

A Man Like None Other Novel

Chapter 6301

Behind him, the flames in the Heavenly Fire Pit began to die out.

Not suddenly, but like a long sunset.

Starting from the bottom of the pit, the flames dimmed, cooled, and dissipated layer by layer. Crimson turned to dark red, dark red to grayish-black, and grayish-black to a deathly silence. The

Heavenly Fire Beasts let out low, mournful howls, devoid of sorrow or anger, only a peaceful farewell.

Their bodies dissipated as the flames died down, turning into countless sparks that drifted into the darkness.

The Heavenly Fire Pit, which had existed for tens of thousands of years, finally extinguished at this moment.

David landed on the ridge and turned to look at the Heavenly Fire Pit behind him.

It was no longer a sea of fire.

Only a huge, pitch-black, deathly deep pit remained.

The rocks at the bottom had been scorched into a glassy state, reflecting a faint glow in the moonlight.

There were no flames, no Heavenly Fire Beasts, no scorching heat.

Only silence.

David stood there, watching for a long time.

He thought of the old man, of the fire spirits, of the most talented child.

That child later became the Flame Demon.

He pursued ultimate power, and was ultimately devoured by it.

The last trace of purity he left behind burned for tens of thousands of years in the Heavenly Fire Pit, waiting for someone who possessed the essence of fire.

Perhaps, the old man had known this day would come.

Perhaps, this was what he meant by "when you understand what fire is."

Fire is not power, it is life.

And life needs to be passed down.

David turned around and walked towards the direction of Youyue Kingdom.

Behind him, the Heavenly Fire Pit stood silently under the moonlight.

A breeze blew up from the bottom of the pit, carrying a hint of warmth, like the old man's sigh.

When David returned to Youyue Kingdom, it was already dawn.

At the city gate, Yun Quan, Jiang Xuelan, You Ying, and hundreds of ghost warriors were all standing there waiting.

The moment they saw him appear on the mountain path, everyone breathed a sigh of relief.

"Mr. Chen!" Yun Quan greeted him, looking him up and down, "Are you alright?"

David shook his head: "I'm fine." "

The Heavenly Fire Pit..." You Ying pointed east, his voice trembling slightly, "The Heavenly Fire Pit has been extinguished."

Everyone looked east. The sky there was no longer a dark red, but a normal, grayish-black shrouded in black mist.

"I did it. I absorbed the essence of the Heavenly Fire in the Heavenly Fire Pit. The Heavenly Fire Pit will never exist again," David said.

Silence.

Everyone looked at him with complex expressions.

This young man, a human cultivator with the cultivation of an Upper Immortal Realm, first fought his way through the Heavenly Fire Pit and rescued the princess.

Then he returned alone, absorbing tens of thousands of years of essence from the Heavenly Fire Pit, completely erasing this most dangerous place in the Fifteenth Heaven.

Who exactly is he?

"Uncle Chen!" A clear voice broke the silence.

Xiao You ran out from the crowd and threw herself into David's arms.

"Uncle Chen! You're back! You said you'd tell me a story!"

David bent down, picked her up, and smiled.

"Okay. Tell me a story."

He carried Xiao You and walked towards the ancient city.

Behind him, Yun Quan, Jiang Xuelan, You Ying, and hundreds of ghost warriors watched his back, motionless for a long time.

"This person..." You Ying murmured, "Just who is he?"

Yun Quan didn't speak.

He looked at David's back, a strange emotion welling up inside him.

Xi'er, you've made a good friend.

Jiang Xuelan stood at the back of the crowd, watching David's back, a slight smile playing on her lips.

This man always manages to surprise people.

She turned and walked towards the stone hall.

...

The news of the extinguishing of the Heavenly Fire Pit swept through the entire Fifteenth Heaven like a whirlwind.

The first to notice was the Divine Judgment Hall, which was closest to the Netherworld Mountains.

The Heavenly Fire Pit had existed for tens of thousands of years, its flames a constant landmark in the eastern sky of the Fifteenth Heaven.

When the dark red light suddenly vanished, the guards of the Judgment Hall immediately noticed the anomaly.

"The Heavenly Fire Pit... is destroyed?"

The news was reported up the chain of command, eventually reaching the ears of the Judgment Venerable.

The Judgment Venerable stood at the highest point of the Judgment Hall, looking east.

The sky there was no longer dark red, but a normal gray-black.

His brows furrowed, a hint of unease flashing in his eyes.

The Heavenly Fire Pit had existed for tens of thousands of years, countless powerful figures had entered, and none had ever emerged.

How could it suddenly go out?

Who did it?

"Send people to investigate," he said coldly. "I want to see them alive or dead."

At the same time, the Demon Clan's Shadow Palace, the Beast Clan's Wolf Tribe, the Human Clan's Loose Cultivator Alliance, and hundreds of forces large and small across the Fifteenth Heaven all received the same news.

The Heavenly Fire Pit was destroyed.

That deathly place that had entrenched itself in the Netherworld Mountains for tens of thousands of years had disappeared.

Everyone's first reaction wasn't shock, but greed.

The Heavenly Fire Pit had existed for tens of thousands of years, accumulating tens of thousands of years' worth of Heavenly Fire essence.

Even if the essence had disappeared, the rocks at the bottom of the pit had been scorched by Heavenly Fire for tens of thousands of years, inevitably undergoing some kind of mutation.

Those rocks might be extremely valuable materials for refining weapons.

More importantly, no one has dared to approach the area around the Heavenly Fire Pit for tens of thousands of years. Could there be other rare and precious materials there?

In an instant, countless forces sent out scouts, swarming towards the Netherworld Mountains.

Chapter 6302

In the council hall of Youyue Kingdom.

Yun Quan's face was grim.

"The scouts report that at least thirty forces have sent people."

He handed a report to David, "The Divine Clan's Judgment Hall, the Demon Clan's Shadow Hall, the Beast Clan's Sky Wolf Tribe, the Human Clan's Loose Cultivator Alliance... big and small, they've all come."

David took the report, glanced at it, and remained silent.

"They ostensibly come to investigate the cause of the Heavenly Fire Pit's extinguishing, but actually..."

Yun Quan gritted his teeth, "they're here to steal. The rocks in the Heavenly Fire Pit have been scorched for tens of thousands of years, transforming into extremely rare 'Heavenly Fire Crystals.' These crystals contain fire-attribute spiritual power, making them treasures for cultivating fire-based techniques."

He stood up and paced back and forth in the council hall, his steps becoming increasingly hurried.

"If they search the Netherworld Mountains, they might discover our Youyue Kingdom's hiding place. Then..." He didn't finish his sentence, but the meaning was clear.

At that time, the Divine Clan would be the first to attack.

The Ghost Clan's last hiding place would cease to exist.

The council hall fell silent.

Yunxi sat to one side, her face still pale, but she was already able to get out of bed and walk.

She looked at her father's anxious back, wanting to say something, but unsure what to say.

Jiang Xuelan leaned against the doorframe, her eyes closed, as if resting.

She wasn't particularly concerned about the survival of the Ghost Clan, but she was waiting for David to speak.

Youying stood in the corner, her hands clenched tightly, her knuckles white.

David placed the intelligence report on the table and stood up.

"Your Majesty, don't be afraid."

Everyone looked at him.

David's voice was calm, almost cold: "With me here, no one can harm you."

Yunquan stopped and looked at him.

His haggard face was filled with complex emotions—gratitude, doubt, and a glimmer of inexplicable hope.

"Mr. Chen, you alone..."

"I'm enough on my own,"

David interrupted him. "They didn't come to fight, they came to steal. A motley crew, each with their own agendas, they can't possibly join forces. As long as I demonstrate sufficient strength, they won't dare to act rashly." He

walked to the door and glanced at the sky outside.

"Besides, I also want to get to the bottom of the Heavenly Fire Pit. Those crystals... can't fall into the hands of the gods."

Jiang Xuelan opened her eyes and glanced at him.

"I'll go with you."

David nodded, not refusing.

"I'll go too." Yun Xi struggled to stand up, but Yun Quan held her down.

"You can't go." Yun Quan's voice was unquestionable, "Your injuries haven't healed yet."

"But..."

"No buts." David turned to look at Yun Xi, "You stay here to recover. Jiang Xuelan and I are enough to handle things at the Heavenly Fire Pit."

Yun Xi bit her lip, wanting to argue, but meeting David's calm eyes, her words caught in her throat.

"Then be careful." She finally managed to say only those four words.

David smiled, turned, and walked out of the council hall.

Jiang Xuelan followed behind him.

The two passed through the ancient city, walked out of the mountain gate, and disappeared into the black mist.

Yun Xi stood at the entrance of the council hall, watching their backs, a strange emotion welling up inside her.

She wanted to go.

But she knew that if she went now, she would only be a burden.

"Xi'er." Yunquan walked over and gently patted her shoulder. "He's right. You need to recover now."

Yun Xi nodded without saying a word. She turned and walked back to the stone hall, lay down on the bed, and closed her eyes.

But her mind was filled with David's image.

His back as he fought his way through the sea of fire in the Heavenly Fire Pit, his heart pounding as he carried her out of the flames, his profile as he stood at the city gate saying, "I promise you."

This man always treated her affairs as his own.

He always valued other people's lives more than his own.

She turned over and buried her face in the pillow.

"You must come back," she murmured.

...

The Heavenly Fire Pit.

The sea of fire had been completely extinguished.

The giant pit, spanning thousands of miles, opened like a gaping maw, its walls made of scorched, glassy rocks that reflected an eerie light in the sunlight. At the

bottom of the pit was a patch of black scorched earth, scattered with countless dark red crystals—rock crystals scorched by the Heavenly Fire for tens of thousands of years.

Heavenly Fire Crystals.

They varied in size, some as small as a fist, others as large as a millstone.

Each piece radiated a scorching heat, its surface flowing with a dark red light, like solidified magma.

At this moment, the edge of the Heavenly Fire Pit was crowded with people.

Gods, demons, beastmen, humans... more than thirty forces, thousands of cultivators, surrounded the center of the Heavenly Fire Pit.

Their eyes were fixed on the dark red crystals at the bottom of the pit, their eyes filled with greed.

But no one made the first move.

Because whoever moved first would become the target of everyone's attacks.

"Gentlemen,"

a divine cultivator in a golden robe stepped forward. He was a fourth-grade True Immortal, an elder of the Judgment Hall named Jin Huan, "The Heavenly Fire Pit is within the sphere of influence of our divine race's Judgment Hall. Its resources naturally belong to our divine race. Please return."

Before he could finish speaking, a demon cultivator sneered, "Jin Huan, your words are utterly shameless. The Heavenly Fire Pit has existed for tens of thousands of years. When has your divine race ever dared to approach it? Now that the Heavenly Fire is extinguished, you claim it as your territory?"

"Exactly!" a beastman cultivator echoed, "The Heavenly Fire Pit is unclaimed land; whoever seizes it owns it!"

"Right! Whoever seizes it owns it!"

"Let's all rely on our abilities!"

The crowd was indignant, and Jin Huan's face turned grim.

Although he was only a fourth-grade True Immortal, there were dozens of other fourth-grade True Immortal experts present; he couldn't possibly suppress them all alone.

He gritted his teeth and retreated back into the divine race's ranks.

"Then let's see who has the best skills,"

he said coldly. "But don't forget, everyone, the Lord of the Judgment Hall of my Divine Clan is a True Immortal of the Eighth Rank. Whether you can take back what you've stolen is still a question."

Upon hearing this, everyone's expression changed.

A True Immortal of the Eighth Rank.

That was the pinnacle of combat power in the entire Fifteenth Heaven.

All those present combined wouldn't be enough to defeat the Judgment Venerable alone.

After a moment of silence, an elder from the Loose Cultivator Alliance stepped forward.

"Elder Jin Huan, you're mistaken

, " his voice was neither humble nor arrogant. "The Heavenly Fire Pit belongs to all people, not just the Divine Clan. While the Judgment Venerable is powerful, he can't be an enemy of all people, can he?" "

Exactly! All people!"

"Our Loose Cultivator Alliance may be weak, but we're not to be bullied!"

Jin Huan's face darkened further.

He knew he had misspoke. Threats were acceptable, but not too obvious ones, otherwise they would only provoke public outrage.

"That's not what I meant."

He softened his tone. "I'm just reminding everyone that the matter of the Heavenly Fire Pit will ultimately be decided by the Divine Race's Judgment Hall. Wouldn't it be better if everyone got what they needed and lived in peace?"

No one responded.

But the atmosphere clearly eased somewhat.

Chapter 6303

Jin Huan sneered inwardly. This rabble would crumble at the slightest provocation.

Once they were fighting tooth and nail, the Judgment Hall could easily clean up the mess.

"Since no one objects, then..."

Before he could finish, a commotion erupted from the bottom of the pit.

"A crystal! A huge crystal!"

Everyone's gaze turned to the bottom of the pit.

In the very center of the Heavenly Fire Pit, on the largest glassy rock, lay a massive Heavenly Fire Crystal.

It was over a meter tall, entirely crimson, with golden patterns flowing across its surface, like a solidified sun.

Everyone's breathing quickened.

The fire-attribute spiritual power contained within that crystal was enough to raise a True Immortal cultivator's cultivation by a small realm.

"It's mine!"

The first to rush out was a True Immortal Realm second-grade warrior from the Beast Clan.

He transformed into a streak of light, charging towards the bottom of the pit, his eyes filled with fanaticism.

Clad in animal hide armor, his muscles bulged, and he gripped a massive bone axe, resembling a wild beast unleashed.

"Don't even think about it!"

A demon cultivator followed closely behind.

Enveloped in black demonic energy, his face was blurred, only his blood-red eyes gleaming in the darkness.

He moved with ghostly speed, arriving at the crystal almost simultaneously with the beastman warrior.

"This is mine!" the beastman warrior roared, his bone axe slashing towards the demon cultivator's head.

The demon cultivator sneered, dodging the axe with a swift movement, simultaneously striking the beastman warrior's back with a palm strike.

Black demonic energy surged into the beastman warrior's body, corroding his flesh.

"Ah..." the beastman warrior screamed, turning to retaliate.

A blinding light erupted from the bone axe—the beastman's unique bloodline power, violent and ferocious.

The two clashed beside the crystal.

More people rushed forward.

A cultivator from the Loose Cultivator Alliance, a True Immortal of the first rank, appeared to be in his fifties, sporting a goatee and wearing a faded Daoist robe.

Taking advantage of the chaos, he grabbed a fist-sized crystal, stuffed it into his pocket, and turned to run.

"Stop!" Another Loose Cultivator chased after him, grabbing his collar. "Hand over the crystal!"

"I got it first!"

"I saw it first!"

The two wrestled, displaying none of the decorum expected of cultivators, like two beggars fighting over food.

A demon cultivator seized the opportunity to launch a sneak attack, slashing down a divine cultivator and snatching the crystal from his hand.

The divine cultivator lay in a pool of blood, his eyes wide open in death, unable to believe that a demon would dare attack a divine being.

"Are you demons insane? How dare you touch my divine race?" Jin Huan roared at the edge of the pit.

"The Heavenly Fire Pit is unclaimed; whoever gets it keeps it!" the demon cultivator shouted without turning back.

Jin Huan's face was ashen, but he didn't immediately attack. He waited, waiting until everyone was nearly defeated before wiping them all out.

A female beastman warrior, a first-grade True Immortal, tall and imposing, with battle markings painted on

her face, single-handedly fought off three rogue cultivators, snatched three crystals, and laughed loudly, "Hahaha! Long live the Heavenly Wolf Tribe!"

Before her laughter subsided, a demon cultivator attacked from behind, piercing her shoulder with a single blow.

The female warrior screamed, the crystals scattering across the ground, quickly snatched away by those around her.

“bas**d!” the female warrior roared, turning to fight her attacker.

The melee at the bottom of the pit grew increasingly fierce.

Some stuffed the crystals they grabbed into their storage rings, some stole others’ storage rings, some took advantage of the chaos to commit atrocities, and some formed temporary alliances, only to turn into bitter enemies over the unequal distribution of spoils. The crystals changed hands repeatedly in the chaos of battle.

A fist-sized crystal was first picked up by a rogue cultivator, then stolen by a demon, then reclaimed by a beastman, then confiscated by a god, then snatched back by three rogue cultivators working together, then taken by two demons working together... In the short span of an incense stick’s time, it changed hands seven or eight times.

Screams, curses, and pleas for mercy rose and fell.

Blood flowed at the bottom of the pit, staining the black, scorched earth a dark red.

The air was filled with the stench of blood, burnt smells, and the scorching heat emanating from the Heavenly Fire Crystals.

A rogue cultivator at the first level of the True Immortal Realm had his arm severed and lay groaning in a pool of blood.

No one came to his aid; everyone was busy grabbing crystals, some even taking the ones he hadn’t had time to put away as they ran past him.

A beastman warrior, besieged by three demons, fought his way out of the pit, wounded and battered.

He had just climbed to the edge of the Heavenly Fire Pit when he collapsed and never rose again.

Jin Huan stood at the pit's edge, watching everything unfold, his smile deepening.

"That's about enough," he murmured.

He raised his hand, and the divine cultivators behind him simultaneously drew their weapons.

Golden holy light shone at the pit's edge, like more than thirty small suns, blinding everyone.

"Go down and drive everyone away. Take all the crystals."

"Yes!"

More than thirty divine cultivators rushed down into the Heavenly Fire Pit at the same time.

"The Divine Clan's Judgment Hall is handling this! Everyone, retreat!"

"Those who do not retreat will be killed without mercy!"

Golden holy light exploded at the bottom of the pit, shaking the various forces engaged in the chaotic battle.

Jin Huan personally intervened, slapping a beastman warrior at the first rank of True Immortal Realm away with a single palm strike.

The beastman warrior's body tumbled several times in the air before crashing heavily against the pit wall with a muffled thud.

A large crater was created in the pit wall, and the warrior coughed up blood, instantly losing consciousness.

"You!"

A True Immortal Realm Level 3 leader of the Beast Clan roared in fury. Clad in a wolf-skin cloak, with three bloody scars on his face, he was Wolf Fang, a renowned warrior of the Heavenly Wolf Tribe. Wolf

Fang pointed his battle axe at Jin Huan, his voice booming like thunder: "Jin Huan, you've gone too far!"

Jin Huan sneered: "Too far? I've already said, the Heavenly Fire Pit is my divine race's territory. You didn't listen, so don't blame me for being impolite."

He unleashed a palm strike, golden holy light transforming into a gigantic hand that pressed down on Wolf Fang.

The hand blotted out the sky, shrouding a large area at the bottom of the pit in shadow.

Wolf Fang gritted his teeth and took the blow head-on, his battle axe erupting with a blinding crimson light—the bloodline power of the Heavenly Wolf Tribe, violent and ferocious.

Boom...

The two forces collided, unleashing a deafening roar.

A large crater was blasted into the ground at the bottom of the pit, sending debris flying and dust billowing.

Wolf Fang was forced back several steps, a trickle of blood escaping from the corner of his mouth.

His hands trembled, his tiger's mouth split open, blood flowing down the handle of his battle axe.

The difference between a fourth-grade True Immortal and a third-grade True Immortal was too great.

"Who else?" Jin Huan surveyed his surroundings, his voice filled with arrogance.

No one spoke.

The chaotic battle at the bottom of the pit had completely ceased.

The cultivators from various factions had been driven aside by the Divine Race cultivators; though furious, none dared to resist.

The prestige of the Divine Race's Judgment Hall was not something they could challenge.

A second-grade True Immortal cultivator from the Demon Race, unwilling to accept defeat, stepped forward and roared, "What's so great about the Divine Race? We Demon Race..."

Before he could finish, Jin Huan struck out with a palm, golden holy light hitting his chest.

The Demon Race cultivator's body flew backward like a broken kite, crashing into the pit wall, blood gushing from his mouth.

Chapter 6304

"Who else?" Jin Huan asked again.

Silence.

A deathly silence.

Everyone lowered their heads, not daring to meet Jin Huan's gaze.

Their fists clenched so tightly they cracked, their teeth gnashed, but no one dared to step forward.

Jin Huan nodded in satisfaction.

He walked to the largest crystal, reached out and touched it, his eyes filled with greed.

Golden patterns flowed across the surface of the crystal, and the scorching heat transmitted through his palm to his entire body, making him feel as if every pore of his body was cheering.

"A good thing," he murmured, "The Palace Master will definitely like it."

He was about to reach out and put the crystal into his storage ring when a voice came from the edge of the pit.

"Put it down."

The voice wasn't loud, but it clearly reached everyone's ears.

All eyes turned to the edge of the pit at the same time.

A young man in a blue robe walked out from behind the rocks.

A sword hung at his waist, its blade bearing several cracks, as if it had survived a fierce battle.

His face was calm, but his eyes were as cold as knives.

Behind him followed a woman in white, her face aloof, her long hair as black as ink, and a faint icy blue light surrounding her.

She stood there, like a white lotus atop a snow-capped mountain, pure and noble.

Jin Huan's eyes narrowed.

"A human cultivator?" He sized David up and down, sneering, "What are you? You dare ask me to put you down?"

David didn't answer. He walked down from the edge of the pit, step by step, unhurriedly.

His footsteps echoed in the silent Heavenly Fire Pit, each step feeling like a blow to the heart.

The cultivators at the bottom of the pit automatically parted to make way.

They didn't recognize this young man, but they could sense an unsettling aura emanating from him.

It wasn't a suppression of cultivation level, but something more fundamental.

Like a natural enemy, like destiny, like some existence they couldn't comprehend.

David stopped in front of Jin Huan.

The distance between them was no more than three feet.

David was half a head shorter than Jin Huan, and his cultivation was a whole realm lower.

Standing there, he seemed like a god looking down upon all living beings, while Jin Huan appeared as insignificant as an ant before him.

"I said, put it down." David's voice remained calm, but each word struck Jin Huan's heart like a hammer blow.

Jin Huan's expression changed.

He sensed it.

This human cultivator, who appeared to be only at the peak of the eighth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm, possessed a power that terrified him.

It wasn't a suppression of cultivation level, but something more fundamental; his holy light trembled before this man.

Like a mouse before a cat, like darkness encountering light.

"You...who are you?" His voice trembled slightly.

David didn't answer.

He raised his right hand, a ball of flame condensing in his palm.

The flame's color constantly changed: crimson, orange-yellow, golden-white, dark blue, transparent—each color representing a source of fire power.

They intertwined, merged, and swirled in David's palm, finally transforming into a new flame interwoven with purple and gold.

The Chaos Fire.

The moment the flame appeared, the temperature of the entire Heavenly Fire Pit suddenly increased several times over.

The scattered Heavenly Fire Crystals on the ground began to resonate, emitting a low buzzing sound, and their surface light grew even brighter.

The cultivators at the bottom of the pit instinctively took a few steps back.

The temperature of the flames was too high, so high that even their protective spiritual energy was groaning.

Jin Huan's pupils suddenly contracted.

“Heavenly Fire...you absorbed the essence of Heavenly Fire from the Heavenly Fire Pit?” His voice trembled, “You are...you are the one who destroyed the Heavenly Fire Pit?”

David did not answer. He gently pushed the Chaos Flame in his hand, and the flame transformed into a slender fire serpent, silently shooting towards Jin Huan.

The fire serpent wasn't fast; in fact, it was quite slow.

Like a real snake, it slithered through the air, moving unhurriedly towards Jin Huan.

But Jin Huan found he couldn't dodge.

It wasn't a matter of speed; the fire serpent had locked onto him.

No matter which direction he dodged, the fire serpent would follow him. It was a lock on the level of the soul, a lock on the level of the Heavenly Dao Laws.

Jin Huan's face turned deathly pale.

He desperately activated his Holy Light, golden light surging from his body, condensing into a thick light shield in front of him.

The light shield had seven layers, each layer condensing his life's cultivation, enough to withstand a full-force attack from a True Immortal Realm Fifth Grade expert.

The fire serpent crashed into the light shield.

There was no explosion, no loud noise, only a soft “hiss.”

The first layer of the light shield shattered.

The second layer shattered.

The third layer, the fourth layer, the fifth layer...

the fire serpent, like a red-hot iron rod piercing through butter, silently penetrated all seven layers of light shield.

Then, it coiled around Jin Huan's right arm.

"Ah!"

Jin Huan let out a shrill scream.

The scream didn't sound like that of a True Immortal Realm expert; it sounded more like that of a wild beast whose tail had been stepped on.

The voice was filled with pain, fear, and despair.

His right arm rapidly carbonized, shattered, and turned to ashes under the scorching heat of the chaotic fire.

The fire serpent spread upwards along his arm, burning towards his shoulder, chest, and neck. With every inch it spread, his flesh was charred an inch, and his bones were incinerated an inch.

The air was filled with the stench of burning flesh.

"No! No! Spare me! Spare me!"

Jin Huan knelt on the ground, desperately begging for mercy.

Tears and snot streamed down his face, his expression filled with terror.

At this moment, he was no longer an elder of the Divine Clan's Judgment Hall, nor a fourth-grade True Immortal Realm expert; he was just an ordinary person afraid of death.

David looked down at him, his eyes devoid of pity or pleasure, only a calm indifference.

"I gave you a chance just now," David said softly, "but you didn't take it."

He raised his hand, preparing to end Jin Huan's life.

"Stop!"

A loud shout suddenly came from the edge of the pit. A golden light descended from the sky, landing beside Jin Huan.

It was a Divine Race cultivator, a True Immortal of the second rank, Jin Huan's deputy.

He held a golden token in his hand, engraved with the mark of the Judgment Hall.

"David!" The cultivator's voice trembled, but he still forced himself to speak, "If you kill Elder Jin Huan, the Judgment Hall will not let you off! The Hall Master is a True Immortal of the eighth rank; you can't afford to offend him!"

David glanced at him.

Then, he smiled.

The smile was faint, almost imperceptible.

But at that moment, everyone felt a chill, a chill that shot from the soles of their feet to the top of their heads.

"A True Immortal of the eighth rank?" David's voice was calm. "I can't afford to offend him?"

He raised his hand and struck out with a palm.

The cultivator's body was sent flying as if struck by a mountain, tumbling through the air a dozen times before crashing heavily into the pit wall.

A large crater was smashed into the wall, the cultivator's body embedded within, blood gushing from his mouth, he instantly lost consciousness.

"Who else?" David looked around.

No one spoke.

All the divine race cultivators lowered their heads, not daring to meet his gaze.

Jin Huan knelt on the ground, trembling uncontrollably.

His right arm was completely gone, the wound on his shoulder charred black, the air thick with the stench of burning flesh.

His face was deathly pale, his forehead covered in cold sweat.

Chapter 6305

"Get out!" David roared.

Jin Huan scrambled to his feet, leading the Divine Race cultivators in a chaotic retreat.

He didn't even have the courage to look back.

The Heavenly Fire Pit fell silent.

A deathly silence.

Everyone stared at David, their eyes filled with shock and fear.

A Divine Race elder at the fourth level of the True Immortal Realm couldn't even withstand a single move from him.

A Divine Race cultivator at the second level of the True Immortal Realm couldn't even block a single palm strike from him.

Just what kind of monster was this person?

The elder of the Loose Cultivator Alliance—Feng Qingzi—was the first to react.

He took a deep breath, trying to make his trembling voice sound steady.

He had lived for thousands of years and seen countless storms, but this scene still made his heart pound.

"Fellow Daoist," he stepped forward, bowing respectfully, his voice tinged with flattery, "thank you for driving away the Divine Race people for us. I am Feng Qingzi, an elder of the Loose Cultivator Alliance. May I ask your esteemed name, Fellow Daoist?"

David glanced at him: "David."

Feng Qingzi was stunned, then his expression changed drastically.

"David? The David who destroyed the Divine Hall and the Divine Palace in the Fourteenth Heaven?"

David neither answered nor denied it.

He hadn't expected that news of his exploits in the Fourteenth Heaven had reached the Fifteenth Heaven.

Feng Qingzi's expression changed several times before finally settling into a radiant smile.

The smile was almost excessively sincere, wrinkles forming at the corners of his eyes.

"So it's Fellow Daoist David! I've heard so much about you! Fellow Daoist, you're so young yet possess such cultivation; your future is limitless! The Loose Cultivator Alliance welcomes you to visit anytime!"

"Fellow Daoist David!"

A burly beastman stepped forward, clapping his hands in a salute.

He was tall and muscular, with three bloody marks painted on his face; he was Wolf Fang, a warrior general of the Heavenly Wolf Tribe.

His voice boomed like thunder, making everyone's ears ring. "I am Wolf Fang, Elder of the Wolf Clan's Heavenly Wolf Tribe. Thank you for your help! That Jin Huan was too arrogant. If it weren't for your intervention, my brothers in the Heavenly Wolf Tribe would have suffered a great loss today! If you need anything in the future, please come to the Heavenly Wolf Tribe to find me!"

"Fellow Daoist David!" A demon cultivator also stepped forward.

He was shrouded in black demonic energy, his face blurred, only his blood-red eyes flashing.

His voice was low and cold, but he also managed to squeeze out a trace of goodwill. "I am Shadow Killer, Deacon of the Shadow Hall of the Demon Clan. I have long admired your name! Your chaotic power is indeed well-deserved!"

In an instant, various forces showed their goodwill to David.

One after another, cultivators stepped forward, introduced themselves, handed over their name cards, and invited David to visit their territories.

"Fellow Daoist David, I am Qingyunzi, Elder of the Qingyun Sect of the Human Race. This is my Qingyun Sect's calling card. If you ever pass through the Qingyun Sect, please be sure to come in and have a chat!"

"Fellow Daoist David, I am Bai Mei, Chieftain of the White Fox Tribe of the Beast Race. This is a token of my White Fox Tribe. If you ever need anything, the White Fox Tribe is willing to serve you faithfully!"

"Fellow Daoist David, I am from the Demon Race..."

David waved his hand, stopping their flattery.

"You may take the crystals." His voice wasn't loud, but everyone heard him clearly. "But there are two things."

Everyone pricked up their ears, holding their breath.

"First, I want the largest crystal."

No one objected, nor dared to.

"Second, the Netherworld Mountains are the hiding place of the Ghost Race. From now on, no one is allowed to search, dig, or harass the Netherworld Mountains. Otherwise..."

He didn't finish his sentence, but everyone understood.

Otherwise, Jin Huan's fate would be an example.

"Understood, understood!"

Feng Qingzi was the first to speak, patting his chest and guaranteeing, "The Loose Cultivator Alliance will absolutely not cause trouble in the Netherworld Mountains! Anyone who dares to act recklessly in the Netherworld Mountains will be the first to object!"

"The Sky Wolf Tribe too!" Wolf Fang shouted, "Anyone who dares to harass the Ghost Clan is going against my Sky Wolf Tribe!"

"The Shadow Palace too!" Shadow Kill quickly chimed in.

Other forces echoed his sentiments.

David nodded, turned and walked to the largest crystal, storing it in his storage ring.

Then, he prepared to leave. Just as he turned around, his gaze swept across the crowd and suddenly stopped.

Several cultivators in the crowd caught his attention.

It wasn't because of their strength; their cultivation levels were not high, the highest being only the second rank of True Immortal.

Nor was it because of their clothing; their clothes were very ordinary, inconspicuous in the crowd.

What caught his attention was their aura.

It was an extremely faint, deeply hidden aura.

If he hadn't fused with the Ice God's bloodline, he would never have been able to detect it.

That aura was icy, pure, and ancient, exactly the same as the aura emanating from Jiang Xuelan.

Ice God's bloodline.

David's steps faltered.

Jiang Xuelan also sensed it.

Her gaze swept across the crowd, landing on those few cultivators, a barely concealed glint of excitement flashing in her eyes—an excitement suppressed for millennia.

But she didn't move.

David didn't move either.

He simply glanced at those few people in the crowd a few more times, memorizing their faces and auras.

Then, he took Jiang Xuelan and left the Heavenly Fire Pit.

Behind them, the cultivators from various forces looked at each other in silence for a long time.

"This person..." Feng Qingzi murmured, "He's not to be trifled with."

No one objected.

"Pass down the order," Wolf Fang said to the beastmen warriors beside him, "From today onwards, no one is allowed to cause trouble in the Netherworld Mountains. Anyone who dares to act recklessly, I will personally rip off their head."

"Yes!"

Shadow Kill also whispered a few instructions to his subordinates, and the demon cultivators nodded in agreement.

In the Heavenly Fire Pit, various forces began to collect crystals in an orderly manner. No one fought anymore—David's deterrence was more effective than any rule.

In the crowd, the few cultivators that David had noticed silently packed their belongings and quietly left the Heavenly Fire Pit.

Their faces showed no abnormality, but they were all thinking the same thing.

Why did that person look at me just now?

David and Jiang Xuelan walked on the road back to the Nether Moon Kingdom.

The two were silent for a long time.

"You felt it?" Jiang Xuelan finally spoke.

"I sensed it," David nodded. "Five people. Two at the second rank of True Immortal Realm, and three at the first rank of True Immortal Realm."

In the fourteenth heaven, this level of strength would definitely be considered top-tier, but in the fifteenth heaven, they would only be considered ordinary cultivators.

Jiang Xuelan was silent for a moment: "Their bloodline concentration... is higher than I expected."

David turned to look at her: "Aren't you planning to go find them now?"

Jiang Xuelan shook her head: "No rush. Going to them now would attract too much attention. We'll find a way to contact them after things calm down."

David nodded, not asking any further questions.

He knew Jiang Xuelan had her own plans.

The reconstruction of the Ice God lineage was not something that could be done overnight.

It required patience, strategy, and waiting for the right opportunity.

The two continued walking forward.

The Heavenly Fire Pit behind them lay silent in the twilight, a warm breeze blowing up from the bottom.

David suddenly thought of the old man, the fire spirits, and the child with the highest talent.

"Flame is not power, it is life,"

he murmured.

Jiang Xuelan glanced at him: "What did you say?"

"Nothing." David smiled. "Let's go, Xiao You is still waiting for me to tell her a story."

Jiang Xuelan's lips curled slightly, but she didn't speak.

The two quickened their pace and headed towards Youyue Kingdom.

Chapter 6306

When David and Jiang Xuelan returned to Youyue Kingdom, it was already late at night.

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

At the city gate, Yun Quan and Yun Xi were still waiting.

Yun Xi wore a thick coat, her face still pale, but her eyes were bright.

The moment she saw David, she relaxed completely.

"You're back," she said.

Her voice was soft, but David could hear the concern in it.

"I'm back," David nodded.

Yun Quan came forward, looked David up and down, and only breathed a sigh of relief after confirming that he was not injured.

He hesitated, wanting to ask but not daring to. What was going on at the Heavenly Fire Pit?

Had there been any clashes between the various forces?

Had the gods made things difficult for him?

David saw his thoughts and smiled: "We'll talk about it when we get back."

Inside the council hall, the lights were bright.

You Ying had embedded pieces of moonstone into the walls, illuminating the entire stone hall as if it were daytime.

Yun Quan sat in the main seat, Yun Xi beside him, and David and Jiang Xuelan opposite him.

You Ying stood in the corner, hands clasped in front of him, listening quietly.

David recounted the situation at the Heavenly Fire Pit in detail.

When he heard that more than thirty forces and thousands of cultivators had gathered at the Heavenly Fire Pit, Yun Quan's expression changed.

When he heard that the various forces were fighting bloody and dead over the crystals, his brows furrowed.

When he heard that Elder Jin Huan of the Divine Clan's Judgment Hall had driven everyone away and monopolized the crystals, his fists clenched so tightly they cracked.

Then, he heard about David's actions.

One punch severely injured Jin Huan, one palm sent the Divine Clan's deputy flying, and a single sentence sent all the Divine Clan cultivators fleeing in disarray.

In front of thousands of cultivators, he declared that the Netherworld Mountains were the hiding place of the Ghost Clan, and no one was allowed to disturb them.

Yun Quan's mouth gaped open, unable to close.

"You...what did you say?" His voice trembled. "You struck an elder of the Divine Clan's Judgment Hall in front of everyone?"

David nodded.

"And in front of everyone, you declared the Netherworld Mountains to be the Ghost Clan's territory?" David nodded

again.

"And you made everyone promise not to cause trouble in the Netherworld Mountains?"

David nodded once more.

Yun Quan's tears welled up instantly.

Not because of sadness, but because he had waited for this day for far too long.

So many years.

The Ghost Clan was hunted, slaughtered, and driven away by the Divine Clan, hiding in the darkness like rats, afraid to speak, afraid to show their faces, afraid to let anyone know they were still alive.

Their children knew fear from birth, their elders spent their lives on the run.

They thought their lives were over, that the Ghost Clan would perish in their generation.

But now, an outsider, a human cultivator, stood up for them in front of thousands of cultivators.

"From this day forward, no one shall search, excavate, or harass the Netherworld Mountains. Otherwise, Jin Huan's fate will serve as an example."

Yun Quan had waited thousands of years for these words.

"Mr. Chen,"

he stood up, bowed deeply, his voice so hoarse it was almost inaudible, "Your great kindness needs no words of thanks. The entire Netherworld Kingdom will never forget it."

David helped him up: "Your Majesty, please don't do this. I said, with me here, no one can harm you." Yunquan wiped away his tears and sat down again.

His emotions had calmed down somewhat, but tears still glistened in his eyes.

"By the way, Mr. Chen," he suddenly remembered something, "you said that various forces are trying to win you over?"

David nodded: "The Loose Cultivator Alliance, the Sirius Tribe, the Shadow Palace, and dozens of other smaller forces have all sent their invitations."

Yunquan's eyes lit up.

"Mr. Chen, I have an idea."

His voice carried a hint of barely suppressed excitement. "Since they're all trying to win you over, could you take this opportunity to retrieve the Core of Reincarnation and the Soul-Guiding Flame?"

David was taken aback. "Retrieve them?"

"Yes." Yun Quan stood up and walked to the map of the Fifteen Heavens hanging on the wall, pointing to the locations of the Demon Clan's Shadow Palace and the Beast Clan's Sky Wolf Tribe. "The Core of Reincarnation is in the hands of the Demon Clan's Shadow Palace, and the Soul-Guiding Flame is in the hands of the Beast Clan's Sky Wolf Tribe.

These two treasures are the key to opening the Path of Reincarnation. If we can get them, and then find a way to get the Netherworld Lamp from the God Clan's Judgment Hall, we can go to the Reincarnation Division to guide the trapped ghost clan souls."

His voice grew increasingly excited, and his fingers trembled slightly on the map.

"The souls of tens of thousands of ghost clan cultivators... If we can guide them out, the ghost clan will have hope. Not just a hope of clinging to life, but a real, honorable hope to live."

David was silent for a moment, looking at the two marks on the map.

"Alright. I'll go ask for it." David nodded.

Yun Quan's eyes reddened again.

"Mr. Chen, you must be careful. Neither the Demon Clan nor the Beast Clan are benevolent. They are currently courting you because you have demonstrated your strength. But if you ask for their treasure..."

"I know." David interrupted him, "I know what I'm doing."

He stood up and looked at Jiang Xuelan.

"We'll set off first thing tomorrow morning."

Jiang Xuelan nodded.

Yun Xi opened her mouth, wanting to say "I'll go too," but swallowed the words back.

She knew her injuries hadn't healed yet, and going would only be a burden.

"Be careful." She only said these three words in the end.

David smiled, turned and walked out of the council hall.

Jiang Xuelan followed behind him.

Moonlight shone on the streets of the ancient city, casting long shadows of the two.

"Where do you plan to go first?" Jiang Xuelan asked.

"The Shadow Palace of the Demon Clan," David said. "The Core of Reincarnation is in Ying Wuji's hands. That old fox is even more difficult to deal with than the Beast Clan. The hardest part comes later."

Jiang Xuelan nodded: "I'll go with you."

David glanced at her: "Of course you'll go. Aren't you still looking for people with the Ice God's bloodline?"

Jiang Xuelan's lips curled slightly, but she didn't speak.

The two walked side by side under the moonlight, heading towards the stone palace.

Behind them, the lights in the council hall gradually went out.

The ancient city lay silent in the night, like a sleeping giant beast.

The ancient city of Youyue Kingdom was immersed in the intertwining of black mist and moonlight, utterly silent.

David didn't sleep. He sat cross-legged on the bed in the stone palace, purple chaotic power slowly flowing around him, illuminating the entire stone palace like a dream.

Since absorbing the essence of heavenly fire in the Heavenly Fire Pit, his cultivation had broken through to the peak of the eighth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm, only one step away from the ninth rank.

But he knew this step couldn't be taken simply by absorbing external forces; it required a profound understanding and perfect control of his own power.

He closed his eyes and sank his consciousness into his body.

In his dantian, the power of chaos swirled slowly like a purple vortex.

At the center of the vortex, a flame interwoven with gold and purple burned quietly.

That was the Chaos Fire, a new flame that had fused the essence of heavenly fire, the origin of supreme fire, and the power of chaos.

Chapter 6307

Its temperature was high enough to melt the protective spiritual power of a True Immortal Realm expert, yet it remained quiet and still within his dantian, like a sleeping phoenix.

David withdrew his divine sense from his dantian and turned his attention to his meridians.

Chaotic power flowed through his meridians like purple rivers, repairing the minute cracks in the meridian walls wherever it passed.

Nourished by the chaotic power, his body grew increasingly resilient, the power within his flesh enough to tear apart a True Immortal Realm fifth-grade enemy with his bare hands.

Then, his attention fell upon the Dragon-Slaying Sword.

The sword lay beside him, its scabbard ancient, with several fine cracks on its blade.

These were scars left by the spatial storm.

David reached out and grasped the hilt, channeling a wisp of chaotic power into the blade.

Purple light flowed from the hilt into the blade, lingering at the cracks.

Nourished by the chaotic power, those cracks began to slowly heal, so slowly as to be almost imperceptible, but they were indeed healing.

A thought stirred within David.

The Dragon-Slaying Sword had been with him for many years, from the mortal realm to the celestial realm, enduring countless battles, its surface bearing countless scars.

He had always believed these scars were permanent, never expecting that the power of chaos could repair them.

He increased the amount of chaotic power he poured into it.

Purple light enveloped the entire sword, and the cracks on its surface began to heal at a visible speed.

One, two, three... In less than the time it takes to brew a cup of tea, most of the smaller cracks had disappeared.

The larger cracks were also slowly shrinking; although not completely healed, they were much better than before.

The sword emitted a deep hum, as if responding to its master's power.

David opened his eyes, looking at the Dragon-Slaying Sword in his hand, a slight smile playing on his lips.

As David continued to pour his power into the Dragon-Slaying Sword, a flash of light appeared, and the sword spirit Zhongli emerged from within the sword.

"Master..." Zhongli called out happily, looking at David before her.

Seeing Zhongli's delicate appearance, David was also overjoyed.

"Zhongli, how are you feeling?" David quickly asked.

"Although I'm not completely healed, I can serve Master now." Zhongli blushed.

David, of course, understood what Zhongli meant. He pulled her close and pinned her beneath him.

Zhongli hadn't felt this way in a long time.

However, David was too vigorous, and Zhongli's body was still injured. When it was over, Zhongli's face was somewhat pale.

David tenderly stroked Zhongli's face: "Don't leave the Dragon-Slaying Sword so easily

again." "After things are finished, I'll let you heal properly. It's not too late for you to serve me again once you're fully recovered."

Zhongli nodded: "I just couldn't bear to see Master lonely. I know Master can't be without a woman to serve him, otherwise Master will go crazy."

David blushed upon hearing this: "It's not as serious as you say. It's only been a few days since we last did it. I won't go crazy..."

Zhongli smiled and returned to the Dragon-Slaying Sword.

David placed the sword on his lap and continued to circulate the power of chaos.

Purple light flowed in the stone hall, making the ghost runes on the walls flicker.

In the adjacent stone hall, Jiang Xuelan was also awake.

She leaned against the window, looking towards David's room, feeling the dense chaotic energy, a complex expression flashing in her eyes.

Because she heard a powerful voice, a voice she had never heard before, but it was beautiful, making her blood boil. Those were the sounds of a man and a woman, captivating and alluring!

The next morning, David and Jiang Xuelan arrived at the council hall.

Yun Quan had already prepared a map and various elixirs, and Yun Xi was also waiting there early.

Her complexion was better than yesterday, but she was still pale and needed to lean against the wall to walk.

"Mr. Chen, there are two routes to Shadow Abyss." Yun Quan spread out the map and pointed to two marked lines.

"The first is a shortcut, passing through the 'Bone-Eating Mist Forest.' The mist forest is filled with demonic energy that can corrode the souls of cultivators; cultivators below the True Immortal Realm will surely die if they enter. Even True Immortal Realm experts will suffer soul damage if they stay there for too long. But this route saves half the time; it only takes two days to reach Shadow Abyss."

He pointed to another line: "The second is a detour, passing through Black Rock City. Black Rock City is a neutral stronghold, safe but time-consuming, requiring four days."

David looked at the map and remained silent for a moment.

"Let's go through the Bone-Eating Mist Forest," David said.

Yun Quan's expression changed: "Mr. Chen, the demonic energy in that misty forest..."

"I know," David interrupted him. "My chaotic power can suppress all demonic energy. This is a good opportunity to hone my ability to control demonic energy."

Yun Quan opened his mouth, wanting to persuade him further, but meeting David's calm eyes, he swallowed his words.

"Then please be careful," he finally said.

Yun Xi walked over and handed David a bundle.

"This contains dry rations and some pills. Use them on the road."

David took the bundle, looking into her eyes: "Take good care of your injuries. Wait for me to return."

Yun Xi nodded without speaking.

David turned and walked out of the council hall, Jiang Xuelan following behind him.

The two transformed into streaks of light, flying towards the Bone-Corroding Mist Forest.

Along the way, Jiang Xuelan kept looking at David with strange eyes.

"Why are you looking at me like that?" David asked, puzzled.

"I thought you were quite refined, but I didn't expect you to be a beast..."
Jiang Xuelan cursed.

This sentence completely stunned David.

"Explain yourself! How did I become a beast?" David stopped and asked Jiang Xuelan.

"Yunxi was so badly injured, and you still tormented her last night. She looks even worse this morning." Jiang Xuelan thought it was David and Yunxi who were together last night.

David was taken aback for a moment, but quickly recovered and suddenly laughed, "You were eavesdropping on me last night?"

"Who was eavesdropping? We were so close, and you were so loud, I couldn't help but hear."

Jiang Xuelan rolled her eyes.

"You've misunderstood me. I wasn't with Yunxi at all. Yunxi and I are innocent; we never did anything like that."

"Actually, last night was..."

David explained about the sword spirit Zhongli, then said in a helpless tone, "Sigh, because my cultivation speed is too fast, the internal fire is too strong. I really can't help it. If I let the fire burn, it's easy to go into qi deviation."

"Although Zhongli was injured, he still insisted on staying with me last night because he saw I was in pain..."

Hearing this, Jiang Xuelan realized she had misunderstood David and said somewhat embarrassedly, "I'm sorry, I didn't know your body was like this..."

"It's okay, the misunderstanding is cleared up. Although I need a woman, I won't force any woman. I helped Yunxi not to do anything with her."

"Of course, I helped you not to do anything with you either. I'm just being kind-hearted..."

David said!

Chapter 6308

Upon hearing this, Jiang Xuelan bit her lip lightly: "I said, if you help me restore the glory of the Ice God lineage, I can do anything for you. If you need it, I can... you know."

"Besides, I have ice-type techniques within me, my body is cool, perfect for extinguishing your 'Burning Flame'..."

David looked at Jiang Xuelan and smiled slightly: "Alright, let's talk about it when my 'Burning Flame' takes effect..."

"Shameless..." At this moment, a sentence suddenly popped up in David's sea of consciousness!

David was startled, but he knew that it was Bei Mingyuan speaking. This guy seemed to be doing well in his sea of consciousness, as he could still speak.

However, David ignored him and flew towards the Bone-Eating Mist Forest with Jiang Xuelan.

The Bone-Eating Mist Forest is located in the southwest of the Netherworld Mountains, a forest shrouded in black mist.

The trees here are tall and twisted, their trunks covered with bumps and cracks, like countless painful faces.

A thick layer of fallen leaves covered the ground, beneath which lay a muddy swamp, occasionally revealing the half-buried skeletons of unknown creatures.

Black demonic energy permeated the forest, so dense it seemed almost tangible.

It flowed silently, withering leaves, weathering rocks, and even making the air heavy and oppressive in its wake.

David and Jiang Xuelan landed at the edge of the misty forest.

"Such dense demonic energy," Jiang Xuelan murmured,

her brow furrowing slightly. An icy blue light emanated from her, shielding her from the demonic energy.

However, the energy was extremely corrosive, and fine cracks quickly appeared on the icy blue shield, like marks from insect bites.

David glanced at her: "Can you hold on?"

Jiang Xuelan didn't answer, increasing her spiritual energy output, and the shield stabilized again.

But her face was paler than usual; maintaining the shield amidst this demonic energy was taking a heavy toll on her.

"Let's go," she said.

The two stepped into the misty forest.

Demonic energy surged in from all directions, like countless invisible venomous snakes, attempting to burrow into their bodies and corrode their souls.

David's chaotic power activated automatically, forming a thin layer of purple light on his body, isolating the demonic energy.

The demonic energy, upon encountering the chaotic power, evaporated instantly, like ice meeting the scorching sun.

Jiang Xuelan, however, was not so fortunate. Although her Ice God Power was strong, its effectiveness against demonic energy was far less than that of the chaotic power.

The demonic energy continuously eroded her shield, and cracks multiplied on the icy blue light barrier, forcing her to continuously inject spiritual energy to maintain it.

After walking for about half an hour, David stopped.

"Your shield is about to give way,"

Jiang Xuelan didn't deny it.

Fine beads of sweat had appeared on her forehead, and her breathing was more rapid than usual.

David raised his hand and channeled a stream of chaotic power into Jiang Xuelan's body.

Purple light flowed across her body, merging with her icy blue divine light to form a purple-blue interwoven shield.

The shield was several times stronger than before. The demonic energy sizzled against it, but couldn't penetrate it even slightly.

"That's much better," David said.

Jiang Xuelan looked at him, a complex emotion flashing in her eyes.

"Thank you."

"You're welcome." David withdrew his hand and continued walking forward.

"Let's go, don't waste time."

The two walked through the misty forest for about an hour, the concentration of demonic energy increasing.

The surrounding trees were completely withered, leaving only bare black trunks, like skeletons pointing to the sky. Scattered across the ground were countless skeletons—human, beast, demon, and others of unidentifiable race.

They were all cultivators who had strayed into the Misty Forest and failed to find their way out.

David suddenly stopped.

"Something's there."

As soon as he finished speaking, the surrounding demonic energy began to surge violently.

Pairs of blood-red eyes lit up in the darkness, densely packed, at least fifty pairs.

They surrounded David and Jiang Xuelan from all directions.

Misty Shadow Beasts.

They were native demonic creatures of the Bone-Eating Misty Forest, their bodies formed from demonic energy, resembling black cheetahs but much larger, about the size of a calf.

Their eyes were blood-red, their pupils devoid of emotion, only filled with pure bloodlust.

Their cultivation levels ranged from the second to the fourth rank of the True Immortal Realm, specializing in stealth and soul attacks.

The leading Misty Shadow Beast was the largest, its cultivation reaching the peak of the fourth rank of the True Immortal Realm.

It stood atop a black rock, looking down at David, emitting a low roar.

David looked around and counted fifty-three.

"I'll handle it," David said. "You take charge of defense."

Jiang Xuelan nodded, and an ice-blue light shield unfolded around them, forming a hemispherical protective barrier.

David stepped out of the barrier to face the Mist Shadow Beasts.

He raised his right hand, and a ball of chaotic fire condensed in his palm.

Purple light and golden flames intertwined, dazzlingly bright in the darkness of the misty forest.

The moment the chaotic fire appeared, the surrounding demonic energy began to fluctuate violently, as if encountering a natural enemy.

The Mist Shadow Beasts let out uneasy growls. They sensed that the flame had a fatal restraint on them.

The lead Mist Shadow Beast roared, and all the Mist Shadow Beasts pounced on David at the same time.

More than fifty demonic creatures of the second to fourth rank of True Immortal Realm rushed in from all directions, moving with lightning speed.

Their claws were covered with intense demonic energy, enough to tear apart the protective spiritual power of a True Immortal Realm expert.

David did not retreat.

He gently pushed away the chaotic fire in his hand.

The flames transformed into over fifty slender fire snakes, silently shooting towards each of the Mist Shadow Beasts.

The fire snakes weren't fast, but each Mist Shadow Beast was locked onto; no matter how they dodged, the fire snakes followed.

The moment the fire snakes struck a Mist Shadow Beast, there was no explosion, no loud noise, only a soft "hiss."

The first Mist Shadow Beast's body was pierced by the fire snake; its demonic energy-condensed form was like paper before the chaotic fire, instantly crumbling and dissipating into black mist.

The second, the third, the fourth...

In less than three breaths, all fifty-plus Mist Shadow Beasts were killed by the fire snakes, turning into black mist and dissipating into the air.

The leading Mist Shadow Beast, a peak fourth-grade True Immortal, let out a shrill cry just before the fire snake struck it.

That cry contained a soul attack, transforming into invisible ripples that surged towards David's sea of consciousness.

Within David's sea of consciousness, the Great Luo Golden Scripture trembled slightly, its golden light completely shattering the soul attack.

The fiery serpent struck the head of the Mist Shadow Beast. Its body shattered, turning into a sky full of black mist, which dissipated completely under the scorching heat of the chaotic fire. It

was all over.

From the moment David made his move to the end, less than five breaths had passed.

Chapter 6309

Jiang Xuelan stood inside the protective shield, watching everything in silence for a long time.

She knew David was strong, but every time she saw him fight, she was still shocked.

More than fifty True Immortal Realm second to fourth grade Mist Shadow Beasts couldn't even withstand five breaths against him.

Just how strong was this man?

If this power were on her, could she bear it?

Jiang Xuelan was a little scared!

David withdrew his flames and turned back to Jiang Xuelan's side.

"Let's go."

Jiang Xuelan didn't move.

"What's wrong?" David asked.

Jiang Xuelan looked at him, her face pale: "I can't hold on anymore."

David was stunned for a moment before noticing her condition.

Although her shield was still intact, her face was as white as paper, her forehead was covered in cold sweat, and her breathing was rapid and disordered.

Although David had blocked the soul attacks of those Mist Shadow Beasts, the aftershocks still affected her.

Her Ice God Power wasn't very resistant to demonic energy to begin with, and coupled with walking in demonic energy for a long time, her soul had been eroded.

"Your soul..."

"It can hold on for a while longer," Jiang Xuelan interrupted him, "but if we go any further, I might not make it to Yingyuan."

David was silent for a moment.

"Then let's go back. Let's go to Blackrock City."

"But time..."

"There's enough time," David said, "Your life is more important than time."

He reached out and channeled a stream of chaotic power into Jiang Xuelan's body to stabilize her soul.

Then, he turned and walked out of the misty forest.

Jiang Xuelan followed behind him, watching his back, a strange emotion welling up inside her.

This man always valued other people's lives more than his own.

The two left the Bone-Eating Mist Forest and flew towards Blackrock City.

Blackrock City was a small city built on a black rock mountain. The city walls were not high, but they were very thick, covered with defensive runes.

Most of the buildings in the city were made of stone, gray and inconspicuous.

This was one of the few neutral strongholds in the Fifteenth Heaven, not affiliated with any major clan, surviving in the cracks by relying on its own strength and flexible diplomacy.

When David and Jiang Xuelan arrived at Blackrock City, it was already evening.

The setting sun dyed the black rocky mountains a dark red, and the guards at the city gate immediately became alert upon seeing two strangers approaching.

"Halt. Who goes there?"

David stopped. "A passing rogue cultivator. I'd like to rest in the city for the night."

The guard sized him up, then glanced at Jiang Xuelan behind him, hesitated for a moment, and then stepped aside.

“Go in. Fighting and causing trouble are not allowed in the city. Violators will be expelled.”

David nodded and walked through the city gate.

The streets inside the city were narrow, with shops on both sides selling various goods—elixirs, magical artifacts, materials, and intelligence.

There weren't many people on the streets, mostly rogue cultivators, but also some merchants from the beast and demon races. They glanced at David and Jiang Xuelan, then looked away.

Just as David was about to find an inn to stay in, he suddenly heard a commotion ahead.

“Let me go! What right do you have to arrest people!”

“Enough nonsense! Shadow Abyss is handling matters; bystanders must stay away!”

David looked in the direction of the voice and saw several demonic cultivators in black armor surrounding a group of rogue cultivators not far from the city gate.

There were seven or eight rogue cultivators, led by a middle-aged man at the third level of the True Immortal Realm, dressed in a gray Daoist robe with a resolute face.

Behind him were several young cultivators, some injured, some being held to the ground by the demonic cultivators.

There were more than a dozen demonic cultivators, led by a captain at the third level of the True Immortal Realm.

His armor bore the mark of the Shadow Palace, and he held a black longsword in his hand, the blade swirling with faint demonic energy.

"Your Shadow Palace is too domineering!" the middle-aged man roared. "This is Black Rock City, not your Shadow Palace's territory! What right do you have to arrest our people?"

"What right?" the demonic captain sneered. "Because you are colluding with the Divine Race, intending to harm the Shadow Palace." "We didn't..."

"Enough nonsense. Take them away!"

The demon cultivators escorted the young rogue cultivators away.

David watched this scene, his brows furrowing slightly.

He didn't want to meddle.

But he needed to obtain the Core of Reincarnation from Ying Wuji. If the Demon Shadow Palace ran rampant in Black Rock City, his subsequent actions might be affected.

Moreover, those rogue cultivators reminded him of himself, an ordinary person oppressed by power and powerless to resist.

"Wait a moment."

David spoke.

His voice wasn't loud, but it clearly reached everyone's ears.

All eyes turned to him simultaneously.

The demon captain narrowed his eyes, sizing up David.

A peak eighth-grade Upper Immortal Realm cultivator, a human rogue cultivator—in his eyes, such cultivation wasn't even worthy of carrying his shoes.

"What are you? Daring to interfere in the affairs of the Shadow Palace?"

David didn't answer. He walked over and stood in front of the demon captain.

"Release them."

The demon captain's face darkened: "Are you courting death?"

He swung his sword at David.

The black blade light, imbued with dense demonic energy, was enough to kill a cultivator at the second rank of True Immortal Realm with a single strike.

David raised two fingers and caught the blade.

The blade light dissipated at his fingertips, and the demonic energy vanished without a trace, like a mud ox sinking into the sea.

The demon captain felt as if his blade was being crushed by a mountain, completely immobile.

His expression changed.

"You..."

David flicked the blade lightly, and it shattered, fragments scattering everywhere.

The demon captain was forced back several steps, his hand split open, blood flowing freely.

"I said, release them."

The demon captain's face was deathly pale.

He finally realized that this human cultivator, who appeared to be only at the peak of the eighth rank of Upper Immortal Realm, was far stronger than he had imagined.

"You... who are you?"

"David."

The demon captain's pupils suddenly contracted. Of

course, he had heard of this name. He

had severely injured Jin Huan with a single punch in the Heavenly Fire Pit, sent the Divine Race deputy flying with a single palm strike, and terrified all the Divine Race cultivators into a chaotic retreat with just a single sentence.

In the past two days, this name had been circulating throughout the Fifteenth Heaven.

"Fellow Daoist Chen... David." His voice trembled. "We are from the Shadow Palace. If you..."

"I'll say it again. Release them."

The demon captain gritted his teeth and waved his hand: "Release them."

The demon cultivators released the few rogue cultivators and stepped aside.

David looked at the demon captain: "Get lost."

The demon captain scrambled away with his men.

The city gate fell silent.

The middle-aged man stepped forward and bowed deeply: "I am Zhao Kang, the branch leader of the Black Rock City Rogue Cultivator Alliance. Thank you for saving my life, Fellow Daoist David."

David helped him up: "No need for formalities. Why did they capture you?"

Zhao Kang sighed: "Recently, the Shadow Palace has increased its patrols and is particularly wary of outsiders heading to the Shadow Abyss."

We were just passing through the territory of the God Clan once, and they spotted us, saying we were colluding with the God Clan. Actually... they just wanted to find an excuse to capture us and make us laborers in the Shadow Abyss."

David frowned slightly: "Make us laborers?"

Chapter 6310

"Yes,"

Zhao Kang said in a low voice, "Recently, the Shadow Palace has been expanding its underground palace and needs a lot of manpower. They don't dare to arrest people from major forces, so they specifically target us rogue cultivators. Very few rogue cultivators who are captured ever return."

David was silent for a moment.

"Does Ying Wuji know about this?"

Zhao Kang smiled bitterly, "The Shadow Palace Master... he may not know, or he may know but not care. He is the absolute authority in the Shadow Palace, and no one dares to disobey his orders. But he rarely interferes with these trivial matters; it's all done by his subordinates."

"What kind of person is Ying Wuji?" David asked.

Zhao Kang thought for a moment, "The Shadow Palace Master... he's not a native member of the Demon Clan."

David was taken aback, "Not a Demon?"

"That's right." Zhao Kang nodded, "He came to Shadow Abyss five thousand years ago. At that time, the Shadow Palace Master was Lei Zhentian. Ying Wuji defeated Lei Zhentian single-handedly and seized the position of Palace Master.

He was ruthless, but during his rule, the Shadow Palace's power increased significantly, from a small force to one of the top three forces in the Fifteenth Heaven."

"Lei Zhentian?" David repeated the name.

"Yes. After being defeated by Ying Wuji, Lei Zhentian fled and later joined the Divine Clan's Judgment Hall, where he is now the Vice Palace Master."

"Aren't the Divine Clan arrogant? Why would they take in a Demon?" David asked curiously.

Zhao Kang laughed, a laugh full of mockery: "The Divine Race appears arrogant and looks down on everything, but in reality, they're all despicable.

They took in Lei Zhentian not out of pity, but because Lei Zhentian possesses an ancient thunder technique, said to be comparable to a peak True Immortal when mastered. The Judgment Hall wants that technique, so they took him in."

"For this, Ying Wuji harbors a deep grudge against the Divine Race's Judgment Hall. For five thousand years, there have been constant conflicts, large and small, resulting in countless deaths.

Ying Wuji has been searching for an opportunity to retaliate against Lei Zhentian, but has never made a move. Some say Ying Wuji fears the Judgment Venerable behind Lei Zhentian; the Judgment Venerable is the number one

person in the Fifteenth Heaven, an eighth-grade True Immortal, and Ying Wuji is no match for him.”

David nodded, understanding.

“Thank you for informing me, Chief Zhao,” David said, clapping his hands in a fist salute.

Zhao Kang quickly returned the salute: “Fellow Daoist David, you’re too kind. You saved us; this little bit of information is nothing. By the way, are you going to Shadow Abyss from Black Rock City?”

David nodded.

Zhao Kang’s expression turned serious: “Fellow Daoist David, I advise you to be careful. Shadow Abyss is heavily guarded lately, and they are especially wary of outsiders. You just attacked someone from the Shadow Palace, and the news may have already reached Shadow Abyss. If you go there again...”

“I know,” David interrupted him, “I know what I’m doing.”

Zhao Kang sighed, took out a token from his robes, and handed it to David.

“This is a token of my Loose Cultivator Alliance. If Fellow Daoist David encounters trouble in Shadow Abyss, you can take it to the Loose Cultivator Alliance branch in Black Rock City, and we will do our best to help.”

David took the token and thanked him.

Then, he left Black Rock City with Jiang Xuelan.

The entrance to Shadow Abyss was a huge stone gate, with two teams of demon cultivators standing on either side, all between the first and second ranks of the True Immortal Realm.

They wore black armor, held spears, and had cold, stern faces.

As soon as David and Jiang Xuelan arrived at the stone gate, they were surrounded.

"Halt!"

"Who goes there?"

"Trespassers in Shadow Abyss, kill without mercy!"

More than twenty demon cultivators surrounded the two, their spears pointed at their throats.

David didn't move or speak. He stood there, calmly watching these people, as if they were ants.

The leading captain recognized him; he was the demon captain David had driven away in Blackrock City.

His face was ashen, his eyes filled with hatred.

He was a captain, after all, and David showed him no respect whatsoever.

He had tolerated it in Blackrock City, but now that he was on his own territory, he wouldn't stand for it. "David, you injured one of our Shadow Palace members, and you still dare to come to Shadow Abyss? You're courting death!"

He waved his hand: "Take them down!"

More than twenty demon cultivators attacked simultaneously, their black demonic energy transforming into countless chains that bound towards David and Jiang Xuelan.

David raised his right hand, a ball of chaotic fire condensing in his palm.

The moment the flame appeared, the demonic energy chains evaporated and dissipated instantly, like ice and snow meeting the blazing sun.

More than twenty demon cultivators were blasted away by the aftershocks of the flames, crashing heavily against the stone door, spitting out blood.

The captain leading them was also blasted away, struggling to his feet, his eyes filled with fear.

"You...you..."

"Stop!"

A loud shout came from behind the stone door.

A demon cultivator dressed in a black robe walked out of the stone door.

His cultivation was at the third rank of True Immortal Realm, his face sinister, with a scar at the corner of his eye; he was none other than Shadow Killer, whom David had seen in the Heavenly Fire Pit.

Shadow Killer's expression changed upon seeing David, and he quickly stepped forward to bow.

"Fellow Daoist David, my men were ignorant and have offended us greatly. The Palace Master has been waiting for a long time. Please follow me."

David glanced at him and withdrew his flames.

"Let's go."

Ying Sha led David and Jiang Xuelan through the stone gate and into the Shadow Abyss.

Behind them, the demon cultivators struggled to their feet, exchanging bewildered glances, their eyes filled with the relief of surviving a calamity.

Behind the stone gate was a deep tunnel, its walls inlaid with luminous minerals, illuminating the entire tunnel.

The tunnel was long and winding, seemingly endless.

Every so often, a group of demon cultivators patrolled, stopping and bowing when they saw David.

David remained calm, his gaze unwavering.

Jiang Xuelan followed behind him, her white robes as white as snow, strikingly visible in the darkness.

After walking for about the time it takes for an incense stick to burn, the tunnel finally came to an end. A vast underground palace

opened up before them. The palace's dome soared hundreds of feet high, inlaid with countless luminous minerals, resembling an inverted starry sky. The floor was black jade, smooth as a mirror, reflecting one's image. Dozens of massive stone pillars stood on either side of the palace, carved with the history of the demon race's conquests, from ancient times to the present, each relief lifelike. At the far end of the palace stood a high platform. On the platform sat a black throne, upon which sat a man: Ying Wuji. He appeared to be in his thirties, his features almost demonically handsome, his skin as white as snow, and his lips as red as blood. His eyes were deep purple, their pupils seemingly swirling with vortexes capable of sucking in one's soul. A faint black demonic aura swirled around him, not violent, but tranquil, like a sleeping black dragon. His cultivation level was—Seventh Grade True Immortal. David's heart stirred slightly. A seventh-grade True Immortal is one minor realm lower than the Arbiter Venerable of the God Clan's Arbitration Hall, but he is still one of the top beings in the fifteenth Heaven.