too?"

a cold voice came from behind.

David didn't turn around; he knew it was Jiang Xuelan.

"You felt it too?" he countered.

Jiang Xuelan walked to his side, standing shoulder to shoulder with him, looking at the dark red sky in the east.

"I felt it when we were in the Heavenly Fire Pit,"

she said softly. "There's something at the bottom of the pit. Not a Heavenly Fire Beast, but something deeper, something more ancient, calling to you."

David turned to look at her: "How do you know it's calling me?"

Jiang Xuelan glanced at him: "Because it didn't call before you appeared. You came, and it woke up."

David fell silent.

Jiang Xuelan continued, "The Heavenly Fire Pit has existed for tens of thousands of years. Countless powerful figures have entered and never emerged. But you went in, not only did you come out, but you also killed the Heavenly Fire Beast King. Don't you find that strange?"

"I was lucky," David said.

Jiang Xuelan's lips curled slightly, a hint of mockery in her smile: "You always say it's luck, you've said it's luck all along. David, don't you think you're being too modest?"

David remained silent.

Jiang Xuelan looked at the eastern sky, her voice softening: "You possess the essence of supreme fire within you, the same origin as the Heavenly Fire in the Heavenly Fire Pit, and you also possess the power of chaos, encompassing all things. I can sense that the thing in the Heavenly Fire Pit is waiting for someone; it has waited for tens of thousands of years, and finally, it has found you."

David took a deep breath: "Do you think I should go back?"

"Do you think you should go back?" Jiang Xuelan countered.

David remained silent for a long time.

"I think I should go back. But I don't know what I'll face when I return," David said truthfully.

Jiang Xuelan nodded: "Then let's go back. Your intuition has never lied to you." She turned and walked towards the stone hall.

After a few steps, she stopped, without looking back.

"Come back alive."

Then she left.

David stood at the city gate, watching her figure disappear into the moonlight, a warm feeling welling up in his heart.

This woman, though cold on the outside, was actually very gentle inside.

He turned and looked east.

A dark red light flickered in the black mist, as if winking at him.

"Come back alive," he murmured, "Of course I'll come back alive."

...

The next morning, David found Yun Quan.

Yun Quan was feeding Yun Xi medicine. Seeing David enter, she quickly stood up: "Mr. Chen, what brings you here? Are you feeling better?"

David nodded: "Much better. Your Majesty, I have something to tell you."

Yun Quan looked at his expression, a bad premonition rising in her heart.

"I need to return to the Heavenly Fire Pit," David said.

The stone hall fell silent.

Yun Xi's hand holding the medicine bowl stopped. She looked up at David, her eyes filled with disbelief.

"Are you crazy?" Her voice was shrill. "You just came from there! Your injuries haven't healed yet!"

"I know," David said, "but I have to go back."

"Why?" Yun Xi almost shouted, "What is there there worth going back to die for?"

David looked at her and remained silent for a moment.

"I don't know what's there. But I can feel it waiting for me. I have to find out what it is." David explained truthfully.

Yun Xi bit her lip, her eyes reddening.

She put down the medicine bowl and struggled to sit up in bed, but Yun Quan held her down.

"Xi'er, don't move."

"Father!" Yun Xi's voice trembled, "He wants to go back to die! You're letting him go?"

Yun Quan remained silent for a moment. He looked at his daughter, then at David, and finally sighed.

"Mr. Chen, are you sure?"

David nodded.

Yun Quan released Yun Xi's hand, stood up, and walked to David.

"Then I'll go with you."

"No need." David shook his head. "You stay here to take care of Yunxi. I can go alone."

"But..."

"Your Majesty." David interrupted him. "The thing in the Heavenly Fire Pit can't be dealt with by just having more people. It's waiting for me, not someone else. If you go, you'll only increase unnecessary casualties."

Yun Quan opened his mouth, wanting to say something, but in the end, he said nothing.

He knew David was right.

"Then you..." His voice was a little hoarse, "You must be careful."

David smiled: "Don't worry. I promised Xiaoyou that I would come back and tell her a story."

He turned to leave, but Yunxi's voice came from behind him, "David."

He stopped. "Promise me," Yunxi's voice was soft, almost inaudible, "You must come back."

David didn't turn around.

"I promise you."

Then he left.

Yunxi sat on the bed, watching his figure disappear through the door, tears finally falling.

Yunquan came over and gently hugged his daughter.

"He will come back," he whispered, "He's not an ordinary person."

Yunxi leaned against her father's chest, saying nothing.

But in her heart, she thought, of course he's not an ordinary person.

If he were an ordinary person, why would he go to the Heavenly Fire Pit to his death?

David came to the Heavenly Fire Pit, stood on its edge, and looked down.

Flames surged at the bottom of the pit, the crimson light reflecting on his face, casting a long, long shadow.

The Heavenly Fire Beasts, moving through the flames, stopped when they saw him return, turning their heads in unison.

Hundreds of eyes were watching him simultaneously.

No hostility, no attack, just quiet observation.

As if confirming something, as if waiting for something.

David took a deep breath and leaped down.

This time, no Heavenly Fire Beast attacked him.

They parted to make way for him, like subjects yielding to their king.

David passed through the flames, the heatwaves, and the layers upon layers of fire beasts, descending towards the deepest part of the pit.

The flames grew denser, the temperature higher.

Crimson turned orange-yellow, orange-yellow turned golden-white, golden-white turned ghostly blue, and ghostly blue turned almost transparent white.

David's chaotic power flowed across his body, purple light shielding him from the fire.

Even so, he could still feel the scorching heat, a temperature that could ignite even the soul.

He fell for a long time.

The fire pit was much deeper than he had imagined.

It stretched for thousands of miles, its bottom unseen.

He was like a pebble falling into the deep sea, surrounded by endless flames, plummeting towards the unknown abyss.

Finally, he saw the bottom of the pit.

It was a flat rocky surface, scorched by the fire for tens of thousands of years, transformed into a strange, glassy substance.

Ancient patterns were carved into the rocks, not by human hands, but naturally formed by the power of the fire.

In the very center of the rock, there was a flame.

It wasn't large, only about the size of a fist.

Its color was pure white, almost transparent.

It burned quietly, unhurriedly, gently, like the first ray of light at the beginning of time.

David landed on the rock and walked towards the flame.

With each step, the primal fire within him trembled slightly.

With each step, the flame grew brighter.

When he reached it, it shone like a small sun.

David crouched down and extended his right hand.

The moment his fingers touched the flame, the whole world changed.

David found himself standing on a fiery red plain.

The sky was a burning orange-red, the earth was churning lava, and the air was thick with the scent of sulfur and fire.

But there was no fear, no destruction, only a primal, pure, and vibrant warmth.

On the plain were a group of people.

No, not people, but fire spirits.

Chapter 6299

Their bodies were formed from flames, their features blurred, but their general human shapes were discernible.

Some were running, some were playing, and some were practicing manipulating the flames.

Among them stood an old man.

His body was also formed from flames, but his flames were more concentrated and purer than the other fire spirits'.

His features were clearly visible: an aged face, deep-set eyes, and a white beard.

He stood there like an ancient tree that had burned for millennia, aged yet resilient.

"Children, watch closely," the old man's voice was like the crackling of flames, warm and powerful.

He raised his right hand, palm up. A ball of flame appeared in his palm, initially just a small flame, then slowly growing larger, transforming into a blooming lotus flower.

The lotus petals unfolded layer by layer, each burning with a different color of flame: crimson, orange-yellow, golden-white, and deep blue.

The fire spirits exclaimed in amazement.

"So beautiful!"

"Grandpa, teach us!"

The old man smiled: "Alright, alright, I'll teach you all."

He put away the flaming lotus and began to teach the fire spirits.

Starting with the most basic manipulation of flames, he taught them little by little, demonstrating again and again.

The fire spirits learned diligently, clumsily but each one trying their best.

David stood aside, watching this scene, a strange feeling welling up inside him.

This world, this place, these people... he felt like he had seen them somewhere before.

But he had never been here before.

Time began to accelerate.

The fire spirits grew up.

Their flames became more condensed, their manipulation more skillful.

Some learned to condense weapons with flames, some learned to heal injuries with flames, and some learned to sense the aura of all things with flames.

Among them was a child, the most talented.

From a young age, he could manipulate more flames than the other children, and he learned the fastest.

What the old man taught once, the other children had to practice ten times, he only needed to practice three times to master.

He grew very quickly.

From a toddler fire spirit, he grew into a spirited young man.

His flames were crimson, more intense and fierce than the flames of the other fire spirits.

But he was not satisfied.

"Grandpa, are there stronger flames?" he asked.

The old man looked at him, silent for a long time.

"Yes," the old man said, "but you're not ready to learn yet."

"When can I learn?"

"When you understand what fire is."

The boy didn't understand.

He felt he already understood fire; he could control it, condense it, and release it.

What else did he need to understand?

He began to explore on his own.

He left the plains and entered the wasteland.

The flames in the wasteland were more violent, more dangerous, but he didn't care.

He devoured the flames of the wasteland, absorbing them into his body.

His flames changed from crimson to orange-yellow, from orange-yellow to golden-white.

He became stronger.

But he was still not satisfied.

He returned to the plains and found the old man.

Chapter 6300

"Grandpa, I understand. Flame is power. Whoever has the greatest power is the strongest."

The old man looked at him, his eyes filled with sorrow.

"Child, you are wrong. Flame is not power, it is life."

The boy didn't believe him.

He turned and left the plain, going to a farther place.

Time accelerated again.

The boy became a young man, and the young man became a middle-aged man.

His flame changed from golden white to dark blue, and then from dark blue to almost transparent white.

He became stronger and stronger, and also more and more lonely.

He devoured too many flames, and the will within those flames clashed, collided, and tore apart his soul within him.

He began to become irritable, easily angered, and no longer trusted anyone.

He returned to the plain.

There were no more fire spirits on the plain.

The old man had also disappeared. Only a desolate expanse of lava and scorched earth remained.

He stood there, looking at this barren land, silent for a long time.

Then, he raised his head and looked at the sky.

"I will prove it to you," he whispered, "Flame is power."

He raised his hand, and a ball of white flame condensed in his palm.

The temperature of that flame was so high that even space was distorted, so high that even light was bent.

He threw that ball of flame into the sky.

Flames soared into the sky, piercing the barriers of celestial laws, and crashed onto the land of the fifteenth heaven,

creating a crater a thousand miles in diameter.

Then the young man fought his way through countless battles, seeking the power of the supreme flame. Tens of thousands of years passed in the blink of an eye...

The young man of yesteryear was now old and gray, his eyes filled only with a thirst for power.

His flames had long since turned from their initial white to an evil black.

He had entered the demonic path and acquired his own resounding title—the Flame Demon.

David suddenly opened his eyes.

He was still standing at the bottom of the crater, his fingers still touching the white flame.

But his hand was trembling, and his forehead was covered in cold sweat.

“That was... the Flame Demon.”

He finally understood.

That boy, that fire spirit with the highest talent, that young man who was not satisfied with the status quo and pursued ultimate power, was the Flame Demon.

That celestial fire didn't fall from the sky.

He had thrown it himself.

The crater wasn't a natural disaster.

It was a mark he left behind.

That white flame, the flame he touched with his fingers, was the last trace of purity left behind by the Flame Demon before its departure.

Untainted by the desire to devour, undistorted by the pursuit of power, it was simply the original child, the first flame lotus condensed under the old man's guidance. A

pure, warm, and vibrant flame.

David closed his eyes and took a deep breath.

Then, he opened his mouth and swallowed the white flame.

The instant the flame entered his body, David felt his body ignite.

Not pain, but an indescribable heat.

That heat spread from his throat to his chest, from his chest to his limbs, from his limbs to every inch of flesh, every bone, every meridian.

The primal fire within him began to boil. Countless fiery powers slumbered deep within his bloodline. Now, awakened by the essence of heavenly fire, they were like a sleeping dragon opening its eyes.

The essence of heavenly fire surged into his meridians, merging with the source of supreme fire.

Initially, there was repulsion.

The essence of heavenly fire was too domineering, while the source of supreme fire was too complex.

The two clashed, tore, and devoured each other within his body.

David felt as if his body were a battlefield, the two fiery powers clashing within his meridians, sizzling and burning his flesh.

Golden blood seeped from his pores, evaporating into golden mist under the intense heat.

His skin began to crack, crimson light emanating from the cracks, like magma flowing through the cracks of rock.

Pain.

Pain so intense he wanted to scream, but no sound came out.

Pain so intense he wanted to cry, but the tears evaporated before they could fall.

Pain so intense he wanted to give up, but the thought was immediately suppressed by another thought.

"Fire is not power. It is life."

The old man's voice echoed in his mind.

David gritted his teeth, enduring the excruciating pain, and began to guide the fiery power within his body.

He didn't suppress the Heavenly Fire Essence, nor did he resist the Origin of Supreme Fire; instead, he allowed them to meet, collide, and merge within his dantian.

Just as the old man had taught the fire spirits, don't try to control the flame; understand it, accept it, and become it.

The Heavenly Fire Essence began to soften.

The Origin of Supreme Fire began to purify.

The two fiery powers intertwined, entwined, and merged within his dantian, ultimately transforming into a completely new flame.

The flame's color constantly changed: crimson, orange-yellow, golden-white, dark blue, and transparent.

Each color represented a different origin of fiery power.

They slowly rotated within David's dantian, like a small sun.

His cultivation began to break through.

Peak of the seventh rank of the Upper Immortal Realm.

Eighth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm.

Middle stage of the eighth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm.

High stage of the eighth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm.

Only when he reached the peak of the eighth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm did the power gradually subside.

He was only one step away from the ninth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm.

David opened his eyes and exhaled a long breath.

The breath was crimson, scorching hot, and burned in the air for a moment before dissipating.

He looked down at his hands.

The cracks in his skin had healed, replaced by a faint layer of golden lines.

These lines, like the trails of flame, spread across the back of his hands, extending to his fingertips.

He clenched his fist, and a ball of flame gathered in his palm.

That flame was no longer simply purple chaotic power, but a new power interwoven with purple and gold.

Chaotic Fire.

He stood up and looked around.

The Heavenly Fire Pit was still burning, but the flames were much dimmer than before.

The Heavenly Fire Beasts lay on the rocks, quietly watching him, the ferocity in their eyes completely gone, replaced by a sense of relief.

As if to say: We've finally waited for this.

David looked at them, silent for a moment.

Then, he leaped into the air and flew out of the Heavenly Fire Pit.